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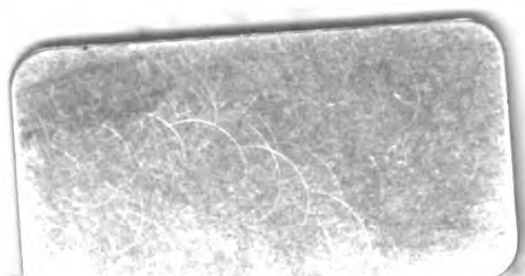


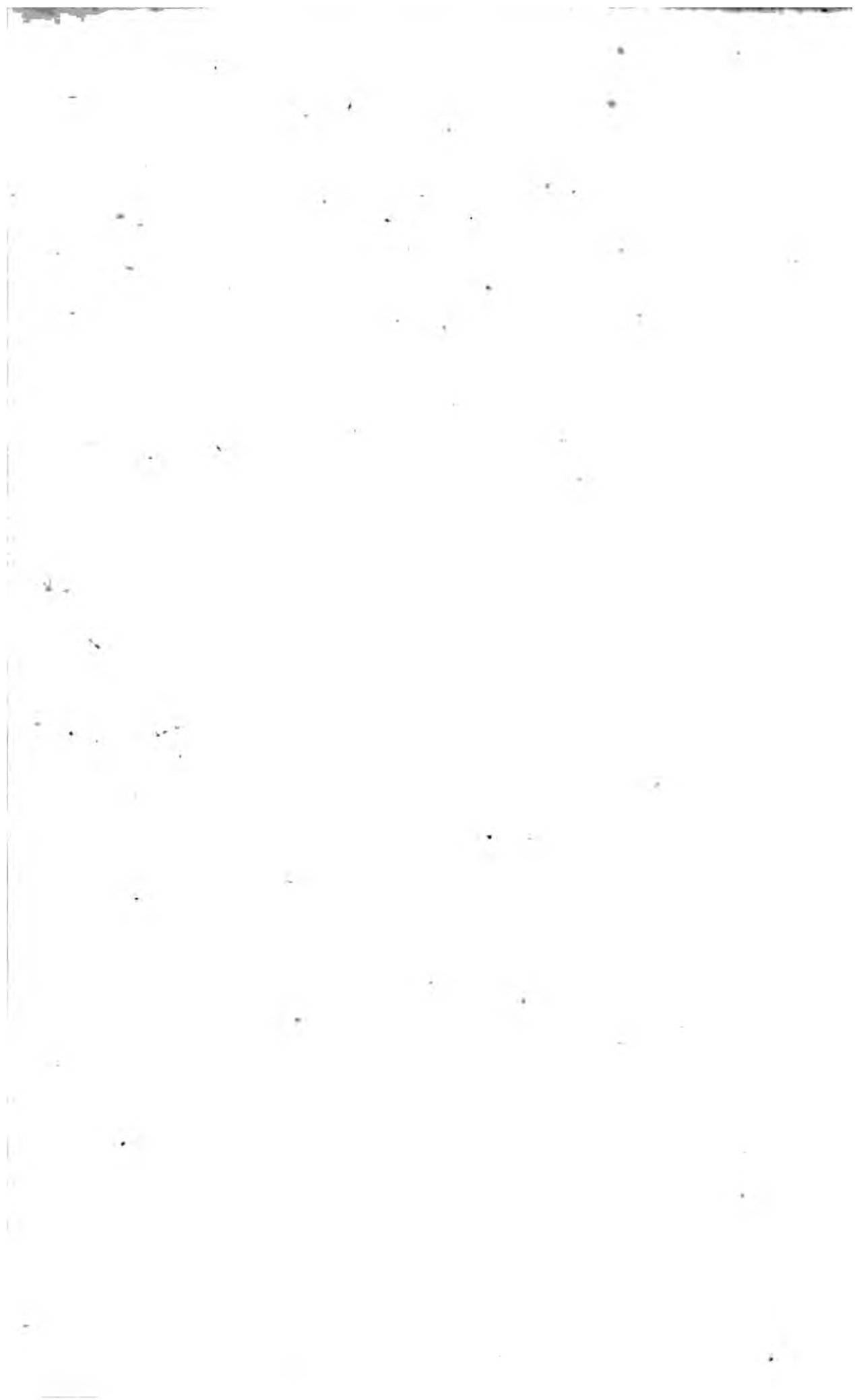
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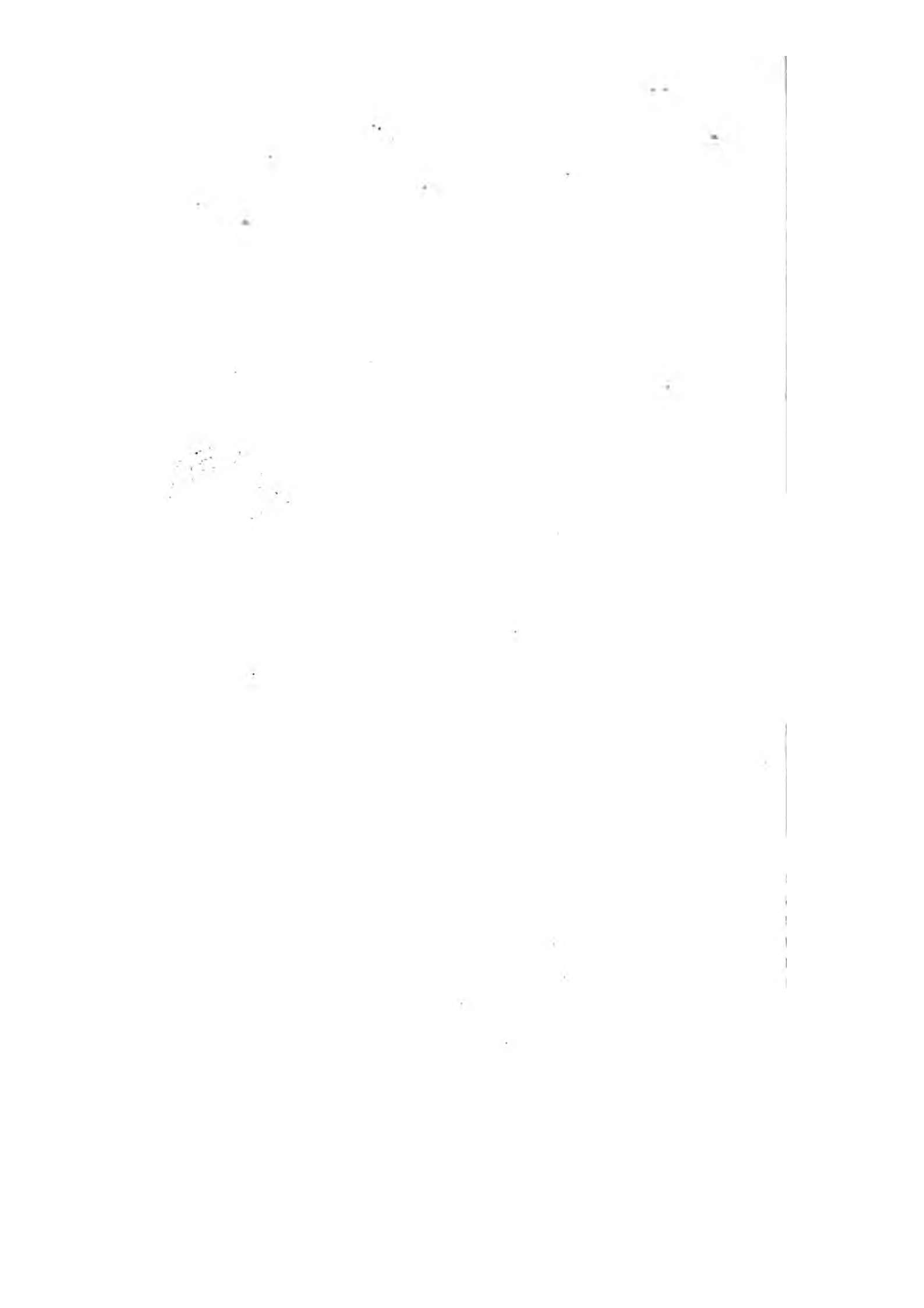


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THE
BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH
PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.

VOL. XXIX.



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THE
MIRROR.



No. 58. SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1779.

—*Veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.*

HOR. ARS. POET. ii.

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 expense, 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 passion 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 showing 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 visits 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 firm-

ness 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, show 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 show 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 show that a man's feelings need not be the less delicate for being under the direction of a sound judgement; 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.

O

No. 59. TUESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1779.

Ex otio plus negotii quàm 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 meditate. 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 expense 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

dispositions, manœuvres, and stratagems, are found out, which the great masters of the science, Folard, Puy-Segur, 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 lounge 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 loungee 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 loungee, 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 Jonsonian; 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 judgement 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 loungee, 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 than 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 lounge betakes himself to his coffee-house, the literary lounge 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 lounge, 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 despatch or execute in one hour, or in one day, what, with a little prudent management, may easily furnish occupation for twenty. Thus, when a lounging man 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 judgement 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.”

No. 60. SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1779.

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

HOR. SAT. ii. 1. 71.

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 philosopher, whose mind was constantly occupied with abstract studies and inquiries, took little share in the conversation, and felt no pleasure in it. After 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 occupa-

tion. 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,' *cùm is diceret, socerum suum Lælium, semper ferè cum Scipione solitum rusticari, eosque incredibiliter re- puerascere esse solitos, cùm 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 utilitatis suæ causâ, fingere et construere nidos; easdem autem, cùm aliquid effecerint levandi laboris sui causâ, passim ac liberè solutas opere volitare; sic nostri animi forensibus negotiis, atque urbano opere defessi gestiunt, et volitare cupiunt, vacui curâ 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 con-

* See Melmoth’s Cicero’s Letters.

sciences upbraided them, who felt the agitation of 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 No. LXI. and then continued, as formerly, every Tuesday and Saturday.

No. 61. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1779.

DURING the late intermission of my labours, I paid a visit of some weeks to my friend Mr. Umphrville, 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 those 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 ziz-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 ciphered 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 befall 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 Umphrville, or whom particular circumstances have somewhat estranged from it, will be peculiarly fond of indulging. Above all others, those objects which recall the years of our childhood, will have this tender effect upon the heart: they pre-

sent 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, economy, 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

No. 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 compos-

ed part of his domain. None of the servants of the family were let into the secret, excepting one of my own maids, a sensible handy girl; she and I went every day, and carried provisions 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. Cavalier, 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 happiness 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 present 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 Montpellier, 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 discourse.’

“ ‘ 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 economy. 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 all 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 éclat 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^{ie} 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 the 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.”

No. 63. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1779.

—*Celebrare domestica facta,*

HOR. ARS. POET. 287.

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 to 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 fortune and character 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 dependence 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 motives, 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

No. 64. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1779.

—*Populumque falsis
Dedocet uti*

Vocibus.—

HOR. CAR. ii. 3. 19.

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 analyze 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 acquaintances, 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 right-hand 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, still conceived very eager expectation: but, after being led through twenty episodes, all tending to show 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 them-

selves 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 analyze 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 imboldened 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.”

V

No. 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 Stuart, 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 proportionally 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 increase; and I could not find fault with any little want of attention to myself, when I saw that it proceeded 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 doted 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 faltering 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

No. 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 instances 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 abovementioned, 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 Shak-

speare, 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 inferior 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, overruling, 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 oc-

cur. He knows, too, that those impressions will be most fondly cherished, which are most akin 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 designs, 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 these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself, &c.

Anne. Didst 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 accursed 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 a 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 'these 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, showed, 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, which did 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.

No. 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 my 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 stigmatized 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 showed 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 connexions 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 over-balance 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 economy. 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 choose 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 further 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 house-keeper. Lady Edwin says she is an excellent economist, 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 learned 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-illumined 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 showing the sincerity of my attachment; nor did her mother seem averse to the connexion, 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 principally 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 shown 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 ardor 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 ; a 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

No. 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 bye, I suppose, the intercourse between two country gentlemen will be carried on with the same stiffness of ceremonial that prevails among your little German princes. Sister, you must prepare a feast on Thursday ; 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 undertake, in a week's time, to give you a clever place. This is, for all the world, just such a chateau 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 *grossièreté* 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 Poitiers, 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 independence 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 Umphrville 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 risk 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 always together. At first, we used to tire confoundedly 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 presents 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 distributed among them, taking care, at the same time, to tell each of them, that nothing showed 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 endeavouring, 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 conduct 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 of private honour, we may cease to be surprised at any calamity that befalls 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 considered the exemption as a favour, not as an affront: 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 Buttons, 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

No. 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 show 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 dressed 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 expense 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 economical 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 recom-

mending 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 expense 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 deposes 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 displeas'd 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 economy, 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

No. 70. SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1780.

*Ingentes dominos, et claræ nomina famæ,
Illustrique graves nobilitate 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 successful, that, about the beginning of this century, he had acquired the sum of twenty thousand pounds, which was at that time reckoned no inconsiderable 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 time, determined, that he should be educated to some profession or employment, 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 contemporaries ; allowing for some little excesses, which the liveliness and pliancy of his disposition engaged 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 rather 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 became the rendezvous of his former school-companions, many of them the sons of the first families in the kingdom, who are 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 connexions, 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 observer. His good-nature and benevolence, proceeding from an enlarged and liberal mind, prevented him from viewing, with too severe an eye, the occasional 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 neighbourhood ; 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 envied 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 infancy. They had grown up at the same schools, and studied under the same masters. After an absence of three years, they happened to meet at Venice, where Antonio had the good fortune to render 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 returned together to Britain. Their father, who knew their former connexion with Antonio, and had heard of their recent obligation to him, expressed 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 not 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 economist, 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 attachment to her brother which his attention to her, both before and after her father’s death, had impressed 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 unaccustomed 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 several fruitless attempts, he could bring himself no further than to give a distant hint to his companions, the sons of the Earl. It was sufficient to them ; and, at the next interview with their father, 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*l.* left by his father, there was little more than 10,000*l.* 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 behaviour to her during a nine months’ residence in Scotland, he confirmed that love and affection which his more early conduct had justly merited.

U

No. 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, till the ferment 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 converse on the most easy and familiar terms, began to treat him with a forbidding ceremony, more disgusting to a mind of sensibility than downright insolence; still the consciousness of his situation prevented 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 succeeded, as the less powerful and disappointed patriots, rendered suspicious by the defection of their principal leaders, could not at once connect themselves into a formidable opposition.

‘ Antonio thought this a proper time to renew his application. That delicacy which made him formerly shrink at the idea of asking a pecuniary fa-

your 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 happened 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 application, 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, pointing to Antonio. The minister had frequently seen Antonio, and was not acquainted with his character—congratulated him with much seeming cordiality ; 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 disappointment I feel in not having obtained it for the person I mentioned to Your Lordship.’ Antonio 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 plainly 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 companions, 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 instruction 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 estimated their friendships by the extent of their political influence. Virtue and merit were now out of the question, or were at best but secondary considerations. Former services, compared to the objects 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 political prudence.

