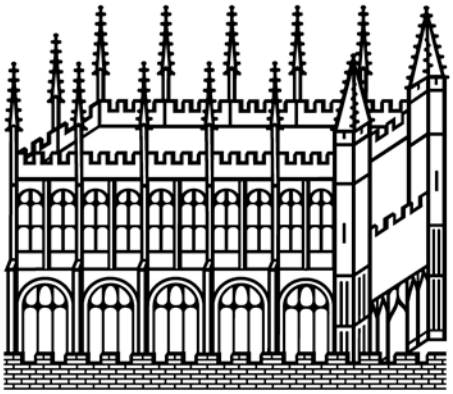

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BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A.M.

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MIRROR.

N° 37——74.

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THE

THE

MIRROR.

N° 37. TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1779.

——Credula vitam
Spes fovet, et melius cras fore semper ait.

TIBUL.

THE following essay I received some time ago from a Correspondent, to whom, if I may judge from the hand-writing, I was once before indebted for an ingenious communication.

THE experience which every day affords, of the mortifying difference between those ideal pleasures which we conceive to flow from the possession of certain objects of our wishes, and the feelings consequent upon their actual attainment, has furnished to most moralists a text for declaiming on the vanity of human pursuits, the folly of covetousness, the madness of ambition, and the only true wisdom of being humbly satisfied with the lot and station which Providence has assigned us.

It will not appear extraordinary, that those moralists have hitherto laboured in vain, when it is considered that their doctrine, taken in the latitude in which they usually preach it, would cut off the greatest source of our happiness, overthrow every

social establishment, and is nothing less than an attempt to alter the nature of man. It may be a truth, that the balance of happiness and misery is much the same in most conditions of life, and consequently that no change of circumstances will either greatly enlarge the one, or diminish the other. But, while we know that, to attain an object of our wishes, or to change our condition, is not to increase our happiness, we feel, at the same time, that the pursuit of this object, and the expectation of this change, can increase it in a very sensible degree. It is by hope that we truly exist; our only enjoyment is the expectation of something which we do not possess: the recollection of the *past* serves us but to direct and regulate those expectations; the *present* is employed in contemplating them: it is therefore only the *future* which we may be properly said to enjoy.

A philosopher who reasons in this manner, has a much more powerful incentive to cheerfulness and contentment of mind, than what is furnished by that doctrine which inculcates a perpetual warfare with ourselves, and a restraint upon the strongest feelings of our nature. For, while he feels that the possession of the object of his most earnest desires has given him far less pleasure than was promised by a distant view of it, he is consoled by reflecting that the expectation of this object has, perhaps, brightened many years of his life, enabled him to toil for its attainment with vigour and alacrity, to discharge, with honour, his part in society; in short, has given him in reality as substantial happiness as human nature is capable of enjoying.

Though several years younger than *Euphanor*, I have been long acquainted with him. He is now in his fifty-second year; an age when, with most men, the romantic spirit and enthusiasm of youth have long given place to the cool and steady maxims of

business and the world. It is, however, a peculiarity of my friend's disposition, that the same sanguine temperament of mind which, from infancy, has attended him through life, still continues to actuate him as strongly as ever. As he discovered, very early, a fondness for classical learning, his father, at his own desire, advanced his patrimony for his education at the university. At the age of twenty he was left without a shilling, to make the best of his talents in any way he thought proper: Certain concurring circumstances, rather than choice, placed him as an under-clerk in a counting-house. His favourite studies were here totally useless; but while he gave to business the most scrupulous attention, they still, at the intervals of relaxation, furnished his chief amusement. It would be equally tedious and foreign to my purpose to mark minutely the steps by which *Euphanor*, in the course of thirty years application to business, rose to be master of the moderate fortune of twenty thousand pounds. My friend always considered money not in the common light, as merely the *end* of labour, but as the *means* of purchasing certain enjoyments which his fancy had pictured as constituting the supreme happiness of life.

In the beginning of last spring I received from *Euphanor* the following letter:

'My dear Sir,

'You, who are familiar with my disposition, will 'not be surprized at a piece of information, which, 'I doubt not, will occasion some wonder in the ge- 'neral circle of my acquaintance. I have now fairly 'begun to execute that resolution, of which you 'have long heard me talk, of entirely withdrawing 'myself from business. You know with what ar-

'dour I have longed for that period, when Fortune 'should bless me with a competence just sufficient 'to prosecute my favourite scheme of retiring to the 'country. It was that darling prospect which 'made the toils of business (for which, God knows, 'I never was intended by nature) light, and even 'pleasant to me. I have acquired, by honest indus-'try, a fortune equal to my wishes. These were al-'ways moderate; for my aim was not wealth, but 'happiness. Of that, indeed, I have been truly co-'vetous; for I must confess, that, for these thirty 'years past, I have never laid my head to my pillow 'without that ardent wish which my favourite 'Horace so beautifully expresses:

'*O rus! quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit*
'*Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,*
'*Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!*

'Or the same sentiment in the words of the pensive 'moral Cowley:

'Oh fountains! when in you shall I
'Myself eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts espy?
'Oh fields! oh woods! when, when shall I be made
'The happy tenant of your shade?'

'That blissful period, my dear friend, is at length 'arrived. I yesterday made a formal resignation of 'all concern in the house in favour of my nephew, a 'deserving young man, who, I doubt not, will have 'the entire benefit of those numerous connections 'with persons in trade, whose good opinion his uncle 'never, to his knowledge, forfeited.

'I have made a purchase of a small estate in '—— shire, of about 200 acres. The situation is 'delightfully romantic;

'*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata,*
'——— *hic nemus* ———'

'My house is small, but wonderfully commodious.
'It is embosomed in a tall grove of oak and elm,
'which opens only to the south. A green hill rises
'behind the house, partly covered with furze, and
'seamed with a winding sheep-path. On one side
'is an irregular garden, or rather border of shrub-
'bery, adorning the sloping bank of a rivulet; but
'intermixed, without the smallest injury to its
'beauty, with all the variety of herbs for the kitch-
'en. On the other side, a little more remote, but
'still in sight of the house, is an orchard filled with
'excellent fruit-trees. The brook which runs
'through my garden retires into a hollow dell,
'shaded with birch and hazle copse, and, after a
'winding course of half a mile, joins a large river.
'These are the outlines of my little paradise.—And
'now, my dear friend, what have I more to wish,
'but that you, and a very few others, whose souls
'are congenial to my own, should witness my hap-
'piness? In two days hence I bid adieu to the
'town, a long, a last adieu!

'Farewell, thou busy world! and may
'We never meet again!

'The remainder of my life I dedicate to those pur-
'suits in which the best and wisest of men did not
'blush to employ themselves; the delightful occupa-
'tions of a country life, which *Cicero* well said, and
'after him *Columella*, are next in kindred to true
'philosophy. What charming schemes have I al-
'ready formed; what luxurious plans of sweet and
'rational entertainment! But these, my friend, you
'must approve and participate, I shall look for you
'about the beginning of May; when, if you can

'spare me a couple of months, I can venture to pro-
'mise that time will not linger with us. I am, with
'much regard, yours,' &c.

As I am, myself, very fond of the country, it was with considerable regret that I found it not in my power to accept of my friend's invitation, an unexpected piece of business having detained me in town during the greatest part of the summer. I heard nothing of *Euphanor* till about nine months after, when he again wrote me as follows:

'My dear Sir,
'It was a sensible mortification to me not to have
'the pleasure of seeing you last summer in ———
'shire, when I should have been much the better for
'your advice in a disagreeable affair, which, I am
'afraid, will occasion my paying a visit to town much
'sooner than I expected. I have always had a hor-
'ror at going to law, but now I find myself unavoid-
'ably compelled to it. Sir *Ralph Surly*, whose
'estate adjoins to my little property, has, for the
'purpose of supplying a new barley-mill, turned
'aside the course of a small stream which ran through
'my garden and inclosures, and which formed, in-
'deed, their greatest ornaments. In place of a
'beautiful winding rivulet, with a variety of fine na-
'tural falls, there is now nothing but a dry ditch, or
'rather crooked gulph, which is hideous to look at.
'The malice of this procedure is sufficiently conspi-
'cuous, when I tell you, that there is another, and a
'larger stream, in the same grounds, which I have
'offered to be at the sole expence of conducting to
'his mill. I think the law must do me justice. At
'any rate, it is impossible tamely to bear such an in-
'jury. I shall probably see you in a few days. To
'say the truth, my dear friend, even before this last
'mortification, I had begun to find, that the expec-

'tations I had formed of the pleasures of a country-'life were by far too sanguine. I must confess, that 'notwithstanding the high relish I have for the 'beauties of nature, I have often felt, amidst the 'most romantic scenes, that languor of spirit which 'nothing but society can dissipate. Even when oc-'cupied with my favourite studies, I have sometimes 'thought, with the *bard of Mantua*, that the ease 'and retirement which I courted were rather ignoble. 'I have suffered an additional disappointment in the 'ideas I had formed of the characters of the country-'people. It is but a treacherous picture, my friend, 'which the poets give us of their innocence and honest 'simplicity. I have met with some instances of in-'sincerity, chicane, and even downright knavery, in 'my short acquaintance with them, that have quite 'shocked and mortified me.

'Whether I shall ever again enter into the busy 'world (a small concern in the house, without al-'lowing my name to appear, would perhaps be some 'amusement), I have not yet determined. Of this, 'and other matters, we shall talk fully at meeting. 'Meantime believe me, dear Sir, yours,

'EUPHANOR.'

Euphanor has been, for this month past, in town. I expected to have found him peevish, chagrined, and out of humour with the world. But in this I was disappointed. I have never seen my friend in better health, or higher spirits. I have been with him at several convivial meetings with our old acquaintances, who felt equal satisfaction with himself at what they term his *recovery*. He has actually resumed a small share in trade, and purposes, for the future, to devote one half of the year to business. His counsel have given him assurance of gaining his law-suit: he expects, in a few months, to return in

triumph to ——shire, and has invited all his friends to be present at a *Fête Champêtre* he intends to celebrate, on the restoration of his beloved rivulet to its wonted channel.

The life of *Euphanor* must be a series of disappointments; but, on the whole, I must consider him as a HAPPY MAN.

N° 38. SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1779.

THE following letter I received only yesterday; but as I am particularly interested in every project of ingenious men, I postponed another Essay which was ready for publication, and put my printer to considerable inconvenience to get it ready for this day's paper. I was the more solicitous, likewise, to give it a place as soon after my 35th Number as possible, in order to shew my impartiality. This paper (as the London *Gazetteer* says) *is open to all parties*; with this proviso, however, which is exactly the reverse of the terms of admission into the *Gazetteer*, that my Correspondents do *not* write politics.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN a late paper, you shewed the necessity of accommodating ourselves to the temper of persons with whom we are particularly connected, by sometimes submitting our own taste, inclination, and opinions, to the taste, inclination, and opinions of those persons. I apprehend, Sir, you might have

carried your idea a good deal farther, and have prescribed to us the same receipt for happiness in our intercourse not only with our wives and children, but with our companions, our acquaintance, in short, with all mankind.

But, as the disposition to this is not always born with one, and as to form a temper is not so easy as to regulate a behaviour, it is the business of masters in the art of *politeness*, to teach people, at least the better sort of them, to counterfeit as much of this complacency in their deportment as possible. In this, indeed, they begin at quite the different end of the matter from you, Sir; complacency to husbands, wives, children, and relations, they leave people to teach themselves; but the art of pleasing every body else, as it is a thing of much greater importance, they take proportionably greater pains to instil into their disciples.

I have, for some time past, been employed in reducing this art into a system, and have some thoughts of opening a subscription for a *course of lectures* on the subject. To qualify myself for the task, I have studied, with unwearied attention, the letters of the immortal *Earl of Chesterfield*, which I intend to use as my *text-book* on this occasion, allowing only for the difference which even a few years produce in an art so fluctuating as this. Before I lodge my *subscription-paper* with the booksellers, I wish to give a specimen of my abilities to the readers of the MIRROR; for which purpose I beg the favour of you to insert in your next Number the following substance of a *lecture* on *Simulation*. Our noble author, indeed, extends his doctrine the length of *Dissimulation* only, from which he distinguishes *Simulation* as something not quite so fair and honest. But, for my part, I have not sufficient nicety of ideas to make the distinction, and would humbly recommend to every

person who wishes to be thoroughly well-bred, not to confuse his head with it. Taking, therefore, the shorter word as the more gentlemanlike, I proceed to my subject of

'SIMULATION.

'SIMULATION is the great basis of the art which I 'have the honour to teach. I shall humbly endea-'vour to treat this branch of my subject, though 'much less ably, yet more scientifically, than my 'great master, by reducing it into a form like that 'adopted by the professors of the other sciences, and 'even borrowing from them some of the *terms* by 'which I mean to illustrate it.

'This *rule of false* (to adopt an algebraical term) I 'shall divide into two parts; that which regards 'the external figure of the man or woman; and that 'which is necessary in the accomplishment of the 'mind, and its seeming developement to others.

'*Fashion* may be termed the regulator of the first, '*decorum* of the latter. But I must take this op-'portunity of informing my audience, that the signi-'fication of words, when applied to persons of con-'dition, is often quite different from that which 'they are understood to bear in the ordinary stand-'ard of language. With such persons (if I may be 'allowed so bold an expression) it may often be the '*fashion* to be *unfashionable*, and *decorum* to act 'against all propriety; *good breeding* may consist in '*rudeness*, and *politeness* in being very *impertinent*. 'This will hold in the *passive*, as well as in the '*active* of our art; people of fashion will be pleased 'with such treatment from people of fashion, the 'natural feelings in this, as in the other, fine arts, 'giving way, amongst connoisseurs, to knowledge 'and taste.

'Having made this preliminary observation, I re-
'turn to my subject of *Simulation*.

'It will be found, that *appearing what one is not*,
'is, in both divisions of my subject, the criterion of
'politeness. The man who is rich enough to afford
'fine clothes, is, by this *rule of false*, intitled to wear
'very shabby ones; while he who has a narrow for-
'tune is to be dressed in the *inverse ratio* to his fi-
'nances. One *corollary* from this proposition is ob-
'vious: he who takes off his suit on *credit*, and has
'neither inclination nor ability to pay for it, is to be
'dressed the most expensively of the three. The
'same rule holds in houses, dinners, servants, horses,
'equipages, &c. and is to be followed, as far as the
'law will allow, even the length of bankruptcy, or,
'perhaps, a little beyond it.

'On the same principle, a simple *Gentleman*, or
'*Esquire*, must, at all places of public resort, be ap-
'paralleled like a *Gentleman* or *Esquire*. A *Baronet*
'may take the liberty of a dirty shirt; a *Lord* need
'not shew any shirt at all, but wear a handkerchief
'round his neck in its stead; an *Earl* may add to all
'this a bunch of uncombed hair hanging down his
'back; and a *Duke*, over and above the privileges
'abovementioned, is entitled to appear in boots and
'buck-skin breeches.

'Following the same rule of inversion, the scholar
'of a provincial dancing-master must bow at coming
'into, and going out of, a drawing room, and that
'pretty low too. The pupil of *Gallini* is to push
'forward with the rough stride of a porter, and
'make only a slight inclination of his head when he
'has got into the middle of the room. At going
'out of it, he is to take no notice of the company at
'all.

'In the externals of the female world, from the
'great complication of the machine, it is not easy

'to lay down precise regulations. Still, however, 'the *rule of false* may be traced as the governing 'principle. It is very *feminine* to wear a riding-'habit and a smart cocked hat one half of the day; 'because that dress approaches nearer to the mascu-'line apparel than any other. It is very *modest* to 'lay open the greatest part of the neck and bosom 'to the view of the beholders; and it is incumbent 'on those ladies who occupy the front row of a box 'at a play, to wear high feathers, and to wave them 'more unceasingly than any other ladies, because 'otherwise the company who sit behind might be 'supposed to have some desire of seeing the stage. 'Since I have mentioned the *theatre*, I may remark '(though it is foreign to this part of my discourse), 'that, in the most affecting scenes of a tragedy, it is 'polite to laugh; whereas, in the ordinary detail of 'the two first acts, it is not required that a lady 'should make any greater noise than to talk aloud 'to every one around her.

'*Simulation of Person*, which is only, indeed, a sort 'of dress, is also necessary among ladies of fashion. 'Nature is to be *falsified* as well in those parts of the 'shape which she has left small, as in those she has 'made large.

'The *Simulation of Face*, I am happy to find, from 'an examination of the books of some perfumers and 'colourmen of my acquaintance, is daily gaining 'ground among the politer females of this country. 'But it has hitherto been regulated by principles 'somewhat different from those which govern other 'parts of external appearance, laid down in the be-'ginning of this paper, as it is generally practised 'by those who are most under the necessity of prac-'tising it. I would, therefore, humbly recommend 'to that beautiful young lady, whom I saw at the 'last assembly of the season, with a coat of *rouge* on

'her cheeks, to lay it aside for these three or four 'years at least: at present, it too much resembles 'their natural colour to be proper for her to wear— 'though, on second thoughts, I believe I may re- 'tract my advice, as the laying it on for a little 'while longer will reduce her skin to that dingy ap- 'pearance which the *rule of false* allows to be con- 'verted, by paint, into the complexion of lilies and 'and roses.'

The second part of my observations on this subject I shall send you at some future period, if I find you so far approve of my design as to favour this with a speedy insertion.

I am, &c.

SIMULATOR.

V

N° 39. TUESDAY, JUNE 8, 1779.

As it is the business of the politician to bestow his chief attention on the encouragement and regulation of those members of the community who contribute most to the strength and permanency of the state; so it is the duty of the moral writer to employ his principal endeavours to regulate and correct those affections of the mind, which, when carried to excess, often obscure the most deserving characters, though they are seldom or never to be found among the worthless.

It is vain to think of reclaiming, by human means, those rooted vices which proceed from a depraved or unfeeling heart. Avarice is not to be

overcome by a panegyric on generosity, nor cruelty and oppression by the most eloquent display of the beauties of compassion and humanity. The moralist speaks to them a language they do not understand; it is not therefore surprising, that they should neither be convinced nor reclaimed. I would not be understood to mean, that the enormity of a vice should free it from censure: on the contrary, I hold all glaring deviations from rectitude the most proper objects for the severest lash of satire, and that they should frequently be held up to public view, that, if the guilty cannot be reclaimed, the wavering may be confirmed, and the innocent warned to avoid the danger.

But it is a no less useful, and a much more pleasing task, to endeavour to remove the veil that covers the lustre of virtue, and to point out, for the purpose of amending, those errors and imperfections which tarnish deserving characters, which render them useless, in some cases hurtful, to society.

An honest ambition for that fame which ought to follow superior talents employed in the exercise of virtue, is one of the best and most useful passions that can take root in the mind of man; and in the language of the *Roman* poet, 'Terrarum dominos 'evehit ad Deos;'—'Heroes lifts to gods.' But when this laudable ambition happens to be joined with great delicacy of taste and sentiment, it is often the source of much misery and uneasiness. In the earlier periods of society, before mankind are corrupted by the excesses of luxury and refinement, the candidates for fame enter the lists upon equal terms, and with a reasonable degree of confidence, that the judgment of their fellow-citizens will give the preference where it is due. In such a contest, even the vanquished have no inconsiderable share of glory; and that virtue which they cultivate, forbids

them to with-hold their respect and applause from the superiority by which they are overcome. Of this, the first ages of the Grecian and Roman republics are proper examples, when merit was the only road to fame, because fame was the only reward of merit.

Though it were unjust to accuse the present age of being totally regardless of merit, yet this will not be denied, that there are many other avenues which lead to distinction, many other qualities by which competitors carry away a prize, that, in less corrupted times, could have been attained only by a steady perseverance in the paths of virtue.

When a man of acknowledged honour and abilities, not unconscious of his worth, and possessed of those delicate feelings I have mentioned, sees himself set aside, and obliged to give way to the worthless and contemptible, whose vices are sometimes the means of their promotion, he is too apt to yield to disgust or despair; that sensibility which, with better fortune, and placed in a more favourable situation, would have afforded him the most elegant pleasures, made him the delight of his friends, and an honour to his country, is in danger of changing him into a morose and surly misanthrope, discontented with himself, the world, and all its enjoyments.

This weakness (and I think it a great one) of quarrelling with the world, would never have been carried the length I have lamented in some of my friends, had they allowed themselves to reflect on the folly of supposing, that the opinions of the rest of mankind are to be governed by the standard which they have been pleased to erect, had they considered what a state of languor and insipidity would be produced, if every individual should have marked out to him the rank he was to hold, and the

line in which he was to move, without any danger of being jostled in his progress.

The Author of Nature has diversified the mind of man with different and contending passions, which are brought into action as change of circumstances direct, or as he is pleased to order in the wisdom of his providence. Our limited faculties, far from comprehending the universal scale of being, or taking in at one glance what is best and fittest for the purposes of creation, cannot even determine the best mode of governing the little spot that surrounds us.

I believe most men have, at times, wished to be creators, possessed of the power of moulding the world to their fancy; but they would act more wisely to mould their own prepossessions and prejudices to the standard of the world, which may be done, in every age and situation, without transgressing the bounds of the most rigid virtue. A distaste at mankind never fails to produce peevishness and discontent, the most unrelenting tyrants that ever swayed the human breast; that cloud which they cast upon the soul shuts out every ray that should warm to manly exertion, and hides in the bosom of indolence and spleen, virtues formed to illumine the world.

I must, therefore, earnestly recommend to my readers to guard against the first approaches of misanthropy, by opposing reason to sentiment, and reflecting on the injury they do themselves and society, by tamely retreating from injustice. The passive virtues only are fit to be buried in a cloister; the firm and active mind disdains to recede, and rises upon opposition.

The cultivation of cheerfulness and good-humour will be found another sovereign antidote to this mental disorder. They are the harbingers of virtue, and produce that serenity which disposes the mind to friendship, love, gratitude, and every other social affec-

tion; they make us contented with ourselves, our friends, and our situation, and expand the heart to all the interests of humanity.

T

N° 40. SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

ACCORDING to my promise, I send you the second division of my lecture on SIMULATION, as it respects the *internal* part of the science of politeness.

'AMONG barbarous nations, it has been observed, 'the emotions of the mind are not more violently 'felt than strongly expressed. *Grief*, *anger*, and '*jealousy*, not only tear the heart, but disfigure the 'countenance; while *love*, *joy*, and *mirth* have their 'opposite effects on the soul, and are visible, by 'opposite appearances, in the aspect. Now, as a 'very refined people are in a state exactly the reverse 'of a very rude one, it follows that, instead of allowing the passions thus to lord it over their minds and 'faces, it behoves them to mitigate and restrain 'those violent emotions, both in feeling and appearance; the latter, at least, is within the power of 'art and education, and to regulate it is the duty of 'a well-bred person. On this truly philosophical 'principle is founded that ease, indifference, or *non-*

'*chalance*, which is the great mark of a modern man 'of fashion.

'That instance of politeness which I mentioned '(somewhat out of place indeed) in the first part of 'this discourse, the conduct of a fine lady at a trage-'dy, is to be carried into situations of real sorrow as 'much as possible. Indeed, though it may seem a 'bold assertion, I believe the art of putting on in-'difference about the real object, is not a whit more 'difficult than that of assuming it about the theatri-'cal. I have known several ladies and gentlemen 'who had acquired the first in perfection, without 'being able to execute the latter, at least to execute 'it in that masterly manner which marks the per-'formances of an adept.—One night, last winter, I 'heard *Bob Bustle* talking from a front-box, to an 'acquaintance in the pit, about the death of their 'late friend *Jack Riot*.—'*Riot* is dead, *Tom*; kick'd 'this morning, egad?' '*Riot* dead! poor *Jack!* 'what did he die of?'—'One of your damnation apo-'plectics killed him in the chucking of a bumper; 'you could scarce have heard him wheazle!'— 'Damn'd bad that! *Jack* was an honest fellow!— 'What becomes of his grey poney?'—'The poney is 'mine.'—'Yours?'—'Why, yes; I staked my 'white and liver-coloured bitch *Phillis* against the 'grey poney, *Jack*'s life to mine for the season.'—— 'At that instant, a lady entering the box (it was 'about the middle of the fourth act) obliged *Bob* to 'shift his place; he sat out of ear-shot of his friend 'in the pit, biting his nails, and looking towards the 'stage, in a sort of *nothing-to-doish* way, just as the 'last parting scene between *Jaffier* and *Belvidera* 'was going on there. I observed (I confess, with 'regret, for he is one of my favourite pupils) the 'progress of its victory over *Bob*'s politeness. He 'first grew attentive, then humm'd a tune, then

'grew attentive again, then took out his toothpick 'case, then looked at the players in spite of him, 'then grew serious, then agitated,——till, at last, 'he was fairly beat out of his ground, and obliged 'to take shelter behind Lady *Cockatoo*'s head, to pre-'vent the disgrace of being absolutely seen weeping.

'But, to return from this digression.——The *Si-'mulation* of indifference in affliction is equally a fe-'male as a male accomplishment. On the death of 'a very, very near relation, a *husband*, for instance, 'custom has established a practice, which polite 'people have not yet been able to overcome; a lady 'must stay at home, and play cards for a week or 'two. But the decease of any one more distant, 'she is to talk of as a matter of very little moment, 'except when it happens on the eve of an assembly, 'a ball, or a ridotto; at such seasons she is allowed 'to regret it as a very unfortunate accident. This 'rule of deportment extends to distresses poignant 'indeed; as, in perfect good-breeding, the fall of a 'set of *Dresden*, the spilling of a plate of soup on a 'new *brocade*, or even a *bad run of cards*, is to be 'borne with as equal a countenance as may be.

'*Anger*, the second passion above enumerated, is 'to be covered with the same cloak of ease and 'good manners; injury, if of a deep kind, with pro-'fessions of esteem and friendship. Thus, though 'it would be improper to squeeze a gentleman's 'hand, and call him *my dear Sir, or my best friend*, 'when we mean to hit him a slap on the face, or to 'throw a bottle at his head; yet it is perfectly con-'sistent with politeness, to shew him all those marks 'of civility and kindness, when we intend to strip 'him of his fortune at play, to counterplot him at 'an election, or to seduce his wife. The last men-'tioned particular should naturally lead to the con-'sideration of *jealousy;* but on this it is needless to

'insist, as, among well bred people, the feeling it-
'self is quite in disuse.

'*Love* is one of those passions which politeness
'lays us under a particular obligation to disguise, as
'the discovery of it to third persons is peculiarly
'offensive and disagreeable. Therefore, when a
'man happens to sit by a tolerably handsome girl,
'for whom he does not care a farthing, he is at li-
'berty to kiss her hand, call her an angel, and tell
'her he dies for her; but, if he has a real *tendre* for
'her, he is to stare in her face with a broad unfeel-
'ing look, tell her she looks monstrous ill this even-
'ing, and that her *coiffeuse* has pinned her cap shock-
'ingly awry. From not attending to the practice
'of this rule amongst people of fashion, the inferior
'world has been led to imagine, that matrimony
'with them is a state of indifference or aversion;
'whereas, in truth, the appearances from which that
'judgment is formed, are the strongest indications
'of connubial happiness and affection.

'On the subject of *joy*, or at least of *mirth*, that
'great master of our art, my Lord *Chesterfield*, has
'been precise in his directions. He does not allow
'of *laughter* at all; by which, however, he is to be
'understood as only precluding that exercise as a
'sign, common with the vulgar, of internal satisfac-
'tion; it is by no means to be reprobated as a dis-
'guise for chagrin, or an engine of wit; it is, in-
'deed, the readiest of all repartees, and will often
'give a man of fashion the victory over an in-
'ferior, with every talent, but that of assurance, on
'his side.

'As the passions and affections, so are the *virtues*
'of a polite man to be carefully concealed or dis-
'guised. In this particular, our art goes far beyond
'the rules of philosophers, or the precepts of the
'Bible; they enjoined men not to boast of their vir-

'tues; we teach them to brag of their vices, which 'is certainly a much sublimer pitch of self-denial. 'Besides, the merit of disinterestedness lies altoge-'ther on our side, the disciples of those antiquated 'teachers expecting, as they confess, a reward some-'where; our conduct has only the pure conscious-'ness of acting like a man of fashion for its recom-'pence, as we evidently profit nothing by it at pre-'sent, and the idea of future retribution, were we 'ever to admit of it, is rather against us.'

Such, Mr. *Mirror*, is the substance of one of my lectures, which, I think, promise so much edification to our country (yet only in an improving state with regard to the higher and more refined parts of politeness), that it must be impossible for your patriotism to refuse their encouragement. If you insert this in your next paper (if accompanied with some commendatory paragraphs of your own, so much the better), I shall take care to present you with a dozen admission tickets, as soon as the number of my subscribers enables me to begin my course.

I have the honour to be, &c.

SIMULATOR.

N° 41. TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1779.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui.

VIRG.

PASSING the Exchange a few days ago I perceived a little before me a short plump-looking man, seeming to set his watch by *St. Giles*'s clock, which had just then struck two. On observing him a little more closely, I recognised Mr. *Blubber*, with whom I had become acquainted at the house of my friend *Umphraville*'s cousin, Mr. *Bearskin*. He also recollected me, and shaking me cordially by the hand, told me he was just returned safe from his journey to the *Highlands*, and had been regulating his watch by our town-clock, as he found the sun did not go exactly in the Highlands as it did in the Low-country. He added, that, if I would come and eat a Welsh-rabbit, and drink a glass of punch with him and his family that evening, at their lodgings hard by, they would give me an account of their expedition. He said, they found my description of things a very just one; and was pleased to add, that his wife and daughters had taken a great liking to me ever since the day we met at his friend *Bearskin*'s. After this, it was impossible to resist his invitation, and I went to his lodgings in the evening accordingly, where I found all the family assembled, except Mr. *Edward*, whom they accounted for in the history of their expedition.

I could not help making one preliminary observation, that it was much too early in the season for viewing the country to advantage; but to this

Mr. *Blubber* had a very satisfactory answer; they were resolved to complete their tour before the new tax upon *post-horses* should be put in execution.

The first place they visited after they left *Edinburgh* was *Carron*, which Mr. *Blubber* seemed to prefer to any place he had seen; but the ladies did not appear to have relished it much. The mother said, 'She had like to have fell into a fit at the noise of 'the great *bellows*.' Miss *Blubber* agreed, that it was *monstrous* frightful indeed. Miss *Betsey* had spoiled her petticoat in getting in, and said it was a nasty place, not fit for genteel people, in her opinion. *Blubber* put on his widest face, and observed, that women did not know the use of them things. There was much the same difference in their sentiments with regard to the *Great Canal*; Mr. *Blubber* took out a bit of paper, on which he had marked down the *lockage duty* received in a week there; he shook his head, however, and said, he was sorry to find the shares were *below par*.

Of *Stirling*, the young ladies remarked, that the view from the castle was very fine, and the windings of the river very curious. But neither of them had ever been at *Richmond*. Mrs. *Blubber*, who had been oftener than once there, told us, 'that from the *hill* 'was a much grander prospect; that the river '*Thames* made two twists for one that the *Forth* 'made at *Stirling*; besides, there was a wood so 'charming thick, that, unless when you got to a rising 'ground, like what the *Star* and *Garter* stands on, 'you could scarce see a hundred yards before you.'

Taymouth seemed to strike the whole family. The number and beauty of the *temples* were taken particular notice of; nor was the trimness of the walks and hedges without commendation. Miss *Betsey Blubber* declared herself charmed with the shady walk

by the side of the *Tay*, and remarked, what an excellent fancy it was to shut out the view of the river, so that you might hear the stream without seeing it. Mr. *Blubber*, however, objected to the vicinity of the *hills*, and Mrs. *Blubber* to that of the *lake*, which she was sure must be extremely unwholesome. To this circumstance she imputed her rheumatism, which she told us, 'had been very troublesome to her the 'first night she lay'd there; but that she had al-'ways the precaution of carrying a bottle of *Beaume* '*de Vie* in the chaise, and that a dose of it had ef-'fectually cured her.'

The ladies were delighted with the *Hermitage*. Mrs. *Blubber* confessed, 'she was somewhat afeard 'at first to trust herself with the guide, down a 'dark narrow path, to the Lord knows where; but 'then it was so charming when he let in the light 'upon them.'—'Yes, and so natural,' said her eldest daughter, 'with the flowers growing out of the 'wall, and the *Bears-skins* so pure soft for the *Her-'mit* to sleep on.'——'And their *garter blue* colour 'so lively and so pretty,' said Miss *Betsey*; 'I vow I 'could have stay'd there for ever.——You wa'n't 'there, Papa.'——'No,' replied he, rather sullenly, 'but I saw one of them same things at *Dunkeld*, 'next day.'—The young ladies declared they were quite different things, and that no judgment could be formed of the one from the other; upon which Mr. *Blubber* began to grow angry; and Mrs. *Blubber* interposing, put an end to the question; whispering me, at the same time, that her husband had fallen asleep, after a hearty dinner at the inn near *Taymouth*, and that she and her children had gone to see the *Hermitage* without him. I was farther informed, that Mr. *Edward Blubber* had left their party at this place, having gone along with two *English* gentlemen whom he met there, to see a

great many curiosities farther off in the *Highlands*. 'For my part,' said *Blubber*, 'though I was 'told it was a great way off, and over terrible moun-'tains, as indeed we could perceive them to be from 'the windows, I did not care to hinder his going, as 'I like to see spirit in a young man.'

The rest of the family returned by the way of *Dunkeld*, which the ladies likewise commended as a *monstrous* pleasant place. Mr. *Blubber* dissented a little, saying, 'he could not see the pleasure of always 'looking at the same things; hills, and wood, and 'water, over and over again. The river here, he 'owned, was a pretty rural thing enough; but, for 'his part, he should think it much more lively if it 'had a few *ships* and *lighters* on it.' Miss *Blubber* did not agree with him as to the ships and lighters; but she confessed, she thought a little *company* would improve it a good deal. Miss *Betsy* differed from both, and declared, she relished nothing so much as solitude and retirement. This led to a description of a second *hermitage* they had visited at this place, from which, and some of the grottoes adjoining, Miss *Betsy* had taken down some *sweet copies of verses*, as she called them, in her memorandum-book. The fall of water here had struck the family much. Mrs. *Blubber* observed, how like it was to the *cascade* at *Vauxhall*; her eldest daughter remarked, however, that the fancy of looking at it through panes of different-coloured glass in the *Hermitage-room*, was an improvement on that at *Spring-gardens*.

The bridge at *Perth* was the last section of the family journal that we discoursed on. The ladies had inadvertently crossed it in the carriage to see the palace at *Scone*, at which they complained there was nothing to be seen; and Mr. *Blubber* complained of the extravagance of the *Toll* on the bridge, which he declared was higher than at *Blackfriars*. He was

assured, however, that he had paid no more than the legal charge, by his landlord, Mr. *Marshall*, at whose house he received some consolation from an excellent dinner, and a bed, he said, which the *Lord Mayor of London* might have laid on. 'I hope there 'is no offence (continued Mr. *Blubber*, very polite-'ly); as I understand the landlord is an *Englishman:* 'but, at the *King's Arms*, I met with the only real 'good *buttered toast* that I have seen in *Scotland.*'

But however various were the remarks of the family on the particulars of their journey in detail, I found they had perfectly settled their respective opinions of travelling in general. The ladies had formed their conclusion, that it was *monstrous pleasant*, and the gentleman his, that it was *monstrous dear*.