‘ After two years’ solicitation, during which his patrons sometimes cajoled him with promises, and, at others, hardly deigned to take notice of his request, 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 tradesmen he employed. He frankly told them his situation; but they remembered the liberality of his conduct and behaviour in the days of his prosperity, and would not use the barbarous right of imprisonment 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 acquaint 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 propose his undertaking a journey to Scotland; to which he at last consented, but not without reluctance.

‘ He learned, by degrees, that the money he received 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 fortune 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 pastimes 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 showed so much solicitude for his happiness, rather than to enjoy it as a source of pleasure and entertainment to himself. If ever he was animated, it was in the company 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 recompense. 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 connexions, 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.'

U

No. 72. SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1780.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

VIRG. ÆN. i. 462.

THE consideration 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 show the wisdom and benignity or 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 doted 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 mien ; yet so tempered was that superiority which they conferred with gentleness and modesty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalry 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 impercep-

tible 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 allure-ment 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 re-finements, but one of the improvements, of life.

Z

No. 73. TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1780.

THE Essay, contained in this and the following num-ber, 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 Spec-tator, did not overlook DREAMING; on which he has given us many ingenious and useful observa-tions. 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 un-worthy 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 in-finite 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 incommitata videtur*
Ire viam, et Tyrios desertâ quærere terrâ.—

ÆN. iv. 467.

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 allego-

rical. 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 prophetic, 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 dulness 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 performing, 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.”

No. 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 further, 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 mo-

ment'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 distraction of mind, that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion 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 received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate. We were, in a calm evening, diverting 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 endearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of my hand, and ran away with them. I

was following 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 a height, upon such a range of rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand 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 inextricable.’

“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 ev'ry hour
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
Or, more adventurous, rush into the field
Where war grows hot, and, raging through the sky
The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning 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 tenor 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. But it occurred to me, that the tempestuous weather

* See Number 73.

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 show 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 yours, &c.

“INSOMNIOSUS.”

No. 75. TUESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1780.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,

“ I REMARK that you meddle not with the high matters of politics. For this you must answer to yourself, being that you are able to write printed papers. I am a member of eighty-five societies, all zealous for the liberty of the press, in consistency with, and in conformity to, our establishment; and so I think that you are at liberty to write of those things only whereof you have understanding; and if so be that, by reason of your silence, you abuse, or, as one may say, vilipend the liberty of the press, judge you yourself; as for me, I say nothing.

“ But, although you give us no news yourself, perhaps you have something to say with the gentlemen who make the news; and if so, I hope that you will recommend it to them so to write, as that they may be understood of men who are not book-learned.

“ They, being book-learned gentlemen, write in divers tongues, whereby we poor simple men are at a loss, and Europe may be overthrown by compacts and associations, or ever we can understand the danger.

“ Not many days ago, I read in the news, that some good men put up an advertisement on a sta-

tue, with this superscription, *Pro patriâ mori*, and that the superscription rejoiced all honest hearts. I inquired of our deacon, who received the rudiments of his education at the grammar-school of Lesmahagoe, what was the meaning of the words; and he made answer, that the words were Latin, and that he thought they would be found in the Latin Dictionary; the which having got, I, on searching, discovered that *pro* signified for the sake of, and that *patriâ* signified a man's native country, and that *mori* signified foolish and silly persons.

“ Wherefore, by joining together the words, I conjectured moreover, that the interpretation of *Pro patriâ mori* was, ‘ foolish or silly persons for the sake of their native country’, or that they who act for their native country are foolish and silly persons.

“ Now, Sir, if so be that this is so, I moreover conjecture, that the honest men who put up the advertisement, and they who rejoiced thereat, were deceived through ignorance of the Latin tongue, and that to them there was no cause of rejoicing.

“ Of that tongue I think no good; it is reported amongst us that the mass is written in it, the which I renounce, and also abominate, &c. I am, Sir, your honour's, to serve you at command,

“ TIMOTHY SHUTTLEWORTH.

“ P. S. Weaving performed in all its branches at reasonable rates; also, cloth taken in for the Dalquharn bleach-field.”

My worthy correspondent, Mr. Shuttleworth, in the after-part of his letter, intrusts me with his sentiments concerning some very momentous subjects; but I should not deserve the honour of his friend-

ship, were I to impart to the public what has been communicated to me in confidence.

Not knowing his direction, and not having been favoured with a cipher from him, I can only say, that ‘*n. p.* had no more influence in the matter of the *c. p.* and the *p. b.* than th—m—n of th—m—n; and of this Mr. Shuttleworth may rest assured.’

With respect to the Latin words, which have been the innocent cause of so much uneasiness to him, they are taken from a Roman poet, but no Roman catholic: in metre accommodated to the course of my friend’s studies, they signify,

That for our father’s land to die, it is a comely thing.

As, indeed, I meddle not with the high matters of politics, I shall only add, that it is to be hoped that there are very few who consult Shuttleworth’s Dictionary.

Since I have been desired to advise the authors of newspapers to write intelligibly, I must say something on that subject, lest my silence should be construed into an acknowledgement of my little credit with those gentlemen. Of their skill in the learned languages, I pretend not to give any opinion. Thus much, however, I may be allowed to say without offence, that they are the historians of the vulgar; that, in our country, the persons who pass under the name of the vulgar, are not unconcerned spectators of national events; and ‘that what relates to all, ought to be understood of all.’

A man may write in the native language of his readers, and yet be unintelligible. For example, when contrary propositions are positively asserted, when paragraphs encounter with paragraphs, and ‘jostle in the dark,’ what must be the state of him

who sits down to spell the newspapers with the determined resolution of believing whatever he sees in print?

There is a pleasure in giving good advice, and, therefore, I must take this opportunity of going a little beyond my friend's commission.

A witty statesman, of the days of our fathers, observed, 'that John Bull was always in the garret, or in the cellar.' John's own sister Margaret, although not quite so delicate in her sensations, has much of the family disposition. If the wind sets in to the east, then we are a betrayed, and abandoned, and lost people; but on the wind coming round to the west, what nation so glorious and well-governed as ours! Our perfidious enemies shall know what it is to rouse the Lion, to annoy the Thistle, or to put the Harp out of tune.

Such being the disposition of readers apt to be depressed or elevated on every occasion, or on no occasion, the writers of newspapers ought to be cautious as well in slackening as in overbracing the nerves of their customers; and the only method I can recommend for attaining this happy medium is, 'that they report nothing but what they believe to be true;' or, if that be to require too much of flesh and blood, 'that they report nothing which they believe to be fictitious.'

'The Britannia, Captain George Manly commander, is totally lost on the coast of Barbary; every soul on board perished.'

On board the Britannia there was the only son of a widow, whose single fund of subsistence depended on that pittance of his wages which her dutiful child allotted to her. In the same ship there was a sober and industrious young man, who had quitted his wife a few months after marriage, that he might

provide for a young creature whom he hoped to see in its mother's arms at his return.

'It is confidently reported, that six or seven men of the crew of the *Britannia* got safely to shore, and that they were made slaves, unless, as is to be feared, they were murdered by the natives.' Here there is a gleam of miserable and dubious hope darting on the minds of those who had relations on board the *Britannia*.

'The *Britannia* is safely arrived at Port Mahon; so that the report of her having been lost is without foundation.'—The inference is most logical.

In the very next paragraph it is said, 'We have the pleasure of informing the public, that a capital figure-dancer will soon make his appearance on the stage.'

Are not such things to be found in the newspapers of every week; and is it not a cruel sporting with the sensibilities of human nature, thus to wring the souls of parents and wives, of the aged and the helpless, and that merely to fill up the columns of a newspaper?

It is of high national importance that the very earliest notice should be given of the next appearance of a figure-dancer, but surely there was no necessity of saying any thing of the *Britannia*, in whose welfare the fate of so many little families were involved, until it should have been certainly known whether she was wrecked, or had safely arrived in port.

Of late years, there has a practice crept in, of making the newspapers not only the vehicle of public intelligence, but also of the misfortunes, real or imaginary, of private families. For example, 'We hear that Mrs. Gadabout was lately detected in an illicit commerce with her husband's postillion, and that a process of divorce will be brought,' &c.

Invention immediately busies itself in accounting for this incident. After the first ceremonies of surprise and deep regret, the education of the lady is scrutinised; it was too strict, or it was too loose; the character of the husband is laid before the inquest of gossips: he was morose and sullen, or he had set an example of extravagance and libertinism, which poor Mrs. Gadabout inconsiderately followed. Then some one, more expert in tracing effects to their cause, recollects having heard, that something of a like nature befell the family many years ago; and that the grand-aunt of Mrs. Gadabout's father, if common fame lie not, stepped aside with the Duke of Buckingham, when he attended Charles II. into Scotland.

In this state of uncertainty things remain for a week or two, when fresh intelligence is communicated to the public. 'The report of Mrs. Gadabout's affair is premature.—The former article was copied from another paper. We hope that all concerned will accept of this apology.' Doubtless a most satisfying apology to all concerned!

The writers of newspapers are the historians of the day, but I see no cause why they should be the historians of the lie of the day.

No. 76. SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1780.

REFINEMENT and delicacy of mind are not more observable in our serious occupations, than in the style of our amusements. Of those who possess them,

the most vacant hours will generally be informed by taste, or enlivened by imagination; but with men destitute of that sentiment which they inspire, pleasure will commonly degenerate into grossness, conviviality into intemperance, and mirth into riot.

Mr. Melfort is one of my friend Mr. Umphraville's early acquaintance, who continues to reside in this city, and of whom he still retains some resemblance.

That gentleman, in his youth, had applied to the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar; but, having soon after succeeded to a tolerable fortune, he derives no other benefit from his profession than an apology for residing part of the year in town, and such a general acquaintance there, as enables him to spend his time in that society which is suited to his disposition. He is often, indeed, to be seen in court; but he comes there only as he does to the coffee-house, to inquire after the news of the day, or to form a party for some of those dinners which he usually gives. In my friend's last visit to town, he met with this gentleman, and came under an engagement to dine with him. I was asked to be of the party, and attended him accordingly.

The company was a large one. Besides Mrs. Melfort and her two daughters, there were three other young ladies, who appeared to be intimate in the family. The male part of the company was still more numerous. It consisted, beside our landlord, Mr. Umphraville, and myself, of two lawyers, a physician, a jolly looking man in the uniform of a sea-officer, and a gentleman advanced in life, who had somewhat of the air and manner of a foreigner, and, I afterwards learned, had left this country at an early age, and lived chiefly abroad ever since.

Mr. Umphraville, who was seated next Mrs.

Melfort, seemed not less pleased with the conversation than with the manners of that lady, who is indeed perfectly well-bred and accomplished; and the stranger whose name was Melville, appeared equally to relish the spirit which distinguished the discourse of Mr. Umphraville. I had early observed him to mark my old friend, as a member of the company not the least worthy of his attention.

The dinner was succeeded by a round of toasts, during which the ladies received scarce any other mark of attention from the company, Mr. Umphraville, Mr. Melville, and myself, excepted, than that of Mr. Melfort's calling for their toasts, which he always distinguished, by desiring us to fill a bumper.

Immediately after this ceremony was ended, they withdrew; a circumstance which seemed nowise disagreeable to the company they left, the greatest part of whom had hitherto sat mute, and plainly felt the presence of the ladies a restraint on the freedom and jollity of conversation.

They had no sooner retired, than Mr. Melfort, raising himself in his chair, announced a bumper to the ladies who had left us; an order which was readily complied with, and seemed to spread an air of satisfaction around the table. The sea-captain said, he was glad the frigates had sheered off: 'and now,' added he, 'if you please, Mr. Melfort, as the signal is given, we may clear the decks and form the line of battle.'

The captain's joke was applauded with a loud laugh, during which honest Umphraville, whose face is no hypocrite, cast to my side of the table a look of displeasure and contempt, which I was at no loss to interpret. Meantime the servants removed one half of the table, that we might sit sociably, as Mr. Melfort termed it, round the other, which was immediately furnished with a set of fresh glasses,

and cleared of every encumbrance that might retard the circulation of the bottle.

Our friends, who had been so silent during the presence of the ladies, now began to take their revenge, and enlarge their share of the conversation in proportion to the number of bumpers they swallowed: they vied with each other in the number of their stories and their jokes; all of which seemed to be equally relished; and not the less so, that they now became somewhat loose and licentious.

Mr. Melville had at first endeavoured, though in a very easy and polite manner, to give somewhat of a more refined turn to the conversation; but his endeavours, though supported by a good deal of wit and vivacity, could not long withstand the general disposition of the company. He now found himself as little able to relish their merriment as Mr. Umphraville, next whom he was seated; and they had begun to enter into conversation of a very different kind, when Umphraville received a slap on the shoulder from one of the company, who at the same time reminded him that he was hunted.

My friend was at first startled with a familiarity to which he was little accustomed; having recovered his composure, however, he thanked the gentleman, though with an air rather formal and reserved, for his attention, and drank off his bumper. But having, it seems, left a little more than was proper in the bottom of his glass, he was saluted with a call of, 'No heel tops!' from another corner of the table. This enigmatical advice being explained to him, he complied with it also, saying, however, with his natural firmness of tone and manner, 'That it was his rule to fill and drink his glass when and how he pleased; and that, as he had already gone greater lengths than usual, Mr. Melfort must excuse him if he did not now depart from it.'

I saw that Mr. Umphraville was now heartily tired of the company, and was not sorry when, a little after this incident, both he and Mr. Melville withdrew. Having remained long enough to witness some jocular remarks to which this gave occasion, I followed them to the drawing-room, where I found they were much more agreeably employed in drinking coffee with Mrs. Melfort, while one of her daughters obliged my old friend by playing some Scots airs upon the harpsicord, which the other accompanied with a voice equally sweet and expressive.

The conversation which succeeded was supported in an easy, agreeable, manner by Mr. Melville and the ladies, with that mixture of serious remark which made it not displeasing to Mr. Umphraville; nor did he suffer in their opinion by the part he occasionally took in it. The silent approbation of his countenance, during the performance of the young ladies, and the observations which it gave him an opportunity of making on the character of our native music, had already made the old gentleman a favourite; nor were the rest of the company displeased with the turn of his sentiments, when he complained, that the drawing-rooms, where, in his younger days, the ladies and gentlemen were accustomed to the company of each other, were now almost totally deserted; and that, as far as he could observe, amidst the boasted refinement of modern manners, the gentlemen paid less attention to the ladies, both in public places and in private society, than they had done fifty years ago.