I

N° 42. SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1779.

When I first undertook this publication, it was suggested by some of my friends, and, indeed, accorded entirely with my own ideas, that there should be nothing of religion in it. There is a sacredness in the subject that might seem profaned by its introduction into a work, which, to be extensively read, must sometimes be ludicrous, and often ironical. This consideration will apply, in the strongest manner, to any thing mystic or controversial; but it may, perhaps, admit of an exception, when religion is only introduced as a feeling not a system, as appealing to the sentiments of the heart, not to

the disquisitions of the head. The following story holds it up in that light, and is therefore, I think, admissible into the MIRROR. It was sent to my editor as a *translation from the French*. Of this my readers will judge. Perhaps they might be apt to suspect, without any suggestion from me, that it is an original, not a translation. Indeed I cannot help thinking, that it contains in it much of that picturesque description, and that power of awakening the tender feelings, which so remarkably distinguish the composition of a gentleman whose writings I have often read with pleasure. But, be that as it may, as I felt myself interested in the narrative, and believed that it would affect my readers in the like manner, I have ventured to give it entire as I received it, though it will take up the room of three successive papers.

S

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

MORE than forty years ago, an *English* philospher, whose works have since been read and admired by all *Europe*, resided at a little town in *France*. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the structure of such a mind as Mr. ——'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished

by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial, and in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter. Our philosopher had been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling: but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain, that if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal; that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village-surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter.——Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. ——— was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs. On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over

over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. —— and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.—— 'Mademoiselle!' said the old woman at last, in a soft tone.—She turned and shewed one of the finest faces in the world.—It was touched, not spoiled, with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly: It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. 'Monsieur lies miserably ill here,' said the gouvernante; 'if he could possibly be moved any where'——'If he could be moved to our house,' said her master.—He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried across the street to the *English* gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of *Switzerland*, called *La Roche*, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been pre-

scribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr.——, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others.—His gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she too, was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.——The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings.——'My master,'—said the old woman, 'alas! he is not a Christian; but he is the best of unbelievers.'——'Not a Christian!—— exclaimed Mademoiselle *La Roche*, 'yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for't; I would he were a Christian!' 'There is a pride in human knowledge, 'my child,' said her father, 'which often blinds 'men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence 'opposers of Christianity are found among men of 'virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated 'and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes, I have 'known the latter more easily converted to the 'true faith than the former, because the fume of 'passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of 'false theory and delusive speculation.'—'But Mr. '——,' said his daughter, 'alas! my father, he 'shall be a Christian before he dies.'——She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.——He took her hand with an air of kindness:——she drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.——'I have been 'thanking God,' said the good *La Roche*, 'for my 'recovery.' 'That is right,' replied his landlord.

—'I would not wish,' continued the old man, hesitatingly, 'to think otherwise; did I not look up 'with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be 'satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of 'life, which, it may be, is not a real good:—Alas! 'I may live to wish I had died, that you had left 'me to die, Sir, instead of kindly relieving me (he 'clasped Mr. ——'s hand);—but, when I look on 'this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, 'I feel a far different sentiment—my heart dilates 'with gratitude and love to him: it is prepared for 'doing his will, not as a duty but as a pleasure, and 'regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, 'but with horror.'—'You say right, my dear Sir,' replied the philosopher; 'but you are not yet 're-established enough to talk much—you must 'take care of your health, and neither study nor 'preach for some time. I have been thinking over 'a scheme that struck me to-day, when you men-'tioned your intended departure. I never was in '*Switzerland*; I have a great mind to accompany 'your daughter and you into that country.—I will 'help to take care of you by the road;—for, as I 'was your first physician, I hold myself responsible 'for you cure.' *La Roche*'s eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

N° 43. TUESDAY, JUNE 22, 1779.

Continuation of the Story of La Roche.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. *La Roche* found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy or religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of *Mademoiselle La Roche*,

and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of *La Roche*. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of *Berne*, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has inclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible.—— A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken water fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of *La Roche*'s church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. —— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost.—The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobb'd and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of *La Roche*'s parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard.—They made some attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling; but *La Roche* took it in good part. 'It 'has pleased God,'—said he: and they saw he had settled the matter with himself.—Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. 'That is the signal,' said he, 'for our 'evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the 'week in which some of my parishioners are wont 'to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the 'chapel of our family, and such of the good people 'as are with us;—if you chuse rather to walk out, 'I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a 'few old books that may afford you some entertain-'ment within.'—'By no means,' answered the philosopher; 'I will attend Ma'moiselle at her devo-'tions.'—'She is our organist,' said *La Roche*; 'our neighbourhood is the country of musical me-'chanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for 'the purpose of assisting our singing.'—''Tis an 'additional inducement,' replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by *La Roche*; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. —— was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord.—The

organ was touched with a hand less firm;——it paused, it ceased;—and the sobbing of Ma'moiselle *La Roche* wss heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners catched the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. 'Our 'Father which art in heaven!' might the good man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

'You regret, my friend,' said he to Mr.——— 'when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite 'pleasure derived from music, you regret your want 'of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a 'department of soul, you say, which nature has al- 'most denied you, which, from the effects you see 'it have on others, you are sure must be highly de- 'lightful. Why should not the same thing be said 'of religion? Trust me I feel it in the same way, 'an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose

'for all the blessings of sense or enjoyments of the 'world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the 'pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them 'all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds 'the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in 'every good thing I possess, and when calamities 'overtake me——and I have had my share——it 'confers a dignity on my affliction,——so lifts me 'above the world.——Man, I know, is but a worm, '—yet, methinks I am then allied to God!'— It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With *La Roche* and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which Mr. ——, as a stranger, was shewn the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. *La Roche* observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot,

was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that being by whom their foundations were laid. — ' They are not seen in Flanders ! ' said Ma'moiselle with a sigh. ' That's an odd remark,' said Mr. ——, smiling.——She blushed, and he inquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with *La Roche* and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

Z

N° 44. SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1779.

Conclusion of the Story of La Roche.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at *Geneva*; the promise he made to *La Roche* and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in contro-

versy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to *La Roche*, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from *Paris*, where he had then fixed his residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. ——'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiselle *La Roche*, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle *La Roche*'s marriage, as her father supposed him.—Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment.—After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on

this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which *La Roche* resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of *La Roche*'s dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person cloathed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. ——'s making inquiry who was the person they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, 'Then you knew not Mademoi-'selle, Sir? — you never beheld a lovelier'—'*La* '*Roche!*' exclaimed he in reply—'Alas! it was 'she indeed!'—The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked.—He came up closer to Mr. ——; 'I perceive, Sir, you 'were acquainted with Mademoiselle *La Roche*.'—'Acquainted with her!—Good God!—when—'how—where did she die?—Where is her father?' '—She died, Sir, of heart-break, I believe; the 'young gentleman to whom she was soon to have

'been married, was killed in a duel by a French 'officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, be- 'fore their quarrel, he had often done the greatest 'favours. Her worthy father bears her death, 'as he has often told us a Christian should; he is 'even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready 'to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as 'is the custom with us on such occasions: Follow 'me, Sir, and you shall hear him.'—He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit where the venerable *La Roche* was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. *La Roche* sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The music ceased;—*La Roche* sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. ——— was not less affected than they—*La Roche* arose.—'Father of 'mercies!' said he, 'forgive these tears; assist thy 'servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee 'the souls of thy people! My friends! it is good so 'to do: at all seasons it is good; but, in the days of 'our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith 'the sacred book, 'Trust in the Lord; at all times 'trust in the Lord.' When every other support 'fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort 'are dried up, let us then seek those living waters 'which flow from the throne of God.—'Tis only 'from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a 'Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne 'in that manner which becomes a man. Human

'wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion 'as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without 'which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but 'we shall also cease to enjoy happiness.—I will not 'bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot, I cannot, if I would (his tears flowed afresh)—I feel 'too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my 'feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly 'be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give 'me strength to speak to you; to direct you to 'him, not with empty words, but with these tears; 'not from speculation, but from experience,—that 'while you see me suffer, you may know also my 'consolation.

'You behold the mourner of his only child, 'the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining 'years! Such a child too!—It becomes not me to 'speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to 'mention them, because they were exerted towards myself.—Not many days ago you saw her 'young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy;—ye who 'are parents will judge of my felicity then,—ye will 'judge of my affliction now. But I look towards 'him who struck me; I see the hand of a father 'amidst the chastenings of my God.—Oh! could 'I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, 'when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to 'pour it out with confidence to him, in whose hands 'are life and death, on whose power awaits all that 'the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom 'disappears all that the last can inflict!—For we are 'not as those who die without hope; we know that 'our Redeemer liveth,—that we shall live with 'him, with our friends his servants, in that blessed 'land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is 'endless as it is perfect.—Go then, mourn not 'for me; I have not lost my child: but a little

'while, and we shall meet again never to be sepa-'rated.—But ye are also my children; would ye 'that I should not grieve without comfort?—So 'live as she lived: that when your death cometh, 'it may be the death of the righteous, and your 'latter end like his.'

Such was the exhortation of *La Roche*; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and hope.—Mr. ——— followed him into his house.—The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at sight of him the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind; *La Roche* threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in silence, into the parlour where the evening service was wont to be performed.—The curtains of the organ were open; *La Roche* started back at the sight.—'Oh! my friend!' said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr. ——— had now recollected himself; he stept forward and drew the curtain close—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, 'You see my weakness,' said he, 'tis the weakness of humanity; but my 'comfort is not therefore lost.'—'I heard you,' said the other, 'in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is your's.—'It is, my friend,' said he, 'and 'I trust I shall ever hold it fast;—if there are any 'who doubt our faith, let them think of what im-'portance religion is to calamity, and forbear to 'weaken its force; if they cannot restore our hap-'piness, let them not take away the solace of our 'affliction.'

Mr. ———'s heart was smitten;—and I have heard him, long after, confess that there were mo-

ments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good *La Roche,* and wished that he had never doubted.

Z

N° 45. TUESDAY, JUNE 29, 1779.

Is he a *man of fashion?* is the usual question on the appearance of a stranger, or the mention of a person with whom we are unacquainted. But though this phrase be in the mouth of every body, I have often found people puzzled when they attempted to give an idea of what they meant by it; and, indeed, so many and so various are the qualities that enter into the composition of a modern *man of fashion,* that it is difficult to give an accurate definition or a just description of him. Perhaps he may, in the general, be defined, a being who possesses some quality or talent which entitles him to be received into every company; to make one in all parties, and to associate with persons of the highest rank and the first distinction.

If this definition be just, it may be amusing to consider the different ideas that have prevailed, at different times, with regard to the qualities requisite to constitute a *man of fashion.* Not to go farther back, we are told by Lord *Clarendon,* that, in the beginning of the last century, the men of rank were

distinguished by a stately deportment, a dignified manner, and a certain stiffness of ceremonial, admirably calculated to keep their inferiors at a proper distance. In those days, when pride of family prevailed so universally, it is to be presumed, that no circumstance could atone for the want of birth. Neither riches nor genius, knowledge nor ability, could then have entitled their possessor to hold the rank of a *man of fashion*, unless he fortunately had sprung from an ancient and honourable family. The immense fortunes which we are now accustomed to see acquired, almost instantaneously, were then unknown. In imagination, however, we may fancy what an awkward appearance a modern *nabob*, or *contractor*, would have made in a circle of these proud and high-minded nobles. With all his wealth, he would have been treated as a being of a different species; and any attempt to imitate the manners of the *great*, or to rival them in expence and splendour, would only have served to expose him the more to ridicule and contempt.

As riches, however, increased in the nation, men became more and more sensible of the solid advantages they brought along with them; and the pride of birth gradually relaxing, monied men rose proportionally into estimation. The haughty lord, or proud country gentleman, no longer scrupled to give his daughter in marriage to an opulent citizen, or to repair his ruined fortune by uniting the heir of his title or family with a rich heiress, though of plebeian extraction. These connections daily becoming more common, removed, in some measure, the distinction of rank; and every man possessed of a certain fortune, came to think himself entitled to be treated as a gentleman, and received as a *man of fashion*. Above all, the happy expedient of purchasing *Seats in Parliament*, tended to add weight and

consideration to what came to be called the *Monied Interest*. When a person who had suddenly acquired an enormous fortune, could find eight or ten proper, well-dressed gentleman-like figures ready to vote for him, as his proxies, in the House of Commons, it is not surprising, that, in his turn, he should come to look down on the heirs of old established families, who could neither cope with him in influence at court, nor vie with him in show and ostentation.

About the beginning of this century, there seems to have been an intermediate, though short interval, when genius, knowledge, talents, and elegant accomplishments, entitled their possessor to hold the rank of a *man of fashion* and were even deemed essentially requisite to form that character. The society of *Swift*, *Pope*, *Gay*, and *Prior*, was courted by all; and, without the advantages of high birth, or great fortune, an *Addison* and a *Craggs* attained the first offices in the state.

In the present happy and enlightened age, neither birth nor fortune, superior talents, nor superior abilities, are requisite to form a *man of fashion*. On the contrary, all these advantages united are insufficient to entitle their owners to hold that rank, while we daily see numbers received as *men of fashion*, though sprung from the meanest of the people, and though destitute of every grace, of every polite accomplishment, and of all pretensions to genius or ability.

This, I confess, I have often considered as one of the greatest and most important improvements in modern manners. Formerly it behoved every person born in obscurity, who wished to rise into eminence, either to acquire wealth by industry or frugality, or, following a still more laborious and difficult pursuit, to distinguish himself by the exertion of superior talents in the field or in the senate. But now nothing of all this is necessary. A certain degree of know-

ledge the *man of fashion* must indeed possess. He must be master of the principles contained in the celebrated treatise of Mr. *Hoyle*; he must know the chances of *Hazard*; he must be able to decide on any dispute with regard to the form of a *hat*, or the fashion of a *buckle*; and he must be able to tell my Lady Duchess, whether *Marechalle powder* suits best a brown or a fair complexion.

From the equipage, the dress, the external show of a modern *man of fashion*, a superficial observer might be apt to think that *fortune*, at least, is a necessary article; but a proper knowledge of the world teaches us the contrary. A *man of fashion* must, indeed, live as if he were a *man of fortune*. He must rival the wealthiest in expence of every kind; he must push to excess every species of extravagant dissipation; and he must game for more money than he can pay. But all these things a *man of fashion* can do, without posessing any visible revenue whatever. This, though perhaps the most important, is not the only advantage which the *man of fashion* enjoys over the rest of mankind. Not to mention that he may seduce the daughter, and corrupt the wife, of his friend, he may also, with perfect honour, rob the son of that friend of his whole fortune in an evening; and it is altogether immaterial that the one party was intoxicated, and the other sober, that the one was skilled in the game, and the other ignorant of it; for, if a young man will play in such circumstances, who but himself can be blamed for the consequences?

The superiority enjoyed by a *man of fashion*, in his ordinary dealings and intercourse with mankind, is still more marked. He may, without any impeachment on his *character*, and with the nicest regard to his *honour*, do things which, in a common man, would be deemed *infamous*. Thus the *man of fashion*

may live in luxury and splendour, while his creditors are starving in the streets, or rotting in a jail; and, should they attempt to enforce the laws of their country against him, he would be entitled to complain of it as a gross violation of the respect that is due to his person and character.

The last time my friend Mr. *Umphraville* was in town, I was not a little amused with his remarks on the *men of fashion* about this city, and on the change that had taken place in our manners since the time he had retired from the world. When we met a young man gaily dressed, lolling in his chariot, he seldom failed to ask, 'What young lord is that?' One day we were invited to dine with an old acquaintance, who had married a lady passionately fond of the *ton*, and of every thing that had the appearance of fashion. We went at the common hour of dining, and, after waiting some time, our host (who had informed us that he would invite nobody else, that we might talk over old stories without interruption) proposed to order dinner; on which his lady, after chiding his impatience, and observing that nobody kept such unfashionable hours, said, she expected Mr. ———, and another friend, whom she had met at the play the evening before, and had engaged to dine with her that day. After waiting a full hour longer, the noise of a carriage, and a loud rap at the door, announced the arrival of the expected guests. They entered, dressed in the very *pink* of the mode; and neither my friend's dress nor mine being calculated to inspire them with respect, they brushed past us, and addressed the lady of the house, and two young ladies who were with her, in a strain of coarse familiarity, so different from the distant and respectful manner to which Mr. *Umphraville* had been accustomed, that I could plainly discover he was greatly shocked with it. When

we were called to dinner, the two young gentlemen seated themselves on each hand of the lady of the house, and there ingrossed the whole conversation, if a recital of the particulars of their adventures at the tavern the evening before deserve that name. For a long time, every attempt made by our landlord to enter into discourse with Mr. *Umphraville* and me, proved abortive. At last, taking advantage of an accidental pause, he congratulated my friend on the conquest of *Pondicherry*. The latter, drawing his brows together, and shaking his head with an expression of dissent, observed, that although he was always pleased with the exertions of our countrymen, and the bravery of our troops, he could not receive any satisfaction from an *Indian* conquest. He then began an harangue on the corruption of manners—the evils of luxury—the fatal consequences of a sudden influx of wealth—and would, I am persuaded, ere he had done, have traced the loss of liberty in *Greece* and the fall of *Rome* to *Asiatic* connections, had he not been, all at once, cut short with the exclamation of 'Damn it, *Jack*, how does the old boy 'do to-day? I hope he begins to get better.—Nay, 'pr'ythee don't look grave; you know I am too 'much your friend to wish him to hold out long; 'but if he tip before *Tuesday* at twelve o'clock, I 'shall lose a hundred to *Dick Hazard*.——After 'that time, as soon as you please.——'Don't you 'think, Madam,' (addressing himself to one of the 'young ladies) 'that when an old fellow has been 'scraping money together with both hands for forty 'years, the civilest thing he can do is to die, and 'leave it to a son who has spirit to spend it?' Without uttering a word, the lady gave one look, that, had he been able to translate it into language, must, for a time, at least, have checked his vivacity. But the rebuke being too delicate to make any impression

on our hero, he ran on in the same strain; and being properly supported by his companion, effectually excluded the discourse of every body else. *Umphraville* did not once again attempt to open his mouth; and, for my own part, as I had heard enough of the conversation, his countenance served as a sufficient fund of entertainment for me. A painter, who wished to express indignation, contempt, and pity, blended together, could not have found a finer *study*.

At length we withdrew; and we had no sooner got fairly out of the house, than *Umphraville* began to interrogate me with regard to the gentlemen who had dined with us. 'They are *men of fashion*,' said 'I.—'But who are they? of what families are they 'descended?'—'As to that,' replied I, 'you know 'I am not skilled in the science of *genealogy*; but, 'though I were, it would not enable me to answer 'your present inquiries; for I believe, were you to 'put the question to the gentlemen themselves, it 'would puzzle either of them to tell you who his 'grandfather was.'—'What then,' said he, in an elevated tone of voice, 'entitles them to be received 'into company as *men of fashion?* Is it extent of 'ability, superiority of genius, refinement of taste, 'elegant accomplishments, or polite conversation? 'I admit, that where these are to be found in an 'eminent degree, they may make up for the want of 'birth; but where a person can neither talk 'like a man of sense, nor behave like a gentleman, I must own I cannot easily pardon our men 'of rank for allowing every barrier to be removed, 'and every frivolous, insignificant fellow, who can 'adopt the reigning vices of the age, to be received 'on an equal footing with themselves.—But after 'all,' continued he, in a calm tone, 'if such be the 'manners of our men of rank, it may be doubted

'whether they, or their imitators, are the greatest 'objects of contempt.'

R

N° 46. SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I HAPPENED lately to dine in a large company where I was, in a great measure, *unknowing* and *unknown*. To enter into farther particulars, would be to tell you more than is necessary to my story.

The conversation, after dinner, turned on that common-place question, 'Whether a parent ought 'to chuse a profession for his child, or leave him to 'chuse for himself?'

Many remarks and examples were produced on both sides of the question; and the argument hung in *equilibrio*, as is often the case, when all the speakers are moderately well informed, and none of them are very eager to convince, or unwilling to be convinced.

At length an elderly gentleman began to give his opinion. He was a stranger to most of the company; had been silent, but not sullen; of a steady but not voracious appetite; and one rather civil than polite.

'In my younger days,' said he, 'nothing would 'serve me but I must needs make a campaign against 'the *Turks* in *Hungary*.'——At mention of the

Turks in *Hungary*, I perceived a general impatience to seize the company.

'I rejoice exceedingly, Sir,' said a young physician, 'that fortune has placed me near one of your 'character, Sir, from whom I may be informed with 'precision, whether *lavemens* of *ol. amygd.* did in-'deed prove a specific in the *Hungarian Dysen-'teria*, which desolated the *German* army?'

'Ipecacuanha, in small doses,' added another gentleman of the faculty, 'is an excellent *recipe*, and 'was generally prescribed at our hospitals at *West-'phalia*, with great, although not infallible success: 'but that method was not known in the last wars 'between the *Ottomans*, vulgarly termed *Turks*, and 'the *Imperialists*, whom, through an error exceed-'ingly common, my good friend has denominated '*Germans*.'

'You must pardon me, Doctor,' said a third, 'ipecacuanha, in small doses, was administered at the 'siege of *Limerick*, soon after the Revolution; and 'if you will be pleased to add *seventy-nine*, the years 'of *this* century, to *ten* or *eleven*, which carries us 'back to the siege of *Lemerick* in the last, you will 'find, if I mistake not, that this *recipe* has been used 'for fourscore and nine, or for ninety years.'

'Twice the years of *the longest prescription*, Doc-'tor,' cried a pert barrister from the other end of the table, 'even after making a reasonable allow-'ance for minorities.'

'You mean if that were necessary,' said a thoughtful aged person who sat next him.

'As I was saying,' continued the third physician, 'ipecacuanha was administered, in small doses, at 'the siege of *Limerick*; for it is a certain fact, that 'a surgeon in King *William*'s army communicated 'the receipt of that preparation to a friend of his, 'and that friend communicated it to the father, or

'rather, as I incline to believe, to the grandfather, 'of a friend of mine. I am peculiarly attentive to 'the exactitude of my facts; for, indeed, it is by 'facts alone that we can proceed to reason with as-'surance. It was the *great Bacon*'s method.'

A grave personage in black then spoke:—'There 'is another circumstance retpecting the last wars 'in *Hungary*, which, I must confess, does exceed-'ingly interest my curiosity; and that is, Whether 'General *Doxat* was justly condemned for yielding 'up a fortified city to the infidels; or whether, 'being an innocent man, and a *Protestant*, he was 'persecuted unto death by the intrigues of the Je-'suits at the court of *Vienna*?'

'I know nothing of General *Doxy*,' said the stranger, who had hitherto listened attentively; 'but, 'if he was persecuted by the Jesuits, I should sup-'pose him to have been a very honest gentleman; 'for I never heard any thing but ill of the people 'of that religion.'

'You forget,' said the first physician, 'the '*Quinquina*, that celebrated febrifuge, which was 'brought into *Europe* by a father of that order, or, 'as you are pleased to express it in a *French* idiom, 'of that *religion*.'

'*That* of the introduction of the *Quinquina* into '*Europe* by the Jesuits is a vulgar error,' said the second physician: 'the truth is, that the secret was 'communicated by the natives of *South America* to a 'humane *Spanish* Governor whom they loved. He 'told his chaplain of it; the chaplain, a *German* Je-'suit, gave some of the bark to Dr. *Helvetius*, of '*Amsterdam*, father of that *Helvetius*, who, having 'composed a book concerning *matter*, gave it the 'title of *spirit*.'

'What!' cried the third physician, 'was *that* Dr. '*Helvetius* who cured the Queen of *France* of an in-

'termittent, the father of *Helvetius* the renowned 'philosopher? The fact is exceedingly curious; and 'I wonder whether it has come to the knowledge 'of my correspondent Dr. *B*———.'

'As the gentleman speaks of his campaigns,' said an officer of the army, 'he will probably be in a con-'dition to inform us, whether Marshal *Saxe* is to be 'credited when he tells us, in his *Reveries*, that the '*Turkish* horse, after having drawn out their fire, 'mowed down the Imperial infantry?'

'Perhaps we shall have some account of *Petronius* 'found at *Belgrade*,' said another of the company; 'but I suspend my inquiries until the gentleman has 'finished his story.'

'I have listened with great pleasure,' said the stranger, 'and, though I cannot say that I under-'stand all the ingenious things spoken, I can see the 'truth of what I have often been told, that the *Scots*, 'with all their faults, are a learned nation.

'In my younger days, it is true, that nothing 'would serve me but I must needs make a campaign 'against the *Turks*, or the *Hotmen* in *Hungary*; but 'my father could not afford to breed me like a gen-'tleman, which was my own wish, and so he bound 'me seven years to a ship-chandler in *Wapping*. Just 'as my time was out, my master died, and I married 'the widow. What by marriages, and what by 'purchasing damaged stores, I got together a pretty 'capital. I then dealt in sailors' tickets, and I *pe-'culated*, as they call it, in divers things. I am now 'well known about 'Change, aye, and somewhere 'else too,' said he with a significant nod.

'Now, Gentlemen, you will judge whether my 'father did not chuse better for me than I should 'have done for myself. Had I gone to the wars, I 'might have lost some of my precious limbs, or have 'had my tongue cut out by the *Turks*. But suppose

'that I had returned safe to *Old England*, I might 'indeed have been able to brag, that I was acquaint-'ed with the *laughing Man of Hungary*, and with '*Peter, o*—I can't hit on his name; and I might 'have learned the way of curing *Great Bacon*, and 'known whether a *Turkish* horse mowed down *Impe-'rial Infants*; but my pockets would have been 'empty all the while, and I should have been put to 'hard shifts for a dinner. And so you will see that 'my father did well in binding me apprentice to a 'ship-chandler.—Here is to his memory in a bumper 'of port; and success to *omnium*, and the *Irish 'Tong-teing!*'

I am, Sir, &c.

EUTRAPELUS.

THOUGH I early signified my resolution of declining to take any public notice of communications or letters sent me; yet there is a set of Correspondents whose favours, lately received, I think myself bound to acknowledge; and this I do the more willingly as it shows the fame of my predecessors to have extended farther than even I had been apt to imagine.

The *Spectator's Club* is well known to the literary and the fashionable of both sexes; but I confess I was not less surprised than pleased to find it familiar (much to the credit of the gentlemen who frequent such places) to the very *tavern keepers* of this city; the greatest part of whom, not doubting that I was to follow so illustrious an example, in the institution of a Convivial Society, have severally applied to me, though the channel of my Editor, to beg that they may be honoured with the reception of the *Mirror Club*.

Like all other candidates for employment, none of

them has been at a loss for reasons why his proposal should have the preference. One describes his house as in the most *public*, another recommends his as in the most *private*, part of the town. One says, his tavern is resorted to by the politest company; another, that he only receives gentlemen of the most regular and respectable characters. One offers me the largest room of its kind; another the most quiet and commodious. I am particularly pleased with the attention of one of these gentlemen, who tells me he has provided an excellent *elbow-chair* for Mr. *Umphraville;* and that he shall take care to have no *children* in his house to disturb Mr. *Fleetwood.*

I am sorry to keep those good people in suspence; but I must inform them, for many obvious reasons, that though my friends and I visit them oftener perhaps than they are aware of, it may be a considerable time before we find it convenient to constitute a regular Club, or to make known, even to the master of the house which has the honour of receiving us, where we have fixed the place of our convention.

Mean time, as all of them rest their chief pretensions on the character of the clubs who already favour them with their countenance, and as the names of most of these clubs excite my curiosity to be acquainted with their history and constitution, I must hereby request the landlords who entertain the respective societies of the *Capillaire*, the *Whin-bush*, the *Knights of the Cap and Feather*, the *Tabernacle*, the *Stoic*, the *Poker*, the *Hum-drum*, and the *Antemanum*, to transmit me a short account of the origin and nature of these societies;—I say the landlords, because I do not think myself entitled to desire such an account from the clubs themselves; and because it is probable that the most material transactions carried on at their meetings are perfectly well known,

and, indeed, may be said to come through the hands of the hosts and their deputies.

L

N° 47. TUESDAY, JULY 6, 1779.

Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum.
HOR.

THAT false refinement and mistaken delicacy I have formerly described in my friend Mr. *Fleetwood*, a constant indulgence in which has rendered all his feelings so acute, as to make him be disgusted with the ordinary societies of men, not only attends him when in company, or engaged in conversation, but sometimes disturbs those pleasures, from which a mind like his ought to receive the highest enjoyment. Though endowed with the most excellent taste, and though his mind be fitted for relishing all the beauties of good composition; yet, such is the effect of that excess of sensibility he has indulged, that he hardly ever receives pleasure from any of these, which is not mixed with some degree of pain. In reading, though he can feel all the excellencies of the author, and enter into his sentiments with warmth, yet he generally meets with something to offend him. If a poem, he complains that, with all its merit, it is, in some places, turgid, in others languid; if a prose composition, that the style is laboured or careless, stiff or familiar, and that the matter is either trite or obscure. In his remarks, there is always some

foundation of truth; but that exquisite sensibility which leads to the too nice perception of blemishes, is apt to carry him away from the contemplation of the beauties of the author, and gives him a degree of uneasiness which is not always compensated by the pleasure he receives.

Very different from this turn of mind is that of *Robert Morley*, Esq. He is a man of very considerable abilities. His father (possessed of a considerable fortune) sent him, when a boy, to an *English* academy. He contracted, from the example of his teachers, an attachment to ancient learning; and he was led to think that he felt and relished the classics, and understood the merits of their composition. From these cirsumstances, he began to fancy himself a man of fine taste, qualified to decide with authority upon every subject of polite literature. But, in reality, Mr. *Morley* possesses as little taste as any one I ever knew of his talents and learning. Endowed, by Nature, with great strength of mind, and ignorant of the feebleness and weakness of human character, he is a stranger to all those finer delicacies of feeling and perception which constitute the man of genuine taste. But, this notwithstanding, from the persuasion that he is a person of *fine taste*, he reads and talks, with fancied rapture, of a poem, or a poetical description. All his remarks, however, discover that he knows nothing of what he talks about; and almost every opinion which he gives differs from the most approved upon the subject. Catched by that spirit which *Homer*'s heroes are possessed of, he agrees with the greatest part of the world in thinking that author the first of all poets; but *Virgil* he considers as a poet of very little merit. To him he prefers *Lucan*; but thinks there are some passages in *Statius* superior to either. He says *Ovid* gives a better picture of love than *Tibullus*; and he

prefers *Quintus Curtius*, as an historian, to *Livy*. The modern writers, particularly the *French*, he generally speaks of with contempt. Amongst the *English*, he likes the style of the *Rambler* better than that of Mr. *Addison's Spectator*; and he prefers *Gordon* and *Macpherson* to *Hume* and *Robertson*. I have sometimes heard him repeat an hundred lines at a stretch, from one of the most bombast of our *English* poets, and have seen him in apparent rapture at the high-sounding words, and swell of the lines, though I am pretty certain that he could not have a distinct picture or idea of any one thing the poet meant. Though he has no ear, I have heard him talk with enthusiasm in praise of music, and lecture, with an air of superiority, upon the different qualities of the greatest masters in the art.

Thus, while Mr. *Fleetwood* is often a prey to disappointment, and rendered uneasy by excessive refinement and sensibility, Mr. *Morley*, without any taste at all, receives gratification unmixed and unalloyed.

The character of *Morley* is not more different from *Fleetwood*'s, than that of *Tom Dacres* is from both. *Tom* is a young man of six-and-twenty, and being owner of an estate of about five hundred pounds a-year, he resides constantly in the country. He is not a man of parts; nor is he possessed of the least degree of taste; but *Tom* lives easy, contented, and happy. He is one of the greatest talkers I ever knew; he rambles, with great volubility, from subject to subject; but he never says any thing that is worth being heard. He is every where the same; and he runs on with the like undistinguishing ease, whether in company with men in high or in low rank, with the knowing or the ignorant. The morning, if the weather be good, he employs in traversing the fields, dressed in a short coat, and an old slouch-

ed hat with a tarnished gold binding. He is expert at all exercises; and he passes much of his time in shooting, playing at cricket, or at ninepins. If the weather be rainy, he moves from the farm-yard to the stable, or from the stable to the farm-yard. He walks from one end of the parlour to the other, humming a tune, or whistling to himself; sometimes he plays on the fiddle, or takes a hit at back-gammon. *Tom*'s sisters, who are very accomplished girls, now and then put into his hands any new book with which they are pleased; but he always returns it, says he does not see the use of reading, that the book may be good, is well pleased that they like it, but *that it is not a thing of his sort.* Even in the presence of ladies, he often indulges in jokes coarse and indecent, which could not be heard without a blush from any other person; but from *Tom, for his way is known,* they are heard without offence. *Tom* is pleased with himself, and with every thing around him, and wishes for nothing that he is not possessed of. He says he is much happier than your wiser and graver gentlemen. *Tom* will never be respected or admired; but he is disliked by none, and made welcome wherever he goes.

In reflecting upon these characters, I have sometimes been almost tempted to think, that *taste* is an acquisition to be avoided. I have been apt to make this conclusion, when I considered the many undescribable uneasinesses to which Mr. *Fleetwood* is exposed, and the many unalloyed enjoyments of *Morley* and *Dacres;* the one without taste, but believing himself possessed of it; the other without taste, and without thinking that he has any. But I have always been with-drawn from every such reflection, by the contemplation of the character of my much-valued friend Mr. *Sidney.*

Mr. *Sidney* is a man of the best understanding

and of the most correct and elegant taste; but he is not more remarkable for those qualities, than for that uncommon goodness and benevolence which presides in all he says and does. To this it is owing that his refined taste has never been attended with any other consequence than to add to his own happiness, and to that of every person with whom he has any connection. Mr. *Sidney* never unbosoms the secrets of his heart, except to a very few particular friends; but he is polite and complaisant to all. It is not, however, that politeness which arises from a desire to comply with the rules of the world; it is politeness dictated by the heart, and which, therefore, sits always easy upon him. At peace with his own mind, he is pleased with every one about him; and he receives the most sensible gratification from the thought, that the little attentions which he bestows upon others, contribute to their happiness. No person ever knew better how to estimate the different pleasures of life; but none ever entered with more ease into the enjoyments of others, though not suited to his own taste. This flows from the natural benevolence of his heart; and I know he has received more delight from taking a share in the pleasures of others, than in cultivating his own. In reading, no man has a nicer discernment of the faults of an author; but he always contrives to overlook them; and says, that he hardly ever read any book from which he did not receive some pleasure or instruction.

Mr. *Sidney* has, in the course of his life, met with disappointments and misfortunes, though few of them are known, except to his most particular friends. While the impression of those misfortunes was strongest on his mind, his outward conduct in the world remained invariably the same; and those few friends whom he honoured by making partners

of his sorrows, know that one great source of his consolation was the consciousness that, under the pressure of calamity, his behaviour remained unaltered, and that he was able to go through the duties of life with becoming dignity and ease. Instead of being peevish and discontented with the world, the disappointments he has met with have only taught him to become more detached from those enjoyments of life which are beyond his power, and have made him value more highly those which he possesses. Mr. *Sidney* has, for a long time past, been engaged in business of a very difficult and laborious nature; but he conducts it with equal ease and spirit. Far from the elegance and sensibility of his mind unfitting him for the management of those transactions which require great firmness and perseverance, I believe it is his good taste and elegant refinement of mind, which enable him to support that load of business; because he knows that, when it is finished, he has pleasure in store. He is married to a very amiable and beautiful woman, by whom he has four fine children. He says that, when he thinks it is for them, all toil is easy, and all labour light.

The intimate knowledge I have of Mr. *Sidney* has taught me, that refinement and delicacy of mind, when kept within proper bounds, contribute to happiness; and that their natural effect, instead of producing uneasiness and chagrin, is to add to the enjoyments of life. In comparing the two characters of *Fleetwood* and *Sidney*, which Nature seems to have cast in the same mould, I have been struck with the fatal consequences to *Fleetwood*, of indulging his spleen at those little rubs in life, which a juster sense of human imperfection would make him consider equally unavoidable, and to be regarded with the same indifference, as a rainy day, a dusty road, or any the like trifling inconvenience. There is nothing

so inconsiderable which may not become of importance, when made an object of serious attention. *Sidney* never repines like *Fleetwood*; and, as he is much more respected, so he has much more real happiness than either *Morley* or *Dacres*. *Fleetwood*'s weaknesses are amiable: and, though we pity, we must love him: but there is a complacent dignity in the character of *Sidney*, which excites at once our love, respect, and admiration.

A

N° 48. SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1779.

THE following paper was lately received from a Correspondent, who accompanied it with a promise of carrying his idea through some of the other fine arts. I have since been endeavouring to make it a little less *technical*, in order to fit it more for general perusal; but, finding I could not accomplish this, without hurting the illustrations of the writer, I have given it to my readers in the terms in which I received it.

THE perceptions of different men, arising from the impressions of the same object, are very often different. Of these we always suppose one to be just and true; all the others to be false. But which is the true, and which the false, we are often at a loss to determine: as the poet has said,

> 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
> Go just alike, yet each believes his own. POPE.

With regard to our external senses, this diversity of feeling, as far as it occurs, is of little consequence; but the truth of perception, in our internal senses, employed in morals and criticism, is more interesting and important.

In the judgments we form concerning the beauty and excellency of the several imitative arts, this difference of feeling is very conspicuous; and 'tis difficult to say why each man may not believe his own, or how a standard may be established, by which the truth of different judgments may be compared and tried. Whether there is, or is not, a standard of taste, I shall not attempt to determine; but there is a question connected with that, which, properly answered, may have some effect in the decision: whether in the imitative arts, a person exercised in the practice of the art, or in the frequent contemplation of its productions, be better qualified to judge of these, than a person who only feels the direct and immediate effects of it? In the words of an ancient critic, *An docti, qui rationem operis intelligunt, an qui voluptatem tantùm percipiunt, optimè dijudicant?* or, as I may express it in *English*, Whether the artist or *connoisseur* have any advantage over other persons of common sense or common feeling?

This question shall be considered at present with regard to one art only, to wit, that of *painting*; but some of the principles which I shall endeavour to illustrate, will have a general tendency to establish a decision in all. In the *first* place, it is proper to mention the chief sources of the pleasure we receive in viewing pictures. One arises from the perception of imitation, however produced; a second, from the art displayed in producing such imitation; and a third, from the beauty, grace, agreeableness, and propriety of the object imitated. These may all occur in the imitation of one single object; but a much

higher pleasure arises from several objects combined together in such a manner, that, while each of them singly affords the several sources of pleasure already mentioned, they all unite in producing one effect, one particular emotion in the spectator, and an impression much stronger than could have been raised by one object alone.

These seem to be the chief sources of the pleasure we receive from pictures; and, with regard to the true and accurate perceptions of each, let us consider who is most likely to form them, the painter and *connoisseur*, or the unexperienced spectator.

In viewing imitation, we are more or less pleased according to the degree of exactness with which the object is expressed; and, supposing the object to be a common one, it might be imagined, that every person would be equally a judge of the exactness of the imitation; but, in truth, it is otherwise. Our recollection of an object does not depend upon any secret remembrance of the several parts of which it consists, of the exact position of these, or of the dimensions of the whole. A very inaccurate resemblance serves the purpose of memory, and will often pass with us for a true representation, even of the subjects that we fancy ourselves very well acquainted with.

The self-applause of *Zeuxis* was not well founded when he valued himself on having painted grapes, that so far deceived the birds as to bring them to peck at his picture. Birds are no judges of an accurate resemblance, when they often mistake a scare-crow for a man. Nor had *Parrhasius* much reason to boast of his deceiving even *Zeuxis*, who, viewing it hastily, and from a distance, mistook the picture of a linen cloth for a real one. It always requires study to perceive the exactness of imitation; and most persons may find, by daily experience, that, when they

would examine the accuracy of any representation, they can hardly do it properly, but by bringing together the picture and its archetype, so that they may quickly pass from the one to the other, and thereby compare the form, size, and proportions of all the different parts. Without such study of objects as the painter employs to imitate them, or the *connoisseur* employs in comparing them with their imitations, there is no person can be a judge of the exactness of the representation. The painters, therefore, or the *connoisseurs*, are the persons who will best perceive the truth of imitation, and best judge of its merit. It is true, some persons may be acquainted with certain objects, even better than the painters themselves, as the shoemaker was with the shoe in the picture of *Apelles*; but most persons, like the same shoemaker, are unfit to extend their judgment beyond their *last*; and must, in other parts, yield to the more general knowledge of the painter.

As we are, in the first place, pleased with viewing imitation; so we are, in the second place, with considering the art by which the imitation is performed. The pleasure we derive from this, is in proportion to the difficulty we apprehend in the execution, and the degree of genius necessary to the performance of it But this difficulty, and the degree of genius exerted in surmounting it, can only be well known to the persons exercised in the practice of the art.

When a person has acquired an exact idea of an object, there is still a great difficulty in expressing that correctly upon his canvas. With regard to objects of a steady figure, they may perhaps be imitated by an ordinary artist; but transient objects, of a momentary appearance, require still a nicer hand. To catch the more delicate expressions of the human soul, requires an art of which few are possessed, and none can sufficiently admire, but

those who have themselves attempted it. These are the difficulties of painting, in forming even a correct outline; and the painter has yet more to struggle with. To represent a solid upon a plain surface, by the position and size of the several parts; to be exact in perspective; by these, and by the distribution of light, and shade, to make every figure stand out from the canvas; and lastly, by natural and glowing colours to animate and give life to the whole: these are parts of the painter's art, from which chiefly the pleasure of the spectator, arising from his consciousness of the imitation, is derived, but, at the same time, such as the uninformed spectator has but an imperfect notion of, and, therefore, must feel an inferior degree of pleasure in contemplating.

The next source of the pleasures derived from painting, above taken notice of, is that arising from the beauty, the grace, the elegance of the objects imitated. When a painter is happy enough to make such a choice, he does it by a constitutional taste that may be common to all. *Raphael* could not learn it from his master *Pietro Perugino*; *Rubens*, though conversant with the best models of antiquity, could never acquire it. In judging, therefore, of this part of painting, the artist has scarcely any advantage above the common spectator. But it is to be observed, that a person of the finest natural taste cannot become suddenly an *elegans formarum spectator*, an expression which it is scarce possible to translate. It is only by comparison that we arrive at the knowledge of what is most perfect in its kind. The *Madonas* of *Carlo Maratt* appear exquisitely beautiful; and it is only when we see those of *Raphael* that we discern their imperfections. A person may even be sensible of the imperfections of forms; but, at the same time, may find it impossible to conceive, with

precision, an idea of the most perfect. Thus *Raphael* could not form an idea of the Divine Majesty, till he saw it so forcibly expressed in the paintings of *Michael Angelo*. As our judgment, therefore, of beauty, grace, and elegance, though founded in perception, becomes accurate only by comparison and experience, so the painter, exercised in the contemplation of forms, is likely to be a better judge of beauty than any person less experienced.

The last and moſt considerable pleasure received from painting, is that arising from *composition*. This is properly distinguished into two kinds, the picturesque and the poetical. To the first belongs the distribution of the ſeveral figures, so that they may all be united and conspire in one single effect; while each is so placed, as to present itself in proportion to its importance in the action represented. To this also belongs the diversifying and contrasting the attitudes of different figures, as well as the several members of each. Above all, the picturesque composition has belonging to it the distribution of light and shade, while every single figure has its proper share of each. One mass of light, and its proportionable shade, should unite the whole piece, and make every part of it conspire in one single effect. To this also belongs the harmony, as well as the contrast, of colours. Now, in all this *ordonnance picturesque*, there appears an exquisite art only to be acquired by custom and habit; and of the merit of the execution no person can be a judge but one who has been in some measure in the practice of it. It is enough to say, that hardly any body will doubt, that *Paulo Veronese* was a better judge of the disposition of figures than *Michael Angelo;* and that *Caravaggio* was a better judge of the distribution of light and shade than *Raphael;* so, in some measure, every painter, in proportion to his knowledge, must be a

better judge of the merit of picturesque composition, than any person who judges from the effects only.

With regard to poetical composition, it comprehends the choice of the action to be represented, and of the point of time at which the persons are to be introduced, the invention of circumstances to be employed, the expression to be given to every actor; and, *lastly*, the observance of the *costume*, that is, giving to each person an air suitable to his rank, representing the complexion and features that express his temperament, his age, and the climate of his country, and dressing him in the habit of the time, in which he lived, and of the nation to which he belonged.

From this enumeration of the several considerations that employ the history-painter, it will immediately appear, why this department of painting is called poetical composition; for here, in truth, it is the imagination of a poet that employs the hand of a painter. This imagination is nowise neceſſarily connected with the imitative hand. *Lucas* of *Leyden* painted more correctly, that is, imitated more exactly, than *Salvator Rosa;* but the former did not choose subjects of so much grace and dignity, nor composed with so much force and spirit, because he was not a poet like the latter. *Salvator Rosa* has given us elegant verses full of picturesque description; and, in every one of his pictures, he strikes us by those circumstances which his poetical imagination had suggested. Now it is plain, that a poetical imagination must be derived from nature, and can arise neither from the practice of painting, nor even from the study of pictures. The painter, therefore, and even the *connoisseur*, in judging of the merit of poetical composition, can have little advantage above other spectators; but even here it must be allowed, that if the painter has an equal degree of taste, he

must, from the more frequent exercise of it, have great advantages in judging above any other person less experienced.

I have thus endeavoured to shew, that, in judging of painting, the painter himself, and even the *connoisseur*, much engaged and exercised in the study of pictures, that is, *illi qui rationem operis intelligunt*, have advantages above the common spectators, *qui voluptatem tantùm percipiunt*. But, as a caution to the former, it may not be improper to conclude with observing, that the painter and *connoisseur* are often in danger of having their sensibility deadened, or their natural taste corrupted, by a knowledge of the technical *minutiæ* of the art, so far as to throw the balance towards the side of the common spectator.

N°. 49, TUESDAY, JULY 13, 1779.

As I walked one evening, about a fortnight ago, through *St. Andrew's Square*, I observed a girl, meanly dressed, coming along the pavement at a slow pace. When I passed her, she turned a little towards me, and made a sort of halt; but said nothing. I am ill at looking any body full in the face: so I went on a few steps before I turned my eye to observe her. She had, by this time, resumed her former pace. I remarked a certain elegance in her form, which the poorness of her garb could not altogether overcome: her person was thin and genteel, and there was something not ungraceful in the stoop

of her head, and the seeming feebleness with which she walked. I could not resiſt the desire which her appearance gave me, of knowing somewhat of her situation and circumstances; I therefore walked back, and repassed her with such a look (for I could bring myself to nothing more) as might induce her to speak what she seemed desirous to say at first. This had the effect I wished. — 'Pity a poor 'orphan!' said she, in a voice tremulous and weak. I stopped, and put my hand in my pocket: I had now a better opportunity of observing her. Her face was thin and pale; part of it was shaded by her hair, of a light brown colour, which was parted, in a disordered manner, at her forehead, and hung loose upon her shoulders; round them was cast a piece of tattered cloak, which with one hand she held across her bosom, while the other was half outstretched to receive the bounty I intended for her. Her large blue eyes were cast on the ground: she was drawing back her hand as I put a trifle into it; on receiving which she turned them up to me, muttered something which I could not hear, and then, letting go her cloak, and pressing her hands together, burst into tears.

It was not the action of an ordinary beggar, and my curiosity was strongly excited by it. I desired her to follow me to the house of a friend hard by, whose beneficence I have often had occasion to know. When she arrived there, she was so fatigued and worn out, that it was not till after some means used to restore her, that she was able to give us an account of her misfortunes.

Her name, she told us, was *Collins*; the place of her birth one of the northern counties of *England*. Her father, who had died several years ago, left her remaining parent with the charge of her, then a child, and one brother, a lad of seventeen. By his

industry, however, joined to that of her mother, they were tolerably supported, their father having died possessed of a small farm, with the right of pasturage on an adjoining common, from which they obtained a decent livelihood: that, last ſummer, her brother having become acquainted with a recruiting ſerjeant, who was quartered in a neighbouring village, was by him enticed to enliſt as a ſoldier, and ſoon after was marched off, along with ſome other recruits, to join his regiment: that this, ſhe believed, broke her mother's heart, for that ſhe had never afterwards had a day's health, and, at length, had died about three weeks ago: that, immediately after her death, the ſteward employed by the 'ſquire of whom their farm was held, took poſſeſſion of every thing for the arrears of their rent: that, as ſhe had heard her brother's regiment was in *Scotland* when he enliſted, ſhe had wandered hither in queſt of him, as ſhe had no other relation in the world to own her! But ſhe found, on arriving here, that the regiment had been embarked ſeveral months before, and was gone a great way off, ſhe could not tell whither.

'This news,' ſaid ſhe, 'laid hold of my heart; 'and I have had ſomething wrong here,' putting her 'hand to her boſom, 'ever ſince. I got a bed and 'ſome victuals in the houſe of a woman here in 'town, to whom I told my ſtory, and who ſeemed 'to pity me. I had then a little bundle of things, 'which I had been allowed to take with me after 'my mother's death; but the night before laſt, 'ſomebody ſtole it from me while I ſlept; and ſo 'the woman ſaid ſhe would keep me no longer, 'and turned me out into the ſtreet, where I have 'ſince remained, and am almoſt famiſhed for want.'

She was now in better hands; but our aſſiſtance had come too late. A frame, naturally delicate,

had yielded to the fatigues of her journey, and the hardships of her situation. She declined by slow but uninterrupted degrees, and yesterday breathed her laſt. A short while before she expired, she asked to see me; and taking from her bosom a silver *locket*, which she told me had been her mother's, and which all her distresses could not make her part with, begged I would keep it for her dear brother, and give it him, if ever he should return home, as a token of her remembrance.

I felt this poor girl's fate strongly; but I tell not her story merely to indulge my feelings; I would make the reflections it may excite in my readers, useful to others who may suffer from similar causes. There are many, I fear, from whom their country has called brothers, sons, or fathers, to bleed in her service forlorn, like poor *Nancy Collins*, with 'no 'relation in the world to own them.' Their sufferings are often unknown, when they are such as most demand compassion. The mind that cannot obtrude its distresses on the ear of pity, is formed to feel their poignancy the deepest.

In our idea of military operations, we are too apt to forget the misfortunes of the *people*. In defeat, we think of the fall, and in victory, of the glory of *Commanders*; we seldom allow ourselves to consider how many, in a lower rank, both events make wretched: how many, amidst the acclamations of national triumph, are left to the helpless misery of the widowed and the orphan, and, while victory celebrates her festival, feel, in their distant hovels, the extremities of want and wretchedness!

It was with pleasure I saw, among the resolutions of a late patriotic assembly in this city, an agreement to assist the poor families of our absent soldiers and seamen. With no less satisfaction I read in some

late newspapers, a benevolent advertisement for a meeting of gentlemen, to consider of a subscription for the same purpose. At this season of general and laudable exertion, I am persuaded such a scheme cannot fail of patronage and success. The benevolence of this country requires not argument to awaken it; yet the pleasures of its exertion must be increased by the thought, that pity to such objects is patriotism; that, here, private compassion becomes public virtue. Bounties for the encouragement of recruits to our fleets and armies, are highly meritorious donations. These, however, may sometimes bribe the covetous, and allure the needy; but that charity, which gives support and protection to the families they leave behind, addresses more generous feelings; feelings which have always been held congenial to bravery and heroism. It endears to them that home which their swords are to defend, and strengthens those ties which should ever bind the soldier of a free state to his country.

Nor will such a provision be of less advantage to posterity than to the present times. It will save to the state many useful subjects which those families thus supported may produce, whose lives have formerly been often nurtured by penury to vice, and rendered not only useless, but baneful to the community; that community which, under a more kindly influence, they might, like their fathers, have enriched by their industry, and protected by their valour.

Z

N° 50. SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1779.

THOUGH the following letter has been pretty much anticipated by a former paper, yet it possesses too much merit to be refused insertion.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

ACTIVITY is one of those virtues indispensably requisite for the happiness and welfare of mankind, which nature appears to have distributed to them with a parsimonious hand. All men seem naturally averse, not only to those exertions that sharpen and improve the mental powers, but even to such as are necessary for maintaining the health, or strengthening the organs of the body. Whatever industry and enterprise the species have at any time displayed, originated in the bosom of pain, of want, or of necessity; or, in the absence of these causes, from the experience of that listlessness and languor which attend a state of total inaction. But with how great a number does this experience lead to no higher object than the care of external appearances, or to the prostitution of their time in trivial pursuits, or in licentious pleasures? The surest, the most permanent remedy, and, in the end too, the most delightful, which is to be found in unremitted study, or in the labours of a profession, is, unhappily, the last we recur to. Of all who have risen to eminence in the paths of literature or ambition, how few are

there, who at first enjoyed the means of pleasure, or the liberty of being idle? and how many could every one enumerate, within the circle of his acquaintance, possessed of excellent abilities, and even anxious for reputation, whom the fatal inheritance of a bare competency has doomed to obscurity through life, and quiet oblivion when dead?

Let no man confide entirely in his resolutions of activity, in his love of fame, or in his taste for literature. All these principles, even where they are strongest, unless supported by habits of industry, and roused by the immediate presence of some great object to which their exertion leads, gradually lose, and at last resign, their influence. The smallest particle of natural indolence, like the principle of gravitation in matter, unless counterbalanced by continual impulse from some active cause, will insensibly lower, and at last overcome, the flight of the sublimest genius. In computing it, we ought to recollect, that it is a cause for ever present with us, in all moods, in every disposition; and that, from the weakness of our nature, we are willing, at any rate, to relinquish distant prospects of happiness and advantage for a much smaller portion of present indulgence.

I have been led into these reflections by a visit which I lately paid to my friend *Mordaunt*, in whom they are, unhappily, too well exemplified. I have known him from his infancy, and always admired the extent of his genius, as much as I respected the integrity of his principles, or loved him for the warmth and benevolence of his heart. But, since the time when he began to contemplate his own character, he has often confessed to me, and feelingly complained, that nature had infused into it a large portion of indolence, an inclination to despondency, and a delicacy of feeling, which disqua-

lified him for the drudgery of business, or the bustle of public life. Frequently, in those tedious hours, when his melancholy claimed the attendance and support of a friend, have I seen a conscious blush of shame and self-reproach mingle with the secret sigh, extorted from him by the sense of this defect. His situation, however, as second son of a family, which, though old and honourable, possessed but a small fortune, and no interest, absolutely required that he should adopt a profession. The law was his choice; and, such is the power of habit and necessity, that, after four years spent in the study of that science, though at first it had impaired his health, and even soured his temper, he was more sanguine in his expectation of success, and enjoyed a more constant flow of spirits, than I had ever known him to do at any former period. The law, unfortunately, seldom bestows its honours or emoluments upon the young; and my friend, too reserved, or too indifferent, to court a set of men on whose good will the attainment of practice, in some degree, depends, found himself, at the end of two years' close attendance at the bar, though high in the esteem of all that knew him well, as poor, and as distant from preferment, as when he first engaged in it. All my assurances, that better days would soon shine upon him, and that his present situation had, at first, been the lot of many now raised to fame and distinction, were insufficient to support him. A deep gloom settled on his spirits, and he had already resolved to relinquish this line of life, though he knew not what other to enter upon; when the death of a distant relation unexpectedly put him in possession of an estate, which, though of small extent, was opulence to one that wished for nothing more than independence, and the disposal of his own time.

After many useless remonstrances upon my part, he set out for his mansion in the country with his mother, and a nephew of eight years old, resolved, as he said, to engage immediately in some work to be laid before the public, and having previously given me his word that he would annually dedicate a portion of his time to the society of his friends in town. In the course of eighteen months, however, I did not see him; and finding that his letters, which had at first been full of his happiness, his occupations, and the progress of his work, were daily becoming shorter, and somewhat mysterious on the two last of these points, I resolved to satisfy myself by my own remarks with regard to his situation.

I arrived in the evening, and was shewn into the parlour; where the first objects that caught my attention were a fishing rod and two fowling pieces in a corner of the room, and a brace of pointers upon the hearth. On a table lay a German flute, some music, a pair of shuttlecocks, and a volume of the *Annual Register*. Looking from the window, I discovered my friend in his waistcoat, with a spade in his hand, most diligently cultivating a spot of ground in the kitchen-garden. Our mutual joy, and congratulations at meeting, it is needless to trouble you with. In point of figure I could not help remarking, that *Mordaunt*, though most negligently apparelled, was altered much for the better, being now plump, rosy, and robust, instead of pale and slender as formerly. Before returning to the house, he insisted that I should survey his *grounds*, which in his own opinion, he said, he had rendered a paradise, by modestly seconding and bringing forth the intentions of nature. I was conducted to a young grove, which he had planted himself, rested in a hut which he had built, and drank from a rivulet for which he had tracked a channel

with his own hands. During the course of this walk, we were attended by a flock of tame pigeons, which he fed with grain from his pocket, and had much conversation with a ragged family of little boys and girls, all of whom seemed to be his intimate acquaintance. Near a village in our way homewards, we met a set of countrymen engaged at cricket, and soon after a marriage company, dancing the bride's dance upon the green. My friend, with a degree of gaiety and alacrity which I had never before seen him display, not only engaged himself, but compelled me likewise to engage, in the exercise of the one, and the merriment of the other. In a field before his door, an old horse, blind of one eye, came up to us at his call, and eat the remainder of the grain from his hand.

Our conversation for that evening, relating chiefly to the situation of our common friends, the memory of former scenes in which we had both been engaged, and other such subjects as friends naturally converse about after a long absence, afforded me little opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. Next morning I arose at my wonted early hour, and, stepping into his study, found it unoccupied. Upon examining a heap of books and papers that lay confusedly mingled on the table and the floor, I was surprised to find, that by much the greater part of them, instead of politics, metaphysics, and morals (the sciences connected with his scheme of writing), treated of *Belles Lettres*, or were calculated merely for amusement. The *Tale of a Tub* lay open on the table, and seemed to have concluded the studies of the day before. The Letters of *Junius*, *Brydon*'s Travels, the *World*, *Tristram Shandy*, and two or three volumes of the *British Poets*, much used, and very dirty, lay scattered above a heap of quarto's, which, after blowing the dust from them, I found to be an

Essay on the Wealth of Nations, *Helvetius de l'Esprit*, *Hume's Essays*, *the Spirit of the Laws*, *Bayle*, and a commonplace-book. The last contained a great deal of paper, and an excellent arrangement, under the heads of which, excepting those of anecdote and criticism, hardly any thing was collected. The papers in his own hand-writing were, a parallel between Mr. *Gray's Elegy*, and *Parnell's Night-Piece on Death*; some detached thoughts on propriety of conduct and behaviour; a Fairy Tale in verse; and several letters to the Author of the MIRROR, all of them blotted and unfinished. There were besides a journal of his occupations for several weeks, from which, as it affords a picture of his situation, I transcribe a part.

Thursday, eleven at night, went to bed: Ordered my servant to wake me at six, resolving to be busy all next day.

Friday morning: Waked at a quarter before six, fell asleep again, and did not wake till eight.

Till nine, read the first act of Voltaire's Mahomet, *as it was too late to begin serious business.*

Ten: Having swallowed a short breakfast, went out for a moment in my slippers—The wind having left the east, am engaged, by the beauty of the day, to continue my walk—Find a situation by the river, where the sound of my flute produced a very singular and beautiful echo—make a stanza and a half by way of address to it—visit the shepherd lying ill of a low fever—find him somewhat better (Mem. to send him some wine)—meet the parson, and cannot avoid asking him to dinner—returning home, find my reapers at work—superintend them in the absence of John, *whom I send to inform the house of the parson's visit—read, in the mean time, part of* Thomson's Seasons, *which I had with me—From one to six, plagued with the parson's news and stories—take up* Mahomet *to put me in good humour—finish it,*

the time allotted for serious study being elapsed—at eight, applied to for advice by a poor countryman, who had been oppressed—cannot say as to the law: give him some money—walk out at sun-set, to consider the causes of the pleasure arising from it—at nine sup, and sit till eleven, hearing my nephew read, and conversing with my mother, who was remarkably well and cheerful—go to bed.

Saturday: Some company arrived—to be filled up to-morrow—(for that and the two succeeding days, there was no farther entry in the journal)—*Tuesday, waked at seven; but, the weather being rainy, and threatening to confine me all day, lay till after nine—Ten, breakfasted and read the news-papers—very dull and drowsy—Eleven, day clears up, and I resolve on a short ride to clear my head.*

A few days' residence with him shewed me that his life was in reality, as it is here represented, a medley of feeble exertions, indolent pleasures, secret benevolence, and broken resolutions. Nor did he pretend to conceal from me, that his activity was not now so constant as it had been; but he insisted that he still could, when he thought proper, apply with his former vigour, and flattered himself, that these frequent deviations from his plan of employment, which, in reality, were the fruit of indolence and weakness, arose from reason and conviction. *After all*, said he to me one day, when I was endeavouring to undeceive him, *after all, granting what you allege, if I be happy, and I really am so, what more could activity, fame, or preferment, bestow upon me?*—After a stay of some weeks, I departed, convinced that his malady was past a cure, and lamenting, that so much real excellence and ability should be thus, in a great measure, lost to the world, as well as to their possessor, by the attendance of a single fault.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

N° 51. TUESDAY, JULY 20, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

Mr. MIRROR,

I AM the daughter of a gentleman of easy, though moderate, fortune. My mother died a few weeks after I was born; and before I could be sensible of the loss, a sister of her's, the widow of an *English* gentleman, carried me to *London*, where she resided. As my aunt had no children, I became the chief object of her affections; and her favourite amusement consisted in superintending my education. As I grew up, I was attended by the best masters; and every new accomplishment I acquired, gave fresh pleasure to my kind benefactress. But her own conversation tended more than any thing else to form and to improve my mind. Well acquainted herself with the best authors in the *English*, *French*, and *Italian* languages, she was careful to put into my hands such books as were best calculated to cultivate my understanding, and to regulate my taste.

But, though fond of reading and retirement, my aunt thought it her duty to mingle in society as much as her rank and condition required. Her house was frequented by many persons of both sexes, distinguished for elegance of manners and politeness of conversation. Her tenderness made her desirous to find out companions for me of my own age; and, far from being dissatisfied with our

youthful sallies, she seemed never better pleased than when she could add to our amusement and happiness.

In this manner I had passed my time, and had entered my seventeenth year, when my aunt was seized with an indisposition, which alarmed me much, although her physicians assured me it was by no means dangerous. My fears increased, on observing that she herself thought it serious. Her tenderness seemed, if possible, to increase; and, though she was desirous to conceal her apprehensions, I have sometimes, when she imagined I did not observe it, found her eyes fixed on me with a mixture of solicitude and compassion, that never failed to overpower me.

One day she called me into her closet, and, after embracing me tenderly, 'My dear *Harriet*,' said she, 'it is vain to dissemble longer. I feel my 'strength decay so fast, that I know we soon must 'part. As to myself, the approach of death gives 'me little uneasiness; and I thank Almighty God 'that I can look forward to that awful change 'without dread, and without anxiety. But when 'I think, my child, of the condition in which I 'shall leave you, my heart swells with anguish!— 'You know my situation; possessed of no fortune, 'the little I have saved from my jointure, will be 'altogether inadequate to support you in that so-'ciety in which you have hitherto lived. When I 'look back on my conduct towards you, I am not 'sure that it has been altogether prudent. I thought 'it impossible to bestow too much on your educa-'tion, or to render you too accomplished. I fondly 'hoped to live to see you happily established in 'life, united to a man who could discern your merit, 'who could put a just value on all your acquire-'ments. These hopes are at an end; all, however,

'that can now be done, I have done.—Here are two 'papers; by the one you will succeed to the little 'I shall leave; the other is a letter to your father, 'in which I have recommended you in the most 'earnest manner to his protection, and intreated 'him to come to town as soon as he hears of my 'death, and conduct you to *Scotland*. He is a man 'of virtue; and I hope you will live happily in his 'family. One only fear I have, and that proceeds 'from the extreme sensibility of your mind, and 'gentleness of your disposition; little formed by 'nature to struggle with the hardships and the 'difficulties of life, perhaps the engaging softness 'of your temper has rather been increased by the 'education you have received. I trust, however, 'that your good sense will prevent you from being 'hurt by any little cross untoward accidents you 'may meet with, and that it will enable you to 'make the most of that situation in which it may 'be the will of Heaven to place you.'

To all this I could only answer with my tears; and, during the short time that my aunt survived, she engrossed my attention so entirely, that I never once bestowed a thought on myself. As soon after her death as I could command myself sufficiently, I wrote to my father; and, agreeably to my aunt's instruction, inclosed her letter for him; in consequence of which he came to town in a few weeks. Meeting with a father to whose person I was a perfect stranger, and on whom I was ever after entirely to depend, was to me a most interesting event. My aunt had taught me to entertain for him the highest reverence and respect; but, though I had been in use to write, from time to time, both to him, and to a lady he had married not long after my mother's death, I had never been able to draw either the

one or the other into any thing like a regular correspondence; so that I was equally a stranger to their sentiments and dispositions as to their persons.

On my father's arrival, I could not help feeling, that he did not return my fond carresses with that warmth with which I had made my account; and afterwards, it was impossible not to remark, that he was altogether deficient in those common attentions which, in polite society, every woman is accustomed to receive, even from those with whom she is most nearly connected. My aunt had made it a rule to consider her domestics as humble friends, and to treat them as such; but my father addressed them with a roughness of voice and of manner that disgusted them, and was extremely unpleasant to me. I was still more hurt with his minute and anxious inquiries about the fortune my aunt had died possessed of; and, when he found how inconsiderable it was, he swore a great oath, that, if he had thought she was to breed me a fine lady, and leave me a beggar, I never should have entered her house. 'But don't cry, *Harriet*,' added he, 'it was not 'your fault; be a good girl, and you shall never 'want while I have.'

On our journey to *Scotland*, I sometimes attempted to amuse my father by engaging him in conversation; but I never was lucky enough to hit on any subject on which he wished to talk. After a journey, which many circumstances concurred to render rather unpleasant, we arrived at my father's house. I had been told that it was situated in a remote part of *Scotland*, and thence I concluded the scene around it to be of that wild romantic kind, of all others the best suited to my inclination. But, instead of the rocks, the woods, the water-falls I had fancied to myself, I found an open, bleak, barren moor, covered with heath, except a few patches round the

house, which my father, by his skill in agriculture, had brought to bear grass and corn.

My mother-in-law, a good looking woman, about forty, with a countenance that bespoke frankness and good-humour, rather than sensibility or delicacy, received me with much kindness; and, after giving me a hearty welcome to ——, presented me to her two daughters, girls about fourteen or fifteen, with ruddy complexions, and every appearance of health and contentment. We found with them a Mr. *Plowshare*, a young gentleman of the neighbourhood, who, I afterwards learned, farmed his own estate, and was considered by my father as the most respectable man in the county. They immediately got into a dissertation on farming, and the different modes of agriculture practised in the different parts of the country, which continued almost without interruption till some time after dinner, when my father fell fast asleep. But this made no material alteration in the discourse; for Mr. *Plowshare* and the ladies then entered into a discussion of the most approved methods of feeding poultry and fattening pigs, which lasted till the evening was pretty far advanced. It is now some months since I arrived at my father's; during all which time I have scarcely ever heard any other conversation. You may easily conceive, Sir, the figure I make on such occasions. Though the good-nature of my mother-in-law prevents her from saying so, I can plainly perceive that she, as well as my sisters, consider me as one who has been extremely ill educated, and as ignorant of every thing that a young woman ought to know.

When I came to the country, I proposed to pass great part of my time in my favourite amusement of reading; but, on inquiry, I found that my father's library consisted of a large family Bible,

Dickson's Agriculture, and a treatise on *Farriery*; and that the only books my mother was possessed of were, the *Domestic Medicine*, and the *Complete Housewife*.

In short, Sir, in the midst of a family happy in themselves, and desirous to make me so, I find myself wretched. My mind preys upon itself. When I look forward, I can discover no prospect of any period to my sorrows. At times I am disposed to envy the happiness of my sisters, and to wish that I had never acquired those accomplishments from which I formerly received so much pleasure. Is it vanity that checks this wish, and leads me, at other times, to think, that even happiness may be purchased at too dear a rate?

Some time ago I accidentally met with your paper, and at length resolved to describe my situation to you, partly to fill up one of my tedious hours, and partly in hopes of being favoured with your sentiments on a species of distress, which is perhaps more poignant than many other kinds of affliction that figure more in the eyes of mankind.

I am, &c.

H. B.

N° 52. SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.
HOR.

SIR,

IT has always been a favourite opinion with me, 'that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two 'blades of grass, grow upon a spot of ground where 'only one grew before, would deserve better of 'mankind, and do more essential service to his 'country, than the whole race of politicians put 'together.' Possessed with this idea, I have long bent my thoughts and study towards those inquiries which conduce to the melioration of the earth's production, and to increase the fertility of my native country. I shall not at present tire you with an account of the various projects I have devised, the sundry experiments I have made, and the many miscarriages I have met with. Suffice it to say, that I have now in my brain a scheme, the success of which, I am confident, can scarcely fail. The frequent disappointments, however, I have formerly experienced, induce me to consult you about my plan, before I take any farther steps towards carrying it into execution. You are an author, Sir, and must consequently be a man of learning: you informed us you had travelled, and you must of course be a much wiser man than I, who never was an hundred miles from the place where I now write:

for these reasons, I am induced to lay my present scheme before you, and to intreat your opinion of it.