After some time passed in this manner, the noise of laughter and of vociferation on the stairs announced the approach of Mr. Melfort and his company. The physician, and one of the lawyers, were indeed the only members of it who had chosen to attend him to the drawing-room; both of whom

were prodigiously flustered ; and yet, to my astonishment, they contrived to put a decent face upon it, and fell into fewer improprieties than could have been expected. A drawing-room, however, was not their element ; and, after swallowing a little coffee, they withdrew, leaving honest Melfort fast asleep in the corner of the settee.

Mr. Umphraville and I took our leave. We were scarce out of the house when he exclaimed,

O rus ! quando ego te aspiciam ?

And, after a little pause, ‘ Good God ! ’ said he, ‘ Charles, can such scenes be common at poor Melfort’s ? To what a degree must he have lost all respect for himself and all taste for true happiness, who, for such society as we have this day witnessed, can forego the agreeable conversation of his own family, or who can allow the elegance of their amusements to be disturbed by the intrusion of his loose and riotous companions ? ’

I represented to my friend that he saw the matter in too strong a light. I observed, that the excess on this occasion had probably been greater than usual ; Mr. Melfort was nowise singular in the manner of entertaining his friends ; that, in this country, the general opinion justified the observation of the poet, *Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum* ; that wine was supposed necessary to remove the natural reserve of our manner, and give a proper degree of ease and spirit to our conversation. As to the appearance of Melfort and his friends in the drawing-room, I observed, that a little habit made the occasional intrusion of a drunken company be considered as a sort of interlude, which ladies could bear without uneasiness ; and, at any rate, as it was an equal chance that their future husbands would

give such dinners, and receive such guests, as their father did, it might not be improper to accustom them in their earlier days, to a species of conversation and behaviour which they must afterwards be obliged to endure.

‘Ay,’ says he, ‘Charles, this is your way; the follies of mankind are familiar to you, and you are always ready to find an apology for them: but I, who, for many years, have only heard of them, cannot be supposed to bear their defects with as much patience. I am sick of this town of yours; and, though I could have as much pleasure as any man in witnessing such elegant manners, and partaking in such agreeable conversation, as we saw and enjoyed during a part of this evening; if I must purchase it by sharing in the intemperance, the noise, and the folly which succeeded it, should you wonder if I long to return to my books and my solitude?’

K

No. 77. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1780.

All impediments in Fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy.

SHAKSPEARE.

AMIDST the variety of objects around us, philosophers have frequently been employed in pointing out and distinguishing those which are the sources of pleasure, and those which are productive of pain; they have endeavoured also to investigate the causes

and the qualities in the different objects by which these effects are produced. I suspect that, in many cases, we must be obliged to have recourse to the original constitution of our frame, and that the most penetrating philosophical inquiries can often go no further than to say, Thus Nature has made us.

But whatever may be the original sources of our pleasure and pain, it is certain that there are various circumstances which may be pointed out, as adding to, or diminishing, both the one and the other; circumstances by which the warmth of expectation may be heightened or allayed, and the pangs of disappointment increased or mitigated.

It is a common observation, the justice of which, I believe, will not be disputed, that every passion increases according to the difficulty there is in its gratification. When once a desire for a certain object is raised, every opposition which occurs to the attainment of it, provided it be not such as cuts off all hopes of succeeding, and every perplexity and embarrassment thrown in the way, when the mind is engaged in the pursuit, inflames the desire; the object becomes heightened, and exaggerated in our ideas, the mind grows more attached to it, and the expectation of enjoyment from the possession is increased.

To account for this appearance in our nature, it may be observed, that nothing is so apt to make an object figure in the imagination, as to have our attention long and earnestly fixed upon it. This makes it appear in stronger and more lively colours. If it be an object of desire, it appears more and more calculated to give pleasure; if an object of aversion, it appears more and more calculated to produce pain. Every time we view it, there is an addition made to the impression we have received. The sensations it has already given us still continue, and the passion it

has created receives additional force. If the object be pleasant, the mind dwells upon its good; if disagreeable, upon its bad qualities: it broods over them, it amplifies, it exaggerates them.

Now, no circumstance is so much calculated to fix the attention upon any particular object, as those difficulties which arise in our pursuit of it. The mind, unwilling to be overcome, cannot think of submitting to a defeat, or of giving up those expectations of enjoyment which it has formed. Every little opposition, therefore, that is met with, every obstruction thrown in the way, calls forth a fresh consideration of the object. We take a view of it in its every form, to try if we can get the better of those difficulties, and remove those obstructions. The object itself, meanwhile, gains complete possession of the soul. It swells and heightens in our imagination, and is no longer seen as it is by other men, nor as it would be by the same person, were other objects allowed to have place in his mind, or to divide his attention.

From this circumstance in our nature, that fixing our attention upon any one object, or set of objects, is apt to increase or heighten them in our imagination, a variety of remarks might be made, tending to illustrate the history of the human heart. It is owing to this circumstance, that a general lover seldom forms an attachment to any particular object. It is from the same cause, that the gentleman, who follows no particular profession, seldom exaggerates the advantages of any one. It is the merchant, who limits his views solely to commerce, that sees in too strong a light the advantages of trade; it is the man of learning, who is shut up within the walls of a college, that exaggerates the advantages of literature; it is the scholar, who confines himself to one branch of science, that is the complete pedant. The

moral philosopher wonders how any man can be occupied by the dry, unpleasant, study of the mathematics, while the curious fabric of the human mind remains unexplored. The mathematician is equally surprised that any man should compare the certainty of mathematical evidence to the vague inquiries of the moral philosopher. The geometrician, who, by the entreaty of his friends, was prevailed with to read the *Cid* of Corneille, wondered that any body should admire a thing in which nothing was proved. And the learned Budæus, when he was writing his treatise concerning the Roman *as*, being interrupted by his maid-servant, who told him the house was on fire, bade her go tell his wife, for that he did not mind family-matters. 'What a pity is it,' says a learned foreign professor, in writing to his correspondent in this country, 'what a pity is it, that the illustrious Dr. Franklin, the discoverer of electricity, and the author of so many inventions in the sciences, should descend from the sublime heights of philosophy, to employ his time and study in directing the trifling and unimportant contentions of nations.'

It would far exceed the bounds of this paper to exhaust this subject, or to take notice of the different remarks which may be drawn from it, either with regard to human sentiments and conduct, or in relation to the fine arts *. I shall, therefore, confine myself to one other observation, on a point which has been treated of by Mr. Addison, in the 40th Number of the *Spectator*; where he justifies, against the ruling opinion at that time, the practice of those writers of tragedy, who disregard what are called the rules of poetical justice. To his defence of that practice, I think we may add one argument, which

* See *Elements of Criticism*.

seems to have escaped him, drawn from the effect of the opposition above-mentioned, to heighten our passion for a particular object.

There is implanted in the mind of every man a desire that virtue should be followed by reward, and vice by punishment. But this desire, like every other, gathers new strength by opposition, and rises upon resistance. When, therefore, a virtuous man, amidst all his virtue, is represented as unhappy, that anxiety which we feel for his happiness becomes so much the greater; the more undeserved calamities he meets with, the higher is that principle raised, by which we desire that he should attain an adequate reward; the more he is environed and perplexed with difficulties, the more earnestly do we wish that he may be delivered from them all; and, even when he is cut off by premature death, we follow his memory with the greater admiration; and our respect and reverence for his conduct are increased so much the more, as all our prayers for his happiness in this life are disappointed.

On the other hand, with regard to the vicious, nothing excites so strongly our indignation against vice, or our desire that it should be punished, as our beholding the vicious successful, and in the midst of his crimes, enjoying prosperity. Were we always to see the vicious man meeting with a proper punishment for his guilt, wretched and unhappy, our eagerness for his punishment would subside, and our hatred against him would be converted into pity; his guilt would be forgotten, and his misfortunes only would affect us. Before the trial of an atrocious criminal, the unanimous voice of the public is, that he should be led out to punishment. Suppose him condemned, how altered is that voice! His fate is now universally pitied and deplored; and, did not the safety of thousands depend on his suffering,

hardly in any case should we see the laws of justice finally put in execution.

There can be no good reason, therefore, for observing the rules of what is called poetical justice. The effect which a departure from these rules produces, affords the highest possible testimony in favour of virtue. It shows that, where virtue meets with calamities and disappointments, this, instead of lessening it in our estimation, only attaches us so much the more warmly to its interests; and that, where vice is successful, instead of creating a feeling in its favour, this only increases our indignation against it. Were virtue always fortunate, were vice always unprosperous, that principle would be enfeebled, by which we desire the reward of the one, and the punishment of the other.

P

No. 78. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1780.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,
“ THE praises of friendship, and descriptions of the happiness arising from it, I remember to have met with in almost every book and poem since first I could read. I was never much addicted to reading; and, in this instance, I think, I have little reason to put confidence in authors. How it may be in their experience, I know not; but in mine, this same virtue of friendship has tended very little to my happiness; on the contrary, Sir, when I tell

you my situation, you will find that I am almost ruined by my friends.

“ From my earliest days I was reckoned one of the best-natured fellows in the world ; and, at school, though I must confess I did not acquire so much learning as many of my companions ; yet, even there, I was remarkable for the acquisition of friends. Even there, too, I acquired them at some expense ; I was flogged, I dare say, a hundred times, for the faults of others, but was too generous ever to peach ; my companions were generous fellows too ; but it always happened, I don't know how, that my generosity was on the losing side of the adventure.

“ I had not been above three years at college, when the death of an uncle put me in possession of a very considerable estate. As I was not violently inclined towards literature, I soon took the opportunity which this presented me, of leaving the university, and entering upon the world. I put myself under the tuition of one of my companions, who generally spent the vacations, and indeed some of the terms too, in London ; and took up my residence in that city. There I needed not that propensity which I have told you I always possessed, to acquire a multitude of friends ; I found myself surrounded by them in every tavern and coffee-house about town. But I soon experienced, that though the commodity was plenty, the price was high. Besides a considerable mortgage on my estate, of which one of my best friends contrived to possess himself, I was obliged to expose my life in a couple of duels, and had very near lost it by disease, in that course of friendship which I underwent in the metropolis. All this was more a social sacrifice to others than a gratification to myself. Naturally rather of a sober disposition, I found more frequently disgust than pleasure amidst those scenes of dissipation in which I was engaged. I was often obliged to roar out a

catch expressive of our happiness, at the head of a long table in a tavern, though I would almost have exchanged my place for the bench of a galley-slave; and to bellow for a bumper, when I would as soon have swallowed the bitterest drug in the shop of my apothecary.

“ From this sort of bondage I contrived to emancipate myself by matrimony. I married the sister of one of my friends, a girl good-natured and thoughtless like myself, with whom I soon after retired into the country, and set out upon what we thought a sober, well-regulated, plan. The situation was so distant, as to be quite out of the reach of my former town-companions; provisions were cheap, and servants faithful: in short, every thing so circumstanced, that we made no doubt of living considerably within our income. Our manner of life, however, was to be as happy as prudent. By the improvement of my estate, I was to be equally amused and enriched; my skill in sportsmanship, for I had acquired that science to great perfection at the university, was to procure vigour to my constitution, and dainties to my table; and, against the long nights of winter, we were provided with an excellent neighbourhood.

“ The last-mentioned article is the only one which we have found come entirely up to our expectations. My talent for friend-making has indeed extended the limits of neighbourhood a good deal further than the word is commonly understood to reach. The parish, which is not a small one; the country, which is proportionally extensive, come all within the denomination of neighbourhood with us; and my neighbour Goostry, who pays me an annual sporting visit of several weeks, lives at least fifty miles off.

“ Some of those neighbours, who always become friends at my house, have endeavoured to pay me for their entertainment with their advice as to the

cultivation of my farm, or the management of my estate; but I have generally found their counsel, like other friendly exertions, put me out of pocket in the end. Their theories of agriculture failed in my practice of them; and the ingenious men they recommended to me for tenants, seldom paid their rent by their ingenuity. One gentleman in particular was so much penetrated by my kindness and hospitality, that he generously communicated to me a project he had formed, which he showed me to be infallible, for acquiring a great fortune in a very short time, and offered me an equal share in the profits, upon my advancing the sum of five hundred pounds, to enable him to put his plan more speedily into execution. But about a twelvemonth after, I was informed that his project had miscarried, and that my five hundred pounds were lost in the wreck of it. This gentleman is almost the only one of my friends, who, after having been once at my house, does not choose to frequent it again.

“ My wife is not a whit less happy in acquiring friends than myself. Besides all her relations, of whom, for I chose a woman of family, she has a very great number, every lady she meets at visits, at church, or at the yearly races in our county-town, is so instantaneously charmed with her manners and conversation, that she finds it impossible to leave our part of the country without doing herself the pleasure of waiting on Mrs. Hearty at her own house. Mrs. Hearty’s friends are kind enough to give advice too, as well as mine. After such visits, I generally find some improvement in the furniture of my house, the dress of my wife, or the livery of my servants.

“ The attentions of our friends are sometimes carried further than mere words or visits of compliment; yet, even then, unfortunately, their favours are just so many taxes upon us. When I re-

ceive a present of a delicate salmon, or a nice haunch of venison, it is but a signal for all my good neighbours to come and eat at my expense; and some time ago, when a nephew of my wife, settled abroad, sent me a hogshead of excellent claret, it cost me in entertainments for the honour of the liquor, what might have purchased a ton from the wine-merchant.

“After so many instances in which my friendships were hurtful to my fortune, I wished to hit on the way of making some of them beneficial to it. For this purpose, my wife and I have, for a good while past, been employed in looking out for some snug office or reversion, to which my interest with several powerful friends might recommend me. But, somehow or other, our expectations have been always disappointed; not from any want of inclination in our friends to serve us, as we have been repeatedly assured, but from various unforeseen accidents, to which expectations of that sort are particularly liable. In the course of these solicitations, I was led to engage in the political interests of a gentleman, on whose influence I built the strongest hopes of success in my own schemes; and I flattered myself, that, from the friendly footing on which I stood with my neighbours, I might be of considerable service to him. This, indeed, he is extremely ready to acknowledge, though he has never yet found an opportunity of returning the favour; but, in the mean time, it kept my table open to all his friends, as well as my own, and cost me, besides, a head-ach twice a week during the whole period of the canvass.

“In short, Mr. MIRROR, I find I can afford to keep myself in friends no longer. I mean to give them warning of this my resolution as speedily as possible. Be so good, therefore, as inform such of them as read your paper, that I have shut my gates, locked my cellar, turned off my cook, disposed of my dogs,

forgot my acquaintance, and am resolved henceforward, let people say of me what they will, to be no one's friend but my own.

“ I am, &c.

“ JOHN HEARTY.”

I

No. 79. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1780.