In the introduction to the Tales of *Guillaume Vadé*, published by the celebrated *Voltaire*, is the following passage, given as part of the speech of *Vadé* to his cousin *Catharine Vadé*, when she asked him where he would be buried? After censuring the practice of burying in towns and churches, and commending the better custom of the Greeks and Romans, who were interred in the country, 'What 'pleasure,' says he, 'would it afford to a good 'citizen to be sent to fatten, for example, the barren 'plain of *Sablons*, and to contribute to raise plen- 'tiful harvests there?—By this prudent establish- 'ment, one generation would be useful to another, 'towns would be more wholesome, and the country 'more fruitful. In truth, I cannot help saying 'that we want police in that matter, on account 'both of the living and the dead.'

To me, Sir, who now and then join the amusement of reading to the employment of agriculture, the above passage has always appeared particularly deserving of attention; and I have, at last, formed a sort of computation of the advantages which would accrue to the country from the general adoption of such a plan as that suggested by Monsieur *Vadé*. If the managers of the public burying-grounds were, at certain intervals, and for certain valuable considerations, to lend their assistance to the proprietors of the fields and meadows, how many beneficial consequences would result to the public? How many of the honest folks, who now lie uselessly mouldering in our church-yards, and did never the smallest good while alive, would thus be rendered, after death, of the most essential service to the community? How many who seemed brought into the

world merely '*Fruges consumere nati*, to consume the 'fruits of the earth,' might thus, by a proper and just retribution, be employed to produce *fruges* similar to those which they consumed while in life? What a pleasant and equitable kind of retaliation would it be for a borough or corporation to obtain, from the bodies of a parcel of fat magistrates, swelled up with city-feasts and rich wines, a sum of money that might, in some degree, compensate for the expence which the capacious bellies of their owners one day cost the town revenue?

The general effects of this plan, and the particular attention it would necessarily produce in the œconomy of sepulture, would remove the complaints I have often heard made, in various cities, of the want of space and size in their burying-grounds. Those young men who die of old age at thirty, and the whole body of the magistrates and council of some towns, who are in such a state of *corruption*, during their lives, might very soon be made useful after their death. It has been often said, that a living man is more useful than a dead one; but I deny it; for it will be found, if ever my proposal takes place, that one dead man, at least of the species above mentioned, will be of more use than fifty living ones.

I am well aware, that most of the fair sex, and some such odd mortals as your Mr. *Wentworth* or Mr. *Fleetwood*, may possibly be shocked at this plan, and may cry out, That it would be a great indelicacy done to the remains of our friends. I do not, however, imagine this ought to have much weight, when the good of one's country is concerned. These very people, Mr. MIRROR, would not, I dare say, for the world, cut the throat of a sheep, or pull the neck of a hen off joint; yet when they are at table, they make no scruple to

eat a bit of mutton, or the wing of a pullet, without allowing a thought of the butcher or the cook to have a place at the entertainment. In like manner, when these delicate kind of people happen to see a very beautiful field of wheat, which is a sight every way as pleasant as a leg of good mutton, or a fine fowl, let them never distress themselves by investigating, whether the field owes its peculiar excellence to the church-yard or the stable. As the ladies, however, are of very great importance in this country, I think it is proper that their good-will be gained over, if possible. I would, therefore, humbly propose, in compliment to the delicacy of their sensations, that their purer ashes never be employed in the culture of oats, to fill the bellies of vulgar ploughmen and coach-horses. No! Very far be it from me to entertain any such coarse idea. Let them be set apart and solely appropriated to the use of parterres and flower-gardens. A philosopher in ancient times, I forget who, has defined a lady to be 'an animal that delights in finery;' and other philosophers have imagined, that the soul, after death, takes pleasure in the same pursuits it was fond of while united to the body. What a heavenly gratification, then, will it prove to the soul of a toast, while 'she rides in her cloud, on the 'wings of the roaring wind,' to look down and view her remains upon earth, of as beautiful a complexion and as gaily and as gaudily decorated as ever herself was while alive?

One of your predecessors, *Isaac Bickerstaff*, I think, tells us, that in a bed of fine tulips he found the most remarkable flowers named after celebrated heroes and kings. He speaks of the beauty and vivid colouring of the *Black Prince*, and the *Duke of Vendome*, of *Alexander the Great*, the *Emperor of Germany*, the *Duke of Marlborough*, and many others.

How much more natural, as well as more proper, would it be, to have our flowers christened after those beautiful females, to whom, in all probability they really *owed ther peculiar beauty?* We might have *Lady Flora, Lady Violet, Miss Lily, Miss Rose,* and all the beauties of our remembrance, renovated to our admiring eyes.

I am much inclined to believe, that the improvement I am here suggesting was known to, and practised, by the ancients, particularly by the Greeks and Romans; for we read in their poets of *Narcissus, Cyax, Smilax,* and *Crocus, Hyacinthus, Adonis,* and *Minthe,* being after their deaths metamorphosed into flowers; and of the sisters of *Phaëton, Pyramus* and *Thisbe, Baucis* and *Philemon, Daphne, Cyparissus* and *Myrrha,* and many more, being converted into trees. Now these stories, Mr. MIRROR, when stripped of their poetical ornaments, can, in my opinion, bear no other interpretation than that the ashes of those people were applied to such useful purposes as I am now proposing.

You will here observe, Mr. MIRROR, that, besides the great utility of the scheme, there will be much room for the imagination to delight itself, in tracing out analogies, and refining upon the general hint I have thrown out. Your *Bath Toyman* would have many very ingenious conceits upon the occasion, and would exercise his genius in devising fanciful applications of the different manures he would make it his business to procure. He would have a plot of *rue* and *wormwood* raised by old maidens; he would apply the ashes of martyrs in love to his *pine-trees;* the dust of aldermen and rich citizens might be used in the culture of *plums* and *gooseberries;* a set of fine gentlemen would be laid aside for the culture of *cockscombs, none so-prettys,* and *narcissuses;* the clergy and church officers would be manure for the *holly* and

elder; and the *posthumous productions* of poets would furnish *bays* and *laurels* for their successors. But I tire you, Mr. MIRROR, with these trifling fancies: the utility of my plan is what I value myself upon, and desire your opinion of.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

POSTHUMUS AGRICOLA.

Q

N° 53. TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of the young women mentioned in two letters which you published in your 12th and 25th Numbers, though I did not know till very lately that our family had been put into print in the MIRROR. Since it is so, I think I too may venture to write you a letter, which, if it be not quite so well written as my father's (though I am no great admirer of his style neither), will at least be as true.

Soon after my Lady ——'s visit at our house, of which the last of my father's letters informed you, a sister of his, who is married to a man of business here in Edinburgh, came with her husband to see us in the country; and, though my sister *Mary* and I

soon discovered many vulgar things about them, yet, as they were both very good-humoured sort of people, and took great pains to make themselves agreeable, we could not help looking with regret to the time of their departure. When that drew near, they surprised us, by an invitation to me, to come and spend some months with my cousins in town, saying, that my mother could not miss my company at home, while she had so good a companion and assistant in the family as her daughter *Mary*.

To me there were not so many allurements in this journey as might have been imagined. I had lately been taught to look on *London* as the only capital worth visiting; besides that, I did not expect the highest satisfaction from the society I should meet with at my aunt's, which, I confess, I was apt to suppose none of the most genteel. I contrived to keep the matter in suspense (for it was left entirely to my own determination), till I should write for the opinion of my friend Lady ——— on the subject; for, ever since our first acquaintance, we had kept up a constant and regular correspondence. In our letters, which were always written in a style of the warmest affection, we were in the way of talking with the greatest freedom of every body of our acquaintance. It was delightful, as her ladyship expressed it, 'to unfold one's feelings in the bosom of 'friendship;' and she accordingly was wont to send me the most natural and lively pictures of the company who resorted to ———; and I, in return, transmitted her many anecdotes of those which chance, or a greater intimacy, gave me an opportunity of learning. To prevent discovery, we corresponded under the signatures of *Hortensia* and *Leonora*; and some very particular intelligence her Ladyship taught me not to commit to ink, but to set down in *lemon juice*. —I wander from my story, Mr. MIRROR; 'but I

'cannot help fondly recalling (as *Emilia* in the novel 'says) those halcyon days of friendship and feli-'city.'

When her Ladyship's answer arrived, I found her clearly of opinion that I ought to accept of my aunt's invitation. She was very jocular on the manners which she supposed I should find in that lady's family; but she said I might take the opportunity of making some acquirements, which, though *London* alone could perfect, *Edinburgh* might, in some degree, communicate. She concluded her letter with requesting the continuation of my correspondence, and a narrative of every thing that was passing in town, especially with regard to some ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance, whom she pointed out to my particular observation.

To *Edinburgh*, therefore, I accompanied my aunt, and found a family very much disposed to make me happy. In this they might, perhaps, have succeeded more completely, had I not acquired, from the instructions of Lady ————, and the company I saw at her house, certain notions of polite life with which I did not find any thing at Mr. ———'s correspond. It was often, indeed, their good-humour which offended me as coarse, and their happiness that struck me as vulgar. There was not such a thing as *hip* or *low spirits* among them, a sort of finery which, at ———, I found a person of fashion could not possibly be without.

They were at great pains to shew me any *sights* that were to be seen, with some of which I was really little pleased, and with others I thought it would look like ignorance to seem pleased. They took me to the *play-house*, where there was little company, and very little attention. I was carried to the *concert*, where the case was exactly the same. I found great fault with both; for though I had not

much skill, I had got *words* enough for finding fault from my friend Lady ———: upon which they made an apology for our entertainment, by telling me, that the *play-house* was, at that time, managed by a *fiddler*, and the *concert* was allowed to manage itself.

Our parties at home were agreeable enough. I found Mr. ——'s and my aunt's visitors very different from what I had been made to expect, and not at all the *cocknies* my Lady ——, and some of her humorous guests, used to describe. They were not, indeed, so *polite* as the fashionable company I had met at her Ladyship's; but they were much more *civil*. Among the rest was my uncle-in-law's partner, a good-looking young man, who, from the first, was so particularly attentive to me, that my cousins jokingly called him my lover; and even my aunt sometimes told me she believed he had a serious attachment to me; but I took care not to give him any encouragement, as I had always heard my friend Lady —— talk of the wife of a *bourgeois* as the most contemptible creature in the world.

The season at last arrived, in which, I was told, the town would appear in its gaiety, a great deal of good company being expected at the *Races*. For the Races I looked with anxiety, for another reason: my dear Lady —— was to be here at that period. Of this I was informed by a letter from my sister. From her Ladyship I had not heard for a considerable time, as she had been engaged in a round of visits to her acquaintance in the country.

The very morning after her arrival (for I was on the watch to get intelligence of her), I called at her lodgings. When the servant appeared, he seemed doubtful about letting me in; at last, he ushered me into a little darkish parlour, where, after waiting about half an hour, he brought me word, that his

Lady could not try on the gown I had brought then, but desired me to fetch it next day at eleven. I now perceived there had been a mistake as to my person; and telling the fellow, somewhat angrily, that I was no mantua-maker, desired him to carry to his Lady a slip of paper, on which I wrote with a pencil the well-known name of *Leonora*. On his going up stairs, I heard a loud peal of laughter above, and soon after he returned with a message, that Lady ——— was sorry she was particularly engaged at present, and could not possibly see me. Think, Sir, with what astonishment I heard this message from *Hortensia*. I left the house, I know not whether most ashamed or angry; but afterwards I began to persuade myself, that there might be some particular reasons for Lady ———'s not seeing me at that time, which she might explain at meeting; and I imputed the terms of the message to the rudeness or simplicity of the footman. All that day, and the next, I waited impatiently for some note of explanation or inquiry from her Ladyship, and was a good deal disappointed when I found the second evening arrive, without having received any such token of her remembrance. I went, rather in *low spirits*, to the play. I had not been long in the house, when I saw Lady ——— enter the next box. My heart fluttered at the sight; and I watched her eyes, that I might take the first opportunity of presenting myself to her notice. I saw them, soon after, turned towards me, and immediately curtsied, with a significant smile, to my noble friend, who being short-sighted, it would seem, which, however, I had never remarked before, stared at me for some moments, without taking notice of my salute, and at last was just putting up a glass to her eye, to point it at me, when a lady pulled her by the sleeve, and made her take notice of somebody on

the opposite side of the house. She never afterwards happened to look to that quarter where I was seated.

Still, however, I was not quite discouraged, and, on an accidental change of places in our box, contrived to place myself at the end of the bench next her Ladyship's, so that there was only a piece of thin board between us. At the end of the act, I ventured to ask her how she did, and to express my happiness at seeing her in town, adding, that I had called the day before, but had found her particularly engaged. 'Why, yes,' said she, '*Miss Homespun*, 'I am always extremely hurried in town, and have 'time to receive only a very few visits; but I will be 'glad if you will come some morning and breakfast 'with me—but not to-morrow, for there is a morn-'ing concert; nor next day, for I have a musical 'party at home. In short, you may come some 'morning next week, when the hurry will be over, 'and, if I am not gone out of town, I will be happy 'to see you.' I don't know what answer I should have made; but she did not give me an opportunity; for, a gentleman in a green uniform coming into the box, she immediately made room for him to sit between us. He, after a broad stare full in my face, turned his back my way, and sat in that posture all the rest of the evening.

I am not so silly, Mr. MIRROR, but I can understand the meaning of all this. My Lady, it seems, is contented to have some humble friends in the country, whom she does not think worthy of her notice in town; but I am determined to shew her, that I have a prouder spirit than she imagines, and shall not go near her, either in town or country. What is more, my father shan't vote for her friend at next election, if I can help it.

What vexes me beyond every thing else is, that I

had been often telling my aunt and her daughters of the intimate footing I was on with Lady ———, and what a violent friendship we had for each other; and so, from envy, perhaps, they used to nick-name me *the Countess*, and *Lady Leonora*. Now that they have got this story of the mantua-maker and the play-house (for I was so angry I could not conceal it), I am ashamed to hear the name of a lady of quality mentioned, even if it be only in a book from the *circulating library*. Do write a paper, Sir, against pride and haughtiness, and people forgetting their country friends and acquaintance, and you will very much oblige

Yours, &c.

ELIZABETH HOMESPUN.

P. S. My uncle's partner, the young gentleman I mentioned above, takes my part when my cousins joke upon intimates with great folks; I think he is a much genteeler and better bred man than I took him for at first.

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N° 54. SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1779.

AMONG the letters of my Correspondents, I have been favoured with several containing observations on the conduct and success of my paper. Of these, some recommend subjects of *criticism* as of a kind that has been extremely popular in similar periodical publications, and on which, according to them, I

have dwelt too little. Others complain, that the critical papers I have published were written in a style and manner too abstruse and technical for the bulk of my readers, and desire me to remember, that in a performance addressed to the world, only the language of the world should be used.

I was last night in a company where a piece of *conversation-criticism* took place, which, as the speakers were well-bred persons of both sexes, was necessarily of the familiar kind. As an endeavour, therefore, to please both the above-mentioned Correspondents, I shall set down, as nearly as I can recollect, the discourse of the company. It turned on the tragedy of *Zara*, at the representation of which all of them had been present a few evenings ago.

'It is remarkable,' said Mr. ——, 'what an æra 'of improvement in the French drama may be mark-'ed from the writings of M. de Voltaire. The cold 'and tedious declamation of the former French 'tragedians he had taste enough to see was not the 'language of passion, and genius enough to execute 'his pieces in a different manner. He retained the 'eloquence of *Corneille*, and the tenderness of *Racine*; 'but he never suffered the first to swell into bom-'bast, nor the other to sink into languor. He accom-'panied them with the force and energy of our '*Shakspeare*, whom he had the boldness to follow;' '—and the meanness to decry,' said the lady of the house.—'He has been unjust to *Shakspeare*, I 'confess,' replied Sir H——— (who had been a considerable time abroad, and has brought somewhat more than the language and dress of our neighbours); 'yet I think I have observed 'our partiality 'for that exalted poet carry us as unreasonable 'lengths on the other side. When we ascribe to '*Shakspeare* innumerable beauties, we do him but 'justice; but, when we will not allow that he has

'faults, we give him a degree of praise to which no 'writer is entitled, and which he, of all men, expect-'ed the least. It was impossible that, writing in 'the situation he did, he should have escaped inac-'curacies; suffice it to say, they always arose from 'the exuberance of fancy, not the sterility of dul-'ness.'

'There is much truth in what you say,' answered Mr. ———; 'but *Voltaire* was unjust when, not 'satisfied with pointing out blemishes in *Shakspeare*, 'he censured a whole nation as barbarous for admir-'ing his works. He must, himself, have felt the 'excellence of a poet, whom, in this very tragedy of '*Zara*, he has not disdained to imitate, and to imi-'tate very closely too. The speech of *Orasmane* (or '*Osman*, as the *English* translation calls him), begin-'ning,

J'aurois d'un oeil serene, d'un front inalterable,

'is almost a literal copy of the complaint of '*Othello*:

———Had it rain'd
All sorts of curses on me, &c.

'which is, perhaps, the reason why our translator 'has omitted it.'—'I do not pretend to justify '*Voltaire*,' returned Sir H———; 'yet it must be 'remembered, in alleviation, that the *French* have 'formed a sort of national taste in their theatre, 'correct, perhaps, almost to coldness. In *Britain*, 'I am afraid, we are apt to err on the other side; 'to mistake rhapsody for fire, and to applaud a 'forced metaphor for a bold one. I do not cite '*Dryden*, *Lee*, or the other poets of their age; for 'that might be thought unfair; but, even in the

'present state of the *English* stage, is not my idea 'warranted by the practice of poets, and the applause 'of the audience? A poet of this country, who, 'in other passages, has often touched the tender 'feelings with a masterly hand, gives to the hero of 'one of his latest tragedies, the following speech:

> Had I a voice like Ætna when it roars,
> For in my breast is pent as fierce a fire,
> I'd speak in flames.

'That a man, in the fervour and hurry of composi-'tion, should set down such an idea, is nothing; that 'it should be pardoned by the audience, is little; 'but that it should always produce a *clap*, is strange 'indeed!'

'And is there nothing like this in *French* trage-'dies?' said the Lady of the house; 'for there is, 'I think, abundance of it in some of our late imita-'tions of them.'—'Nay, in the translation of *Zayre*, 'Madam,' returned the Baronet, '*Hill* has sometimes 'departed from the original, to substitute a swelling 'and elaborate diction. He forgets the plain sol-'dierly character of the Sultan's favourite *Orasmin*, 'when he makes him say,

> ——Silent and dark
> Th' unbreathing world is hush'd, as if it heard
> And listen'd to your sorrows.

'The original is simple description;

> *Tout dort, tout est tranquille, et l'ombre de la nuit.*——

'And when the slave, in the 4th act, brings the fa-'tal *letter* to the Sultan, and mentions the circum-'stances of its interception, the translator makes '*Osman* stay to utter a sentiment, which is always

'applauded on the *English* stage, but is certainly, 'however noble in itself, very ill-placed here:

——Approach me like a subject
That serves the *Prince*, yet not forgets the *man*.

'*Osman* had no breath for *words*: *Voltaire* gives him 'but five hurried ones:

Donne—qui la portait?—donne.'

'I am quite of your opinion, Sir H——,' said Mr. ——; 'and I may add, that even *Voltaire* 'seems to me too profuse of sentiments in *Zara*, 'which, beautiful as they are, and though expressed 'with infinite delicacy, are yet somewhat foreign to 'that native language which feeling dictates, and by 'which it is moved. I weep at a few simple words 'expressive of distress; I pause to admire a senti-'ment, and my pity is forgotten. The single line 'uttered by *Lusignan*, at the close of his description 'of the massacre of his wife and children,

Helas! et j'etais père, et je ne pas mourir,

'moves me more than a thousand sentiments how 'just or eloquent soever.'

'If we think of the noblest use of tragedy,' said Mrs. ——, 'we shall, perhaps, Sir, not be quite of 'your opinion. I, who am a mother, wish my 'children to learn some other virtues, beside com-'passion, at a play; it is certainly of greater conse-'quence to improve the mind than to melt it.'—— 'I am sure, Mamma,' said a young lady, her daugh-ter, 'the sentiments of tragedy affect me as much 'as the most piteous description. When I hear an 'exalted sentiment, I feel my heart, as it were, swell

'in my bosom, and it is always followed by a gush 'of tears from my eyes.'—'You tell us the effects 'of your feelings, child; but you don't distinguish 'the feelings themselves.—I would have, Gentle-'men,' continued she, 'a play to be virtuous in its 'sentiments, and also natural in its events. The 'want of the latter quality, as well as of the former, 'has a bad effect on young persons; it leads them to 'suppose, that such a conduct is natural and allow-'able in common life, and encourages that romantic 'deception which is too apt to grow up in minds 'of sensibility. Don't you think, that the sudden 'conversion of *Zara* to Christianity, unsupported 'by argument, or conviction of its truth, is highly 'unnatural, and may have such a tendency as I have 'mentioned?'——'I confess,' said Mr. ———, 'that has always appeared to me an exceptionable 'passage.'——'I do not believe, Mamma,' said the young lady, 'that she was really converted in opi-'nion; but I don't wonder at her crying out she 'was a Christian, after such a speech as that of her 'father *Lusignan*. I know my heart was so wrung 'with the scene, that I could, at that moment, have 'almost become *Mahometan*, to have comforted the 'good old man.'——Her mother smiled; for this was exactly a confirmation of her remark.

'*Voltaire*,' said Sir H ———, 'has, like many 'other authors, introduced a *dark* scene into the last 'act of this tragedy; yet it appears to me, that such 'a scene goes beyond the power of stage-deception, 'and always hurts the piece. We cannot possibly 'suppose, that two persons walking upon the same 'board do not see each other, while we, sitting in a 'distant part of the house, see both perfectly well.' ——'I do recollect,' said the young lady, 'at first, 'wondering how *Zara* could fail to see *Osman*; but I 'soon forgot it.'——'Thus it always is' replied Mr.

M———, 'in such a case; if a poet has eloquence 'or genius enough to command the passions, he easily 'gets the better of those stage improbabilities. In 'truth the *scenic deception* is of a very singular nature. 'It is impossible we should imagine ourselves specta- 'tors of the real scene, of which the stage one is an 'imitation; the utmost length we are, in reality, 'carried, is to deliver over our minds to that sympa- 'thy, which a proper and striking representation of 'grief, rage, or any other passion, produces. You 'destroy the *deception*, it is said, when any thing im- 'pertinent or ludicrous happens on the stage, or 'among the audience; but you will find the very 'same effect, if a child blows his three-halfpenny 'trumpet, in the midst of a solo of *Fischer*, or a song of '*Rauzzini*; it stops the delightful current of feeling 'which was carrying along the soul at the time, and 'dissatisfaction and pain are the immediate conse- 'quence; yet in the *solo* or the *song*, no such decep- 'tion as the theatrical is pretended.'——Mr ——— delivered this with the manner of one who had studied the subject, and nobody ventured to answer him.

'You were mentioning,' said Mrs. ———, '*Voltaire's* imitation of *Othello*, in this tragedy; I 'recollect, in the last act, a very strong instance of 'it, the concluding speech of *Osman*, before he stabs 'himself, which seems to be exactly taken from that 'of the *Moor*, in a similar situation.'——'I remem- 'ber both speeches well,' said Sir H———, 'and 'I think it may be disputed, whether either of them 'be congenial to the situation.'——'You will ex- 'cuse me, Sir H———,' said I, 'if I hold them 'both perfectly in nature. The calmness of despe- 'rate and irremediable grief will give vent to a 'speech longer and more methodical than the imme- 'diate anguish of some less deep and irretrieveable 'calamity. *Shakespeare* makes *Othello* refer, in the

'instant of stabbing himself, to a story of his killing 'a *Turk* in *Aleppo*; the moment of perturbation, 'when such a passage would have been unnatural, 'is past; the act of killing himself is then a matter 'of little importance; and his reference to a story 'seemingly indifferent marks, in my opinion, most 'forcibly and naturally, the deep and settled horror 'on *Othello*'s soul. I prefer it to the concluding 'lines of the Sultan's speech in *Zara*, which rest on 'the story of his own misfortune:

> Tell 'em, I plung'd my dagger in her breast;
> Tell 'em, I so adored, and thus reveng'd her.'

'You have talked a great deal of the author,' said the young lady, 'but nothing of the actors. 'Was not the part of *Zara* excellently performed?' ——'Admirably, indeed,' replied Mr. ———; 'I know no actress who possesses the power of 'speaking poetry beyond Miss *Younge*.'——'Nor 'of feeling it neither, Sir, I think.'——'I did not 'mean to deny her that quality; but, in the other, 'I think she is unrivalled. She does not reach, per-'haps, the impassioned burst, the electric flash of 'Mrs. *Barry*; nor has she that deep and thrilling 'note of horror with which Mrs. *Yates* benumbs an 'audience; but there is a *melting tremble* in her voice, 'which, in tender passages, is inimitably beautiful 'and affecting. Were I a poet, I should prefer her 'speaking of my lines to that of any actress I ever 'heard.'

'She owes, I believe,' said our *Frenchman*, 'much 'of her present excellence to her study of the *French* 'stage. I mean not to detract from her merit: I 'certainly allow her more, when I say, that her ex-'cellence is, in great part, of her own acquirement, 'than some of her ill-judging admirers, who ascribe

'it all to Nature. Our actors, indeed, are rarely sen-
'sible how much study and application is due to their
'profession; people may be *spouters* without culture:
'but laborious education alone can make perfect
'actors. Feeling, and the imitative sympathy of
'passion, are, undoubtedly, derived from Nature;
'but art alone can bestow that grace, that refined ex-
'pression, without which feeling will often be awk-
'ward, and passion ridiculous.'

Z

N° 55. TUESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1779.

Decipimur specie recti.

HOR.

SINCERITY, by which I mean honesty in men's dealings with each other, is a virtue praised by every one, and the practice of it is, I believe, more common than gloomy moralists are willing to allow. The love of truth, and of justice, are so strongly implanted in our minds, that few men are so hardened, or so insensible, as knowingly and deliberately to commit dishonest actions; and a little observation soon convinces those who are engaged in a variety of transactions, that honesty is wisdom, and knavery folly.

But though, according to this acceptation of the phrase, men are seldom insincere, or literally dishonest, in the ordinary transactions of life; yet, I believe, there is another and a higher species of sincerity, which is very seldom to be met with in any

degree of perfection; I mean that sincerity which leads a man to be honest to himself, and to his own mind, and which will prevent him from being imposed upon, or deceived by his own passions and inclinations. From that secret approbation which our mind leads us to give to what is virtuous and honourable, we cannot easily bear the consciousness of being dishonest. Hence, therefore, when men are desirous to give way to their evil inclinations and passions, they are willing, nay, at times, they are even at pains to deceive themselves. They look out for some specious apology, they seek for some colour and disguise, by which they may reconcile their conduct to the appearance of right, and may commit wrong, under the belief that they are innocent, nay, sometimes, that they are acting a praise-worthy part. Thus there are men who would abhor the thought of deceiving others, who are constantly deceiving themselves; and, while they believe that they are sincere, and are really so, in the restricted sense in which I have used this word, are, in all the important actions of their life, under the influence of deceit.

Eubulus is a judge in one of the courts of law. *Eubulus* believes himself a very honest judge; and it is but doing him justice to allow, that he would not, for any consideration, knowingly, give an unjust decision; yet *Eubulus* hardly ever gave a fair judgment in any cause where he was connected with, or knew any thing about, the parties. If either of them happen to be his friend or relation, or connected with his friends or relations, *Eubulus* is sure always to see the cause in a favourable light for that friend. If, on the other hand, one of the parties happens to be a person whom *Eubulus* has a dislike to, that party is sure to lose his suit. In the one case, he sits down to examine the cause, under all the influence and partiality of friendship; his cool senses

are run away with; his judgment is blinded, and he sees nothing but the arguments on the side of his friend, and overlooks every thing stated against him. In the other case, he acts under the impressions of dislike, and his judgment is accordingly so determined. A cause was lately brought before *Eubulus*, where every feeling of humanity and compassion prompted the wish, that one of the parties might be successful; but the right was clearly on the other side. *Eubulus* sat down to examine it with all the tender feelings full in his mind; they guided his judgment, and he determined contrary to justice. During all this, *Eubulus* believes himself honest. In one sense of the word he is so; he does not, knowingly or deliberately, give a dishonest judgment; but, in the higher and more extensive meaning of the word, he is dishonest. He suffers himself to be imposed on by the feelings of friendship and humanity. Nay, far from guarding against it, he aids the imposition, and becomes the willing dupe to his own inclinations.

Licinius was a man of learning and of fancy; he lived at a time when the factions of this country were at their greatest height; he entered into all of them with the greatest warmth, and, in some of the principal transactions of the time, acted a considerable part. With warm attachments, and ungoverned zeal, his opinions were violent, and his prejudices deep-rooted. *Licinius* wrote a history of his own times: his zeal for the interests he had espoused is conspicuous; the influence of his prejudices is apparent; his opinion of the characters of the men of whom he writes, is almost every where dictated by his knowledge of the party to which they belonged; and his belief or disbelief of the disputed facts of the time, is directed by the connection they had with his own favourite opinions. *Phidippus* cannot talk

with patience of this history or its author; he never speaks of him but as of a mean lying fellow, who knowingly wrote the tales of a party, and who, to serve a faction, wished to deceive the Public. *Phidippus* is mistaken: *Licinius*, in one sense of the word, was perfectly honest; he did not wish to deceive; but he was himself under the influence of deception. The heat of his fancy, the violence of his zeal, led him away; convinced that he was much in the right, he was desirous to be still more so; he viewed, and was at pains to view, every thing in one light; all the characters, and all the transactions of the time, were seen under one colour; and, under this deception he saw, and thought, and wrote. When *Phidippus* accuses *Licinius* of being wilfully dishonest, he is mistaken, and is under the influence of a like deception with that of *Licinius*. *Licinius* wrote unfairly, because he saw every thing in one light, and was not at pains to guard against self-deception, or to correct erroneous judgment. *Phidippus* judges of *Licinius* unfairly, because he also is under the influence of party, because his system and opinions are different from those of *Licinius*, and because this leads him to judge harshly of every one who thinks like *Licinius*.

Lysander is a young man of elegance and sentiment; but he has a degree of vanity which makes him wish to be possessed of fortune, not to hoard, but to spend it. He has a high opinion of female merit; and would not, for any consideration, think of marrying a woman for whom he did not believe he felt the most sincere and ardent attachment. In this situation of mind he became acquainted with *Leonora*: *Leonora*'s father was dead, and had left her possessed of a very considerable fortune; *Lysander* had heard of *Leonora*, and knew she was possess-

ed of a fortune before ever he saw her. She is not remarkable either for the beauties of person or of mind; but the very first time *Lysander* saw her, he conceived a prepossession in her favour, and which has now grown into a strong attachment. *Lysander* believes it is her merit only which has produced this; and he would hate himself, if he thought *Leonora*'s being possessed of a fortune had had the least influence upon him. But he is mistaken; he does not know himself, nor that secret power the desire of wealth has over him. The knowledge of *Leonora*'s being an heiress made him secretly wish her to be possessed of personal merit before he saw her; when he did see her, he converted his wishes into belief; he desired to be deceived, and he was so. He conceived that she was possessed of every accomplishment of person and of mind; and, his imagination being once warmed, he believed and thought that he felt a most violent attachment. Had *Leonora* been without a fortune, she would never have drawn *Lysander*'s attention; he would have never thought more highly of her merit than he did of that of most other women; and he would not have become the dupe of his wishes and desires.

Amanda is a young lady of the most amiable dispositions. With an elegant form, she possesses a most uncommon degree of sensibility. Her parents reside at *Bellfield*, in a sequestered part of the country. Here she has few opportunities of being in society, and her time has chiefly been spent in reading. Books of sentiment, novels, and tender poetry, are her greatest favourites. This kind of reading has increased the natural warmth and sensibility of her mind: it has given her romantic notions of life, and particularly warm and passionate ideas about love. The attachment of lovers, the sweet union of

hearts, and hallowed sympathy of souls, are continually pictured in her mind. *Philemon*, a distant relation of *Amanda*'s, happened to pay a visit to *Bellfield*. *Amanda*'s romantic notions had hitherto been general, and had no object to fix upon. But it is difficult to have warm feelings long, without directing them to some object. After a short acquaintance, *Philemon* became very particular in his attentions to her. *Amanda* was not displeased with them; on the contrary, she thought she saw in him all those good qualities which she felt in her own mind. Every look that he gave, and every word that he spoke confirmed her in this. Every thing she wished to be in a lover, every thing her favourite authors told her a lover ought to be possessed of, she believed to be in *Philemon*. Her parents perceived the situation of her mind. In vain did they represent to her the danger she ran, and that she had not yet acquaintance enough of *Philemon* to know any thing, with certainty, about his character. She ascribed these admonitions to the too great coldness and prudence of age, and she disregarded them. Thus did *Amanda* believe herself deeply enamoured with *Philemon*; but it could not be with *Philemon*, for she knew little of him. She was the dupe of her own wishes; and she deceived herself into a belief that she was warmly attached to him, when it was only an ideal being of her own creation that was the object of her passion. *Philemon* may be worthy of the love of *Amanda*, or *Amanda* may be able to preserve the deception she is under even after marriage; but her danger is apparent.

The influence of self-deception is wonderfully powerful. Different as are the above persons, and different as their situations, all have been under its

guidance. As observed above, dishonesty, in our ordinary transactions in the world, is a vice which only the most corrupted and abandoned are in danger of falling into; but that dishonesty with ourselves, which leads us to be our own deceivers, to become the dupes of our own prevailing passions and inclinations, is to be met with more or less in every character. Here we are, as it were, parties to the deceit, and, instead of wishing to guard against it, we become the willing slaves of its influence. By this means, not only are bad men deceived by evil passions into the commission of crimes, but even the worthiest men, by giving too much way to the best and most amiable feelings of the heart, may be led into fatal errors, and into the most prejudicial misconduct. Did men, however, endeavour to guard against the influence of this self-deceit, did they coolly and on all interesting occasions examine into the principles and motives of their conduct, did they view themselves not under the mist and cover of passion, but with the eyes of an impartial spectator, much might be done to avoid the dangers I have pointed out.

N° 56. SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1779.

THE first of the two following Letters I received some time ago from my friend Mr. *Umphraville*; and I think I need make no apology, either to him or my readers, for giving it a place in this day's MIRROR.

My dear SIR,

THE moment that I found myself disengaged from business, you know I left the smoke and din of your blessed city, and hurried away to pure skies and quiet at my cottage.

I found my good sister in perfect health, free from flying rheumatic pains, agueish complaints, slight megrims, and apprehensions of the toothach, and all the other puny half-pangs that indolence *is heir to*, and that afford a kind of comfort to the idle, by supplying them with topics of complaint and conversation.

You must have heard that our spring was singularly pleasant; but *how* pleasant it was *you* could not feel in your dusky atmosphere. My sister remarked that it had a faint resemblance of the spring in —— Although I omit the year, you may believe that several seasons have passed away since that animating æra recollected by my sister. 'Alas! 'my friend,' said I, 'seasons return, but it is only 'to the young and the fortunate.' A tear started

in her eye; yet she smiled, and resumed her tranquillity.