—*Tantò major famæ sitis est, quàm
Virtutis.*— JUV. SAT. X. 140.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,
“ THERE is, perhaps, no character in the world more frequent than that of your negatively good men—people who strictly conform to the laws of decency and good order in society, whose conduct is squared to the rules of honesty and morality, and yet who never did one virtuous or laudable action from the day of their birth. Men of this sort seem to consider life as a journey through a barbarous country, occupied by savages, and overspread with dangers in every quarter. Their only wish is to steer the safest course, to escape any hidden snares of precipices, and to avoid exasperating the enemy: but to win them by offices of kindness, or attach them by real services, they consider as a fruitless waste of time, a needless expense, and often a dangerous experiment.

“ It is not a little surprising, that these good sort of men should, by the decency of their exterior deportment, so far impose upon the world, as to glide on with ease and safety, to arrive often at riches and eminence, and, from being free of the censure of every species of open vice, to obtain, not unfrequently, the respect which is due to virtue.

“ You, Mr. MIRROR, like some other rigid moralists, seem, from the general strain of your writings, to require something more towards the formation of a good man than the mere absence of evil, or the mere livery of goodness. It must be allowed, however, that by a scrupulous observance of certain rules of decorum, and a timely use of the language and dialect of virtue, the exterior and visible part of the character is to be attained, which, for most of the useful purposes of life, seems to be quite sufficient. But, as there are still a few who go a little deeper, and are scrupulous enough to require a purity of heart as well as of manners, it is pity that those sincere good people should lose all recompense for the sacrifice they make of many comfortable gratifications, while they see the rewards of virtue as certainly attained at a much smaller expense.

“ From my concern for the few I have mentioned, I have been considering, whether it were not possible to devise some means of unmasking those of the former character, some standard by which the two classes might be compared, or statical balance which should show the difference of weight and solidity of such objects as have a similar appearance. I think, Sir, I have been successful, and shall now propose to you my plan.

“ *Imprimis*, I lay it down as a rule, that men shall not be judged of by the actions they perform, but by such as they do not perform. Now, Sir, as those useful chronicles of facts, called newspapers, have

hitherto been only the records of what men have been daily a-doing, I propose to publish a newspaper of a different kind, which shall contain the daily intelligence of all such things as are not done.

For the benefit of such as choose to encourage my undertaking, I send you a specimen of the work, which I can safely promise, and hereby engage, shall contain more in quantity than any other periodical register whatever.

‘ Saturday last, being the festival of Christmas, a day which the late worthy Sir Thomas W—— used to commemorate by giving a warm dinner to all the poor of the parish, the same was celebrated by his son, the present Sir Thomas, with no solemnity whatever.’

‘ Yesterday George B——, Esq., who, by the death of an uncle, succeeded lately to an estate of 4000*l. per annum*, gave no answer to five charity-letters from the natural children of his deceased relation, and their mother, who works hard for their maintenance.’

‘ In the course of last week four poor people died in the streets, owing to the great inclemency of the season.’

‘ On Friday the 24th ult. the Duke of —— visited the Royal Infirmary of this city, and after perusing the list of contributions to that humane and useful foundation, was pleased to give a —— pinch of snuff to the gentleman that stood next him.

‘ It was confidently reported some days ago, that C—— W——, Esq. had paid his father’s debts; but, this, we are assured, is without foundation.’

‘ In the action lately brought by E. L. a pauper, against her son-in-law Lord ——, for an alimony, several eminent counsel being applied to in behalf

of the plaintiff, refused to take any concern in so shameful a prosecution.'

' W. P. Esq., who lately sustained a considerable loss by play, has not, as was asserted, sold his hunters and pack of harriers. He has only dismissed his chaplain, and cut off the allowance of some superannuated domestics, on whom his father bestowed annual pensions.'

' Whereas it has been reported, that R. V. Esq., who some time ago made a composition with his creditors of five shillings in the pound, has of late given several entertainments of three courses, we are desired to inform the public, from the best authority, viz. his butler, that the said gentleman never gives more than two courses and a dessert.'

' Last night, between the hours of nine and ten, a fire broke out in the kitchen of R. H. Esq., which, after burning with some violence for two hours, was happily extinguished. It did no further damage than the consuming of about 20 lb. of coals. It is surprising how very few such accidents have happened of late years'

" Such, Mr. MIRROR, is the nature of the paper which I propose shall daily give intelligence of whatever is omitted to be done in this city and its environs. Besides the recommendation of novelty, its general usefulness must be so apparent, that I can have very little doubt of its extensive circulation.

" I am, SIR,

" Your most obedient servant,

" INTEGER."

I have been favoured, by an ingenious Correspondent, with the following observations on Pastoral Poetry.

No species of poetry has given occasion to more observation and criticism than what is called pastoral; though I am still inclined to suspect that the nature of this composition has not, after all, been properly ascertained. The critics have prescribed a great number of rules upon that subject, but without attempting to point out any principle in nature upon which they are founded; expecting perhaps, that, like receipts, they should be implicitly followed upon the mere authority of the persons by whom they are delivered. Thus we are informed that an eclogue, or pastoral, is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or of one considered under that character; and that those who have introduced reapers, or fishermen, into this sort of composition, have acted improperly. Although an eclogue, however, ought to represent the manners of a shepherd, we are told that those manners should be painted, not as they are found in nature, but according to an ideal standard of perfection in what is called the golden age, where mankind live a life of simplicity, untainted by vice, and maintain a serenity and tranquillity of mind, undisturbed by avarice or ambition. In short, the actions of a shepherd, exhibited in this sort of writing, ought to have little resemblance to such as exist at present among that class of people, or probably ever did exist in any period of the world.

Is there not something mighty whimsical and arbitrary in these critical tenets? May we not be permitted to ask why a species of poetry should be appropriated to one particular profession or occupation, in contradistinction to all others? What is

there in the life of a shepherd to distinguish it from that of the other inhabitants of a country, and to mark the peculiar style and character of those verses which are employed in describing it?

A pastoral ought, in my opinion, to be distinguished from any other poem, not so much by the class of people whom it proposes to exhibit, as by the kind of sentiments which it is designed to express. Love and friendship give rise to sentiments which are apt to engross the whole imagination, and to have an extensive influence upon the disposition and temper. The sensibility and delicacy produced in a mind where these affections are prevalent, is liable to be disgusted with the ordinary commerce of society, to feel an aversion to the cares and bustle of an active life, and a high relish for the ease and indolent enjoyments connected with rural retirement.

—And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks the sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the bustling hurry of resort,
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

As these dispositions and sentiments have a peculiar tone and character, that poetry in which they are expressed, is, with propriety, considered as distinct from every other; being obviously different from that which is employed in describing great and heroic actions, or from that which is intended to call forth sympathy by scenes of distress, or from that which is calculated to excite laughter by exhibiting objects of folly and ridicule.

In a poem expressive of tender sentiments, it seems necessary that the scene should be laid at a distance from places of business and public resort,

and should be filled with a description of rural objects and amusements. Shepherds, therefore, being the earliest inhabitants of the country, enjoying ease and happiness, were naturally pitched upon as the only persons who could, with probability, be represented in compositions of this nature. Hence it seems to have arisen, that the readers of such poems, and even critics, attending more to the sensible objects that were exhibited, than to the end which the poet had in view, have considered that as primary which was merely an accidental circumstance; and have regarded the employment of tending flocks as essential in the persons represented. It is in consequence of this that the name of pastoral is now commonly appropriated to that sort of composition which has been substituted in place of Eclogues, Idyllia, Sylvæ, and several others used by ancient authors. No reason, however, occurs for adhering to those early ideas in the present state of the world, where the situation of things is totally changed. Many people at present may, with probability, be supposed to live in the country, whose situation in life has no connection with that of shepherds, and yet whose character is equally suitable to the sentiments which ought to prevail in that species of writing.

It may even be doubted whether the representation of sentiments belonging to the real inhabitants of the country, who are strangers to all refinement, or those entertained by a person of an elegant and cultivated mind, who, from choice, retires into the country, with a view of enjoying those pleasures which it affords, is calculated to produce a more interesting picture. If the former is recommended by its *naïveté* and simplicity, it may be expected that the latter should have the preference in point of beauty and variety.

Two of the greatest poets of antiquity have described the pleasures of a country-life in these two different aspects. The former view is exhibited, with great propriety and elegance, in one of the most beautiful poems of Horace :

*Quòd si pudica mulier in partem juvans
Domum, atque dulces liberos ;
Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
Pernicis uxor Appuli ;
Sacrum vetustis extruat lignis focum
Lassi sub adventum viri :
Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus,
Distenta siccet ubera ;
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio,
Dapes inemptas apparet.*

EPOD. 2. 39.

But if a chaste and virtuous wife
Assist him in the tender cares of life,
Of sun-burnt charms, but honest fame,
Such as the Sabine or Apulian dame ;
Fatigued when homeward he returns,
The sacred fire with cheerful lustre burns ;
Or if she milk her swelling kine,
Or in their folds his happy flock confine ;
While unbought dainties crown the feast,
And luscious wines from this year's vintage prest.

FRANCIS.

The more elevated Virgil has given a picture of the latter kind no less delightful, in that passage at the end of the second book of the Georgics, beginning

*O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nôrint,
Agricolas.—*

O happy ! if he knew his happy state
The swain—.

The enlargement of the field of pastoral poetry, which is here suggested, would surely be of advan-

tage, considering how much the common topics of that species of writing are already exhausted. We are become weary of the ordinary sentiments of shepherds, which have been so often repeated, and which have usually nothing but the variety of expression to recommend them. The greater part of the productions which have appeared under the name of pastorals are, accordingly, so insipid, as to have excited little attention; which is the more remarkable, because the subjects which they treat of naturally interest the affections, and are easily painted in such delusive colours as tend to soothe the imagination by romantic dreams of happiness.

M. de Fontenelle has attempted to write pastorals, upon the extensive plan above mentioned; but, though this author writes with great elegance in prose, his poetical talents seem rather below mediocrity; so that it is not likely he will be regarded, by succeeding poets, as a model for imitation.

No. 80. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1780.

— *Ex fumo dare lucem*
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.
HOR. ARS POET, 143.

AUTHORS have been divided into two classes, the instructive and the entertaining; to which has been added a third, who mix, according to Horace, the *utile dulci*, and are, in his opinion, entitled to the highest degree of applause.

Readers complain, that in none of these departments is there, in modern writing, much pretension to originality. In science, they say, so much has been already discovered, that all a modern writer has left, is, to explain and enforce the systems of our predecessors; and, in literature, our fathers have so exhausted the acuteness of reasoning, the flashes of wit, the luxuriance of description, and the invention of incident, that an author now-a-days can only give new form, not matter, to his argument; a new turn, not thought, to his epigram; new attitudes, not object, to his picture; new language, not situation, to his story.

However true this complaint may be in the main, there is one class of writers to whom the charge of triteness does, I apprehend, very little apply. They are generally of the first species mentioned above, who publish useful information to mankind; yet in the last quarter of the 18th century, their information is often as new as if they had written in the infancy of art and of science, when every field

was open to the researches of industry, and the invention of genius. The writers I allude to, are the authors of those little essays which appear in the learned world under the title of **ADVERTISEMENTS**.

The necessary and ornamental arts of life are equally the objects of the class of authors whom I describe. In both, I will venture to assert, that the novelty of their productions is equal to their usefulness.

It was formerly imagined, that disease was an evil which mankind had inherited as a punishment for the lapse of their progenitor. Milton has given, in his *Paradise Lost*, a catalogue of some of those tormenting maladies which were to be felt by the race of fallen Adam.—So has Dr. Dominiceti in an advertisement, which is now lying before me; but, with the most extraordinary force of original discovery, has informed us, that, in his treatment of those disorders, there is no evil, no pain, but, on the contrary, much pleasure, and even luxury. ‘I engage,’ says the Doctor, ‘with pleasure and even luxury, to the patient, to increase or diminish the vital heat, and the circulatory, secretory, and excretory functions; to soften and relax the too hard and dry muscular and nervous fibres, and contracted ligaments; and to harden and make compact, and give the proper tone and elasticity to, the too moist and flabby muscular and nervous fibres, and relaxed sinews, and provide and establish an equilibrium between the fluids and vessels; to sweeten acrid, corrosive, and saline, humours; and to cure the dropsy, asthma, consumptions, colic, gravel, rheumatism, palsy, pleurisy, and fevers, stone and gout, scurvy and leprosy; to mollify and destroy inveterate callosities, to deterge and cure obstinate ulcers, &c.

‘ These are not the representations of a quack’s bill; I detest the arts of quackery as much as any man living. I deal not in nostrums or mysteries, or magic or expedient to captivate :

‘ Non sibi, sed toto genitum se credere mundo.’

If he who invented one new pleasure was formerly thought entitled to imperial munificence, what reward does the doctor deserve, who has added as many luxuries to the list as there are diseases in the catalogues of nosology? Scotland, though not remarkable in this department of literature, has the honour of producing an author, who, in an advertisement published not long ago, has added to the stores of natural history the following very curious facts with regard to the properties of air and heat. Mr. Fair, mason, opposite to the White Hart Inn, Grass-market, Edinburgh, thus delivers himself on the subject of pneumatics: ‘ Air and smoke,’ says he, ‘ are two elastic fluids, capable of being condensed and expanded. Heat, or the fire in the grate, expands the air. Being expanded, it becomes lighter. And as it is in nature for light matter to swim to the top of heavier, it rises up the vent, carrying the smoke along with it. This is the principle by which fire burns, and smoke ascends. Now, that the particles of air may be brought above the fire, that they may be heated to expand and carry off the smoke, should be the chief care of a mason in finishing of the fire-places. On the contrary, it is the cause of smoke.

‘ The other cause of smoke is the wind. Wind is a current of the air always rushing into voids. At the same time it goes forward by the law of gravity, it has a tendency to press downwards. Now,

when it blows over any one object higher than the chimney-top, gravity brings it downward, pressing the smoke before it.'

It will be observed, that, like many other great theorists, Mr. Fair uses a language in some places a little obscure; and that in others, as where he mentions the tendency of wind to press downwards, his expression borders on the jocular; a liberty in which some of the greatest philosophers have frequently indulged.

These discoveries, however new and astonishing, are not supernatural. But I have just now read an advertisement, which carries its information beyond the bounds of space and time; and, though the modesty of its author allows that she has borrowed something from the Eastern Magi, may fairly be deemed an original. 'Mrs. Corbyn, at No. 41, Stanhopc-street, Clare-market, London, by the genuine rules of the real astronomical arcana, for which the wise men of the East were so noted, undertakes to answer all legal astrological questions, in a most surprising manner. Continues to give the most amazing accounts of persons by sea and land. Gives attendance at the warehouse every day from ten in the morning to eight at night.' The wise men of the East, and some other astrologers, might perhaps retail some predictions; but the idea of a warehouse of prophecy was, I am persuaded, reserved for Mrs. Corbyn, of Clare-market.