We sauntered through the kitchen-garden, and admired the rapid progress of vegetation. 'Every 'thing is very forward,' said my sister; 'we must 'begin to bottle *gooseberries* to-morrow.' 'Very 'forward, indeed,' answered I. 'This reminds me 'of the young ladies whom I have seen lately; they 'seemed forward enough, though a little out of 'season too.'

It was a poor witticism; but it lay in my way, and I took it up. Next morning the gardener came into our breakfasting-parlour:—'Madam,' said he, 'all the gooseberries are gone.'—'Gone!' cried my sister, 'and *who* could be so audacious? 'Brother, you are a justice of the peace; do make 'out a warrant directly to search for and appre-'hend. We have an agreeable neighbourhood in-'deed; the insolence of the rabble of servants, of 'low-born purse-proud folks, is not to be endured.' '—The gooseberries are not away,' continued the gardener, 'they are all lying in heaps under the 'bushes; last night's frost, and a hail-shower this 'morning, have made the crop fail.'—The crop fail!' exclaimed my sister; 'and where am I to get goose-'berries for bottling?' 'Come, come, my dear,' said I, 'they tell me that, in Virginia, pork has a 'peculiar flavour, from the peaches on which the 'hogs feed; you can let in your goslings to pick 'up the gooseberries; and I warrant you, that this 'unlooked-for food will give them a relish far 'beyond that of any green geese of our neigh-'bour's at the castle.'—'Brother,' replied she, 'you 'are a philosopher.' I quickly discovered that, while endeavouring to turn one misfortune into jest, I recalled another to her remembrance; for it

seems, that, by a series of domestic calamities, all her goslings had perished.

A very promising family of turkey chicks has at length consoled her for the fate of the goslings; and on rummaging her store-room, she finds that she has more bottled gooseberries left of last year, than will suffice for the present occasions of our little family.

What shall I say of my sister? Her understanding is excellent; and she is religious without superstition. Great have been her misfortunes, poor woman! and I can bear testimony to her fortitude and resignation under them; and yet the veriest trifles imaginable unhinge her mind.

That people of sense should allow themselves to be affected by the most trivial accidents is absurd and ridiculous. There are, indeed, some things, which, though hardly real evils, cannot fail to vex the wisest, and discompose the equanimity of the most patient; for example, that fulsome court paid by the vulgar to rich upstarts, and the daily slights to which decayed nobility is exposed.

I hope that your periodical essays find favour in the sight of the idle and frivolous. You may remember I told you long ago, that I would never read any of them. The perusal of them could not make me esteem you more than I do already; and it might bring many fashionable follies to my knowledge, of which I am happily ignorant. I ever am,

Your's affectionately,

EDWD. UMPHRAVILLE.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR, *Edinburgh, July* 23, 1779.

I AM confined, by the occupations of a laborious employment, to a constant residence in town. During the summer and autumn, however, I sometimes can afford a day, which I wish to spend in a jaunt to the country. I lived in the country, Sir, in my earlier days; and whenever I hear a wood, a meadow, or the banks of a river, mentioned, I always think of peace, of happiness, and innocence.

This season I have had a friend in town, who, being an idle man, is a great *maker of parties*. Among others, he contrives to get people together of a *Saturday* or a *Sunday*, to go and dine in the country, which he says, in the neighbourhood of *Edinburgh*, affords some of the most beautiful and romantic scenes he ever saw. Last *Saturday* I was asked to join in one of his parties of this sort; to which, being a lover of rural scenes, as I mentioned before, I readily consented.

My friend had the ordering of every thing on our expedition. The carriages he had bespoke did not arrive at the place of meeting till near an hour after the time appointed; and, when they did come, we had another hour to wait for our conductor, who, having sat up at a *town-party* till five that morning, was not willing to be disturbed till mid-day.

We arrived at the place of our destination betwixt two and three. I immediately proposed a walk, to enjoy the beauty of the fields, and the purity of the air; but my proposal was overruled, from the consideration of the near approach of *dinner*; some of the company likewise observing,

that the evening was the properest time for walking in this hot weather. Mean time a *cup* was called for, which in the same hot weather was pronounced vastly pleasant, and my friend declared was more refreshing to him than the purest air under heaven.

Dinner was soon after brought in, which consisted of a profusion of meat, ill drest, and served up in a slovenly style. This, however, was a country-dinner, and people were not to be nice in the country. So we sat, enjoying the pleasures of the country, amidst the steams of greasy broth, rusty ham, and stinking mutton; our ears delighted with the jingle of bells, and the hallooing of guests in the staircase, which were very ineffectually answered by the bustle of an awkward waiter, and a fat hoiden of a chambermaid.

When the table-cloth was removed, our conductor, who said he found himself much the better for his dinner, called for the landlord, and desired him to send in a particular sort of wine, the flavour of which he highly commended. An old proverbial recipe was cited to him, by a red-faced gentleman at the bottom of the table, which signifies that a man should drink a bottle to-day, as a cure for the effects of two or three drunk yesterday. 'Twas a prescription very much suited to the inclination of my friend, who declared, after having drunk a bottle of it, that he never was better in all his life. Nobody mentioned the evening being a proper time for *walking;* so we sat till our carriages were at the door, and till we dispatched four last bottles after their arrival. The post-boys, whose patience needed some cordial to maintain it, were busy in their way below; so that, when at last we got into the chaises, they were as drunk——as drunk as we were. The carriage in which another gentleman and I were placed was overturned about a

mile from town: I escaped with a sprained ancle; but my friend had his collar-bone broke.

Now, Mr MIRROR, I incline to think, that a man may find a bad dinner, and get drunk after it, just as well in *town* as in the *country;* and, in the first case, he will have the advantage of saving his bones, the chaise-hire, and the tax upon post-horses.

I am, &c.

CIVIS.

V

N° 57. TUESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1779.

No thinking man will deny, that travelling into foreign countries is, in certain situations, attended with many and great advantages. It polishes the manners of the courtier, enlarges the views of the statesman, and furnishes the philosopher with a more extensive field of observation, and enables him to form more certain conclusions with regard to the nature and character of man. At the same time, I have often been disposed to doubt, how far it is an eligible thing for a private gentleman, without talents and inclination for public life, to spend much of his time abroad, to acquire a relish for foreign manners, and a taste for the society of a set of men, with whom neither his station nor his fortune entitle him to associate in the after-part of his life. The following letter on this subject may perhaps be acceptable to my readers.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MOST of your predecessors have favoured the public with speculations on travelling; and they have been at pains to point out the abuses of it that from time to time have prevailed among us. In the *Spectator*, the absurdity of a fond mother and mother's *own* son going together to make the tour of *Europe*, in order to learn men and things, is exposed in a very masterly manner. If I have not been misinformed, that admirable essay was the production of a young man, who afterwards, by his great talents and eminent virtues, added dignity to the highest office in the law of *England*, which he filled many years with the entire approbation of all good men.

In the *World*, the folly of sending an ignorant booby to travel, who looked with contempt on the *French* and *Italians*, because they did not speak *English*, is held up to ridicule in a vein of wit, and with an elegance of expression, that mark the compositions of the *Earl of Chesterfield*.

A correspondent in your own paper has pointed out the fatal effects of a practice, unknown till within these few years, of sending boys to foreign schools, or academies, where, according to his account of the matter, they learn nothing but vice and folly.

Although travelling has proved equally fatal to me, my case is very different from any of those I have mentioned: I shall, therefore, take the liberty to give an account of myself, from which you and your readers will be best able to judge, whether making what is called the *grand tour* be an advisable thing for persons in my circumstances and situation.

I am the only son of a gentleman of fortune and family. My father, who was himself a man of letters, wished to give me a liberal education, and was desirous to unite the solidity of the ancient system with that ease and grace, which, of late, have been cultivated so much, and which, by some, have been thought the most essential of all acquirements. Soon after my twentieth year my father died, leaving me possessed of a family estate of a thousand pounds a-year, and (I hope I may say it without vanity) with as great a share of knowledge as any of my contemporaries could boast of. The tour of Europe was the only thing wanting to complete my education. Intimately acquainted with the celebrated characters of antiquity, and an enthusiastic admirer of their virtues, I longed to visit *Italy*, to see the spot where *Scipio* triumphed, where *Cæsar* fell, where *Cicero* harangued. Full of these ideas, I set out on my travels; and, after passing some time in *France*, I proceeded to *Rome*. For a while, *antiquity* was my great object, and every remain of *Roman* greatness attracted my attention. Afterwards *music*, of which I had always been a lover, and *painting*, for which I acquired a taste in *Italy*, occupied much of my time; but, whilst engaged in these favourite pursuits, I did not neglect any opportunity of mingling in society with the natives, and of observing their manners and customs. I lived too on the most intimate footing with the British at the different courts I visited; and I doubted not that the friendships I then formed with men of the first distinction in my own country, would be as lasting as they appeared to be warm and sincere. If the pleasures in which we indulged, and which, by degrees, came to occupy almost the whole of my time, sometimes bordered on the licentious, they were at least at-

tended with an elegance, which, in some measure, disguised the deformity of vice.

Various reasons, which it is needless now to mention, at length constrained me to return home. As I approached my seat in the county of ———, I felt a tender satisfaction at the thought of revisiting those scenes where I had spent so many happy days in the '*early morn of life*,' and of seeing again the companions of my youthful sports, many of whom I knew had settled in the country, and lived on their estates in my neighbourhood. My arrival was no sooner known than they flocked to welcome me home. The friends of my father, and their sons, my old companions, were equally sincere and warm in their compliments; but, though I was pleased with their attachment, I could not help being disgusted with the blunt plainness of their manners. Their conversation usually turned on subjects in which I could not possibly be interested. The *old* got into keen political debate, or dissertations on farming; and the *young* talked over their last fox-chase, or recited the particulars of their last debauch. If I attempted to give the conversation a different turn, they remained silent, and were altogether incapable to talk of those subjects on which I had been accustomed to think and to speak. If I mentioned the *Gabrielli*, or the *Mignotti*, they were as much at a loss as I was when they joined in praising the notes of *Juno* or of *Jowler*; if the proportions of the *Venus de Medicis* were talked of, one would perhaps ask, what a dead beauty was good for? another would swear, that, in his mind, *Polly* ——— was a better-made girl than any heathen goddess, dead or alive.

By degrees my neighbours gave me up altogether. They complained that I was a strange fellow, who hated company, and had no notion of

life. I confess I was rather pleased with their neglect, and in my own mind preferred solitude to such society; but solitude at length became irksome, and I longed again to mingle in society. With that view I went to the *races* at *Edinburgh*, where I was told I should meet with all the polite people of this country. The night I arrived, I accompanied to the *assembly* a female relation, almost the only acquaintance I had in town. If you, Mr. MIRROR, be a frequenter of public places, I need not tell you, how much I was struck on entering the room. Dark, dirty, mean, offensive to every sense, it seemed to resemble a large barn, rather than a room allotted for the reception of polite company. I had no sooner entered, than I was hurried along by the crowd to the farther end of the hall, where the first thing that caught my eye was an old lady, who, it seems, presided for the night, and was at that instant employed in distributing tickets, to ascertain the order in which the ladies were to dance. She was surrounded by a cluster of persons of both sexes, all of whom spoke at the same time, and some of them, as I thought, with a voice and gesture rather rough and vehement.

This important part of the ceremonial being at length adjusted, the dancing began. My conductress asked me, if I did not think the ladies, in general, handsome? I told her (and that without any compliment) that I thought them more than commonly beautiful; 'but methinks,' added I, 'the gentle-'men are not, either in dress or appearance, such 'as I should have expected.'—'Oh,' replied she, 'have 'a little patience, the men of fashion are not yet 'come in; this being the first day of the races, 'they are dining with the stewards.' I had not time to make any observation on the propriety of allowing ladies to go unattended to a public place,

to wait four hours there in expectation of the gentlemen with whom they were to dance; for, at that instant, a loud noise at the lower end of the hall attracted my notice. 'There they come,' said she; and I soon perceived a number of young gentlemen staggering up the room, all of them flustered, some of them perfectly intoxicated. Their behaviour (I forbear to mention the particulars) was such as might be expected.

In a few days I was quite satisfied with the amusements of *Edinburgh*, and with pleasure retired once more to my solitude at ———. There, however, I again fell a sacrifice to *ennui*: I could contrive no way to fill up my time. After passing two or three tedious years, I resolved to make one effort more, and set out for *London*, in hopes of meeting those friends with whom I had lived so happily abroad, and in whose society I now expected to receive pleasure without allay.

Upon inquiry, I found that almost all my friends were in town, and next morning sallied forth to wait upon them. But nowhere could I gain admittance. It did not occur to me that those doors, which, at *Rome* or *Naples*, flew open at my approach, could, at *London*, be shut against me. I therefore concluded I had called at an improper time, and that the hours of *London* (with which I was but little acquainted) differed from those we had been accustomed to abroad.

In that belief, I went to the Opera in the evening. I had not been there long before Lord —— happened to come into the very box where I was. With Lord —— I had lived in habits of the most intimate friendship, and, in a less public place, I should have embraced him with open arms. Judge then of my astonishment, when he received my compliments withthe coldness of the most perfect in-

difference. It is needless to run through the mortifying detail. From all my friends I met with much the same reception. One talked of the business of parliament, another of his engagements at the *Sçavoir Vivre*, or the *Coterie*. The Duke of ———, who then filled one of the great offices of state, alone seemed to retain his former sentiments. One day he took me into his closet, and, after some general conversation, solicited my interest in the county of ———, for Mr. ———. I told him that my engagements to the other candidate were such, that I could not possibly comply with his request. He seemed perfectly satisfied, and we parted on the best terms; but from that day forth, his Grace never happened to be at home when I did myself the honour of calling on him.

Chagrined and mortified, I returned to *Scotland*. When I had got within a hundred miles of my own house, I observed, from the road, a gentleman's seat, the beauty and elegance of which struck me so much, that I stopped the carriage, and asked the post-boy to whom it belonged? 'To Mr. *Manly*,' said he. 'What, *Charles Manly?*' Before I could receive an answer, my friend appeared in a field at a little distance. *Manly* and I had been educated at the same school, at the same university, and had set out together to make the tour of *Europe*. But after we had been some time in *France* he was called home, by accounts that his father lay dangerously ill. From that time a variety of accidents had prevented our meeting. We now met as if we had parted but yesterday; with the same freedom, the same warmth, the same glow of friendship, heightened, if possible by our long separation.

During my stay at his house, I told him all my distresses, all my disappointments. When I had done, 'To be plain with you, my friend,' said he,

'I cannot help thinking that most of your disappointments must be imputed to yourself. Your long residence abroad, and your attachment to foreign manners, has led you to judge rather hastily of your countrymen. Had you been less rash, you might have discovered virtues in your neighbours that would, in some measure, have made up for the want of that high polish and refinement which they cannot be expected to possess. From what you saw at *Edinburgh* in the hurry of a *race week*, and from the behaviour of a set of men, who think that fashionable distinction consists in indulgence in low pleasures and gross amusements, you have drawn conclusions equally unfavourable and unjust. I know from experience, that nowhere are to be found men of more agreeable conversation, or women more amiable and respectable. Your late disappointment, in the reception you met with from your foreign friends, proceeds from a mistake not uncommon, from confounding that companionship, so apt to produce a temporary union among young men, when engaged in the same pleasures and amusements, with real friendship, which seldom or never has been found to subsist between men differing much in rank and condition, and whose views and objects in life do not in some measure coincide.'

I am now, Mr. MIRROR, fully convinced of the truth of *Manly*'s observations; and am every day more and more satisfied, that it is a misfortune for a private gentleman, who means to pass his days in his native country, to become attached to foreign manners and foreign customs, in so considerable a degree, as a long residence abroad, in the earlier period of life, seldom fails to produce.

I am, &c.

M ALONZO.

N° 58. SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1779.

Veniam damus petimusque vicissim.

HOR.

THE mutual complaints of Mr. and Mrs. *Gold,* which have been communicated in a former paper, together with some complaints of similar family-distresses, which I have received from other Correspondents, often remind me of the happy effects which my friends *Horatio* and *Emilia* have experienced from an opposite temper and conduct.

Horatio, though he obtained a very liberal education, lived till the age of twenty-five almost entirely in the country. The small fortune which he inherited from his father being about this time increased by his succeeding to a distant relation, he afterwards spent some years in this city, in *London,* and in making the usual tour on the continent.

Soon after his return, he married the young and beautiful *Emilia,* to whom he had become warmly attached, not so much on account of her beauty, as from an expression of a sweet, though lively temper, which marked her countenance—which, when admitted to a more intimate acquaintance, he found to be justified by her conversation and manners.

Emilia's father was addicted to pleasure and expence, and her mother, though more accomplished, of a similar disposition.—In their family she had been accustomed to a life of more than ordinary gaiety.

Though *Horatio* felt, in all its extent, that pas-

sion which is nowise favourable to a just estimation of character, these circumstances had not escaped his notice, and he failed not to observe that *Emilia* had acquired a stronger attachment to the pleasures of a town life, than was either right in itself, or agreeable to that preference for domestic society, and the quiet of a country life, which he had always felt, and which he still wished to gratify.

In place, however, of acquainting *Emilia* with his taste in these particulars, he judged it better to let her enjoy that style of life to which she had been accustomed, not doubting, from the natural good sense and sweetness of her disposition, that her own taste might gradually be corrected; and that as his should from time to time fall under her observation, it might contribute to the change.

He took up his residence, therefore, in town; and though *Emilia* went into company, and frequented public places more than he could have wished, he complied with her inclination in these particulars, partook of her amusements when he was not necessarily engaged, and, when he did so, carefully avoided betraying that indifference or disgust which he often felt.

While *Horatio*, however, gave way to the taste of *Emilia*, he never lost the inclination, nor neglected the means, of reforming it.

Amidst the gaiety to which she had been accustomed, *Emilia* had early formed a taste for the elegant writers, both of this country and of *France*; and the same sensibility and delicacy of mind, which led her to admire them, made her no less sensible of the beauties of a polished and refined conversation. It was this which had first gained the affections of *Horatio*; it was to this he trusted for effecting the reformation he desired.

He was at pains, therefore, to cultivate and encourage this literary taste in *Emilia*.—He frequently took occasion to turn the conversation to subjects of literature, and to dwell on the beauties, or mention the striking passages, of this or that author; and would often engage *Emilia* in a fine poem, an affecting tragedy, or an interesting novel, when, but for that circumstance, she would have been exhausting her spirits at a ball, or wasting the night at cards.

Nor was he less studious in forming her taste for company than for books. Though he had never aimed at an extensive acquaintance, *Horatio* enjoyed the friendship of several persons of both sexes endowed with those elegant manners, and that delicate and cultivated understanding, which render conversation at once agreeable and instructive.

Of these friends he frequently formed parties at his house. *Emilia*, who had the same disposition to oblige, which she, on all occasions, experienced from him, was happy to indulge his inclinations in this particular; and, as she was well qualified to bear a part in their conversation, and of a mind highly sensible of its charms, these parties gradually became more and more agreeable to her.

In this manner, her books, the conversation of select companies, and the care of her children, which soon became a most endearing office to the tender and feeling heart of *Emilia*, furnished her with a variety of domestic occupations; and as these gradually led her to go less into mixed company and public amusements, she began to lose her habitual relish for them. As she easily observed how agreeable this change was to the taste of *Horatio*, that circumstance gave her mind more and more a domestic turn.

The same delicacy from which he at first gave

way to her taste for company and public amusements, made *Horatio* avoid shewing that preference which he entertained for a country life.

For some time he was entirely silent on the subject. Though he now and then made excursions to the country, it was only occasionally when his business rendered it necessary; and, though *Emilia* could not but observe that the manner in which he passed his time there, in adding to the beauties of his place, and in an easy intercourse with a few neighbours, was highly agreeable to him; he never expressed an inclination of fixing his general residence in the country, or even of her accompanying him in his occasional visit to *Rosedale*.

His visits became, however, gradually more frequent; and, as they generally continued for some weeks, those little absences gave a sort of pain to *Emilia*, to whom no society was now so agreeable as that of *Horatio*; she became desirous of accompanying him to the country.

Their first visits were short, and at considerable intervals; but as he omitted no means of rendering them agreeable to her, she seldom left it without regret, and was often the first to propose their return.

At length *Emilia*, who now observed that her husband was no where so happy as in the country, and had herself come to feel the same predilection for the calm cheerfulness and innocent amusements of a country life, took occasion to acquaint him with this change in her sentiments, and to express the same inclination, which, she was persuaded, he entertained, of abandoning a town life, and fixing their constant residence at *Rosedale*.

A proposal so agreeable to *Horatio* was readily complied with; and *Emilia* and he have ever since

passed their time in that delightful retreat, occupied with the education of their children, the improvement of their place, and the society of a few friends, equally happy in themselves, and beloved by all around them.

Thus has *Horatio*, the gentleness of whose mind is equal to the strength of his understanding, by a prudent as well as delicate complacency, gradually effected that change which an opposite conduct might have failed of producing; and which, at the same time, would probably have been the source of mutual chagrin, and rendered both him and his wife unhappy.

Nor was the reformation solely on her part. By leading him to partake in company and amusements, *Emilia* was the means of correcting the natural reserve of *Horatio*'s manner; and as the example of his plain though animated conversation led her sometimes to moderate the vivacity and sprightliness of hers, which sometimes approached towards levity; so her vivacity communicated an agreeable gaiety and cheerfulness to the discourse of *Horatio*.

If, in the above account, I have pointed out more strongly the effects of complacency in *Horatio* than in *Emilia*, it ought to be remembered, that this virtue is much seldomer to be met with in the one sex than the other. A certain pride attends the firmness of *men*, which makes it generally much more difficult for them to acquire this complacency of temper, which it always requires much discipline, and often the rod of adversity and disappointment, to subdue.

If men truly possess that superiority of understanding over women, which some of them seem to suppose, surely this use of it is equally ungenerous and imprudent. They would, I imagine, shew that

superiority much more effectually, in endeavouring to imitate the amiable gentleness of the female character, and to acquire, from a sense of its propriety, a virtue, for which, it must be allowed, that the other sex is more indebted to their original constitution.

If women, as we sometimes allege, are too apt to connect the idea of pride, and hardness of manners, with that of knowledge and ability, and, on that account, often shew a preference to more superficial accomplishments; the men, who value themselves for knowledge and abilities, ought to look into their own conduct for the cause, and, imitating the behaviour of *Horatio*, endeavour to shew that a man's feelings need not be the less delicate for being under the direction of a sound judgment; and that he who best knows the female character, and will put the highest value on its excellence, is also the most likely to make allowance for a difference of taste, and to bear with those little weaknesses with which he knows all human excellence to be often accompanied.

N° 59. TUESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1779.

Ex otio plus negotii quam ex negotio habemus.
Vet. Schol. ad Ennium in Iphigen.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of that numerous tribe of men, whom your predecessor, *The Spectator*, has distinguished by the appellation of *Loungers*, an innocent harmless race, who are remarkable for no one offensive quality, except a mortal antipathy at *Time*; which, as that author says, and we are willing to allow, we study all possible means of killing and destroying. This confession, Sir, of one particular species of malevolence we are not at all ashamed to make, since the persecution of our adversary is so avowed and notorious, as fully to justify every kind of revenge which we can mediate. We consider Time, Sir, as a sort of *incubus*, or day night-mare, a malignant being, who, *like the old man of the sea*, in the *Arabian Tales*, fastens himself upon our shoulders, presses with intolerable weight, and sticks so close, that oftentimes an unhappy victim of his malice is fain to rid himself of his oppressor at the expence of his life. It is not then surprising that it should be the constant study of us, who are infested by this monster, to try every probable scheme for his destruction.

Now, Sir, as in a long-continued war, the military genius is sharpened by exercise, destructive inventions are multiplied, and a variety of artful disposi-

tions, manœuvres, and stratagems are found out, which the great masters of the science, *Folard, Puysegur,* and *Saxe,* are careful to record for the benefit of belligerent posterity: so I, in like manner, who for many years have maintained an obstinate warfare with my mortal enemy, have not only put in practice all the common and most approved modes of attack and defence, so as precisely to ascertain the respective merit of each, but I flatter myself with having discovered several artful devices, and ingenious plans, which sufficiently prove my own masterly skill in the science, and which I can recommend to the practice of my brother loungers, from repeated experience of their efficacy.

I have made so great a proficiency in this useful art, that it was for several years a darling project of mine to digest my knowledge into a regular system; but when, in the prosecution of this great design, I had got the length of forming a complete title-page, and had entered upon the consideration of the plan, and arrangement of the work, I found a necessity of abandoning my project, from the immense variety of matter which presented itself to my view, as well as from an unhappy infirmity under which I have laboured from my youth, a sort of *lethargic* disorder which totally unfits me for reading or writing more than half an hour at a time.

But, Sir, that the world may not be entirely deprived of the fruits of my talents and experience, I have determined to send you some of my detached notes, and a few observations occasionally set down as materials, while the work I have mentioned was in contemplation. These, Sir, as you seem to have a pretty turn for writing, you may, in your own way of periodical speculations, enlarge and improve upon; or, if, you should think proper to follow out my design

of a complete treatise on the subject, you have my full permission.

The philosophers say, *Cogito, ergo sum;* I think, therefore I exist. Now, as the sense of our own existence is the most disagreeable of all reflections to us lounging philosophers; it follows, that, in order to rid ourselves of that most uneasy sensation, we must endeavour as much as possible to banish all thought.

To attain this important end, there are various means, according to the variety of tastes. To escape from his own thoughts, one lounger betakes himself to his bottle, another to the gaming-table, and a third to a mistress. That these methods are frequently successful must be presumed, since the greatest adepts so generally employ them. Nevertheless, I must be excused for hinting a very few objections which have occurred in the course of my own practice.

As an antidote to the cares of life, and sovereign opiate for the miseries of thought and reflection, there is no medicine which has acquired an equal reputation with a flask of good wine. But most opiates serve only as temporary palliatives, and some, while they give immediate relief, are known to increase the disease. I am afraid we must apply to the pleasures of the bottle, what, with a slight alteration, was said by a wise ancient: 'Joy may endure 'for a night, but heaviness (too surely) cometh in 'the morning.'

Gaming, too, though a very genteel occupation, must be allowed to approach rather too near to the drudgery of real business. The labour of thought which it requires, and the turbulence of contending passions, are certainly *inimical* to that tranquil indifference in which we loungers place our supreme felicity.

Although I am well acquainted with all the arguments in favour of gallantry, and allow them to have a great deal of weight, I cannot help thinking, that, when considered with a view to our fraternity, it is subject to many inconveniences. Even under the management of the most prudent, it cannot be denied, that it leads to situations in which the peace and quiet so necessary in the life of a lounger, are disturbed and broken; or leaves him in others that render the presence of his great adversary, *Time*, more than usually irksome.

To constitute a complete lounger, it is necessary that he should be a man of taste. Reading, though, as a food, it is gross and of hard digestion, may be taken with much advantage, in small doses, both as a cordial, and as an opiate. For the former of these purposes, I would recommend a complete set of jest. books from *Joe Miller* and the *Medley of Fun*, down to *Johnsoniana*; for the latter, most of the new novels. I would likewise advise the taking in all the magazines and reviews. Those, besides the very considerable amusement in cutting up their leaves, enable a gentleman, by the most compendious means, to form a complete judgment of any author, in any science, and to decide upon his merits in any company, with that proper confidence which represses all opposition of opinion.

An ingenious author of this age * has lately demonstrated, that it is possible to acquire a critical taste in any of the fine arts, without the smallest portion of natural genius; and it must be acknowledged, that his theory is proved by the example of most modern critics. Among these arts, I would particularly recommend, as most profitable to the lounger, the

* Mr. Webb. See Preface to his Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting, &c.

acquisition of a taste in music. After acquiring a good taste, it will be an easy matter to obtain a proficiency in the practice of the science; and of this the advantage is very great. I have the honour to know several very accomplished gentlemen, who, with no other companion that their violin, are able to fiddle away a complete summer's day with much comfort and delight.

The occupations I have hitherto mentioned, it will be observed, are chiefly of the domestic kind. I could enumerate a variety of schemes for the destruction of time without doors. These, however, are so generally known, that it were superfluous to dwell upon them. In the morning the political lounger betakes himself to his coffee-house, the literary lounger to his bookseller's shop, the saunterer to the public walks, the dreamer to his usual occupation of counting the sign-posts. In the evening, clubs, card-parties, and public places, furnish a rendezvous for loungers of all denominations.

Besides these I have already mentioned, I could easily, Sir, communicate a variety of other approved schemes and ingenious devices; but I shall, for the present, content myself with barely hinting at one other expedient, though I am aware that its vulgarity will not permit it to be *often* employed by people of *taste* and *fashion*. It must be acknowledged that the most effectual of all methods of killing time, is by serious business or occupation. This is the great secret by which many thousands of the vulgar herd jog on through life with much composure, nay even seeming satisfaction, while those who constitute the polite world are put to a variety of shifts to compass what the others attain without seeking after. Now, as a capital painter may sometimes conceive a happy idea from the daubing of a sign-post, so the lounger, though he disdain to follow so mean an example as

that of the plodding sons of industry, may, nevertheless, derive from it a very profitable lesson. When any piece of business necessarily obtrudes itself, let him consider, that it would be highly improvident to dispatch or execute in one hour, or in one day, what, with a little prudent management, may easily furnish occupation for twenty. Thus, when a lounger begins to write a letter, it may very reasonably employ him for a month, the ranging of his library may give him a hurry of business for a year, and clearing accounts with his steward is the work of a lifetime.

These, Sir, are a few of the materials for that great design above mentioned, from which it is easy to form a judgment both of the copiousness and importance of the subject. As that scheme, however, is now laid aside, I take the liberty of sending you these imperfect hints, in hopes (as many modest authors express themselves) that they may prompt an exertion of genius from some abler pen.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

ESYCHUS.

P. S. Your correspondent, in your 14th Number, seems to possess many of the talents requisite for such an undertaking.

N° 60. SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1779.

Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Læli;
Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, solitâ.

HOR.

I HAVE heard a story of an eminent philosopher who was invited to dine and spend the evening with some of the most distinguished men for learning and genius of the age in which he lived. Dinner being over, the conversation took a light and easy turn. While a cheerful glass went round, the common topic of the time, the joke of the day, or the occasional pleasantry of the minute, filled up their discourse. The philospher, whose mind was constantly occupied with abstract studies and inquiries, took little share in the conversation, and felt no pleasure in it. Afer having sat a considerable time, one of the company proposed that they should take a game at cards. Although they played for a trifle, the philosopher refused to join in the party, and it was made up without him. While they were thus engaged, he retired to a corner of the room, took out his pocket-book and pencil, and began to write. Upon being asked what he was writing? he answered, that he had conceived high expectations of the instruction and entertainment he was to receive from the conversation of so many eminent and distinguished men; that he had resolved, before he came among them, to take notes of what passed, lest he should forget it; and that this was now his occupation.

The company, considering the manner in which they had been employed, felt the rebuke, and were made a little uneasy by it.

People may think differently of this story. I, for my part, think the philosopher to blame, and that the company were in no respect the objects of censure. I have long been of opinion, that one of the most important lessons to be learned in life, is that of being able to *trifle* upon occasion. No character can possibly be more contemptible than that of a talking, empty, giggling fool, who is incapable of fixing his attention upon any thing that is important, and whose mind, like a microscope, sees only what is little, and takes in nothing that is great. But no character can be more respectable than that of a man of talents, whose thoughts are often employed upon the great and important objects of life, but who can nevertheless unbend his mind, and be amused with easy and simple recreations. A man, by taking false and improper views of life, may bring himself to think, that even those objects which are reckoned great and important, are, in reality, little; the projects of ambition, the desire of fame, even the pursuits of study, may sink before him; and, to such a man, the ordinary recreations of the world must appear too small to engage his attention. But, *'twere to consider too curiously to consider so.'* He who thinks rightly, and adapts his mind to the circumstances in which he is placed, will soon be convinced, that, as activity and employment were intended for us, so we ought to be interested by the different objects around us. The projects of an honest ambition, if not carried too far, the desire of being thought well of, if kept within proper bounds, and the search after knowledge, if it does not lead to arrogance and conceit, will appear suited to our nature, and objects upon which it is right that we

should fix our attention. In the same manner, it will appear proper that the mind, when there is place for it, should unbend and allow itself to be amused by those other objects which, compared with those of ambition, fame, or study, may appear little or trifling.

The mind is very apt to receive a strong cast from the manner in which it is employed. When a man is constantly engaged in something which requires great study and application, which figures as an important object, and which agitates and interests him, he is in danger of acquiring a hardness of temper which will make him disagreeable, or a tone of mind which will render him incapable of going through the common duties of life as a friend, a relation, or a parent. Nothing will preserve him from these bad consequences so much as his taking advantage of an idle hour, and allowing himself to be unbent with recreations of an easy, and in themselves of a frivolous nature. This will not only afford him an agreeable relaxation, but will give his mind a gentleness and a sweetness which all the hardness of application, and all the agitation of his employments, will not be able to destroy.

There is no anecdote in antiquity which I have read with greater pleasure than that of Scipio and Lælius, related by the eloquent pen of Cicero, and put into the mouth of Crassus: *Sæpe ex socero meo audivi* (says Crassus in the dialogue *de Oratore*) *cum is diceret, socerum suum Lælium, semper fere cum Scipione solitum rusticari, eosque incredibiliter repuerascere esse solitos, cum rus ex urbe, tanquam e vinculis, evolavissent. Non audeo dicere de talibus viris, sed tamen ita solet narrare Scævola, conchas eos et umbilicos ad Caietam et ad Laurentum legere consuêsse, et ad omnem animi remissionem ludumque descendere. Sic enim se res habet, ut quemadmodum volucres videmus, procreationis atque uti-*

litatis suæ causa, fingere et construere nidos; easdem autem, cum aliquid effecerint levandi laboris sui causa, passim ac libere solutas opere volitare; sic nostri animi forensibus negotiis, atque urbano opere defessi gestiunt, et volitare cupiunt, vacui cura atque labore.—'I remember to have heard my father-in-law mention,' says *Crassus*, 'that his kinsman *Lælius*, and the great 'Scipio, were frequently wont to fly from the hurry 'of business and the bustle of the town to a quiet 'retreat in the country, and there to grow, as it 'were, boys again in their amusements. Nay (though 'I should hardly venture to tell it of such men), we 'were assured by *Scævola*, that at *Caieta* and *Laurentum* they used to pass their time in gathering shells 'and pebbles, unbending their minds, and amused 'with every trifle; like birds, which, after the serious and important business of preparing nests for 'their young, fly sportfully about, free and disengaged, as if to relieve themselves from their 'toils.'

Nothing can be more truly delightful than to picture out the conqueror of *Carthage*, who had led to victory the triumphant armies of the Roman state, amusing himself with his friend *Lælius*, at *Caieta* or *Laurentum*, in gathering shells and pebbles on the sea-shore. Far from sinking their dignity in our estimation, it adds to it; and it must give a high idea of the elegant simplicity and virtuous tranquillity of mind of which the illustrious friends were possessed, when from the cares of state, they could descend to, and feel amusement in, those innocent and simple-hearted pleasures. None but men of virtue, and who possessed an easy and an irreproachable mind, could have enjoyed them *. Men whose consciences upbraided them, who felt the agitation of

* See Melmoth's Cicero's Letters.

bad passions, and who were inwardly gnawed by the sensations of envy, jealousy, revenge or hatred, could not have thus indulged themselves. They must have buried their feelings, they must have got rid of their own minds, under less peaceful, less simple, and less innocent amusements. That absorption of calm feeling which hard drinking produces, and that agitation created by deep gaming, must have been their resource.

A

N. B. The MIRROR is to be discontinued till Tuesday the 7th of December, on which day will be published N° LXI. and then continued, as formerly, every Tuesday and Saturday.

N° 61. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1779.

DURING the late intermission of my labours, I paid a visit of some weeks to my friend Mr. *Umphraville*, whose benevolence and worth never fail to give me the highest pleasure, a pleasure not lessened, perhaps, by those little singularities of sentiment and manner, which, in some former papers, I have described that gentleman as possessing. At his house in the country, these appear to the greatest advantage; there they have room to shoot out at will; and, like the old yew-trees in his garden, though they do

look a little odd, and now and then tempt one to smile, yet the most eccentric of them all have something venerable about them.

Some of my friend's peculiarities may not only be discovered in his manner and his discourse, but may be traced in his house and furniture, his garden and grounds. In his house are large rooms lighted by small Gothic windows, and accessible only by dark narrow stair-cases; they are fitted up with old arras, and have ceilings loaded with the massy compartments of the last age, where the heads of bearded sages and laurelled emperors look grim and terrible through the cobwebs that surround them. In his grounds you find stiff, rectangular walks, and straight, narrow avenues. In his garden the yews and hollies still retain their primeval figures; *lions* and *unicorns* guard the corners of his parterres, and a *spread-eagle*, of a remarkable growth, has his wings clipped, and his talons pared, the first Monday of every month during spring and summer.

The contempt in which, to a somewhat unreasonable degree, he holds modern refinement, has led him to continue these antiquated particulars about him. The India-paper of some of his fashionable neighbours' drawing-rooms; has enhanced the value of his arras; his dusky Gothic windows have been contrasted to great advantage, with their *Bows* and *Venetians*; their open *lawns* have driven him to the gloom of his avenues; and the *zig-zag* twist of their walks has endeared to him the long, dull line of his hedged terraces. As he holds, however, some good old political tenets, and thinks, as I have often heard him express himself, that every country can afford a king for itself, he had almost submitted to the modern plan of *gardening* a few years ago, on being put in mind, that the fashion of *hedges* and *terraces* was brought in by King *William*.

But, exclusive of all those motives, on which his sister and I sometimes rally him, my friend, from the warmth of his heart, and the sensibility of his feelings, has a strong attachment to all the ancient occupiers of his house and grounds, whether they be of the human or the brute, the animate or inanimate creation. His tenants are, mostly, coeval with himself; his servants have been either in his family, or on his estate, from their infancy; an old pointer, and an old house-dog, generally meet him in the lobby; and there is a flea-bitten horse, who, for several years, has been past riding, to whom he has devoted the grass of his orchard, and a manger of good hay during the severity of winter. A withered stump, which, I observed, greatly incommoded the entry to his house, he would not suffer to be cut down, because it had the names of himself and some of his school companions cyphered on its bark; and a divorce from his leathern elbow-chair, patched and tattered as it is, would, I am persuaded, be one of the most serious calamities that could befal him.

This feeling will be easily understood by those in whom the business or the pleasure of the world has not extinguished it. That sort of relation which we own to every object we have long been acquainted with, is one of those natural propensities the mind will always experience, if it has not lost this connection by the variety of its engagements, or the bustle of its pursuits. There is a silent chronicle of past hours in the inanimate things amidst which they have been spent, that gives us back the affections, the regrets, the sentiments of our former days; that gives us back their joys without tumult, their griefs without poignancy, and produces equally from both a pensive pleasure, which men who have retired from the world, like *Umphraville*, or whom particular circumstances have somewhat estranged from it, will be

peculiarly fond of indulging. Above all others, those objects which recal the years of our childhood, will have this tender effect upon the heart: they present to us afresh the blissful illusions of life, when Gaiety was on the wing undamped by Care, and Hope smiled before us unchecked by Disappointment. The distance of the scene adds to our idea of its felicity, and increases the tenderness of its recollection; 'tis like the view of a landscape by moonshine; the distinctness of object is lost, but a mellow kind of dimness softens and unites the whole.

From the same sort of feeling has the idea of *Home* its attraction. For, though one's interest there will undoubtedly be heightened by the relation to persons, yet there is, exclusive of that connection altogether, a certain attachment to place and things, by which the town, the house, the room in which we live, have a powerful influence over us. He must be a very dull, or a very dissipated man, who, after a month's absence, can open his own door without emotion, even though he has no relation or friend to welcome him within. For my part, I feel this strongly; and many an evening, when I have shut the door of my little parlour, trimmed the fire, and swept the hearth, I sit down with the feelings of a friend for every chair and table in the room.

There is, perhaps, a degree of melancholy in all this; the *French*, who are a lively people, have, I think, no term that answers to our substantive *Home*; but it is not the melancholy of a sour unsocial being; on the contrary, I believe, there will always be found a tone of benevolence in it both to ourselves and others;—I say ourselves, because I hold the sensation of peace and friendship with our own minds to be one of the best preparatives, as well as one of the best rewards, of virtue.

Nor has Nature given us this propensity in vain.

From this the principle of patriotism has its earliest source, and some of those ties are formed, which link the inhabitants of less favoured regions to the heaths and mountains of their native land. In cultivated society, this *sentiment of Home* cherishes the useful virtues of domestic life; it opposes, to the tumultuous pleasures of dissipation and intemperance, the quiet enjoyments of sobriety, œconomy, and family affection; qualities which, though not attractive of much applause or admiration, are equally conducive to the advantage of the individual, and the welfare of the community.

I

N° 62. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

WHEN I was in *Languedoc*, many years ago, I had an invitation to a great entertainment given by the *Intendant*. The company was very numerous; and, several foreigners happening to be present, the natives vied with each other in displaying their own importance. The conversation chanced to turn on the campaign of Marshal *de Villars* against the people of the *Cévennes*; and some of the guests were old enough to remember the events of those times.

'*M. de la Tour le Colombier*, my father,' said an old lady, 'had connections with many of the most 'considerable Calvinists; and, after their defeat, he

'generously afforded an asylum to *M. Cavalier* and 'three hundred and sixty-four of his followers. 'They were concealed among old ruins in a large 'forest which lay behind my father's *Chateau*, and 'composed part of his domain. None of the ser- 'vants of the family were let into the secret, ex- 'cepting one of my own maids, a sensible handy 'girl; she and I went every day, and carried pro- 'visions to the whole band, and we dressed the 'wounds of such of them as had been wounded 'in the action. We did this, day after day, for a 'fortnight, or rather, if I remember right, for near 'three weeks. Minute circumstances are apt to 'escape one's memory, after an interval of many 'years; but I shall never forget the gratitude of 'those poor people, and the ardent thanks which 'they bestowed on us when they went away and 'dispersed themselves.'

I took the liberty of observing, that the provisions necessary for so many mouths might possibly have been missed in the family, and that this might have led to a discovery. 'Not at all,' replied she. '*Feu M. mon Père se piquoit toujours de tenir bonne* '*table, c'étoit sa maroëtte même* [my father, who is now 'gone, always made a point of living handsomely; '*that* was even his hobby-horse]. But indeed I 'recollect,' continued she, 'that we were once very 'near being discovered. The wives of some of the 'fugitives had heard, I know not how, that their 'husbands lay concealed near my father's *Chateau*. 'They came and searched, and actually discovered 'the lurking-place. Unfortunately they brought 'a good many children along with them; and, as 'we had no eatables fit for the little creatures, they 'began to pule and cry, which might have alarmed 'the neighbourhood. It happened that *M. Cava-* '*lier*, the general of the insurgents, had been a

'journeyman pastry cook before the war. He 'presently made some prune tarts for the children, 'and so quieted them. This was a proof of his 'good-nature, as well as of his singular presence of 'mind in critical situations. Candour obliges me 'to bear so ample a testimony in favour of a heretic 'and a rebel.'

We had scarcely time to draw breath after this story, when a mean-looking elderly man said, with the affectation of modest dignity, 'I had the hap-'piness to be known to *M. de Villars*, and he was 'pleased greatly to overrate my poor services. On 'a certain occasion, he did me the honour to pre-'sent me with a horse of the unmixed Arabian 'breed, and a wonderful animal it was:' Then addressing himself to Lady W——, 'I much 'doubt, *my Ledi*, whether it could have been 'matched in your country, so justly celebrated for 'fine women and horses.—One evening, while I 'was in garrison at *Pont St. Esprit*, I took him out 'to exercise. Being in high spirits and excellent 'wind, he went off at an easy gallop, and did not 'stop till he brought me to the gates of *Montpelier* '[between twenty and thirty leagues distant], and '*there*, to my no small surprise, I found the Dean 'and whole Faculty of Medicine standing in their 'gowns to receive me. The Dean made a long 'harangue in Latin, of which, to say the truth, I 'understood not one word; and then in name 'of his brethren, put into my hands a diploma of 'Doctor of Physic, with the usual powers of curing, 'and so forth. He would have had me to partake 'of an entertainment prepared for the occasion; 'but I did not choose to sleep out of garrison; so 'I just ordered my horse to be rubbed down, gave 'him a single feed, mounted again, and got back 'to *Pont St. Esprit*, as they were shutting the gates.

'Perhaps I have dwelt too long on the praises of 'my horse; but something must be allowed for the 'prejudices of education; an old horse-officer [*un 'ancien Capitaine de Cavalerie*] is naturally prolix, 'when his horse chances to be the subject of dis-'course.'

'Pray, Captain,' said one of the company, 'will 'you give me leave to ask the name of your horse?' —The question was unexpected: —'Upon my 'word,' said he, 'I do not remember his name. 'Oh! now I recollect; I called him *Alexander*, 'after *M. de Villars*, the noble donor: that *M. de 'Villars* was a great man.' 'True; but his 'Christian name was *Hector*.'—'Was it *Hector?* 'then depend upon it, my horse had the same 'Christian name [*nom de Baptême*] as *M. de Villars*.'

My curiosity led me afterwards to inquire into the history of the gentleman who 'always made a 'point of living handsomely;' and of the old horse-officer whom *M. de Villars* so much distinguished.

The former was a person of honourable birth, and had *served*, as the *French* express it, with reputation. On his quitting the army, he retired to a small paternal estate, and lived in a decent way with most scrupulous œconomy. His *Chateau* had been ruined during the wars of the League, and nothing remained of it but one turret, converted into a pigeon house. As that was the most remarkable object on his estate, he was generally known by the name of *M. de la Tour le Colombier*. His mansion-house was little better than that of a middling farmer in the south of England. The *forest* of which his daughter spoke, was a copse of three or four acres; and the ruins in which *Cavalier* and his associates lay concealed, had been originally a place of worship of the Protestants, but was demolished when those

eminent divines, *Lewis* XIV. and Madame *de Maintenon*, thought fit that *France* should be of one religion; and, as that edifice had not received consecration from a person episcopally ordained, the owner made no scruple of accommodating two or three calves in it, when his cow-house happened to be crowded; and this is all that I could learn of *M. de la Tour le Colombier*.

As for 'the old horse-officer,' he had served with *eclat* in the corps established for repressing smugglers of tobacco. This recommended him to the notice of the Farmers General; and, by their interest, he obtained an office that gave him a seat at those great tables to which all the world is invited; and he had lived so very long in this station, that the meanness of his original seemed to have been forgotten by most people, and especially by himself.

Those ridiculous stories which excited mirth when I first heard them, afterwards afforded matter for much serious reflection.

It is wonderful that any one should tell things impossible, with the hope of being credited; and yet the two personages, whose legends I have related, must have entertained that hope.

Neither is it less wonderful that invention should be stretched to the utmost, in order to persuade mere strangers to think highly of the importance of the relater.

M^lle *de la Tour le Colombier*, and the old horse-officer, had not seen us before, and had little chance of ever seeing us again. We were the acquaintance of the day, entertained without affection, and parted from without regret; and yet what pains did they take to leave on our minds the impression of their consequence.

The country where this scene lay is the land of

the nativity of Romance; and it is probable that warm suns and pure skies enliven and fertilize the invention of its inhabitants. But Romance, for I will not give it a harsher name, thrives not in the bleaker and more northern climates: *there* it is forced fruit, without that flavour which it has in its own soil.

We can as little rival the French in their ease of behaviour, and in the inexhaustible talent of enunciating trifles with grace, as in their *Colloquial Romances*. How do I feel for my countrymen, on observing them toil through a romance, compose sentence by sentence as they go on, hesitate with the consciousness of doing wrong, stare like a criminal, at once abashed and obdurate, and at length produce a story as tedious and as dull as truth!

I am, &c.

EUTRAPELUS.

N° 63. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1779.

Celebrare domestica Facta.

HOR.

THE incidents attending domestic and private situations are of all others the most apt to affect the heart. Descriptions of national events are too general to be very interesting, and the calamities befalling Kings and Princes too far removed from common life to make a deep impression. With

the virtues of such personages, it is nearly the same as with their sufferings; the heroic qualities which history ascribes to great and illustrious names, play around the imagination, but rarely touch the feelings, or direct the conduct; the humbler merits of ordinary life are those to which we feel a nearer relation; from which, therefore, precept is more powerfully enforced, and example more readily drawn.

Mr. *Hargrave* is one of my earliest friends. Being many years younger than he, I have ever been accustomed to regard him both as my guardian and my friend; and the reverence with which I looked on him in the one character, never took from the tender and affectionate warmth I felt for him in the other. After having been, for some time, a good deal in the world, he retired to the country, where he lived with elegance and ease. His wife, a very amiable woman, died soon after her marriage, leaving one only child, a girl, to the care of whose education Mr. *Hargrave*, after her mother's death, devoted his whole attention. Nature had done much for her; and the instruction she received from an accomplished father gave her every grace which can adorn the female character.

Emily Hargrave was now in her twentieth year. Her father was advanced in life, and he began to feel the weaknesses of age coming fast upon him. Independent of the gratification which he used to receive from the observation of his daughter's virtues and accomplishments, he had come to feel a pleasure somewhat more selfish from the advantage which those virtues were of to himself. Her care and dutiful attention were almost become necessary him; and the principal pleasure he received was from her company and conversation. *Emily* was sensible of this; and though she was at pains to conceal her

solicitude, it was plain that her whole care centered in him.

It was impossible that a girl so amiable as *Emily Hargrave* could fail to attract attention. Several young men of character and fortune became her professed admirers. But, though she had a sweetness which gave her a benevolent affability to all, she was of a mind too delicate to be easily satisfied in the choice of a husband. In her present circumstances, she had another objection to every change of situation. She felt too much anxiety about her father, to think of any thing which could call off her attention from him, and make it proper to place any of it elsewhere.—With the greatest delicacy, therefore and with that propriety with which her conduct was always attended, she checked every advance that was made her; while, at the same time, she was at the utmost pains to conceal from her father the voluntary sacrifice she was resolved to make on his account.

About a month ago, I paid a visit to Mr. *Hargrave*'s family. I found him more changed than I had expected; the imbecilities of age, which were beginning to approach last time I had seen him, had now made great advances. Formerly Mr. *Hargrave* used to be the delight of every company, and he never spoke without instructing or entertaining. Now he spoke little; when he did, it was with feebleness both of voice and manner. Feeling his memory declining, sensible that he was not so acute as he once was, and unable to keep up his attention to a continued discourse, though his understanding was still perfectly good, he was afraid to venture his opinion, or to take any decided measure. He was too conscious of his own infirmities; and that consciousness led him to think, that his failure was greater than it really was. In this situation his

whole dependance was upon *Emily*, and she was his only support. Never, indeed, did I see any thing more lovely, more engaging. To all her other charms, the anxious solicitude she felt for her father had stamped upon her countenance,

'That expression sweet of melancholy
'Which captivates the soul.

There is something in the female character which requires support. That gentleness, that delicate softness approaching to timidity, which forms its most amiable feature, makes it stand in need of assistance. That support and assistance *Emily* had received in the completest manner from her father. —What an alteration now! Instead of receiving support herself, she was obliged to give it; she was under the necessity of assisting, of counselling, and of strengthening the timid resolutions of him who had been, in her earlier years, her instructor and her guide, and to whom, next to Heaven, she had ever looked up. *Emily* felt all this;—but feeling took not from her the power of acting.

Hargrave is abundantly sensible of his daughter's goodness. Her consciousness of this, and of how much importance her attentions are to her father, gives her the best consolation.

While I was at his house, he hardly ever spoke of himself. Once, indeed, I remember he said to me, 'I am become a strange being;—even the goodness 'of that girl distresses me; it is too much for me 'to bear;—it is,' added he, in a very faint and broken voice, 'like to overwhelm me.'

I have often remarked, that there is a perseverance in virtue, and a real magnanimity in the other sex, which is scarcely to be equalled in ours. In the virtue of men, there are generally some considerations, not altogether pure, attending it, which,

though they may not detract from, must certainly diminish, our wonder at their conduct. The heroic actions of men are commonly performed upon the great theatre, and the performers have the applauses of an attending and admiring world to animate and support them.—When *Regulus* suffered all the tortures which cruelty could invent, rather than give up his honour or his country, he was supported by the conscious admiration of those countrymen whom he had left, and of those enemies in whose hands he was;—when *Cato* stabbed himself, rather than give up the cause of liberty, he felt a pride which told him, that '*Cato's would be no less honoured* '*than Cæsar's sword;*'—and when the '*self-devoted* '*Decii died,*' independent of their love for *Rome,* they had every motive of applause to animate their conduct:—but when *Emily Hargrave* sacrifices every thing to filial goodness and filial affection, she can have no concomitant motive, she can have no external circumstance to animate her. Her silent and secret virtue is the pure and unmingled effect of tenderness, of affection, and of duty.

S

N° 64. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1779.

Populumque falsis
Dedocet
Uti vocibus. HOR.

THE science of *Manners*, for Manners are a science, cannot easily be reduced to that simplicity in its elements of which others admit. Among other

particulars, the *terms* employed in it are not, like those of *Arithmetic*, *Mathematics*, *Algebra*, or *Astronomy*, perfectly and accurately defined. Its subjects are so fleeting, and marked with shades so delicate, that wherever a general denomination is ventured, there is the greatest hazard of its being misapplied or misunderstood.

In a former paper I endeavoured to analyse the term *A man of Fashion*; in this I am enabled by an ingenious Correspondent to trace the meaning of another phrase, to wit, *Good Company*, which, as it is nearly connected with the former, is, I believe, as doubtful in its signification. The following letter is a practical treatise on the subject; which I shall lay before my readers in the precise terms in which I received it.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM at that time of life when education formerly confined to the study of books, begins to extend itself to the study of men. Having lately arrived in town, I was anxious to be introduced into *good company* of every rank and denomination; and, in virtue of some family-connections, assisted by the kindness of some college-friends and acquaintance, I flattered myself I should succeed in my purpose.

My strong bent for *Letters* induced me first to procure an introduction into the *good company* of the learned; and I went to a dinner where several of the *literati* were to be assembled, full of the hopes of having my mind enlightened with knowledge, expanded with sentiment, and charmed with the Atticism of elegant conversation.

During our meal, there was a more absolute suspension of discourse, than I expected in a society of spirits so refined as those with whom I was associated. The ordinary functions of *eating* and *drinking* made no part of my idea of a learned man; and I could observe in my fellow-guests an attention to the dishes before them, which I thought did not quite correspond with the dignity of that character. This, however, was but a small deviation from my picture, and I passed it over as well as I could, in expectation of that mental feast with which I was to be regaled when the table should be uncovered.

Accordingly, when the cloth was removed, the conversation, which I expected with so much impatience, began. I had too humble an opinion of myself to take any other part than that of a hearer; but I very soon discovered that I was the only person in the company who had an inclination to listen. Every one seemed impatient of his neighbour's speech, and eager to have an opportunity of introducing his own. You, I think, Mr. Mirror, have compared conversation to a favourite dish at an entertainment; here it was carried on like a dinner at one of those hungry *ordinaries*, where *Quin* used wittily to call for a basket-hilted sword to help himself with: in a short time, every one, except your Correspondent, endeavoured to secure it to himself, by making it a dish which nobody else could taste. An old gentleman, at the head of the table, introduced a German treatise, written by a man whose name I could neither pronounce nor remember, which none of the rest of the company had seen. Another, taking advantage of a fit of coughing with which he was seized, brought us upon a philosophical inquiry into the properties of *heat*, and a long account of some experiments he

had lately witnessed on that subject. Being unfortunately asked for his toast, and pausing a moment to deliberate on it, he was supplanted by my righthand neighbour, who suddenly transported us into the country of *Thibet*, and seemed to have a very intimate acquaintance with the *Delai Lama*. One of the company, who sat opposite to him, thrust in, by mere dint of vociferation, *Travels through the interior parts of America*, just then published, and sailed over the *lakes* in triumph; till happening to mention a particular way in which the Indians dress a certain fish, the discourse was, at last, laid open to every body present on the subject of *cookery*; whence it naturally fell into a discussion of the comparative excellence of different wines; on which topics the conversation rested with so much emphasis, that a stranger who had overheard it, would have been led to imagine this *symposium*, into which I had procured admission with so much eagerness, to be a society of Cooks and Butlers, met to improve each other in their several callings.

I next procured an introduction into the *very best company*; that is, I contrived to become a guest at a table of high fashion, where an entertainment was given to some of the greatest men in this country. The ambition natural to my age and complexion, prompted me to desire this honour; which, however, I purchased at the price of a good deal of embarrassment and uneasiness. Nothing, indeed, but the high honour conferred by such society, could compensate for the feelings even of that minute, in which a man, not used to the company of the great, ascends from the lowest step of a wide echoing stair-case, to the door of a great man's drawing-room.——Through this, however, and several other little disquietudes, did I pass, in hopes

of finding, in the discourse of those elevated persons, that highly polished elegance, that interesting information, and those extensive views of polity and government, which their rank had afforded so many opportunities of acquiring.

Not only during the time of dinner (as in my last company), but for a considerable time after, the scene was silent and solemn; this, while it added to my confusion, increased my expectations. Conversation at last began; it was carried on in a manner exactly the reverse of that in my former visit. There nobody was disposed to listen; here few seemed inclined to speak; for in this assembly I could perceive there were two or three *very great* men, to whom the great men were little, and the proud were mean. The last, therefore, hardly spoke at all, except to applaud the observations or anecdotes delivered by the very great men; in which, had they not been delivered by the very great men, I should have discovered no uncommon sagacity or exquisite entertainment. One who seemed to be at the top of this *climax* of greatness, began a story of a pretty old date, in which he introduced, at dinner in the house of the then minister, almost all the orators and wits of the time. Though, from the anecdotes to which I had already listened, my ears were now familiarized with the sounds of *Duke*, *Marquis*, *Earl*, and *Ambassador*; yet, from the history of this illustrious assemblage, I still conceived very eager expectation: but, after being led through twenty episodes, all tending to shew the connection of the Noble relator with many other Right Honourable personages, the conclusion proved to be nothing more than a joke upon a country member of parliament, who asked to be helped to a bit of *goose*, when, in fact, the dish was a *swan*, which it seems

was a favourite bird at the minister's table; and some conceit about not knowing a *swan* from a *goose*, and all the minister's *geese* being *swans*, was the point of the story; at which all the company laughed very loud and very long; but the little men, all except myself, infinitely the loudest and the longest.

I began now to think that the charms of convivial and ordinary conversation were not, perhaps, to be expected among men, whose learning or importance in the state, made it unnecessary for them to cultivate the lesser accomplishments of life; and that I must look for them in the company of the *gay*, whose minds, unbent from serious and important occupations, had leisure to sport themselves in the regions of wit and humour, and to communicate the liveliness of their fancy to the society around them. I found it no difficult matter to be admitted to a party of this kind; I was introduced, at a public place, to a gentleman, who, I was told, was a man of fashion and of the world, and was by him invited to a *petit souper*, where I understood I should meet with some of the liveliest and most entertaining companions of both sexes.

Of the conversation at this house I would give an account if I were able; but so many talked at once, so various and desultory were the subjects on which they talked, and so unintelligibly fashionable were many of the phrases which they used, that I am altogether unqualified to abridge or analyse it. I find, Sir, there is a jargon among people of fashion as well as among the schoolmen they deride, and that it requires initiation into the mysteries of the one as well as of the other, to be able to comprehend or to relish their discourse. Conversation, however, was soon put an end to by the introduction

of cards, when I found a perfect equality of understanding and of importance. At length supper was announced at a very late hour, and with it entered a gentleman, who, I was informed, possessed an infinite fund of humour, and for whose appearance I had been made to look, for some time, with impatience.

The superiority of his talents for conversation seemed, indeed, to be acknowledged; for he was allowed to talk almost unceasingly, with very little interruption from any other person. After a few glasses, he was prevailed on to sing one very innocent song; a few more emboldened him to sing another a little more free; and, just before the second bottle was called for, he took off a Methodist preacher with great applause.

The ladies now retired. I had fancied that in the companies of the two former days, the want of their society had deprived us of the ease and gaiety of discourse. But here the removal of the female members of the party seemed to have a contrary effect from what my conclusion would have warranted. I discovered a smile of satisfaction in the countenances of most of the guests when the ladies were gone. Several of them, who had not uttered a syllable before, were eloquent now, though, indeed, the subject was neither abstruse nor delicate. The wit was called on for another song, and he gave us one perfectly *masculine*. This was followed by several jocular stories, and burlesque exhibitions, most of which were in perfect unison with that tone which the absence of the ladies had allowed the company to assume. The jests were not such as I can repeat; one fancy, however, I recollect, of which, I think, a better use may be made than its author intended. 'Suppose,' said he, 'our words

'left their marks on the walls like claret spilt on 'a smooth table, how confounded the women would 'look when they next entered the room?' For my part I have so much reverence for a woman of honour, as to hold sacred even the place she has occupied, and cannot easily bear its immediate profanation by obscenity. I therefore took the first opportunity of withdrawing, which I was the more willing to do, as I found our wit possessed, in truth, only a chime of buffoonery, which, when he had rung out, he was forced to substitute the bottle in its place, the last joke he uttered being a reproof to our landlord for not pushing it about.

Now, Mr. MIRROR, I must beg of you, or some of your well instructed Correspondents, to inform me, if in all or any of those three societies, I was really and truly in *good company*; as I confess I have entertained some doubts of their deserving that name. These, however, are probably the effects of ignorance, and a bookish education, in which I am very willing to be corrected from proper authority.

I am, &c.

MODESTUS.

N° 65. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THE polite reception you have given to letters from several persons of my sex, emboldens me to address myself to you, and to lay before you a kind of distress, of which neither you, nor any of your predecessors, as far as I can recollect, have taken notice. It is, I believe, more common in this part of the united kingdom than in *England*. That circumstance may, perhaps, account for its being overlooked by the writers of both countries; in the one case from its being almost unknown, and in the other from its being so common, that it has ceased to make any impression.

What I allude to, will be best understood from a short account I shall take the liberty to give of myself.

My father was a gentleman of considerable fortune, and, what he valued more, was descended from a very ancient family. In the earlier part of his life he had lived much abroad, and in consequence, I believe, of an attachment to the house of *Stewart*, had served some years in the *French* army. These circumstances, perhaps, contributed to increase his veneration for noble blood and old families.—Soon after he returned to his native country, he married Lady S——D——, only daughter of the Earl of ——, a woman who was justly deemed an ornament to her sex. She died before I had finished my

sixth year, leaving one son about two years younger than myself.

My father, a man of warm affections and strong passions, seemed to exist but in his children. But for us, I have often heard him say, he could not have submitted to live. To our education he dedicated the whole of his time. My brother, whom he considered as the last stay of his family, he wished to render a worthy representative of it. Nor were his pains thrown away; for never was there a more engaging youth; and every year seemed to add some new grace to his form, and some new accomplishment to his mind.

To me my father was all indulgence. He seemed to watch my wishes, in order to gratify them, before I could give them utterance. It was his chief desire to see me excel in every polite and fashionable accomplishment; and the education he gave me was proportionably elegant and expensive.

Soon after I had entered my twentieth year, my father was seized with a violent fit of illness. My brother, who was then at college, was immediately called home. My father lived but to see him; all he had power to say was to recommend me to his protection. 'In you, *William*,' said the good old man, '*Sophia* will find a father, a brother, and a 'friend. Without encumbering the family-estate, I 'could make no suitable settlements on her; but 'this gives me no uneasiness, when I reflect on 'your virtues, and your attachment to your sister.'

My brother, whose dispositions were all gentle and amiable, was much moved with this scene. After our father's death, his behaviour to me was full of attention and affection. He regretted that he was not of an age to make such settlements as would render me independent. 'But why,' would he add, 'should I regret it?—is not my fortune

'yours? as such I must insist that you will ever 'consider it.'

In a few months my brother set out on his travels. Our parting was full of tenderness, and his letters from abroad breathed the warmest sentiments of friendship and of affection. After the common tour of *France*, *Italy*, and *Germany*, he went to *Spa*, with an intention to pass some weeks there, and then return to his native country. At *Spa* he met with the sister of Lord ———, who soon engaged his affections so completely, that he offered her his hand. The marriage was speedily concluded; and soon after my brother and his wife arrived at his seat in ———, where I had resided almost constantly ever since he had gone abroad.

The looks and appearance of the lady prepossessed me strongly in her favour. She was beautiful almost beyond any thing I had ever seen; and though, perhaps, there was not in her countenance any expression strongly marked, there was, nevertheless, a gentleness and a sweetness in her whole deportment, joined with an elegance of manners, that could not fail to please every beholder. I observed, with pleasure, my brother's strong attachment to her, which, if possible, seemed daily to encrease; and I could not find fault with any little want of attention to myself, when I saw that it procceded from so amiable a motive, from affection to a lovely woman, to whom he was for ever united, and on whose happiness his own was for ever to depend.

It was my wish to live with my sister-in-law in terms of the strictest friendship; but, with all my partiality in her favour, I could not help observing that I made little progress in obtaining any share of her confidence. Always polite and well-bred, it is true, but with a coldness that chilled every approach to openness, and every attempt to that freedom which

is the truest mark of genuine friendship. For a while I thought that this might proceed from a reserved temper, sometimes to be found united with the best dispositions. But when I came to be more thoroughly acquainted with her character, I found that her mind was equally incapable of friendship as of love. Alive only to emotions of vanity, and the pleasure of admiration, she was dead to every other sensation. How often have I seen her prefer the applause of the meanest and most contemptible of mankind, whom she herself despised, to the happiness of a man who doated on her to distraction, and to whom she was bound by every tie of gratitude and duty!

I was at the utmost pains to conceal, both from her and my brother, the alteration in my sentiments which this discovery had produced; and I was not without hopes, that her natural good sense (for of sense she was by no means destitute) would, in time, prevail over this childish vanity, which made her appear in so ridiculous a light. It is, however, perhaps impossible to live long with a person of whom we have conceived a mean or unfavourable opinion, without betraying it; or, what in effect is much the same, supposing that we have betrayed it. Whether she really perceived any alteration in my opinion of her, I cannot positively say; but I thought her behaviour looked as if she had, and that she considered my presence as a restraint upon her. This idea, once awakened, the most trivial incidents served to confirm. I found my situation become daily more and more disagreeable, and I had already begun to think of quitting my brother's house, when my sister-in-law brought things to a crisis, by informing me that she and Mr. M— (naming my brother) intended to pass the ensuing winter at *London*; adding, with an air of the most finished politeness, 'that as

'she wished to keep up a constant correspondence 'with me during her absence, she would be glad to 'know how to address her letters.' It is not easy to describe what passed in my mind on this occasion. I took, however, my resolution at once, and determined to quit, for ever, the family of a brother, whom, from my earliest infancy, I had been accustomed to love and to esteem.

When I communicated my intentions to him, he seemed embarrassed, and, with a faultering voice, muttered something of his regret——of his wishes that I should remain in his family; but it was in a manner too irresolute to have shaken a purpose much less decided than mine.

It is now ten years since I quitted my brother's house, and took up my abode in a paltry lodging in this city, where the interest of the small provision left me by my father, is just sufficient to furnish the necessaries of life to myself and a female domestic, who had lived long in my father's family, and insisted on attending me. As to money-matters, my brother, I am persuaded, would have been very desirous to make me more comfortable; but I had too high a spirit to communicate my wants to him. Besides, I found that the expensive line of life he had got into, did not leave it much in his power to indulge his feelings of generosity.

For some years I found my situation extremely unpleasant. Accustomed as I had been to a state of ease and affluence, and to all the pleasures of an elegant society, it was not easy for me to submit, at once, to poverty, neglect, and solitude. The power of habit has however at length, in some measure, reconciled me to my fate. I can now look with indifference on the pleasures and pursuits of the world; and, notwithstanding the chagrin that is commonly supposed to attend persons in my condition, I have

still so much philanthropy as to wish that you would employ a paper in representing the cruelty and injustice of educating a girl in luxury and elegance, and then leaving her exposed to all the hardships of poverty and neglect. I am, &c.

S. M.

R

N° 66. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1779.

Amidst all my veneration for *Shakspeare,* I have been often obliged to confess that there were passages in his works, the meaning of which I could not understand; and of others I have sometimes ventured to doubt if they were strictly in Nature. Of this last sort is the celebrated scene in *Richard the Third,* where that artful usurper first mollifies the resentment, and then gains upon the affections, of the unfortunate *Lady Anne.* The following piece of criticism on that scene has been sent me by a Correspondent, from whom, if I mistake not, I have formerly received several ingenious communications.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

Few of *Shakspeare*'s tragedies have obtained higher reputation than *The Life and Death of Richard the Third.* Yet, like every other performance of this wonderful poet, it contains several passages that can hardly admit of apology. Of this kind are the in-

stances it affords us of vulgarity, and even indecency of expression.

At the same time, in censuring *Shakspeare*, we ought to proceed with peculiar caution; for, on many occasions, those passages which, on a cursory view, may be reckoned blemishes, on a closer examination, will appear very different, and even lay claim to considerable excellence. In his imitations of Nature he is so very bold, and so different from other poets, that what is daring is often, in a moment of slight attention, deemed improbable, and what is extraordinary, is too rashly pronounced absurd. Of this, in the work above mentioned, the strange love-scene between *Richard* and *Lady Anne*, the widow of Prince *Edward Plantagenet*, affords a striking example. It seems, indeed, altogether unnatural that *Richard*, deformed and hideous as the poet represents him, should offer himself a suitor to the widow of an excellent young prince whom he had murdered, at the very time she is attending the funeral of her father-in-law, whom he had also slain, and while she is expressing the most bitter hatred against the author of her misfortune. But, in attending closely to the progress of the dialogue, the seeming extravagance of the picture will be softened or removed: we shall find ourselves more interested in the event, and more astonished at the bold ability of *Richard*, than moved with abhorrence of his shameless effrontery, or, offended with the improbability of the situation. When a poet, like *Shakspeare*, can carry us along by the power of amazement, by daring displays of Nature, and by the influence of feelings altogether unusual, but full of resistless energy, his seeming departure from probability only contributes to our admiration; and the emotions, excited by his extravagance, losing the effect which, from an infe-

rior poet, they would have caused, add to the general feelings of pleasure which the scene produces.