In the ornamental department of science, has there been any thing, since the days of Medea, that could so effectually give beauty to homeliness, or restore youth to age, as the Circassian wash, or the Venetian Flower-water? or has the cunning of art ever rivalled the productions of nature more successfully than in the Elastic Cushion and Spring Curls, 'which,' says the advertisement, 'are as natural and

becoming, nay, by many thought more so, than the natural hair itself!

Nor is the merit of those gentlemen much inferior where they apply arts already discovered, to purposes which their inventors never dreamed of. Socrates was said to have brought down philosophy from heaven to dwell with men. I think the same eulogium may be fairly bestowed on the very ingenious artist, who has informed us in an advertisement, 'That he makes leather-breeches by the rules of trigonometry.'

Having thus done justice to the merit of those authors in point of substance, I proceed to show their excellence in the composition and style of their productions. Amidst a variety of instances, I shall make choice of one, merely because it strikes my view in last night's Public Advertiser. It is the production of a very voluminous writer in this department, Mr. Norton, of Golden-square.

'E S., Gent., of Tenterden in Kent, was long afflicted with an inveterate scorbutic disorder. It first broke out in hot pimples and dry scales all over his face; then appeared in great blotches on various parts of his body, and œdematous swellings in his legs, which terminated in dreadful excoriations and fœtid ulcers. All this was attended with a total loss of appetite, and, at last, with such extreme languor and debility, that the poor gentleman was utterly despaired of by several of the most eminent of the faculty who attended him; till, at last, by the providential discovery in the newspapers, of the efficacy of Maredant's Drops, by taking a few bottles of them, all the above terrible symptoms began gradually to disappear, his appetite returned, his complexion regained its pristine bloom, his skin became as smooth as that of a new-born babe, and his flesh recovered the soundness and elasticity of the most

vigorous habit. He has ever since been perfectly stout, hale, and active, and has had three children born to him, all thriving and healthy.'

This may be considered as a sort of tragi-comic recital, and if examined by the rules of Aristotle, will be found to contain all the requisites of the best dramatic composition. Here is a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning, the breaking out of Mr. S.'s disorder; the middle, the progress of the disease; the end, its perfect cure. Here too, in some sort, is the *Αγνωριστις*, and here evidently the *Περίπετεια*, the two great beauties of a perfect drama; the *Αγνωριστις*, the providential discovery of Maredant's Drops; the *Περίπετεια*, the change of situation, from pimples and scales to a blooming complexion, from blotches and ulcers to smoothness of skin and soundness of flesh, from extreme debility and languor to being the father of healthy children.

Nor is this class of writers less remarkable for adaptation of style than for correctness of composition. The advertisement above-recited of Dr. Dominiceti, and the daily performances of Mess. Christie and Ansell, show to what elevation they can raise it, when the subject requires elevation. On the other hand, where shall we find more truly characteristic simplicity than in the following notice from a gentleman-tailor? 'Wanted, by a single gentleman-tailor, a servant-maid, to act as house-keeper and cook, where a girl is kept to attend and wait upon the master. None need apply who will pretend to manage the kitchen-fire without his directions, as he understands the management of coal-fires, which few servants in this town do. As he commonly dines out of a Sunday, he expects his servants to go to church, instead of cooking dainties to themselves, such as shoulders of veal stuffed, &c.; as, though he

is a single man, he is very well instructed by a neighbour how to manage his family.—Apply next door to the steps, Panton-square.'

Other writers, often equally poor and proud, may perhaps object to the class of authors whom I commemorate, that they write not from the love of science, or the desire of fame, but from motives merely interested and selfish. But a little acquaintance with many of their productions will effectually remove this reproach. Is it not benevolence alone that forces Mr. Speediman, in spite of his natural modesty, to address the public in an advertisement? 'Mr. Speediman would be unjust to the public if he any longer delayed acquainting them of the virtues of his Stomach Pills.' Are there not daily advertisements of sales 'far below prime cost,' which continue for several years to the evident advantage of the public, and loss of the advertiser? and does not Mr. Molesworth press adventurers in the lottery to purchase his tickets and shares, though he knows, by certain calculation, that they are to be drawn prizes?

To such men may not the above-quoted motto of the illustrious Dr. Dominiceti be most deservedly applied?

Non sibi, sed toto genitum se credere mundo ;

which, however, as malice is always ready to detract from merit, I heard a wicked wag of my acquaintance translate t' other day to a company of ladies:—That the Doctor's fumigations 'were to make himself live, and to kill all the world beside.'

Z

No. 81. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1780.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,

“ SOME time ago you inserted in your paper a letter from a lady who subscribed herself S. M., giving an account of the hardships she has suffered as the daughter of a man of fortune, educated in the midst of affluence, and then left to the support of a very slender provision. I own the situation to be a hard one; but it may, perhaps, afford her some consolation to be told, that there are others, seemingly enviable, which are yet as distressful, that derive their distresses from circumstances exactly the reverse of those in which Miss S. M. is placed.

“ I lost my father, a gentleman of considerable fortune, at an age so early, that his death has scarce left any traces on my mind. I can only recollect that there was something of bustle, as well as of sorrow, all over the house; that my coloured sash was changed for a black one; and that I was not allowed to drink papa's health after dinner, which, before, I had been taught regularly to do. Soon after, I can remember my mamma being sick, and that there was a little brother born who was much more attended to than I. As we grew up, I can remember his getting finer playthings, and being oftener the subject of discourse among our visitors; and that sometimes, when there were little quarrels in the nursery, Billy's maid would tell mine, that Miss must wait till her betters were served.

“ A superiority to which I was so early accus-

tomed, it gave me little uneasiness to bear. The vivacity natural to children, which in me was supported by uninterrupted good health, left me no leisure to complain of a preference, by which, though my brother was distinguished, he was seldom or never made happier. The notice, indeed, to which his birthright entitled him, was often more a hardship than a privilege. He was frequently kept in the drawing-room with mamma, when he would have much rather been with me in the garden: he was made to repeat his lesson to the company, that they might admire his parts and his progress, while I was suffered to be playing blindman's-buff below stairs: he was set at dinner with the old folks, helped to light things that would not hurt him, obliged to drink toast and water, and to behave himself like a gentleman; while I was allowed to devour apple-dumpling, gulp down small-beer, and play monkey-tricks at the side-table.

“ That care, however, which watched his health, was not repaid with success; he was always more delicate, and more subject to little disorders, than I; and at last, after completing his seventh year, was seized with a fever, which, in a few days, put an end to his life, and transferred to me the inheritance of my ancestors.

“ After the first transports of my mother's grief were subsided, she began to apply herself to the care of her surviving child. I was now become inheritress of her anxiety, as well as of my father's fortune; a remarkable change was made in every department of my education, my company, and my amusements. Instead of going along with a set of other girls of my own age to a class for learning French, and a public writing-school, teachers were brought into the house to instruct me privately; and though I still went to a dancing-school three

days in the week to practise the lessons which I received from an eminent master at home, yet I was always attended by my mother, my governess, or somebody, by whose side I was stuck up before and after the dance, to the great vexation of myself and the ridicule of my former companions. Of companions, indeed, I was now altogether deprived. I was too considerable a person to associate with those in whose sports and amusements I had formerly been so happy to share; if at any time I ventured to mention a wish for their society, I was immediately checked by an observation of my mamma, that she believed they were very good girls, but not fit company for me.

“ To prevent the solitude in which my superiority would have thus placed me, a little girl, an orphan niece of my mother’s maid, was taken into the house, whose office it was to attend me during all my hours of study and amusement, to hold the pin-cushion while my maid was dressing me, to get lessons along with me, and be chid if I neglected them; to play games at draughts, which she was never to win, and to lift the shuttlecock, which I commonly let fall; in short, she was to serve me for the practice of all that insolence which the precepts of others had taught me I had a right to assume. I feel, at this moment, Mr. MIRROR, the most sincere compunction for the hardships which this poor girl suffered while she was with me; hardships, from which, at last, she freed herself, by running off with a recruiting serjeant; yet I was taught, at the time, to call her subsistence a bounty, and to account myself generous when I bestowed any trifle beyond it.

“ While my mind was thus encouraged in perversion, the culture of my body was little less preposterous. The freedom and exercise which for-

merly bestowed health and vigour, I now exchanged for the constraints of fashion and the laziness of pride. Every shackle of dress which the daughters of any great man were understood to wear, I was immediately provided with, because I could afford it as well as they. I was never allowed the use of my limbs, because I could afford a coach; and, when attacked by the slightest disorder, immediate recourse was had to the physician, because I could afford a fee. The consequence was natural; I lost all my former spirits, as well as my former bloom; and, when I first put on the womanly garb, I was a fine lady complete, with cheeks as pale, and nerves as weak, as the finest.

“I was now arrived at a period when attention and anxiety were to be pointed almost solely to one object, the disposal of my person in marriage. With regard to this event, I was equally the slave of my mother’s hopes and fears. I was dressed and redressed, squeezed and pinched, that I might catch a fine gentleman who had lately returned from his travels. I was often hurried several miles in the dark to a ball at our county-town to display myself to a lord, who was to be of the party there; I was walked over hedge and ditch, in order to captivate a country squire of a very large estate in our neighbourhood; and I was once obliged to hazard my neck, that I might go out a hunting with a duke. On the other hand, I was in perfect durance when any improper man had been seen to look at me. I was forced to leave the parish-church, upon information received of a young gentleman having bribed the beadle with a shilling, to admit him into the next pew; my dancing-master was changed, because his wife died while he was attending me; and my drawing-master, an old bachelor of threescore, was dismissed because he hap-

pened to put his hand on mine in showing me how to manage my crayons. The only poor man with whom I was allowed to associate was the clergyman of our parish, a very old gentleman of the most irreproachable character. To this indulgence, however, I was more indebted than my mother was aware, or I had any reason to hope. Possessed of excellent sense and great learning, the good man was at pains to teach me the use of the first, and the value of the latter. By his assistance, my mind, which before had always been either uncultivated or misled, was informed with knowledge, more useful than the extent of my fortune, or the privileges of my birth. He showed me the folly of pride, and the meanness of insolence; he taught me the respect due to merit, the tenderness to poverty, the reverence to misfortune; from him I first learned the dignity of condescension, the pleasures of civility, the luxury of beneficence. He died, alas! before I could receive the full benefit of his instructions, before he was able to eradicate the effects of early perversion and habitual indulgence; and left me rather in a condition to feel the weakness of my mind, than to recover its strength.

“My mother did not long survive him. I had been forced to see the errors of her judgement, though I could never doubt the warmth of her affection. I was unfortunate enough to lose her assistance, when her assistance would have been more useful and her indulgence less prejudicial. In the management of my fortune, which has now devolved on me, I am perplexed with business which I do not understand, and harassed by applications which I know not how to answer. I am sometimes puzzled with schemes for improving my estate, sometimes frightened with dangers that threaten to

diminish it; I am vexed with the complaints of poor tenants, and plagued with the litigiousness of rich ones. I never open a letter from my steward in the country without uneasiness; and a visit from my agent in town is to me like that of a bailiff. Amidst all these difficulties, I have no relation whom I can trust, and no friend to whom I can lean; the interest which people have in deceiving me deprives me of confidence in advice, or pleasure in approbation. In short, it is my singular misfortune to possess wealth with all the embarrassment of poverty, and power with all the dependence of meanness.

V

“ I am, &c.

“ OLIVIA.”

No. 82. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1780.

THE paper of to-day was received from an unknown hand several weeks ago. The publication of it may perhaps, appear rather unseasonable after the last Gazette. There is still, however, much truth in my correspondent's observations, who, I dare say, will not regret that Sir George Rodney's success has somewhat lessened their force.

FOR THE MIRROR.

*Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta, deorum in templa recepti.*

HOR. EPIST. ii. 1. 5.

MEN who either possess a natural softness of temper, or who have been unfortunate in the world from accident or imprudence, or perhaps think they have been so, from over-rating their own deserts, are apt to ascribe to human nature a variety of vices and imperfections. They consider these as the chief ingredients of the composition of mankind, and that their virtues and good qualities are only exceptions from the general rule, like accidental strokes of genius or colouring in the works of a painter, whose performances, on the whole, are coarse and irregular.

Nothing can be more groundless and unjust than this accusation. I am convinced that, upon a thorough examination, though we might discover many vicious and profligate individuals, we should find, in general, that human nature is virtuous and well-disposed, and little merits the abuse that peevish or unfortunate men are inclined to bestow upon it.

One charge, much insisted upon against mankind, is public ingratitude. With what justice or truth this is urged, we may judge by examining the behaviour of men from the earliest period to the present times; and, in doing so, I flatter myself we shall be able to discover that the reverse is true, and that a strong spirit of gratitude has appeared on all occasions where it was due, though in different ages and countries it has been expressed in a different manner.

In Egypt and ancient Greece, the tribute paid by the public voice to the benefactors of mankind, was to consider them as objects of divine worship, and for that purpose to enroll them among the gods. Such was Ceres, for the invention of corn; Bacchus, for the discovery of wine; and a variety of others, with whom every school-boy is acquainted. If a man of superior strength and valour happened to repel an invader, destroy a monster, or perform any notable deed of public service, he was revered while living, and, after his death, his memory was respected, and a species of inferior worship was paid to him, as a hero, or a demi-god.

In later times, in the Grecian states, the general who fought a successful battle, or destroyed an enemy's fleet, had statues erected to him by the public voice, and at the expense of the public. The Romans did not think of honouring their active or fortunate commanders with statues, but they had their triumphs and ovations bestowed by the public, and supported by the voluntary applause and attendance of a grateful populace.

I should be extremely sorry if the moderns yielded in the article of public gratitude either to the Greeks or Romans. I shall not enter upon the practice or manners of other European nations; but I can venture to assert, with some degree of confidence, that the people of Great Britain possess a degree of public gratitude unexampled in any other age or country.

In making this assertion, I do not allude to public monuments, hereditary pensions, or thanks of parliament, which, though of a public, and seemingly of a general nature, may nevertheless proceed from a very limited cause. I allude to that universal effusion of honest gratitude which the good people of England frequently bestow on successful com-

manders, by putting up their pictures as signs for their taverns and alehouses, and frequenting these more than any other, till the reputation of the original begins to be obscured by the rising glory of some new favourite.

I must, at the same time, observe, that great statesmen have seldom experienced this mark of public applause. The late Mr. Pitt, was, indeed, an exception from the remark ; but he was, in fact, a minister of war only, and never meddled with finance. A first Lord of the Treasury, let him be as wise as Ximenes, and as moderate as Fleury, cannot expect to be revered on the sign-post of an alehouse ; every article of consumption there has felt the weight of his hand ; and whether the company get drunk in wine or punch, or enjoy the cool collations of tea and coffee, still the reckoning recalls ideas that lead to execrations on the whole system of finance and taxation, from the department of the first minister, to the walk of the lowest excise-man ; and, by an easy transition, the dislike of the system and the offices passes, in some degree, to the persons of those who fill them.