In considering the scene before us, it is necessary that we keep in view the character of *Lady Anne*. The outlines are given us in her own conversation; but we see it more completely finished and filled up, indirectly indeed, but not less distinctly, in the conduct of *Richard*. She is represented of a mind altogether frivolous, the prey of vanity, her prevailing, over-ruling passion; susceptible, however, of every feeling and emotion, and, while they last, sincere in their expression, but hardly capable of distinguishing the propriety of one more than another; or, if able to employ such discernment, totally unaccustomed and unable to obey her moral faculty as a principle of action; and thus exposed alike to the authority of good or bad impressions. There are such characters; persons of great sensibility, of great sincerity, but of no rational or steady virtue, produced or strengthened by reflection, and consequently of no consistency of conduct.

Richard, in his management of *Lady Anne*, having in view the accomplishment of his own ambitious designs, addresses her with the most perfect knowledge of her disposition, He knows that her feelings are violent; that they have no foundation in steady determined principles of conduct; that violent feelings are soon exhausted; and that the undecided mind, without choice or active sense of propriety, is equally accessible to the next that occur. He knows, too, that those impressions will be most fondly cherished, which are most a-kin to the ruling passion; and that, in *Lady Anne*, vanity bears absolute sway. All that he has to do, then, is to suffer the violence of one emotion to pass away, and then, as skilfully as possible, to bring another more suited to his de-

signs, and the complexion of her character, into its place. Thus he not only discovers much discernment of human nature, but also great command of temper, and great dexterity of conduct.

In order, as soon as possible, to exhaust her temporary resentment, for she expresses resentment rather than grief in her lamentation for *Henry*, it is necessary that it be exasperated to its fiercest extreme. Accordingly *Richard*, breaking in abruptly upon the funeral procession, inflames and provokes her anger. He persists in his plan; appears cool and unconcerned at her abuse; and thus urges her to vent the rage and vehemence of her emotion in rude invectives and imprecations.

> O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
> O Earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death! &c.

All this is general; but, before the vehemence of her wrath can be entirely removed, she must bring home to her fancy every aggravating circumstance, and must ascertain the particular wrongs she has suffered. After this operation of her mind, and that she has expressed the consequent feelings, she has no longer any topics or food for anger, and the passions will, of course, subside. *Richard*, for this purpose, pretends to justify or extenuate his offences; and thus, by advancing into view, instead of concealing, his enormities, he overcomes the resentment of *Lady Anne*. To this effect also, his assumed appearance of candour will readily contribute.

> *Glo.* Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman!
> Of thoſe supposed crimes, to give me leave,
> By circumstance, but to acquit myself, &c.
>
> *Anne.* Did'st thou not kill this King?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? Then God grant me too
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed, &c.

Here also we may observe his application of those flatteries, which, if they cannot take effect in the present moment, otherwise than to give higher provocation; yet, when her wrath subsides, their recollection will operate in a different tendency, and assist in working upon that vanity by which he will compass his design.

It was not alone sufficient to provoke her anger and resentment to the utmost, in order that they might immediately subside; but, by alleging plausible reasons for change of sentiment, to assist them in their decline. Though *Lady Anne* possesses no decided, determined virtue, yet her moral nature, unimproved as it appears, would discern impropriety in her suddenly acquiescing in the views of *Richard*, would suggest scruples, and produce hesitation. Now, in order to prevent the effect of these, it was necessary to aid the mind in finding subterfuge or excuse, and thus assist her in the easy business of imposing upon herself. Her seducer, accordingly, endeavours to gloss his conduct, and represents his actions as less criminal than she at first apprehended.

Glo. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall to something of a slower method;
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect, &c.

In these lines, beside a confirmation of the foregoing remark, and an illustration of *Richard*'s persevering flattery, there are two circumstances that mark great delicacy and fineness of painting in *Shakspeare*'s execution of this excellent scene. The resentment of *Lady Anne* is so far exhausted, that her conversation, instead of impetuous, continued invective, assuming the more patient and mitigated form of dialogue, is not so expressive of violent passion, as it denotes the desire of victory in a smart dispute, and becomes merely 'a keen encounter of wits.' The other thing to be observed is, that *Richard*, instead of specifying her husband and father-in-law in terms denoting these relations, falls in with the subsiding state of her affections towards them; and, using expressions of great indifference, speaks to her of 'those *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*.'

Lady Anne having listened to the conversation of *Richard*, after the first transport of her wrath, occasioned by the death of the *Plantagenets*, shewed, that the real force of the passion had suffered abatement; and, by listening to his exculpation, it seems entirely subdued. In all this, the art of the poet is eminent, and the skill he ascribes to *Richard*, profound. Though the crafty seducer attempts to justify his conduct to *Lady Anne*, he does not seek to convince her understanding, for she had no understanding worth the pains of convincing, but to afford her some pretence and opportunity of giving vent to her emotion. When this effect is produced, he proceeds to substitute some regard for himself in its place. As we have already observed, he has been taking measures for this purpose in every thing he has said; and, by soothing expressions of adulation, during the course of her anger, he was gradually preparing her mind for the more pleasing, but not less powerful, dominion of vanity. In the foregoing

lines, and in what follows, he ventures a declaration of the passion he pretends to entertain for her: yet he does this indirectly, as suggested by the progress of their argument, and as a reason for those parts of his conduct that seem so heinous:

> Your beauty was the cause of that effect:
> Your beauty, that doth haunt me in my sleep, &c.

Richard was well aware that a declaration of love from him would, of course, renew her indignation. He accordingly manages her mind in such a manner as to correct the violence of her anger, by suggesting the idea of his passion, when he first mentions it, in terms more playful than serious; and, afterwards, when he announces it more seriously, by an indirect and seeming accidental declaration. Still, however, with all these precautions to introduce the thought in a familiar and easy manner, he is aware of her displeasure. Here, therefore, as in the former part of the scene, he must depend on his command of temper, and, on the same means, of artfully irritating her emotion till it entirely subsides. Accordingly, persisting in his adulation, he incenses her anger to its utmost extreme: and, finally, by varying the attitude of his flatteries, by assuming an humble and suppliant address, he subdues her soul to the dominion of guilty vanity.———In the close of the dialogue, we may trace distinctly the decline of her emotion. It follows the same course as the passion she expresses at the beginning of the scene. She is at first violent; becomes more violent; her passion subsides; yet, some ideas of propriety wandering across her mind, she makes an effort to recall her resentment: the effort is feeble; it amounts to no more than to express contempt in her aspect; it is baffled by a new attitude of adulation; and, by a

pretended indirect appeal to her compassion, she is totally vanquished.

Through the whole of this scene, our abhorrence, our disgust and contempt, excited by cruelty, falsehood, meanness, and insignificance of mind, are so counterbalanced by the feelings that arise on the view of ability, self-possession, knowledge of character, and the masterly display of human nature, as that, instead of impairing, they rather contribute force to the general sensation of pleasure. The conduct of *Richard* towards a character of more determined virtue, or of more stubborn passions, would have been absurd: towards *Lady Anne* it was natural, and attended with that success, which it was calculated to obtain.

N° 67. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOUR predecessor, *The Spectator*, used to be consulted in cases of difficulty. I know not if you, Mr. MIRROR, set up on the same footing. I am resolved, however, to try; and, although you should refuse to prescribe, I shall at least have the satisfaction of communicating my distress.

I am between the age of a young man, and what the ladies call an old bachelor, not many years under forty, of no inconsiderable family, with an opulent fortune. I was educated like most other young heirs,

that is, very indifferently. My teachers, it is true, were eminent in their different branches. My father obliged me to give regular attendance to their instructions; but another part of the family seemed to think the restraint I was kept in too severe. The knowledge of this encouraged my want of attention at the time, though the recollection, has, of late, given me much regret. I succeeded to my fortune at the age of eighteen, and engaged deeply in those pursuits which are stigmatised with the name of vices, by those who are unable to attain them. Having run on in the usual career, I became tired with the sameness and insipidity of the scenes in which I had so often been a spectator, or an actor. I began to look on my conduct as bordering on the contemptible, and wished to change it for something more rational and respectable. I wished to change it while I had a sound constitution, which I owed to nature, and an unimpaired fortune, which I owed to a spirit of independence, instilled by a worthy father, from whose counsels and example I ought never to have departed. The good effects of these, if not wholly obliterated, have at least been long obscured by intemperance and dissipation.

A man who, from being idle and dissipated becomes sober and regular in his conduct, is immediately marked out for marriage by his former companions. Mine certainly thought of it for me long before I did so for myself. Many of my relations seemed to entertain the same opinion. They had long wished me to marry, to prevent a considerable part of my fortune from going to a worthless and distant relation; and shewed so much satisfaction at my supposed resolution, that I adopted it in earnest.

You, who set up for an instructor, are, I presume, better acquainted with the world than to imagine that I would first turn my views to those young ladies with whom I was most intimately acquainted,

and in whose society I had passed a considerable part of my time. The giddy and frivolous pursuits in which I saw them constantly engaged, left no room for that domestic tenderness which I looked for in a wife. The gloss of fashion might suffice for the transient intercourse of gaiety; but some more intrinsic excellence was necessary to fix an attachment for life.

I resolved, therefore, to pay my addresses only to young ladies who had received a less public education; and with that view I determined to cultivate an acquaintance in those families that were most remarkable for their prudence and moderation. I now began to look upon it as not one of the least misfortunes attending a young man in the fashionable world, that he is, in some degree, excluded from the opportunity of forming connections with the best and most virtuous of the other sex at an early period of life, while the warm feelings of benevolence remain unblunted by those artificial manners, the consequences of which to society go near to overbalance the advantages arising from the refinements that produce them.

In the course of my researches I became acquainted with *Nerissa*, an only daughter, who had been educated under the eye of a mother famed for her prudence and œconomy. She was at this time about twenty; though not a perfect beauty, she was agreeable, with an air of simplicity that is always engaging. Her conversation was sensible, and her ease of manner, and the facility with which she expressed herself, astonished me in one who had had so little intercourse with the world; but *Nerissa*'s conversation furnished not one generous sentiment. The tear of compassion never started in her eye at a tale of sorrow; nor did the glow of pleasure ever sparkle in her countenance at the success of merit.

In the society in which I had lived, self-gratification seemed to be the study of every individual, without giving the least attention to the pleasure and enjoyment of others. It was only the outward conduct of *Nerissa* that was different; her disposition was the same; and, as I had resolved to be attentive to the happiness of a wife, I wished not to chuse one who would be regardless of that of a husband. We were not suited to each other; the only objects of *Nerissa* were rank and fortune; she has since attained her wishes, having been lately married to a title and a settlement.

I next became acquainted in the house of Sir *George Edwin*, a man of very moderate fortune, who had lived some years in town for the education of his family. With Sir *George* I had but little intercourse, though he too was a man of the world; but he moved in an inferior sphere, his pleasures being chiefly confined to the bottle. He had three daughters, of whom I had that sort of acquaintance one necessarily acquires in a narrow country like this, by meeting frequently at places of public resort, as well as at private entertainments; but, as they were always attended by their mother Lady *Edwin*, a grave matron, she never permitted them to engage in those familiar parties, amongst whom, or at the tavern, I generally passed my evenings.

The Miss *Edwins* were justly esteemed handsome; their manners were easy, not elegant; their conversation was, for the most part, confined to the occurrences of the day, and never went farther than observations on the last ball or the last dinner. These they were so eager to communicate, that they commonly spoke all at once, each of them afraid, no doubt, lest her sister should have the merit of her important discoveries. The only object of the mother seemed to be to get her girls well married.

For this purpose she had trusted entirely to the external accomplishments of their persons, and those little arts which experienced matrons know well how to use, to entrap the amorous and unwary. I hope she will succeed; the Miss *Edwins* appear to be good sort of girls, and will, I have no doubt, make excellent wives to some honest country squire, or some plodding man of business, who has no other idea of a wife than as a breeder or a housekeeper. Lady *Edwin* says she is an excellent œconomist, and her daughters have had the benefit of her example.

In the house of Sir *George Edwin* I first heard of *Cordelia*, and not much to her advantage. This, for censure will often defeat its purpose, gave me a strong desire to be acquainted with her. I soon learnt that she was an only daughter; that she was now in her twenty-second year; that her father died when she was a child, leaving her a handsome fortune, which, being placed in the hands of a relation in the mercantile line, was so much impaired by his failure, that her mother found it necessary to cut short her plan of a fashionable and expensive education, and to take the chief care of her daughter's instruction upon herself. They had lived together in a decent retirement for five or six years, except a few months which they passed in town every winter, with the only one of their opulent relations who received them with the same affection as in their prosperity. *Cordelia* and her mother were upon one of these annual visits when I was introduced to her. I will not pretend to describe the sensations I then felt, nor the 'mind illu-'mined face' that produced them; from that moment I was unhappy but in her company, and found in her conversation that elegance of mind, that cheerful sweetness and sensibility of temper, which was diffused upon her countenance. I rejoiced at

that rank and fortune of which I was possessed, as giving me the power of making *Cordelia* happy, and of raising her to a station less unworthy her distinguished merit and accomplishments. The lady with whom she lived gave me every opportunity I could wish of cultivating a more intimate acquaintance, and shewing the sincerity of my attachment; nor did her mother seem averse to the connection, though there was, at times, an anxious solicitude in her countenance at those approaches to the familiarity which I had been accustomed to indulge, both in manner and conversation, among my female acquaintance; a habit which the sincerity of my passion for *Cordelia* could not, at all times, repress. *Cordelia* herself always received me with affability; and though I could not pretend to discover any partiality in my favour, I attributed this to her compliance with the cautious prudence of a mother, which would be removed by an open declaration of my attachment, and a proposal of marriage in form.

Desirous to interest the mother in my favour, I made my first application to her, convinced that she could not hesitate to approve of a match which was so favourable in point of fortune. Contrary to my hopes, she at once referred me to her daughter, with an observation, in which there was more truth than politeness: 'That, being the person princi-'pally interested, she was the first to be applied to.' Having endeavoured to make an apology for this part of my conduct, of which a better notion of female delicacy than was to be acquired among my former companions had taught me the impropriety, I was shewn into *Cordelia*'s dressing-room; where, after a short pause, I entered on the purpose of my visit, and made offer of myself and fortune, with all the ardour which the strength and sincerity of my passion inspired, and with all the attention that

was due to her beauty and accomplishments. She heard me, not without emotion; and, as she seemed unable to give an immediate answer, I interpreted her silence favourably; and, seizing her hand, pressed my suit with all the earnestness of which I was capable. She soon recovered her tranquillity, and withdrawing her hand, answered with her usual unaffected modesty, but with a firmness I had never before observed, 'That she was obliged 'to me for my favourable opinion; but as our affections were not in our power, and as the mode 'of life to which I had been accustomed was little 'suited to her inclinations, or to create that respect for the sex which she hoped to find in a 'husband, it was impossible I could ever be her's.' In vain did I join with her in blaming my past conduct; in vain did I assure her of the settled purpose I had formed to alter my mode of life; that I had actually done so; that as all my wishes were centered in an union with her, it should be the future business of my life to promote her happiness. She remained inflexible; she doubted not, she said, the sincerity of my intentions; but her resolution was taken; and she repeatedly assured me, that her motives made it unalterable. Some of the family coming in, I retired in a state of mind which I shall not attempt to describe.

This incident, Mr. MIRROR, has made me look into myself, into my past conduct, and into the errors or misfortunes, call them by what name you please, which have been the chief cause of my present anxiety and uneasiness. That I was the heir of an opulent fortune, was no fault of mine; neither can I be answerable for having succeeded to it at the early age of eighteen, when the passions were contending for gratification, when the means were in my power, and novelty heightened the enjoyment.

The societies I frequented were composed of the first names of the kingdom, both for rank and fortune; our knowledge of men was not confined to the narrow circle of our own country; we were acquainted with the faces of the principal potentates of *Europe*, and with those of many of their ministers; we could discourse of music and painting in the language of a connoisseur, and re-echo the opinions we had heard of the most celebrated singers of *Florence*, *Naples*, and *Rome*. Was I to blame for accommodating myself to the established manners of my country, in that rank of life to which I belonged? Even the attention that was paid to my education, before the death of an excellent father, has been a source of misfortune; it can only be from the impressions I then received, that I acquired a confused idea of a conduct more becoming a being who found himself capable of reasoning and reflection. This idea often obtruded itself in the hours of languor and inactivity, and sometimes even embittered the cup of enjoyment. Restrained, for a time, by those habits which remain after the passions that produced them are extinguished, I at last found means to break the charm, and to form plans of rational and domestic enjoyment. Disappointed in these, I feel the most poignant regret that I was not born a younger brother, and compelled to seek that distinction from merit which I enjoyed from fortune; or that my father had not allowed me to remain equally ignorant and uncultivated as the generality of my companions, whose affections centre in themselves, whose ambition consists in frequenting the *best* company, and whose knowledge is confined to the kitchen or the gaming-table. Displeased with myself, disgusted with the world, and rejected by *Cordelia*, I am preparing to sink at once into retirement and oblivion. What

my occupations are to be, I know not; an hundred schemes have been formed and rejected. If it be in your power to suggest any thing I can steadily adhere to, and which will make me less contemptible in my own eyes, you will do good to one; but if you can exhibit in your MIRROR a preventive to the errors by which I have been undone, you may do good to thousands.

I am, &c.

LORENZO.

H.

N° 68. SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1780.

I can make speeches in the senate too, Nacky,
OTWAY'S VENICE PRESERVED.

ONE morning, during my late visit to Mr. *Umphraville*, as that gentleman, his sister, and I, were sitting at breakfast, my old friend *John* came in, and delivered a sealed card to his master. After putting on his spectacles, and reading it with attention, 'Ay,' said *Umphraville*, 'this is one of 'your modern improvements. I remember the time 'when one neighbour could have gone to dine with 'another without any fuss or ceremony; but now, 'forsooth, you must announce your intention so 'many days before; and, by and by, I suppose, 'the intercourse between two country-gentlemen 'will be carried on with the same stiffness of cere-

'monial that prevails among your little *German* 'princes. Sister, you must prepare a feast on *Thurs-* 'day; Colonel *Plum* says he intends to have the 'honour of waiting on us.' 'Brother,' replied Miss *Umphraville*, 'you know we don't deal in giving 'feasts; but if Colonel *Plum* can dine on a plain 'dinner, without his foreign dishes and *French* sauces, 'I can promise him a bit of good mutton, and hearty 'welcome.'

On the day appointed, Colonel *Plum* arrived, and, along with him, the gay, the sprightly Sir *Bobby Button*, who had posted down to the country to enjoy two days shooting at Colonel *Plum*'s, where he arrived just as that gentleman was setting out for Mr. *Umphraville*'s. Sir *Bobby*, always easy, and who, in every society, is the same, protested against the *Colonel*'s putting off his visit, and declared he would be happy to attend him.

Though I had but little knowledge of Sir *Bobby*, I was perfectly acquainted with his character; but to *Umphraville* he was altogether unknown, and I promised myself some amusement from the contrast of two persons so opposite in sentiments, in manner, and in opinions. When he was presented, I observed *Umphraville* somewhat struck with his dress and figure; in both which, it must be owned, he resembled a monkey of a larger size. Sir *Bobby*, however, did not allow him much time to contemplate his external appearance; for he immediately, without any preparation or apology, began to attack the old gentleman on the bad taste of his house, and of every thing about it. 'Why the devil,' said he, 'don't 'you enlarge your windows, and cut down those 'damned hedges and trees that spoil your lawn so 'miserably? If you would allow me, I would un-'dertake, in a week's time, to give you a clever

'place. This is, for all the world, just such a *cha-*
'*teau* as my friend Lord ——— (you know Lord
'———, the finest fellow on earth) succeeded to
'last year by the death of an uncle, a queer old
'prig, who had lived locked up in his castle for
'half a century:—he died damned rich though;
'and as soon as Lord ——— knew for certain that
'his breath was out, he and I went down to take
'possession; and in a strange condition, to be sure,
'we found things; but, in less than a month, we
'turned all *topsy-turvy*, and it is now in the way of
'being as fine a place as any in *England*.'—To this *Umphraville* made no answer; and indeed the Baronet was so fond of hearing himself talk, and chattered away at such a rate, that he neither seemed to desire nor to expect an answer.

On Miss *Umphraville*'s coming in, he addressed himself to her; and after displaying his dress, and explaining some particulars with regard to it, he began to entertain her with an account of the gallantries in which he had been engaged the preceding winter in *London*. He talked as if no woman could resist his persuasive address and elegant figure— as if *London* were one great seraglio, and he himself the mighty master of it.—This topic he was so fond of, that he enlarged upon it after Miss *Umphraville* had retired, and used a *grossiereté* of expression in his descriptions, which, of late, has been very much affected by our *fine gentlemen;* but which shocked *Umphraville*, to whom it was altogether new, and who has ever entertained the highest veneration for the sex.

To put an end to this conversation, Colonel *Plum*, who seemed to be tired of it, as we were, mentioned the very singular situation this country was in when the combined fleets of *France* and *Spain* lay off *Plymouth;* and took occasion to observe, that, if

our fleet should be vanquished, if our *wooden walls* should fail us, he was afraid our country, thus laid open to the invasion of those hostile powers, could not easily resist their force. *Umphraville* entertained a very different opinion. He said that a naval force might perhaps be necessary to maintain and defend an extensive foreign commerce; but he did not see how it was at all connected with the internal defence of a state, or why a nation might not be respectable both at home and abroad, without any great fleet? 'Were the *English*,' said he, 'indebted to their *wooden* 'walls for the victory of *Cressy*, of *Poictiers*, and of 'Agincourt? Was it by a naval force that the great 'Gustavus was enabled to take so decisive a part in 'the affairs of *Europe*, and to render the power of 'Sweden so respectable? Is it by ships that the 'brave *Swiss* have defended their liberties for so 'many ages? What fleets did our own country 'possess, while she boldly maintained her indepen- 'dence for so many centuries, against the constant and 'unremitted attacks of *England*? Did we possess a 'single ship of force, when the gallant *Bruce* almost 'annihilated the power of *England* on the field of 'Bannockburn? Believe me, gentlemen,' continued he, 'it is not an easy matter to subdue a free people 'fighting for their country. In such a cause every 'man would stand forth. Old as I am, I would 'not hesitate a moment to draw my sword against 'our foes, should they ever be desperate enough to 'make an attempt on these islands.' 'You may, if 'you please,' said Sir *Bobby*, (who seemed to be awed for a time into silence, by the elevated tone *Umphraville* had assumed,) 'but I'll be cursed if I 'would. Damn it, what does it signify, if the 'French were to conquer us? I don't think we could 'lose much by it; and, in some respects, we should 'gain. We should drink better Burgundy; and

'we should have clothes fit for a gentleman to wear, 'without running the risque of their being seized 'by these damned locusts of custom-house officers. '—I should not like, though, to lose my seat in the 'House. If the French leave us that, they may 'come again when they please for me.'—*Umphraville*, who had not the most distant conception of his being in parliament, asked Sir *Bobby* gravely, what *seat*, what *house* he meant? 'Why, damn it, 'our House, the House of Commons, to be sure; '—there is no living out of parliament now; it is 'the *ton* for a gentleman to be in it, and it is the 'pleasantest thing in the world. There are *Jack* '———, *Dick* ———, Lord———, and I are al-'ways together. At first, we used to tire con-'foundedly of their late nights and long debates; 'but now the minister is so obliging as to tell us 'when he thinks the question will be put, and 'away we go to dinner, to the opera, or somewhere, 'and contrive to return just in time to vote, or, as 'Lord ——— calls it, to be in at the death.'

Hitherto *Umphraville*'s countenance had discovered no emotion but that of contempt; now he could not conceal his astonishment and indignation. Recollecting himself, however, he asked the Baronet, if he never thought of his constituents, and of the purposes for which they sent him to parliament?—'As to that,' said he, 'there is no man so attentive 'to his constituents as I am. I spend some months 'among them every summer, where I keep open house 'for the savages, and make love to their wives 'and daughters. Besides, I am always making pre-'sents to the women of some little fashionable 'trinket. The last time I came from *London*, I 'brought down a parcel of *spring garters*, that cost 'me thirty shillings a pair, by Gad; which I dis-'tributed among them, taking care, at the same

'time, to tell each of them, that nothing shewed a 'fine ankle to such advantage as a spring garter.'

In the evening, after our visitors had left us, I found *Umphraville* sitting in his elbow-chair, in a graver mood than usual. 'I am thinking, my 'friend,' said he, 'of the strange times we live in. 'You know I am not much of a politician; and, 'living retired as I do, abstracted from the world, 'I have little access to be acquainted with the 'springs that move the wheels of government, or 'the causes of national prosperity or adversity. For 'some time past, however, I have been endeavour-'ing, in vain, to investigate the latent sources of the 'sudden and almost instantaneous decline of our 'empire, unexampled, I believe, in the history of 'nations. The scene you have this day witnessed, 'has given me more light on that subject than any 'thing I have yet met with. If such men are to con-'duct and regulate the great affairs of state, are we to 'wonder at our want of success? If our senate is to 'be filled with beings, mean as they are worthless, 'alike destitute of public virtue and private honour, 'we may cease to be surprised at any calamity that 'befals us. Of such creatures, I presume, the 'Roman senate was composed, when, by the 'groundless jealousy of an emperor (*Gallienus*, if I 'mistake not), the senators were prohibited from 'holding any military employment; and they con-'sidered the exemption as a favour, not as an af-'front: so lost were they to every principle of 'honour, so void of every generous and manly 'feeling. But what astonishes me most is, that in 'times like these, when the empire is shook to its 'foundation, the people should be so infatuated as to 'trust their best, their dearest rights in such hands. 'Had the *Congress* been composed of *Bobby But-*

'*tons*, would *America* ever have made such a stand 'against us?'

How long this Philippic might have lasted I cannot say, had not Miss *Umphraville* come in and put an end to it, by challenging me to play a game at backgammon.

E

N° 69. TUESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM a pretty constant reader of your publications; by what means, you shall know before I have finished this letter. Among other papers of your publishing, I have read one marked No. 65, written by a lady who subscribes herself S. M. That lady is pleased to complain of her situation, and to represent herself as unfortunate. I cannot think she has the least title to do so. She was received and entertained by a kind brother; but, forsooth, she took it into her head to quarrel with him because he married, and seemed to like his wife better than her, and to be displeased with the lady, because she appeared to have more vanity than she ought to have had. Pray, what right had she to find fault with those who so hospitably entertained her? or, how did she shew superior sense by thus quarrelling

with her bread and butter?—I am, Sir, the younger brother of Sir *George Fielding*. I live comfortably and contentedly in his house; and yet, I could lay a wager, were Madam *S. M.* in my situation, she would be fretful and discontented: but I shall appeal to you, Sir, if she would have any reason for her discontent.

My father, Sir *Robert*, sent me, when a young man, to the University; but, as I had no taste for study, I spent most of my time at the billiard-table, at cards, in hunting, playing at golf, or in public diversions. I was more gaily dreased than any of my companions, and I united many of the qualities of a beau and a buck.—During the vacation, I resided at my father's house; and the elegant and expensive manner in which he lived, increased my turn for pleasure and amusement.

I was in my twentieth year when my father, who had supplied me liberally with money, died, leaving me the small patrimony of one thousand pounds. Fifty pounds a-year could not support the expence of one who had been accustomed to spend four times that sum. In this situation it was thought necessary that I should do something for myself. Amidst the various schemes that were proposed, it was determined that I should become a merchant. My brother Sir *George*, generously discharged all the debts I had contracted; for, notwithstanding my father's liberality while he was living, I had contracted several; and I was bound apprentice to an eminent trader. He was a sober, industrious, thriving man; but I soon found it impossible to accommodate myself to his frugal and œconomical ideas; and my inclination for amusement, which he used to call dissipation and idleness, could not give way to his habits of industry and attention.

Accordingly, before the term of my apprenticeship was elapsed, my master wrote to Sir *George*, informing him that I had taken up with bad company; that I had neglected my business; that I had not profited by his instructions; and recommending to him to try me in something else, and, in all events, to remove me to some other place.

After a good deal of deliberation, it was resolved to try to set me up as a farmer; and I entered upon the management of a considerable farm. But in this business I found I did not succeed any better than in my former. Notwithstanding the good instructions I received at a club of very honest fellows, at which we met every week to talk about farming and improvements, somehow or other, my crops never paid for the expence of raising them: and in a few years, I found that I had improved away every shilling of my capital. Sir *George* then proposed to me that I should quit all thoughts of business, and take up my residence in his house; I cheerfully accepted his proposal, and have lived with him for fourteen years past.

In his house I find every thing provided for me, and I am perfectly contented, having nothing to care for. Sir *George*, who is beloved and respected by all the neighbourhood, has frequently crowds of company who resort to his house; but, as he does not drink himself, whenever the company wish to drink a little more than usual, he deputes me to act his part as landlord. In that capacity I do not fail to push about the bottle; and I find myself in a situation perfectly to my wish. As I am a good shot, I spend great part of my time in shooting; and Mr. *Joseph*, for that is the name I go by, is made a welcome guest at all the gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood; the more so, as I seldom make a visit without carrying along with me some of the game

I have killed. I never fail to make one at all the sports in the neighbourhood. At a village wedding I am a considerable personage; and there is not a country-girl who does not think it an honour to dance with Mr. *Joseph*. When Lady *Fielding* makes a visit, I generally attend her in the absence of Sir *George*. The only part of my employment which I find disagreeable is, that sometimes, in the winter-evenings, I am set a-reading to my Lady; and, among other publications, I have read over to her most of the MIRRORS. My Lady likes them exceedingly; so do I too, but not for the same reason that she does; I like them,—because they are short. In the course of this employment, I read S. M.'s letter, and have already given you my reasons for being much dissatisfied with what she writes.

I can make no doubt, that, were she in my situation, she would think she had much reason to be unhappy. She would, perhaps, complain that her brother was so rich, and she so poor; she would say, that it was an employment below her to act as toast-master to her brother's drunken company; that it was despicable to be known only by the name of Mr. *Joseph;* that she could not but consider herself as in a contemptible situation, being unfit for any employment, or to act any higher part than that of a sportsman, a dancer at a country-wedding, or an humble attendant on my Lady *Fielding*. But I am of a very different opinion. I certainly neither have the fortune, nor do I meet with the same respect that my brother Sir *George* does; —but what does that signify?—I eat, drink, and am merry, enjoy good health and good spirits; and I have neither the trouble of managing a great estate, nor am I obliged to be circumspect in my conduct, in order that I may act up, as I hear my brother and some of his friends express it, to a

certain dignity of character. In a word, I am happy enough, and I think Madam S. M. might have been so too, if she had had a mind.

I am, &c.

JOSEPH FIELDING.

The situation which is described in the above letter is not, I believe, altogether an uncommon one. I should be very unwilling to make Mr. *Joseph* displeased with it; on the contrary, I think his cheerfulness and good humour are to be envied. At the same time, without expressing those sentiments which, I doubt not, will occur to many of my readers upon the perusal of his letter, I cannot but observe, that I have sometimes felt regret, that, in certain circumstances, a more equal distribution of fortune were not made among the children of some great landed proprietors, or that care were not taken to moderate their education to that style of life in which their circumstances are likely to place them. A young man, who is left a small patrimony, ought not surely to be accustomed to habits of extravagance and dissipation, but ought to be early inured to œconomy, and be qualified for some business. Without this (though accident may sometimes conduct such young men to fortune or to eminence), there must be always great danger of their proving unfit for any valuable purpose in life, of their deserving no higher appellation than that of Mr. *Joseph*.

A

N° 70. SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1780.

Ingentes Dominos, et claræ nomina famæ,
Illustrique graves nobililate domos,
Devita.

SENECA.

In an excursion I made some months ago to the county of ——, I paid a visit to *Antonio*, an old acquaintance of my father's, whom I had known from my infancy. He had been exceedingly attentive to me when a boy; and, as he was something of a sportsman, my guardians often permitted me to accompany him to the field, where, as indeed on every occasion, he treated me with the ease and freedom of a companion and an equal. This behaviour, so different from that to which boys are generally accustomed, while it flattered my self-importance, gave me so much favour and affection for *Antonio*, that I never saw him afterwards, without feeling those agreeable sensations, which accompany the recollection of that happy period of life, when we catch the pleasures of the moment, equally regardless of what is past or to come.

I had not heard of *Antonio* for many months. When I arrived at the village where he lived, I hastened to his house without any previous inquiry. The countenance of the servant made me suspect all was not well; and, when I entered his apartment, I found him in the last stage of a dropsy. The sensations that crowded on my mind at the squalid and

death-like appearance of the good old-man, so different from those in which I was prepared to indulge, had almost overcome me; but the growing emotion was checked by the countenance with which he beheld it. No sooner was I seated, than, taking my hand, 'What a change,' said he, with a look of melancholy composure, 'is here, since you last saw 'me!—I was two years older than your father; had 'he been alive, he would have been seventy-four 'next Christmas.'

The particulars of the conversation, though they have made a lasting impression on my mind, would be uninteresting to many of my readers; but as the life of *Antonio* will afford an important lesson to the younger part of them, I give the following short account of it, as the subject of this and the subsequent paper.

'The father of *Antonio* was one of the first men 'of family in *Scotland*, who had been bred to the 'profession of a merchant; in which he was so suc-'cessful, that about the beginning of this century 'he had acquired the sum of twenty thousand 'pounds, which was, at that time, reckoned no in-'considerable fortune. He had two children who 'survived him; *Antonio*, and a daughter, *Leonora*, 'who was several years younger than her brother. 'As the father had received a liberal education, he 'was attentive to bestow the same benefit upon his 'son; but, being equally sensible of the advantages 'of industry, he was, at the same, determined, that 'he should be educated to some profession or em-'ployment, though he did not restrain him in his 'choice. *Antonio*, on his part, seconded his father's 'views. His genius was inferior to none of his con-'temporaries; allowing for some little excesses, 'which the liveliness and pliancy of his disposition en-'gaged him in, he exceeded them all in the assiduity

'of his application; and, as his manners were at the 'same time mild and spirited, he was both beloved 'and respected by his companions.

'Being arrived at an age which made it necessary 'to regulate his studies by the profession he was to 'follow, he made choice of that of physic, which, 'including the different branches of science usually 'connected with it, may be said to embrace the 'whole study of Nature: to these he applied ra-'ther as a philosopher than as one who intended to 'be a practitioner in the art; he was, nevertheless, 'preparing to take his degree, when the death of 'his father left him, at the age of twenty, possessed 'of a handsome fortune.

'*Antonio* continued his studies for some time with 'his usual assiduity; but, finding his income more 'than sufficient for his wants, he gave up all 'thoughts of engaging in practice. His house be-'came the rendezvous of his former school-compa-'nions, many of them the sons of the first families 'in the kingdom, who were now entering into life '(I speak of a period above fifty years ago), and 'who found themselves flattered by those engaging 'manners in the man, which had attached them to 'the boy.