But as the same cause of unmerited obloquy does not exist with respect to our admirals and generals, they have been often and much the objects of this species of public gratitude. It is needless to go far back. In the year 1739, Admiral Vernon took Porto-bello, with six ships only. The public gratitude to him was boundless. He was sung in ballads. At the ensuing general election in 1741, he was returned from three different corporations ; but, above all, his portrait filled every sign-post ; and he may be figuratively said to have sold the ale, beer, porter, and purl, of England for six years.

Towards the close of that period, the Admiral's favour began to fade apace with the colours of his uniform ; and the battle of Culloden was total annihilation to him. When the news of that victory reached England, a new object presented itself to the public favour ; and the honest Admiral, in every sign-post, made way for the more portly figure of the glorious Duke of Cumberland.

The Duke kept possession of the sign-posts a long time. In the beginning of last war, our Admiral in the Mediterranean, and our Generals in North America, did nothing that could tend, in the least degree, to move His Royal Highness from his place ; but the doubtful battle of Hamellan, followed by the unfortunate convention of Stade, and the rising glories of the King of Prussia, obliterated the glorious Duke of Cumberland as effectually as His Royal Highness and the battle of Culloden had effaced the figure, the memory, and the renown, of Admiral Vernon.

The Duke was so totally displaced by His Prussian Majesty, that I have some doubts whether he met with fair play. One circumstance, indeed, was much against him ; his figure being marked by a hat with the Kevenhuller cock, a military uniform, and a fierce look, a very slight touch of the painter converted him into the King of Prussia ; but what crowned the success of his Prussian Majesty, was the title bestowed upon him by the brothers of the brush, The glorious Protestant Hero ; words which added splendor to every sign-post, and which no British subject could read without peculiar sensations of veneration and of thirst.

For two years The glorious Protestant Hero was unrivalled ; but the French being beat at Minden upon the 1st of August 1759, by the army under

Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, the King of Prussia began to give place a little to two popular favourites who started at the same time, I mean Prince Ferdinand and the Marquess of Granby. Prince Ferdinand was supported altogether by his good conduct at Minden, and his high reputation over Europe as a general; the Marquess of Granby behaved with spirit and personal courage every where; but his success in the sign-posts of England was much owing to a comparison generally made between him and another British general of higher rank, but who was supposed not to have behaved so well. Perhaps, too, he was a good deal indebted to another circumstance, to wit, the baldness of his head.

The next who figured in the sign post way was the celebrated John Wilkes, Esq. This public honour conferred on him was also an effusion of gratitude; for he was supposed to have written the Earl of Bute, who was both a Scotsman and a favourite, out of power, and to have resisted and explained the illegality of general warrants. Besides, he fought a bloodless duel with Earl Talbot, and was shot in the cause of liberty by Mr. Martin of the treasury. All these were great weights in the scale of popularity; and though Mr. Wilkes never attained the glory either of Admiral Vernon or the Duke of Cumberland, yet his visage has filled many a sign-post, and much ale and gin has been sold under his auspices.

These are the last whom the people of Great Britain have thought worthy of being so honoured; and though the thing itself may seem ludicrous, yet the tale has a moral, by no means flattering to the well-wishers of this country. We have been now for five years employed in attempting to reduce our rebellious colonies; we have been two years at war with France, and one with Spain; many troops have

been raised, many millions have been expended; expeditions without number have been planned and supported, and the most powerful fleets have been fitted out that the coasts and dock-yards of England ever beheld; yet, during this long period, with so many opportunities, and so much force, we have not an admiral whose head would sell a single can of flip, nor a general whose full length would procure custom for an additional pot of porter.

That this expression of public gratitude may be sometimes misplaced, I will by no means deny; but still this tribute paid by the people is more likely, than any other circumstance, to be a sure proof of real merit. The sovereign may be misinformed as to the deservings of those whom he is pleased to honour; and although, in the present reign, no substantial mark of unmerited favour has been conferred, yet every body remembers the late general Blakeney, who gave up Minorca, made a lord for defending it, merely to support a sinking administration. What reliance can be had on the thanks of parliament as a proof of public merit, may be learned from the answer of a gallant sea-officer, not an admiral, who, upon being told that the house of Commons meant to give him thanks for his intrepid and successful conduct on the coast of France, swore, if they did, he would instantly resign his commission.

Perhaps, at that time, some recent instance of party-injustice and partiality had brought the thanks of parliament into disrepute; but, be that as it may, I shall never think our affairs, either by sea or land, in a prosperous condition, till I see the sign-posts of England filled with fresh figures of generals and admirals. When that happens, it will be a sure proof that our affairs have taken a favourable turn, and that some of our commanders have, at last, acted in

a manner suitable to the troops and treasure with which, from the beginning of this war, they have all been so liberally supplied.

No. 83. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1780.

IN a paper published at Edinburgh, it would be improper to enter into any comparison of the writers of this country with those on the other side of the Tweed: but, whatever be the comparative rank of Scottish and English authors, it must surely be allowed, that, of late, there have been writers in this country, upon different subjects, who are possessed of very considerable merit. In one species of writing, however, in works and compositions of humour, there can be no sort of doubt that the English stand perfectly unrivalled by their northern neighbours. The English excel in comedy; several of their romances are replete with the most humorous representations of life and character, and many of their other works are full of excellent ridicule. But, in Scotland, we have hardly any book which aims at humour, and of the very few which do, still fewer have any degree of merit. Though we have tragedies written by Scots authors, we have no comedy, excepting Ramsey's Gentle Shepherd; and though we have tender novels, we have none of humour excepting those of Smollet, who, from his long residence in England, can hardly be said to have acquired in this country his talent for writing; nor can we,

for the same reason, lay a perfect claim to Arbuthnot, who is still a more illustrious exception to my general remark. There must be something in the national genius of the two people which makes this remarkable difference in their writings, though it may be difficult to discover from what cause it arises.

I am inclined to suspect, that there is something in the situation and present government of Scotland, which may, in part, account for this difference in the genius of the two countries. Scotland, before the union of the two kingdoms, was a separate state, with a parliament and constitution of its own. Now the seat of government is removed, and its constitution is involved in that of England. At the time the two nations came to be so intimately connected, its great men were less affluent than those of England, its agriculture was little advanced, and its manufactures were in their infancy. A Scotsman was, therefore, in this situation, obliged to exert every nerve, that he might be able to hold his place.

If preferment, or offices in public life, were his object, he was obliged to remove from home to a city which, though now the metropolis of the united kingdoms, had formerly been to him a sort of foreign capital. If wealth was the object of his pursuit, he could only acquire it at home by great industry and perseverance; and if he found he could not easily succeed in his own country, he repaired to other countries, where he expected to be able to amass a fortune. Hence it has been remarked, that there are more natives of Scotland to be found abroad than of any other country.

People in this situation are not apt to indulge themselves in humour; and few humorous characters will appear. It is only in countries where men wanton in the extravagancies of wealth, that

some are led to indulge a particular vein of character, and that others are induced to delineate and express it in writing. Besides, where men are in a situation which makes it necessary for them to push their way in the world, more particularly if they are obliged to do so among strangers, though this may give them a firmness and a resoluteness in their conduct, it will naturally produce a modest caution and reserve in their deportment, which must chill every approach to humour. Hence, though the Scots are allowed to be brave and undaunted in dangerous situations, yet bashfulness, reserve, and even timidity of manner, unless when they are called forth to action, are justly considered as making part of their character. Men of this disposition are not apt to have humour; it is the open, the careless, the indifferent, and the forward, who indulge in it; it is the man who does not think of interest, and who sets himself above attending to the proprieties of conduct. But he who has objects of interest in view, who attends with circumspection to his conduct, and finds it necessary to do so, is generally grave and silent, and seldom makes any attempt at humour.

These circumstances may have had a considerable influence upon the genius and temper of the people in Scotland; and if they have given a particular formation to the genius of the people in general, they would naturally have a similar effect upon its authors; the genius of an author commonly takes its direction from that of his countrymen.

To these causes, arising from the present situation and government of our country, may be added another circumstance, that of there being no court or seat of the Monarch in Scotland. It is only where the court is, that the standard of manners can be fixed; and, of consequence, it is only in the neighbour-

hood of the court that a deviation from that standard can be exactly ascertained, or a departure from it be easily made the object of ridicule. Where there is no court, it becomes of little importance what dress the people wear, what hours they observe, what language they express themselves in, or what is their general deportment. Men living at a distance from the court become also unacquainted with the rules of fashion which it establishes, and are unable to mark or point them out. But the great subject for wit and ludicrous representation arises from men's having a thorough knowledge of what is the fashionable standard of manners, and being able to seize upon, and hold out a departure from it, in a humorous point of view. In Scotland, therefore, which, since the removal of the court, has become, in a certain degree, a provincial country, there being no fixed standard of manners within the country itself, one great source of ridicule is cut off, and an author is not led to attempt humorous composition; or, if he does, has little chance of succeeding.

There is another particular which may have had a very considerable effect upon the genius of the Scots writers, and that is, the nature of the language in which they write. The old Scottish dialect is now banished from our books, and the English is substituted in its place. But though our books be written in English, our conversation is in Scotch. Of our language it may be said, as we are told of the wit of Sir Hudibras, that we have a suit for holidays and another for working days. The Scottish dialect is our ordinary suit; the English is used only on solemn occasions. When a Scotsman therefore writes, he does it generally in trammels. His own native original language, which he hears spoken around him, he does not make use of; but he expresses himself in a language in some respects foreign to him,

and which he has acquired by study and observation. When a celebrated Scottish writer, after the publication of his *History of Scotland*, was first introduced to Lord Chesterfield, his Lordship, with that happy talent of compliment for which he was so remarkable, addressed him, at parting, in these words:—‘ I am happy, Sir, to have met with you,—happy to have passed a day with you,—and extremely happy to find that you speak Scotch. It would be too much, were you to speak, as well as write our language, better than we do ourselves.’

This circumstance of a Scottish author not writing his own natural dialect, must have a considerable influence upon the nature of his literary productions. When he is employed in any grave dignified composition, when he writes history, politics, or poetry, the pains he must take to write, in a manner different from that in which he speaks, will not much affect his productions; the language of such compositions is, in every case, raised above that of common life; and, therefore, the deviation which a Scottish author is obliged to make from the common language of the country, can be of little prejudice to him. But if a writer is to descend to common and ludicrous pictures of life; if, in short, he is to deal in humorous composition, his language must be, as nearly as possible, that of common life, that of the bulk of the people; but a Scotsman who wishes to write English cannot easily do this. He neither speaks the English dialect, nor is it spoken by those around him; any knowledge he has acquired of the language is got from books, not from conversation. Hence Scottish authors may have been prevented from attempting to write books of humour; and, when they have tried it, we may be able, in some measure, to account for their failure.

In confirmation of these remarks, it may be ob-

served, that almost the only works of humour which we have in this country, are in the Scottish dialect, and most of them were written before the union of the kingdoms, when the Scotch was the written as well as the spoken language of the country. The Gentle Shepherd, which is full of natural and ludicrous representations of low life, is written in broad Scotch. Many of our ancient Scottish ballads are full of humour. If there have been lately any publications of humour in this country, written in good English, they have been mostly of the graver sort, called irony. In this species of writing, where the author himself never appears to laugh, a more dignified composition is admissible; and, in that case, the disadvantage of writing in a language different from that in which the author speaks, or those around him converse, is not so sensibly felt.

A

No. 84. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1780.

—*Clament periisse pudorem*
Cuncti pene patres.—

HOR. EPIST. ii. 1. 80.

To dispute the right of fashion to enlarge, to vary, or to change, the ideas, both of man and womankind, were a want of good breeding, of which the author of a periodical paper, who throws himself, as it were, from day to day, on the protection of the polite world, cannot be supposed capable. I pay, therefore, very little regard to the observations of

some antiquated correspondents, who pretend to set up what they call the invariable notions of things, against the opinions and practice of people of condition. At the same time, I must observe, that, as there is a college in physic, and a faculty, as it is called in Scotland, in law; so, in fashion, there is a select body, who enjoy many privileges and immunities, to which pretenders, or inferior practitioners in the art, are by no means entitled. There is a certain grace in the rudeness, and wit in the folly of a person of fashion, to which one of a lower rank has no manner of pretension.

I am afraid that our city, talking like a man who has travelled, is but a sort of mimic metropolis, and cannot fairly pretend to the same license of making a fool of itself, as London or Paris. The circle, therefore, taking them in the gross, of our fashionable people here, have seldom ventured on the same beautiful irregularity in dress, in behaviour, or in manners, that is frequently practised by the leaders of the ton in the capitals of France or England.

With individuals, the same rule of subordination is to be observed, which, however, persons of extraordinary parts, of genius above their condition, are sometimes apt to overlook. I perceive, in the pit of the playhouse, some young men, who have got fuddled in punch, as noisy and as witty as the gentlemen in the boxes, who have been drinking Burgundy; and others, who have come sober from the counter, or the writing-desk, give almost as little attention to the play as the men of 3,000*l.* a year.

—— My old school-acquaintance, Jack Wouldbe, t'other morning, had a neckcloth as dirty as a lord's, and picked his teeth after dinner for a quarter of an hour, by the assistance of the little mirror in the lid of his toothpick-case. I take the first oppor-

tunity of giving him a friendly hint, that this practice is elegant only in a man who has made the tour of Europe.

Nature and fashion are too opposite powers, that have long been at variance with one another. The first is allowed to preside over the bulk of the people, known by the denomination of the vulgar; the last is peculiar to the higher orders of the state, and by her honours they have a title to be distinguished. Attention to interesting scenes, civility to those we ought to oblige, and propriety in public behaviour, belong to nature, and are therefore the property of the people. It is a direct infringement on the rights of fashion, if the inferior members of the community shall laugh where they should cry, be noisy where they should be silent, rude where they should be civil, or dirty where they should be cleanly. These are the badges of greatness, and, like certain coats armorial, are only to be borne by illustrious personages.

These are matters in which, I think, I may venture to interpose my advice or animadversion. But as to some more delicate subjects, I am very doubtful whether they come within the limits of my jurisdiction, or how far it would be prudent in me to exercise it, if they did. I mean this as a general apology for not inserting a variety of letters from unknown correspondents, giving me information of certain irregularities in the manners and deportment of the fashionable world, which they desire may be taken immediate notice of in the MIRROR. One, who writes under the signature of Rusticus, tells me that painting is now become so common a practice among our fine ladies, that he has oftener than once been introduced to a lady in the morning, from whom, till he informed himself of her name, he was surprised to receive a curtsy at the play or the con-

cert. Another, who subscribes himself Modestus, desires me to imitate the example of the Tatler, by animadverting, not on the large, but the small size of the petticoat, which, he says, has so shrunk up this winter, that there is more of the—ankle seen than he can find countenance to look at.