'In consequence of these connections, *Antonio* 'found himself engaged in a line of life to which he 'had been little accustomed; but, as he had mixed 'the study of polite literature with science, and was 'master of the exercises of dancing, fencing, and 'riding, he soon acquired that ease in his address and 'conversation, which mark the gentleman, while 'they hide the man of learning from a common ob-'server. His good-nature and benevolence, proceed-'ing from an enlarged and liberal mind, prevented 'him from viewing, with too severe an eye, the oc-'casional excesses of some of his companions; an

'elegant taste, and a sound understanding, prevented 'him from engaging in them too deeply.

'*Antonio*'s time was now mostly spent among the 'great. He made long and frequent visits at their 'seats in the country; he joined them in excursions 'from time to time to the different courts on the 'continent; and, when he was not abroad, he resided 'almost constantly in *London*, or the neighbour-'hood; so that he became, in a great measure, a 'stranger in his own country.

'Among the companions of *Antonio* were two sons 'of the Earl of *W*———, who were particularly 'attached to him. Their father was not more en-'vied by the ambitious for the distinguished rank 'he held in the councils of his Sovereign, than by 'the wise and moderate for being father to two of 'the most promising young men of the age. They 'had been acquainted with *Antonio* from their in-'fancy. They had grown up at the same schools, 'and studied under the same masters. After an ab-'sence of three years, they happened to meet at '*Venice*, where *Antonio* had the good fortune to ren-'der them essential service, in extricating them from 'difficulties in which the impetuosity of the best 'conditioned young men will sometimes involve 'them, especially in a foreign country. They re-'turned together to *Britain*. Their father, who 'knew their former connection with *Antonio*, and 'had heard of their recent obligation to him, ex-'pressed his sense of it in very flattering terms, and 'earnestly wished for an opportunity to reward it.

'I have seen few men who were proof against the 'attention of ministers. Though it does always 'gratify, it seldom fails to excite three of the most 'powerful passions, vanity, ambition, and avarice. '*Antonio*, I am afraid, did not form an exception to 'the rule. Though naturally an œconomist, his

'mode of life had considerably impaired his fortune. 'He knew this; but he knew not exactly to what 'extent. He received gentle remonstrances on the 'subject from some of his relations in *Scotland*, who 'remembered his virtues. In the letters of his sister '*Leonora* (who still retained that affection and at-'tachment to her brother which his attention to her, 'both before and after her father's death, had im-'pressed upon her mind), he perceived an anxiety, 'for which he could not otherwise account than 'from her apprehensions about the situation of his 'affairs. The patronage of the Earl of *W*——— 'presented itself as a remedy. To him, therefore, 'he determined to apply. The intimacy in which 'he lived with his sons, the friendly manner in which 'the Earl himself always behaved to him, made this 'appear an easy matter to *Antonio*; but he was un-'accustomed to ask favours even from the great. 'His spirit rose at the consciousness of their having 'become necessary; and he sunk in his own esteem 'in being reduced to use the language of solicitation 'for something like a pecuniary favour. After se-'veral fruitless attempts, he could bring himself no 'farther than to give a distant hint to his com-'panions, the sons of the Earl. It was sufficient to 'them; and, at the next interview with their fa-'ther, *Antonio* received the most friendly assurances 'of being soon provided for in some way suited to 'his taste and disposition.

'Elated with these hopes, he returned, after a ten 'years' absence, to visit his friends in *Scotland*, and 'to examine into the situation of his affairs. Of 'the £ 20,000 left by his father, there was little 'more than £ 10,000 remaining; and the half of 'that sum belonged to his sister *Leonora*. The 'knowledge of this made no great impression on his 'mind, as he was certain of being amply provided

'for: meanwhile, he thought it his duty to put his 'sister's fortune in safety; and, by his whole beha- 'viour to her during a nine months, residence in *Scot- 'land*, he confirmed that love and affection which 'his more early conduct had justly merited.'

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N° 71. TUESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1780.

'*Antonio* returned to *London* about the breaking 'out of the *Spanish* war in 1739. The parties in the 'state ran high; the minister was attacked on all 'sides, in a language somewhat more decent than 'what is in use among the patriots of the present day, 'though it was not, on that account, less poignant 'and severe. *Antonio*'s patron, the Earl of *W* ——, 'took part with the minister, and both he and his 'sons, who were by this time in parliament, seemed 'so much occupied with the affairs of the public, 'that *Antonio* was unwilling to disturb them with 'any private application for himself, until the fer- 'ment was somewhat subsided. In the mean time, 'he continued his usual mode of life; and, though 'he could not help observing, that many of the great 'men with whom he had been accustomed to con- 'verse on the most easy aud familiar terms, began 'to treat him with a forbidding ceremony, more dis- 'gusting to a mind of sensibility than downright in- 'solence; still the consciousness of his situation pre- 'vented him from renouncing a society in which the 'secret admonitions of his heart frequently told him

'he could not continue, without forfeiting the 'strongest support of virtue and honour, *a proper 'respect for himself.*

'Sir *Robert Walpole* was at last obliged to resign, 'and along with him a few of his friends who were 'most obnoxious to the leaders of the successful 'party. The Earl of *W*——— was not of the 'number; he still preserved his place in the cabinet; 'and the new and the old ministers having adjusted 'their different pretensions, a calm tranquillity suc-'ceeded, as the less powerful and disappointed pa-'triots, rendered suspicious by the defection of their 'principal leaders, could not at once conneet them-'selves into a formidable opposition.

'*Antonio* thought this a proper time to renew his 'application. That delicacy which made him for-'merly shrink at the idea of asking a pecuniary fa-'vour, was now no more; his growing necessities, 'and the habits of submission they produced, had 'blunted the fine feelings of independence, and he 'could now, though unnoticed, dance attendance at 'the levees of the great, like one who had never felt 'himself their equal. Fortunately there soon hap-'pened a vacancy in an office in the department of 'the Earl of *W*———, which was every way suited 'to *Antonio*. He modestly reminded the Earl of his 'former promises; and, having made the first appli-'cation, his request was instantly granted. At that 'moment Lord *C*——, who was supposed to be 'Prime Minister, arrived to ask the office for the 'son of a butcher in *Kent*, who was returning officer 'in a borough where there was a contested election. 'The Earl of *W*——— told the minister, that he 'had just now promised it to that gentleman, point-'ing to *Antonio*. The minister had frequently seen '*Antonio*, and was not unacquainted with his charac-'ter —congratulated him with much seeming cor-

'diality; and, turning to the Earl of *W*———, 'paid him many compliments on his bestowing the 'office upon one of so distinguished merit: 'That 'consideration,' added he, 'can compensate for the 'disppointment I feel in not having obtained it for 'the person I mentioned to your Lordship.' *An-* 'tonio was too well acquainted with the language of 'the court not to understand the tendency of all this. 'The Earl of *W*——— immediately observed, that, 'to oblige his Lordship, he had no doubt *Antonio* 'would readily give up the promise. This was 'instantly done; and these two noble persons vied 'with each other in their offers of service; he was 'given to understand, that the first opportunity 'should be taken to provide for him in a manner 'exceeding his wishes.

'Though *Antonio* was not, upon the whole, very 'well pleased with this incident, he endeavoured to 'comfort himself with reflecting, that he had now 'acquired a right of going directly to the minister, 'which was so much the more agreeable, as he plain- 'ly perceived that the sons of the Earl of *W*——, 'though they still behaved to him with more ease 'and attention than many others of his former com- 'panions, would, like the rest, soon be estranged 'from him. At school, at college, on their travels, 'and even for some time after their return, their 'pursuits were the same. Whether it was instruc- 'tion or entertainment, they were mutually assisting 'to each other, and they found *Antonio* to be in 'every thing their equal, perhaps in some things 'their superior. The scene was now changed. In 'the midst of their family and relations, possessed 'of the adventitious, though dazzling qualities of 'rank and fortune, the real merit of *Antonio* was 'hardly perceived. They now found him to be in 'some things their inferior. This alone would have,

'in time, put an end to their intimacy, unless like 'many others, he would have contented himself with 'acting the part of *an humble attendant*. Having 'once opened to their views the career of ambition, 'and the prospect of rising in the state, they esti- 'mated their friendships by the extent of their poli- 'tical influence. Virtue and merit were now out of 'the question, or were at best but secondary consi- 'derations. Former services, compared to the ob- 'jects in which they were now engaged, sunk to 'nothing; at the same time, a consciousness of duty 'led them to behave civilly to a man they had once 'esteemed, and who had done nothing to forfeit 'their good opinion. Perhaps, even if applied to in 'a fortunate moment, when impelled by a sudden 'emanation of half-extinguished virtue, they might 'have exerted themselves to serve him; but these 'exertions would not have been of long continuance; 'they would soon have been smothered by cold po- 'litical prudence.

'After two years solicitation, during which his 'patrons sometimes cajoled him with promises, and, 'at others, hardly deigned to take notice of his re- 'quest, *Antonio* gave up all hopes of success. His 'fortune was now totally gone. His friends in '*Scotland* had frequently informed him of this; but 'he continued to solicit and to receive small sums of 'money from time to time, which he was in hopes 'of being soon able to repay. These hopes being 'extinguished, he could not ask for more. He had 'also contracted several debts to the different trades- 'men he employed. He frankly told them his situa- 'tion; but they remembered the liberality of his 'conduct and behaviour in the days of his prosperity, 'and would not use the barbarous right of imprison- 'ment to increase his calamities.

'The accumulated distress to which *Antonio* was

'now exposed, was more than he could bear. After 'combating some time with the agitation of his 'mind, he was seized with a slow fever, attended 'with a delirium, which made it necessary to ac-'quaint his friends. His sister *Leonora* hastened to 'his relief. At the end of some weeks, his health 'was so far re-established, that she ventured to pro-'pose his undertaking a journey to *Scotland:* to 'which he at last consented, but not without reluc-'tance.

'He learned, by degrees, that the money he re-'ceived for the last two years he resided in *London*, 'had come from *Leonora*; that she had paid all his 'debts there, and with the small remains of her for-'tune, had purchased an annuity of an hundred and 'fifty pounds for his and her own life. In a short 'time, they retired to a village in the county of '———, not far from my father's residence, who 'had been an early acquaintance of *Antonio*'s. My 'father joined his endeavours to those of *Leonora* to 'recover him from that depression of spirits into 'which his misfortunes, and the reflection on his past 'conduct, had thrown him. They at last succeeded, 'and saw him, with pleasure, regain those mild 'and engaging manners which they had formerly 'admired. But his spirit and vivacity could not be 'restored. He seemed to engage in the usual pas-'times and occupations of a country life, rather with 'patience than satisfaction, and to *suffer* society as a 'duty which he owed to a sister who had preserved 'him, and to those friends who shewed so much 'solicitude for his happiness, rather than to *enjoy* it 'as a source of pleasure and entertainment to him-'self. If ever he was animated, it was in the com-'pany of a few young men who looked up to him 'for instruction. He entertained them, not with 'murmurings against the world, or complaints of

'the injustice or depravity of mankind. His pictures of society were flattering and agreeable, as 'giving the most extensive scope for the exercise 'of the active virtues. 'My young friends,' he 'was wont to say, 'carry with you into the world a 'spirit of independence, and a proper respect for 'yourselves. These are the guardians of virtue. 'No man can trust to others for his support, or 'forfeit his own good opinion with impunity. Extravagant desires and ill-founded hopes pave the 'way for disappointment, and dispose us to cover 'our own errors with the unjust accusation of 'others. Society is supported by a reciprocation 'of good offices; and, though virtue and humanity 'will *give*, justice cannot *demand*, a favour, without 'a recompence. Warm and generous friendships 'are sometimes, nay, I hope, often found in the 'world; but, in those changes and vicissitudes of 'life which open new views, and form new connections, the old are apt to be weakened or forgotten. Family and domestic friendships,' would 'he add with a sigh, 'will generally be found the 'most lasting and sincere; but here, my friends, 'you will think me prejudiced; you all know my 'obligations to *Leonora*.'

'*Antonio* and *Leonora* are now no more; he died 'a few days after my last visit. His sister he 'had buried about a twelvemonth before; and I 'have often heard him mention, with a kind of melancholy satisfaction, that, to her other distresses, 'there had not been added the regret of being left 'behind him.'

N° 72. SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1780.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.
VIRG.

THE consideratiou of death has been always made use of, by the moralist and the divine, as a powerful incentive to virtue and to piety. From the uncertainty of life, they have endeavoured to sink the estimation of its pleasures, and, if they could not strip the seductions of vice of their present enjoyment, at least to load them with the fear of their end.

Voluptuaries, on the other hand, have, from a similar reflection, endeavoured to enhance the value, and persuade to the enjoyment, of temporal delights. They have advised us to pluck the roses which would otherwise soon wither of themselves, to seize the moments which we could not long command, and, since time was unavoidably fleeting, to crown its flight with joy.

Of neither of these persuasives, whether of the moral or the licentious, the severe or the gay, have the effects been great. Life must necessarily consist of active scenes, which exclude from its general tenor the leisure of meditation, and the influence of thought. The schemes of the busy will not be checked by the uncertainty of their event, nor the amusements of the dissipated be either controlled or endeared by the shortness of their duration. Even the cell of the Anchorite, and the cloister of the Monk, have their business and their pleasures; for

study may become business, and abstraction pleasure, when they engage the mind, and occupy the time. A man may even enjoy the present, and forget the future, at the very moment in which he is writing of the insignificancy of the former, and the importance of the latter.

It were easy to shew the wisdom and benignity of Providence, Providence ever wise and benign, in this particular of our constitution; but it would be trite to repeat arguments too obvious not to have been often observed, and too just not to have been always allowed.

But, though neither the situation of the world, nor the formation of our minds, allow the thoughts of futurity or death a constant or prevailing effect upon our lives, they may surely sometimes, not unseasonably, press upon our imagination; even exclusive of their moral or religious use. There is a sympathetic enjoyment which often makes it not only *better*, but more delightful, *to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting.*

Perhaps I felt it so, when, but a few days since, I attended the funeral of a young lady, who was torn, in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the arms of a father who doated on her, of a family by whom she was adored: I think I would not have exchanged my feelings at the time for all the mirth which gaiety could inspire, or all the pleasure which luxury could bestow.

Maria was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellence of her natural disposition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her person, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been used; and they had been attended with that success which they commonly meet with, when not prevented by mistaken fondness or untimely vanity. Few

young ladies have attracted more admiration; none ever felt it less: with all the charms of beauty, and the polish of education, the plainest were not less affected, nor the most ignorant less assuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by such private and domestic distresses, that the softer emotions of the heart are most strongly excited. The fall of more important personages is commonly distant from our observation; but even where it happens under our immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compassion is weakened. The eminently great, or extensively useful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and disappointed expectations, by which the distress is complicated beyond the simplicity of pity. But the death of one who, like *Maria*, was to shed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father and the childhood of her sisters, presents to us a little view of family-affliction, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel. On scenes of public sorrow and national regret, we gaze as upon those gallery-pictures which strike us with wonder and admiration; domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment.

The last time I saw *Maria* was in the midst of a crowded assembly of the fashionable and the gay, where she fixed all eyes by the gracefulness of her motions, and the native dignity of her mein; yet so tempered was that superiority which they conferred with gentleness and modesty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalship of beauty, or the envy of homeliness. From that scene the transition was so violent to the hearse and the pall, the grave and the sod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my senses; I beheld the objects

around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of *Maria* as living still.

I was soon, however, recalled to the sad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child; the silent suffering composure in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his attendants, whose grief was light, and capable of tears; these gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I should see her no more. There was a flow of sorrow with which I suffered myself to be borne along, with a melancholy kind of indulgence; but when her father dropped the cord with which he had helped to lay his *Maria* in the earth, its sound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity!

It was but for a moment.—He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to stop the assistants who were throwing the earth into it; then, suddenly recollecting himself, clasped his hands together, threw up his eyes to Heaven; and then first I saw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It spoke a lesson of faith, and piety, and resignation. I went away sorrowful, but my sorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; cast on this world a glance rather of pity than of enmity; on the next, a look of humbleness and hope!

Such, I am persuaded, will commonly be the effect of scenes like that I have described, on minds neither frigid nor unthinking; for of feelings like these, the gloom of the ascetic is as little susceptible as the levity of the giddy. There needs a certain pliancy of mind, which society alone can give, though its vices often destroy, to render us capable of that gentle melancholy which makes sorrow pleasant, and affliction useful.

It is not from a melancholy of this sort, that men

are prompted to the cold unfruitful virtues of monkish solitude. These are often the effects rather of passion secluded than repressed, rather of temptation avoided than overcome. The *crucifix* and the *rosary*, the *death's head* and the *bones*, if custom has not made them indifferent, will rather chill desire than excite virtue; but, amidst the warmth of social affection, and of social sympathy, the heart will feel the weakness, and enjoy the duties, of humanity.

Perhaps, it will be said, that such situations, and such reflections as the foregoing, will only affect minds already too tender, and be disregarded by those who need the lessons they impart. But this, I apprehend, is to allow too much to the force of habit, and the resistance of prejudice. I will not pretend to assert, that rooted principles, and long-established conduct, are suddenly to be changed by the effects of situation, or the eloquence of sentiment; but if it be granted that such change ever took place, who shall determine by what imperceptible motive, or accidental impression, it was first begun? And, even if the influence of such a call to thought can only smother, in its birth, one allurement to evil, or confirm one wavering purpose to virtue, I shall not have unjustly commended that occasional indulgence of pensiveness and sorrow, which will thus be rendered not only one of the refinements, but one of the improvements, of life.

Z

N° 73. TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1780.

THE Essay contained in this and the following number, was some time ago received from a gentleman of distinguished name in the literary world.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN the course of his various inquiries into human nature, your illustrious kinsman the SPECTATOR did not overlook DREAMING; on which he has given us many ingenious and useful observations. Having all my life been a great dreamer of dreams, I also have made some remarks upon that mysterious phænomenon, which, I flatter myself, may be acceptable to the author of the MIRROR, as I believe some of them are new, and not unworthy of notice.

I shall not take up much of your time with the opinions of the ancients in regard to the immediate cause of dreaming. *Epicurus* fancied, that an infinite multitude of subtle images, some flowing from bodies, some formed of their own accord, and others made up of different things variously combined, were continually moving up and down in the air about us; and that these images, being of extreme fineness, penetrate our bodies; and, striking upon the mind, give rise to that mode of perception which we call Imagination; and to which he refers the

origin both of our waking thoughts and of our dreams. *Aristotle* seems to think, that every object of outward sense makes upon the human soul, or upon some other part of our frame, a certain impression, which remains for some time after the object that made it is gone, and which, being afterwards recognised by the mind in sleep, gives rise to those visions that then present themselves. These opinions, if one were to examine them, would be found either to amount to nothing that can be understood, or to ascribe to human thought a sort of material nature, which is perfectly inconceivable.

Neither shall I trouble you with enumerating five different species of dreams acknowledged by some of the ancients, and particularly described by *Macrobius*. Dreams are, indeed, of different sorts and characters; but I see no reason why they may not be divided into five hundred classes, as well as into five. My own remarks I shall set down without method, and in the order in which they occur to me.

Though some of our dreams are exceedingly wild and extravagant, others are more regular, and more like real life. When the mind is at ease, and the body in health, we are apt to dream of our ordinary business. The passions too, which occupy the mind when awake, and the objects and causes of those passions, are apt to recur in sleep, though, for the most part, under some disguise; accompanied with painful circumstances when we are in trouble, and with more pleasing ideas when we are happy. To this the poets attend; and, in describing the dreams of their heroes and heroines, are careful to give them a resemblance to their real fortune. *Dido*, when forsaken by *Æneas*, dreams that she is going a long journey alone, and seeking her *Tyrians* in a desert land;

——longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam, *Tyriosque* desertâ quærere terrâ.

Thus uniting, as it were, in one image, the two passions that engrossed her through the day, love to her people, and a sense of her forlorn condition. *Eloisa*, separated for ever from her friend, dreams of being again happy in his company; but, the next moment, says she,

——Methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps;
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.

On these occasions, the poet will not describe a dream exactly like the real circumstances of the dreamer; he makes it only a sort of dark allegorical similitude: and this we approve of, because we know that it is according to nature. For a reason to be given in the sequel, it will appear to be mercifully ordered by Providence, that our dreams should thus *differ* from our waking thoughts: and, from what we know of the influence of our passions upon the general tenor of our thinking, we need not wonder that there should be, notwithstanding, some *analogy* between them. It is this mixture of resemblance and diversity, that makes some of our dreams *allegorical*. But, when that happens, an attentive observer, who is free from superstition, will find that they allude not to what is future, but to what is present or past, unless where we have been anticipating some future event; in which case our dreams may possibly resemble our conjectures. Now, if our conjectures be right, and if our dreams resemble them, it may

happen that there shall be a likeness between a certain dream and a future occurrence: but in this there is nothing more supernatural, than that I should dream to-night of what I have been employed in to-day; for this is nothing more than a particular train of thought impressed upon us in sleep, by a certain *previous* train of thought into which reason and experience had led us when awake. For example, When I see a man dissipating his fortune by debauchery, I may, with reason, apprehend that disease and poverty will soon overtake him. If this conjecture trouble me in the day-time, it may also recur in sleep, accompanied with some visionary circumstances; and I shall dream, perhaps, that I see him in rags and misery. Suppose this really to happen soon after, what opinion am I to entertain concerning my dream? Surely I have no more reason to consider it as prophetical, than I have to look upon the conjecture which gave rise to it as the effect of inspiration.

Some of our dreams bear little or no resemblance to any thing that ever before occurred to our senses, or fancy. But this is not common, except in bad health. It holds true in general, that dreams are an imitation, though often a very extravagant one, of reality.

There are people who observe, that one particular dream frequently returns upon them. *Socrates*, in the *Phædo* of *Plato*, tells his friend, that he had all his life been haunted with a vision of this kind, in which one seemed to say to him, that he ought to study music. If this repetition of dreams be the effect of habit, which is not unlikely, we may from it learn the expediency of concealing such as are disagreeable, and banishing them from our thoughts as soon as we can. Indeed, it is a vulgar observation,

that they who never speak of dreams are not often troubled with them.

Intemperance of every kind, in eating or drinking, in sleep or watching, in rest or exercise, tends to make dreams disagreeable; and therefore, one end of dreaming may be, to recommend sobriety and moderation. For the time we may employ in sleep bears a great proportion to the whole of human life; and, if there be any expedient for rendering that portion of our time agreeable, it is surely worth while to put it in practice. Habits of virtue and soberness, the repression of turbulent desires and the indulgence of pious, social, and cheerful dispositions, are, for the most part, effectual in giving that lightness to the animal spirits, and that calm temperature to the blood, which promote thoughts pleasurable through the day, and sweet slumber and easy dreams by night.

The ancients thought, that morning dreams come nearest the truth. In the morning, no doubt, the perspiration and digestion continued through the night will make the stomach, and the whole frame of the body, more composed and cool than when we go to sleep; and hence, perhaps, it is not absurd to say, that dreams may be more regular then, and more like real life. But if we have passed the earlier hours of the morning without sleep, and fall a-dozing about the time we usually rise, our dreams are seldom agreeable, and our slumber is rather stupifying than salutary; whence we may perhaps infer, that it is the intention of Nature that we should rise early, and at a stated hour.

As agreeable thoughts accompany good health; as violent passions, and even phrensy, are the attendants of certain diseases; as dullness and confusion of thought may be occasioned by a loaded

stomach; and, as the swallowing of much strong liquor produces a temporary madness;—as our thoughts, I say, when we are awake, are so much determined by our bodily habit, it is no wonder that they should be still more liable to such influence when we are asleep. Accordingly, certain dreams do, for the most part, accompany certain positions and states of the body. When our breathing is in any degree interrupted, by our head falling awry, by the bed-clothes pressing on our mouth or nostrils, or by any internal disorder, we are apt to dream of going, with great uneasiness, through narrow passages, where we are in danger of suffocation. When the state of the stomach and bowels occasions any convulsive motion in the jaws, a thing not uncommon in sleep, and which frequently produces a strong compression and grinding of the teeth, we are apt to dream that the teeth are loose, or falling out, or that our mouth is full of pins, or of something very disagreeable. In cold weather too, when by any accident we throw aside the bed-clothes, we sometimes dream of going naked. Of all these facts I have often had experience; and, if the thing could be accurately attended to, I make no doubt but many of our dreams might be accounted for in the same manner; and therefore, when we have an uncommon dream, we ought not to look forward with apprehension, as if it were to be the forerunner of calamity; but rather backward, to see whether we can discover its cause, and whether, from such a discovery, we may not learn something that may be profitable to our health.

In some constitutions, certain dreams do generally go before, or accompany the beginnings of certain diseases. When, for example, there is any tendency to fever, we are apt to dream of perform-

ing, with great labour, some work, we know not precisely what, in which we never make any progress. This imagination will occur in sleep, even while one has no means of observing, when awake, any symptom that could lead one to suspect one's health to be in danger; and, when it does occur, may it not give warning to make some change in the ordinary regimen, to eat or drink less than usual, or have recourse to some of those other methods whereby acute distempers are prevented? In general, when one is haunted more than usual with disagreeable dreams, it may, I think, be taken as a sign that something is wrong in the constitution; and therefore that temperance, fasting, or exercise, may be requisite to avert the impending evil. And these are remedies which one may have recourse to; and in regard to which one may venture to make a few experiments, in almost any circumstances. Agreeable dreams I would take for the signs of health, and accordingly consider them as good, and not evil.

If you approve of these remarks, you shall have more on the same subject, in a few days, from

Your's, &c.

INSOMNIOSUS.

N° 74. SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN my last I hinted that dreams may be useful as physical admonitions. What if I should go a step farther, and say that they may be serviceable as means of our moral improvement? I will not affirm, however, as some have done, that by them we may make a more accurate discovery of our temper and ruling passions, than by observing what passes in our minds when awake: For, in sleep, we are very incompetent judges of ourselves, and of every thing else; and one will dream of committing crimes with little remorse, which, if awake, one could not think of without horror. But as many of our passions are inflamed or allayed by the temperature of the body, this, I think, may be said with truth, that, by attending to what passes in sleep, we may sometimes discern what passions are predominant, and, consequently, receive some useful cautions for the regulation of them. A man dreams, for example, that he is in a violent anger, and that he strikes a blow which knocks a person down, and kills him. He awakes in horror at the thought of what he has done, and of the punishment he thinks he has reason to apprehend; and while, after a moment's recollection, he rejoices to find that it is but a dream, he will also be inclinable to form resolutions against violent anger, lest it should,

one time or other, hurry him on to a real perpetration of a like nature. If we ever derive this advantage from a dream, we cannot pronounce it useless. And this, or a similar advantage, may sometimes be derived from dreaming. For why may we not, in this way, reap improvement from a fiction of our own fancy, as well as from a novel, or a fable of Æsop?

One of the finest moral tales I ever read, is an account of a dream in the TATLER, which, though it has every appearance of a real dream, comprehends a moral so sublime and so interesting, that I question whether any man who attends to it can ever forget it; and if he remembers, whether he can ever cease to be the better for it. ADDISON is the author of the paper; and I shall give the story in his own elegant words.

'I was once,' says the TATLER, 'in agonies of 'grief that are unutterable, and in so great a dis-'traction of mind, that I thought myself even out 'of the possibility of receiving comfort. The oc-'casion was as follows: When I was a youth, in 'a part of the army which was then quartered at 'Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young 'woman of a good family in those parts, and had 'the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly re-'ceived, which occasioned the perplexity I am 'going to relate. We were, in a calm evening, di-'verting ourselves, on the top of a cliff, with the 'prospect of the sea; and trifling away the time 'in such little fondnesses as are most ridiculous to 'people in business, and most agreeable to those 'in love. In the midst of these our innocent en-'dearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of 'my hand, and ran away with them. I was fol-'lowing her; when on a sudden the ground, though

'at a considerable distance from the verge of the 'precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down 'from so prodigious an height, upon such a range 'of rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thou- 'sand pieces, had her body been made of adamant. 'It is much easier for my reader to imagine my 'state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me 'to express it. I said to myself, It is not in the 'power of Heaven to relieve me—when I awaked, 'equally transported and astonished, to see myself 'drawn out of an affliction, which, the very 'moment before, appeared to be altogether inex- 'tricable.'

What fable of Æsop, nay of Homer, or of Virgil, conveys so fine a moral? Yet most people have, if I mistake not, met with such deliverances by means of a dream. And such a deliverance will every good man meet with at last, when he is taken away from the evils of life, and awakes in the regions of everlasting light and peace; looking back upon the world, and all its troubles, with a surprise and a satisfaction, similar in kind, though incomparably higher in degree, to that which we now feel, when we escape from a terrifying dream, and open our eyes upon the sweet serenity of a summer morning. Let us not despise instruction, how mean soever the vehicle may be that brings it. Even if it be a dream, let us learn to profit by it. For, whether asleep or awake, we are equally the care of Providence; and neither a dream, nor a waking thought, can occur to us without the permission of Him in whom we live and move, and have our being.

Some men dream more and others less; and some, perhaps, though these are few, none at all. This cannot be fully accounted for, from the different degrees of health which different men enjoy, nor

from their different ways of life; though these, and the like peculiarities, may no doubt have some influence. Persons who think much, and take little bodily exercise, will, perhaps, be found to be the greatest dreamers; especially if their imagination be active, and their nervous system very sensible; which last is too common an infirmity among men of learning. The sleep of the labouring man is sweet and sound; and his dreams he rarely remembers: for the faculties of his mind are not much employed, his nerves are strong, and the sphere of his imagination is narrow. As nature does nothing in vain, is it not probable that, to the constitutions of some people, dreaming may be more necessary, as a mental recreation, than to those of others? To meditate continually on one set of objects, is detrimental to health, and even to reason; and, when one is oppressed with low spirits, which often proceed from this very cause, the physician never fails to recommend amusements, company, travelling, sea-voyages, and other expedients, for leading the mind out of its old gloomy track, refreshing it with new ideas, and forcing it to exert itself with unusual energy, and in a new direction.

Go, soft enthusiast, quit the cypress groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd.
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish
Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
New to the eye, and shifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appenines,
Or, more adventurous, rush into the field
Where war grows hot, and, raging through the sky
The lofty trumpet swells the maddening soul;

And in the hardy camp, and toilsome march,
Forget all softer and less manly cares.

ARMSTRONG.

Men, therefore, who think more than others, may have more need than others have, of that amusement and variety which is produced by dreaming. Certain it is, that dreams are often a relief to those who are in perplexity, or who have long been ruminating upon disagreeable objects, or upon any one set of ideas which they cannot easily get rid of. Nor is it necessary in order to effect this, that a dream should in itself be pleasing. Scenes of difficulty, and even of danger, are, as we have seen, recommended to the patient oppressed with melancholy; and, if a dream shall only give a new impulse, even for a short time, to the minds of those persons of whom I now speak, it may do them an important service, however disagreeable in itself. Seldom, indeed, are they happy in their dreams, whose faculties are worn out with much thinking.

Dreams depend, in part, on the state of the air. That which has power over the passions may reasonably be presumed to have power over the thoughts of men. For the thoughts that occur to a mind actuated by any passion, are always congenial to that passion, and tend to encourage it. Now, most people know by experience, how effectual, in producing joy and hope, are pure skies and sunshine, and that a long continuance of dark weather brings on solicitude and melancholy. This is particularly the case with those persons whose nervous system has been weakened by a sedentary life and much thinking, and they, as I hinted formerly, are most subject to troublesome dreams. If the external

air can affect the motions of so heavy a substance as mercury, in the tube of the barometer, we need not wonder that it should affect those finer liquids that circulate through the human body. And if our passions and thoughts, when we are awake, may be variously modified by the consistency, defect, or redundance of these liquids, and by the state of the tubes through which they circulate, need we wonder that the same thing should happen in sleep, when our ideas, disengaged from the control of reason, may be supposed to be more obsequious to material impulse? When the air is loaded with gross vapour, dreams are generally disagreeable to persons of a delicate constitution.

If, then, our thoughts in sleep may receive form and colour from so many circumstances; from the general state of our health from the present state of the stomach and fluids, from the temperature of the air, from the position of external objects in contact with our body, and from the tenour of our thoughts through the day *; shall we be surprised at the variety of our dreams? and when any uncommon or disagreeable dream occurs, is it not more rational to refer it to one or other of these causes, than to terrify ourselves with a foolish conceit, that it is supernatural, and betokens calamity? How often, during the day, do thoughts arise, which we cannot account for, as uncommon perhaps and incongruous, as those which compose our dreams! Once, after riding thirty miles in a very high wind, I remember to have passed a night of dreams that were, beyond description, terrible; insomuch, that I at last found it expedient to keep myself awake, that I might no more be tormented with them. Had I been superstitious, I should have thought that some disaster was impending.

* See Number 73.

But it occurred to me, that the tempestuous weather I had encountered the preceding day might be the occasion of all those horrors; and I have since, in some medical author, met with a remark to justify the conjecture. A very slight cause may check that insensible perspiration which is so necessary to health; and when this happens, we cannot expect that our dreams should be so easy as at other times. Let no one, then, be alarmed at an uncommon dream. It is probably nothing more than a symptom of a trifling bodily disorder; and, if so, it has nothing more to do with futurity, nor is one whit more supernatural, than a cut finger, or a pang of the tooth-ach.

Concerning the opinion, which some have entertained, of our dreams being suggested by invisible beings, I shall only say that I think it very improbable. For first, I see no reason for believing that the Deity would employ 'millions of spiritual 'creatures' in such an office as that of suggesting our ordinary dreams. Secondly, I cannot conceive how those creatures should be affected, in such an operation, by the external air, or by the state of our health, which are known to have great influence on our thoughts, both in sleep and when we are awake. And, thirdly, from what we know of the rapidity of our fancy when awake, we need not suppose any foreign impulse necessary to produce the various appearances of dreaming; as the soul seems to possess in herself powers sufficient for that purpose. Madness, melancholy, and many other diseases, give an extravagance to the thoughts of waking men, equal, or even superior, to what happens in sleep. If the agency of unseen beings is not supposed to produce the first, why should we have recourse to it in order to account for the last? But

it is urged, that, in sleep, the soul is passive, and is haunted by visions, which she would gladly get rid of if she could. And it may be urged, in answer, for it is no less true, that persons afflicted with anxiety and melancholy, too often find, to their sad experience, that their soul is almost equally passive when they are awake; for that they are, even then, haunted with the most tormenting thoughts, from which all their powers of reason, all the exertions of their will, and all the exhortations of their friends, cannot effectually relieve them.

To conclude: Providence certainly superintends the affairs of men; and often, we know not how often, interposes for our preservation. It would, therefore, be presumptuous to affirm, that supernatural cautions, in regard to futurity, are never communicated in dreams. The design of these remarks, is not to contradict any authentic experience, or historical fact, but only to shew that dreams may proceed from a variety of causes that have nothing supernatural in them; and that, though we are not much acquainted with the nature of this wonderful mode of perception, we know enough of it to see that it is not useless or superfluous, but may, on the contrary, answer some purposes of great importance to our welfare both in soul and body.

I am your's, &c.

INSOMNIOSUS.

END OF VOL. XXXVI.

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