To the first of these correspondents I must answer, that I think the ladies, whose number I am inclined to believe is small, who choose to dress their faces in rouge or carmine, are exempted from all censure; they certainly do it to please themselves, as they know how much it is detested by the men. Or, perhaps, they are of that icy order of females who have made vows of perpetual celibacy, and thus varnish over their beauty, as virtuosi do certain delicate natural productions, which are meant to be looked at, but never to be touched. As to the complaint of Modestus, I can only account for the present shortness of the petticoat, from the attention of the ladies being so much engrossed about their heads, as to leave them no leisure to take care of the other extremity; as generals, who are anxious to cover one part of their works, are apt to leave an opposite quarter defenceless.

But the most serious complaint I have received, is a letter subscribed Censor, arraigning, with true Juvenalian severity, the conduct of a certain Club, which, in the words of my correspondent, ‘ continues, in defiance of decency and good manners, to insult the public, in large characters, in the front of every newspaper in town. This, he adds, moves my indignation the more, when I consider that several of its principal members are arrived at a period of life which should teach decorum, at least, if it does not extinguish vice.’

In answer to this angry correspondent, I will tell

him the following story:—Some years ago, I happened to be in York at the time of the assizes. Dining one day in a tavern with some gentlemen of that city and its neighbourhood, we were violently disturbed by the noise of somebody below, who hooted and hallooed, smacked his whip, and made his servants sound their French horns; in short, rehearsed, during the whole time of our dinner, all ‘the glorious tumult of the chase.’ Some of the company, after several ineffectual messages by the waiter, began to be angry, and to think of a very serious remonstrance with the sportsman below. But an elderly person, who sat opposite to me, pacified their resentment: ‘I know the gentleman who disturbs you,’ said he; ‘his head-piece was never one of the best; but now, poor man! I believe we must let him alone. Since he is past running down the fox in the field, he must e’en be allowed to hunt him in the parlour.’

I

No. 85. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1780.

Possum oblivisci qui fuerim? Non sentire qui sim? Quo caream honore? Quá gloriá? Quibus liberis? Quibus fortunis?

CIC. AD ATT.

A PERIODICAL publication, such as the MIRROR, is, from its nature, confined chiefly to prose compositions. My illustrious predecessor, the Spectator, has however, sometimes inserted a little poem among his other essays; and his example has been imitated by most of his successors. Perhaps it may

be from this cause, that among the variety of communications I have lately received, many of them consist of poetical compositions. I must observe in general to these correspondents, that, though the insertion of a poem now and then may not be altogether improper for a work of this kind, yet it is not every poetical composition that is fit for it. A poem may be possessed of very considerable merit, and may be entitled to applause, when published in a poetical collection, though, from its subject, its length, or the manner in which it is written, it may not be suited to the MIRROR. I hope my poetical correspondents, therefore, will receive this as an apology for their poems not being inserted, and will by no means consider their exclusion as proceeding from their being thought destitute of merit.

Among the poetical presents I have received, there is, however, one, which seems very well suited to a work of this kind. The gentleman from whom I received it, says, he has been informed that it was founded on the following inscription, probably written from real feeling, on the window of an inn, situated in the Highlands of Scotland :—

“ Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wandering is the greatest woe ;
On all their weary ways wait care and pain,
And pine and penury, a meagre train—
A wretched exile to his country send,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.”

This poem contains a description of the situation of a Scotch gentleman who had been obliged to leave his country for rebellion against our present happy government. It points out the fatal consequences of such treasonable attempts, and represents the distress of the person described, in a very interesting and pathetic manner.

THE EXILE.—AN ELEGY.

WHERE, 'midst the ruins of a fallen state,
The once-famed Tiber rolls his scanty wave,
Where half a column now derides the great,
Where half a statue yet records the brave :

With trembling steps an Exile wander'd near,
In Scottish weeds his shrivell'd limbs array'd ;
His furrow'd cheek was cross'd with many a tear,
And frequent sighs his wounded soul betray'd.

Oh, wretch ! he cried, that, like some troubled ghost,
Art doom'd to wander round this world of woe,
While memory speaks of joy for ever lost,
Of peace, of comfort, thou hast ceased to know !

These are the scenes, with fancied charms endow'd,
Where happier Britons, casting pearls away,
The fools of sound, of empty trifles proud,
Far from the land of bliss and freedom stray.

Would that, for yonder dome, these eyes could see
The wither'd oak that crowns my native hill !
These urns let ruin waste ; but give to me
The tuft that trembles o'er its lonely rill.

O sacred haunts ! and is the hillock green,
That saw our infant-sports beguile the day ?
Still are our seats of fairy fashion seen ?
Or is my little throne of moss away ?

Had but Ambition, in this tortur'd breast,
Ne'er sought to rule beyond the humble plain,
Where mild Dependance holds the vassal blest,
Where faith and friendship fix the chieftain's reign :

Thus had I lived the life my fathers led ;
 Their name, their family had not ceased to be ;
 And thou, Monimia, on thy earthly bed!—
 My name, my family, what were these to thee!—

Three little moons had seen our growing love,
 Since first Monimia joined her hand to mine ;
 Three little moons had seen us blest above
 All that enthusiast hope could e'er divine.

Urged by the brave, by fancied glory warm'd,
 In treason honest, if 'twas treason here ;
 For rights supposed, my native band I arm'd,
 And join'd the standard Charles had dared to rear.

Fated we fought, my gallant vassals fell,
 But saved their master in the bloody strife ;
 Their coward master, who could live to tell
 He saw them fall, yet tamely suffer'd life.

Let me not think ;—but, ah ! the thought will rise,
 Still in my whirling brain its horrors dwell,
 When, pale and trembling, with uplifted eyes,
 Monimia faintly breathed—a last farewell !

' They come !' she said—' Fly, fly these ruthless foes,
 And save a life in which Monimia lives ;
 Believe me, Henry, light are all her woes,
 Except what Henry's dreaded purpose gives !

' And wouldst thou die, and leave me thus forlorn,
 And blast a life the most inhuman spare ?
 Oh ! live in pity to the babe unborn
 That stirs within me to assist my prayer !'

What could I do ! Contending passions strove,
 And press'd my bosom with alternate weight,
 Unyielding honour, soft persuasive love—
 I fled and left her—left her to her fate !

Fast came the ruffian band ; no melting charm,
 That e'er to suffering beauty nature gave,
 The ruthless rage of party can disarm ;
 Thy tears, Monimia, wanted power to save !

She, and the remnant of her weeping train,
Whose faithful love still link'd them to her side,
Torn from their dwelling, trode the desert plain,
No hut to shelter, and no hand to guide.

Thick drove its snow before the wintry wind,
And midnight darkness wrapp'd the heath they past,
Save one sad gleam, that, blazing far behind,
The ancient mansion of my fathers cast.

Calmly she saw the smouldering ruins glare ;
' 'Tis past, all-righteous God ! 'tis past !' she cried ;
' But for my Henry hear my latest prayer !'—
Big was her bursting heart ;—she groan'd and died !—

Still, in my dreams, I see her form confess'd,
Sailing, in robes of light, the troubled sky !—
' And soon,' she whispers, ' shall my Henry rest'—
And, dimly smiling, points my place to die !

I hear that voice, I see that pale hand wave ;
I come once more to view my native shore ;
Stretch'd on Monimia's long-neglected grave,
To clasp the sod, and feel my woes no more !

Z

No. 86. SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1780.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,

“ MANY inestimable medicines, as well for preserving health as for curing diseases, are overlooked by our modern practitioners. An attempt to revive some of those obsolete remedies, though it may appear better suited to a medical performance, yet does not seem altogether foreign to the MIRROR ; since a sound mind, according to the well-known apophthegm, is in natural alliance with a sound body, the same publication which is calculated for the improvement of the one, may not improperly be made subservient to the health of the other.

“ I. The first that I shall mention is of sovereign efficacy in restoring debilitated stomachs to their proper tone. It renders the body vigorous, and it prolongs the days of man even unto extreme old age. Of it Tulpius, an eminent physician of Amsterdam, treats, in his *Observationes Medicinales*.

“ In some languages it is called Cha, in others, Tzai ; but with us it has received the appellation of Tea.

“ II. There is another simple of a singular kind : according to the great Traveller Pietro della Valle, it is cooling in summer, and warm in winter, without, however, changing its qualities.

“ It expelled a gout, of thirty years' standing, from the toes of the Reverend Alexander d'Alber-tus, a bare-footed friar of Marseilles, aged seventy.

“ For a long time Madame de Lausun could not

walk without the aid of a crutch ; and no wonder ; for the good lady ‘ had numbered the frosts of four-score and two winters’. She was seized with what my author calls a tertian quartan ague, which undoubtedly is a very bad thing, though I do not find it in my dictionary : but she tried Father Alexander’s remedy ; her youth was renewed, as one might say [*comme rajeunie*], and she threw away her crutch.

“ The wife of M. Morin, physician at Grenoble, was reduced to the last extremity by a confirmed phthisic of no less than sixteen years’ endurance : at length the Doctor found out a method of laying the disease that had so obstinately haunted his bed. By way of experiment he administered the remedy to his *chère moitié* [dear half], which is French for a wife. She recovered of her phthisic, and afterwards by using the same remedy, of another disease with a horrible Greek name, a *peripneumony*.

“ I might add many and various effects of this medicine still more wonderful. That of the public speaker who was seized with a fit of modesty, is most remarkable. By taking a single dose, he felt himself restored to his wonted composure of mind ; and he declared that he could, with ease, have spoken out another hour.

“ For this and other authenticated cures, the inquisitive reader is referred to the treatise of Philip Sylvester du Tour, concerning the virtues of coffee.

“ III. There is a certain weed, ‘ which, taken a while after meat, helps digestion ; it voids rheum, &c. A little of it, being steeped over-night in a little white wine, is a vomit that never fails in its operation. It cannot endure a spider, or a flea, or such like vermin : it is good to fortify and preserve the sight, being let in round about the balls of the eyes once a week, and frees them from all rheums, driving them back by way of repercussion : taken

into the stomach, it will heal and cleanse it; for, my Lord Sunderland, president of York, taking it downwards into his stomach, it cured him of an imposthume, which had been of a long time engendering out of a bruise he had received at football; and so preserved his life for many years.'

" These are the words of Howell, in his letters, where he enlarges on the praise of tobacco.

" IV. But there is still another medicine of astonishing virtues, which have been circumstantially related by Matthiolus, an Italian physician of the sixteenth century: it is ' a liquid which, when skilfully prepared, proves a powerful antiseptic [an opposer of corruption] to every thing steeped in it; and so, by removing all tendency to corruption, it is a comforter and a restorative, and preserves and prolongs the lives of those who use it. It not only cherishes the natural heat, and preserves it in its full vigour, but it likewise renovates, as it were, and vivifies the animal spirits, gives an agreeable warmth to the stomach, sharpens the apprehension and understanding, clears the eye-sight and repairs the memory: it is more peculiarly beneficial to those who are of too cold a temperament, and who are subject to crudities of the stomach, and other disorders proceeding from cold affections. It therefore affords a sovereign relief to all who are tormented with pains in the stomach or bowels, proceeding from wind or indigestion; as also to those who are subject to giddiness, the falling sickness, a relaxation of the nervous system, inveterate melancholy, hypochondriacal disorders, palpitations of the heart, tremors, and fainting fits.'

Matthiolus subjoins the method of using this medicine

“ ‘ R. Once a day a table-spoonful of Aquavitæ distilled from the best wine.’ But, with all deference to his authority, aquavitæ, distilled even from the best wine, is not superior in any of its virtues to our great staple, whisky; for, from the researches of our own patriotic philosophers, these two conclusions may be deduced; 1st. That whisky is a liquor pleasant to the taste; and, 2dly, That it is a wholesome spirit.

“ V. I shall conclude with a receipt which might have been considered as of general importance in the seventeenth century, and may prove of no less importance in the nineteenth.

“ Bartholomeus Carrichters, in his Secret, b. ii. c. 12. published a recipe which is mightily commended by Hector Schlands, in an epistle to his learned friend Gregorius Horstius; see Horstii Epist. Medic. i. § 7. 1612. ‘ R. Dog’s grease, well dissolved and cleansed, 4 ounces. Bear’s grease, 8 ounces. Capon’s grease, 24 ounces. Three trunks of the misletoe of hazel, while green; cut it in pieces, and pound it small, till it becomes moist: bruise it together, and mix all in a phial. After you have exposed it to the sun for nine weeks, you shall extract a green ointment, wherewith if you anoint the bodies of the bewitched, especially the parts most affected, and the joints, they will certainly be cured.’

“ This recipe was tried with amazing success in the case of a young girl, whose condition was truly deplorable; for ‘ she vomited feathers, bundles of straw, and a row of pins stuck in blue paper, as fresh and new as any in the pedlar’s stall, pieces of glass windows, and nails of a cart-wheel; as may be seen in the Wonderful and true Relation of the bewitching a young Girl in Ireland, 1669,’ by Daniel Higgs.

“ It is with the utmost diffidence that I give my own sentiments in the *Materia Medica*, especially on a subject which has been expressly treated by such men as Dr. Bartholomeus Carrichters, and Dr. Hector Schlands. May I then be permitted humbly to propose this query,—Is there not some reason to conjecture, that the recipe, so effectual in the case of bewitching, would answer equally well in the case of chilblains ?

“ I am, &c.

“ ANTIQUARIUS.”

No. 87. TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1780.

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark ; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other.

BACON.

THERE is in the mind of man a fund of superstition, which, in all nations, in all ages, and in all religions, has been attended with effects powerful and extraordinary. In this respect, no one people seem entitled to boast of any superiority over the rest of mankind. All seem, at one time or other, to have been alike the slaves of a weak, childish, or a gloomy, superstition. When we behold the Romans, wise and great as they were, regulating their conduct, in their most important affairs, by the accidental flight of birds ; or, when threaten-

ed by some national calamity, creating a dictator for the sole purpose of driving a nail into a door, in order to avert the impending judgement of heaven; we are apt, according to the humour we are in, to smile at the folly, or to lament the weakness, of human nature.

A little reflection, however, is sufficient to show, that, with all our advantages, we ourselves are, in this particular, equally weak and absurd. The modern citizen of Rome, who thinks he can appease an offended Deity, by creeping on his knees up the steps of St. Peter's so many times a day; or the pious Neapolitan, who imagines that carrying forth the relics of St. Januarius, is sufficient to stop an eruption of Mount Vesuvius; are equal objects of pity with the good Roman, who devoutly assisted at driving the nail into the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

It is amusing to observe the conduct of our first reformers in this particular. Their penetration led them to discover the gross errors and manifold superstitions of the church of Rome, and their spirit and strength of mind, aided by fortunate circumstances, enabled them to set themselves free from those shackles in which Europe had been held for so many ages. But no sooner had they done so, than they and their followers adopted another mode of superstition, in the place of that which it had cost them so much pains to pull down. To masses, and crucifixes, and images, were substituted a precise severity of manner, and long sermons, and a certain mode of sanctifying the Sabbath, which were inculcated as constituting the sum of virtue, and as comprehending the whole duty of a Christian. So ingenious are men in finding out something to put in the place of true piety and virtue!—Neither is this

confined to one religion or to one sect. To the same cause will be attributed the broad brim and plain coat of the Quaker, the ablutions of the Gentoos, the pilgrimages of the Mahometan, the severe fasts observed in the Greek church, with numberless other instances that might be mentioned.

There is a species of superstition, which perhaps might be traced back to a similar origin, that often lays strong hold of the imagination, and fills the mind with terrors and apprehensions, which reason and philosophy have not power to eradicate, when once they have fairly got hold of us. Of this sort is the dread of apparitions, of spirits, and of witches. Mr. Addison, in an excellent paper in the *Spectator*, has shown the folly of those apprehensions, and has cautioned parents to be particularly careful to preserve their children from those little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they grow up. He justly observes, that next to a clear judgement and a good conscience, a sound imagination is the greatest blessing of life. Perhaps it might be going too far to attribute to this essay of Mr. Addison the reformation so strongly recommended by him. It is, however, certain, that all these apprehensions, formerly productive of so much real uneasiness, are now, in a great measure, unknown. We have so far succeeded in 'plucking the old woman out of our hearts;' and we no longer see a brave soldier afraid to walk through a dark passage, or an intrepid sailor shrink with horror at the thought of passing the night in a solitary apartment.

There is, however, another weakness, somewhat a-kin to this, that, I am afraid, still prevails among us, which my fondness for children, and the pleasure

I find in prattling with them, give me frequent opportunities of observing. I mean a custom of terrifying children, and filling their young minds with gloomy apprehensions of death. This is one of the most common methods employed by ignorant nursery-maids, and foolish parents, to frighten infants into obedience. But nothing can be more absurd, or attended with more pernicious consequences. Were a person of a timid frame of mind under a necessity of crossing the ocean, would it be the part of a friend to magnify the danger, and to amuse him, all the way to the port where he was to embark, with accounts of storms and tempests, and with a fearful picture of the many and various hazards to which he must be exposed on the voyage?

A wise parent, attentive to the future happiness of his children, ought to follow a very different rule of conduct. From their earliest infancy, he ought to make the idea of death familiar to them; he ought to accustom them to look upon it, not only without fear, but with the same indifference as on any other unavoidable occurrence to which they are daily exposed. By this means they will, as they advance in life, be led to consider it as a friend rather than an enemy: they will perceive that, but for death, this world would be a prison more dreadful than any the most cruel tyrant ever invented; they will look forward to it as the only period to the cares of this life,—as a happy passage to that better world, where only they can expect a complete reward for a faithful discharge of their duty in this.

However absurd a dread of witches and apparitions may be, the consequences attending it are not so bad as those that flow from the fear of death. The one, it is true, fills the mind with many dis-

agreeable apprehensions, and causes many uneasy moments ; but the other unfits a man for discharging his duty in society, and too often exposes him to infamy and disgrace. Courage is a quality that depends, in some measure, on the constitution of the body ; and it has been observed, that the same individual is not, at all times, and upon all occasions, equally brave. I cannot help being of opinion, however, that if a boy, from his earliest infancy, were taught to view death in a just light ; he would imperceptibly acquire a strength of mind that would enable him to face danger, and to do his duty, on all occasions, without being obliged to summon up his resolution, and to call reason to his aid, upon every trying emergence.

I have heard it said that, if men were accustomed to despise death, they would be apt, through a sort of fool-hardiness, to throw away their lives on every slight occasion or idle quarrel. But, for my own part, I entertain a very different opinion ; that fool-hardiness is seldom to be met with in a man of a calm, firm, determined, mind, who knows how to estimate the true value of life. In general, it proceeds from a secret consciousness, that leads a man to put too high a value on the quality of courage, and to indulge his vanity by a display of it ; as we often see men most desirous to be thought to possess those virtues and those talents, to which, in reality, they have the least pretensions.

I was much pleased with a conversation I had on this subject, on a visit I lately paid to Lady ———, the wife of my much valued friend General ———, who is now abroad fighting the battles of his country. I found her in her dressing-room, surrounded by a group of the most lovely children. After they retired, she began to complain, that

with all the attention a parent could bestow, it was often impossible to prevent children from receiving bad and improper impressions from servants and attendants. 'It was but just now,' said she, 'your favourite, little Charles, told his brother, that if he was a bad boy, he would be put into a black box, carried to the church-yard, thrown into a hole, and covered over with earth.' After some observations on the bad tendency of representing death in frightful colours, she said, she had often been disposed to think the poets to blame in this particular, who, by dwelling on all the circumstances attending our dissolution, and presenting them to the imagination in strong and lively colours, often leave an impression which reason is not able entirely to wear off. She instanced the well-known lines of Shakspeare :

' Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod ; and the dilated spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice ;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling ;—'tis too horrible !
The weariest and most loathed wordly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.'

'It is impossible,' said she, 'to read those lines without being affected by them. Yet, were I to judge from my own feelings, I should think the sentiments unjust. If to me,' continued she, stealing a glance at the picture of my friend, while an

involuntary tear half started in her eye, 'if to me there be any thing terrible in death, it proceeds from the thoughts of what I should leave, not from the dread of what I should meet with.'

M

No. 88. SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1780.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,
“ MY father was a farmer in a tolerably reputable situation. I was his eldest son ; and, at the age of six years, I was sent to the parish-school, to be taught reading and writing. My father naturally made inquiries concerning my progress, and the schoolmaster gave him the most flattering accounts. After I had spent the usual time in learning to read and write, my master said it would be a pity to cut short a boy of my genius, and advised my father to allow me to remain a year or two longer at his school, that I might get a little Latin. This flattered my father's vanity, as it put his son in a situation to appear somewhat above that of the children of the neighbouring farmers. I was allowed to sit on the same bench at school with our landlord's son, and I had sometimes the honour to be whipped for his faults. In studying Latin I spent three years. The account which my father received of my progress in that language, led him to follow my teacher's suggestion, to give me a little

Greek. Having gone thus far, the transition was easy: it would be a pity, said our sanguine advisers, to lose all the knowledge I had got; with my application and my genius, if I prosecuted my studies, I might become a very learned and a very great man. If I studied divinity, which was proposed, I might, in time, preach in the pulpit of the very parish in which my father lived; nay, I might rise to be a Professor in the University, or become Moderator of the General Assembly of the church of Scotland.

“I was accordingly entered a student in the University. My father considered my fortune as now made; and my expectations were not inferior to his. But I soon found my situation at the University a very hard and uneasy one. My father had been able to supply me tolerably with necessaries at the parish-school; but to do this at the University, situated in a great and expensive town, was above his power. I was obliged to walk about, therefore, with a shabby coat, and with an empty purse. I could not attend all the lectures I wished, for want of money to purchase admission, or to procure the necessary books. I now likewise found, that, far from being more knowing than my college-companions, as my country-schoolmaster flattered me would be the case, most of them knew more than I did; they had been better taught, and had profited accordingly. Poverty, want of books, of friends, and of the other conveniences of life, were not circumstances very well suited for the study of the beauties of Homer and Virgil, nor for making a progress in the abstract sciences; but with all these difficulties, I gave such close and intense application, that I was able to pick up a good deal of learning, and my diligence drew the attention of some of the professors. By their interest I was recommended

to Mr. M——, a gentleman of considerable fortune, who resided in the town where the University is situated, to be tutor to his children; and accordingly he was pleased to engage me at the salary of 20*l.* a-year, with the additional advantage of living in his house. I now thought the world was all before me; and every thing seemed to flatter me with present happiness and future exaltation. Out of my salary I hoped to afford to be better dressed, to buy more books, and to attend more lectures. I expected, from the knowledge I had acquired, to be able to make a figure in the company which resorted to Mr. M.'s. I doubted not that they would single me out as a prodigy of learning and genius; that, by their favour, I might be recommended to some lucrative or honourable place; or, at least, that I should, by Mr. M.'s interest, be settled as a minister in some church, after having pleasantly spent a year or two in his family in attending to my pupils, from whose progress and improvement I expected equal pleasure and reputation. How these hopes have been answered, I proceed to inform you.

“ When I entered into Mr. M.'s family, I found it was expected that I should not only attend to the studies of the eldest son, a lad of about fourteen, but that I was likewise to take care of all the younger children, consisting of no fewer than six. Some of these were to be taught to read; others, who were too young for that, I was to look after, and walk out with them when they went abroad, to keep them out of harm's way, to prevent them from falling into a ditch, or being run down by a carriage. This I saw must occupy my whole time; and every thought of reading for my own improvement was to be laid aside. But though in this manner a temporary stop was to be put to my learning, I still flattered

myself I should make it up by the improvement and knowledge of the world I should acquire from the society and conversation at Mr. M.'s. But this expectation was as vain as the former. When there were strangers of distinction at the house, I was not allowed to sit at table, but was placed in a corner of the room with the younger children, where my province was to attend to what they ate, and to cut their meat for them. When the family were alone, or the guests were such as Mr. M. did not think necessary to treat with much ceremony, I was permitted to sit at table; but I soon found, even when this was the case, that I was not permitted to talk there. Seldom, indeed, was there any conversation which was worth joining in; but when any occurred in which I ventured to join, what I said was received in such a manner, that I was obliged to resolve to be silent. If I threw in an observation which started a doubt of the justice of any thing that was said, I was considered as an impertinent conceited fellow, who had no right to express his doubts; if I endeavoured to support any opinion, I saw I was deemed officious and troublesome. Mr. M., who, to the credit the world justly gave him for a great fortune, wished also to add the reputation, though without any pretensions, of learning, was afraid, when I opened my mouth, lest people should think that his son's tutor was more knowing than he; and therefore took care always to contradict me flatly, and with an air of superiority; and sometimes even made a joke on that awkwardness of manner which it was impossible one in my situation could have escaped. You may judge what effect this treatment must have upon one who can relish the beauties of the classics, and has read many of the most eminent French and English authors. Poor, helpless, and dependent as

I am, something within tells me, that I am superior—but I have no title to be proud.

“ For some time, the only pleasant moments which I had in Mr. M.’s family, were those employed in reading with my eldest pupil. But this continued a very short time. The young gentleman soon began to despise one, whom he saw his father and his father’s friends treat with so much disrespect ; and, instead of following my directions, took care to do the very reverse of whatever I desired him. I perceived also he made me the subject of jest with his companions. In vain did I endeavour to represent this in the gentlest manner to Mr. M. I was the worse used for my complaints ; he ascribed his son’s little progress to my remissness ; not to any fault in the boy, who, I soon found, had much more influence with his father, in regard to his education, than I had.

“ Such, Mr. MIRROR, is my situation with the upper members of the family. With those of an inferior rank, it is not a whit more agreeable. John, the footman, receives a salary nearly equal to mine, and he wears a better coat. He therefore looks upon himself as a finer gentleman than me ; and as I am but little respected by those whom he considers as his betters, he does not think himself bound to respect me at all. At dinner he seldom hears when I call ; and when he does, I often get fish sauce to my pudding, and pepper instead of sugar to my pancakes. Nor is John to be blamed for this : for he sees his master give me port or punch, while he and his guests drink claret. For some time, indeed, after I came to reside in the family, I received much complaisance from Mrs. Deborah Hitchcock, the house-keeper. Mrs. Deborah is now considerably past her fortieth year ; in her person thick and squabby, with a mouth a little awry, and eyes a little asquint.

Mrs. Deborah frequently sends her compliments, and asks me to drink tea with her, or invites me to evening entertainments with her gossiping companions. She is sometimes also so kind as to visit me in my own apartment,—says, she wonders I do not tire when alone; that she and I, from our situation in the family, should be companions to each other; and she has several times hinted, that by her long residence in Mr. M.'s, she has acquired a sum which might be of use to a young man like me.

“ Thus, Sir, have I given you a view of my situation in Mr. M.'s family for more than two years past that I have resided in it. My pupil is doing no good under my care. I am not respected in the family; the servants insult me; and my further progress in learning is stopped. I have often resolved to give up my place; but what will become of me if I do? Others will not enter into my motives; they will attribute my conduct to folly or ill temper; and I shall be thrown upon the wide world without a friend, without money, and with a mind ill calculated to struggle with poverty and misfortunes. It has occurred to me, that if you print this letter, and Mr. M. chance to see it, it may produce some change in my situation; or, if it has no other effect, it may at least serve as a justification of my conduct in leaving his family.

“ I am, &c.

“ K. B.”

The case of Mr. K. B. may perhaps be exaggerated; but I suspect his situation is not altogether uncommon. Indeed I have been often surprised to see men of excellent sense in every other particular, and fond of their children, so inattentive to those who have the care of them. It should not,

methinks, require much reflection to convince them, that there is a good deal of respect due to those on whom so important a trust as the education of their children is devolved; it should require but little observation to satisfy them, that, unless the parents regard the tutor, it is impossible the children can; that unless the instructor be honoured, his precepts will be contemned. Even independent of these considerations, something is due to a young man of education and of learning, who, though his situation may make it necessary for him to receive a salary for his labours, may, from that learning which he has received, and that taste which it has given him, have a mind as independent as the wealthiest, and as delicate as the highest born.

But while I venture to suggest those hints to such gentlemen as may be in a situation to afford tutors for their children, I would recommend the perusal of Mr. B.'s letter to persons in that condition from which he has sprung. I have of late remarked with regret, in this country, a disposition in many, who, from their station and circumstances, ought to have been bred farmers or manufacturers, to become scholars and men of learned professions. Let such persons and their parents be assured, that though there may be a few singular instances to the contrary, there is no pursuit which requires a competency, in point of fortune, more than that of a man of learning. A young man who has not enough to make him easy, and to bear the expense requisite for carrying on his education, can hardly be expected to rise to any eminence. The meanness of his situation will humble and depress him, and render him unfit for any thing elegant or great; or, if this should not be the case, there is much danger of his becoming a prey to anxiety and chagrin, and

perhaps passing a neglected and a miserable life. K. B. seems to have suffered much; he may still have much to suffer; had he followed his father's profession, he might have been both happy and useful.

A

No. 89. TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1780.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,

“ I WAS lately one of a pretty numerous company of both sexes, when a lady then going to be married was the subject of conversation, and was mentioned by a gentleman present, as a very accomplished woman, to which the company in general assented. One lady remarked, she had often heard that phrase made use of, without being able precisely to understand what was meant by it; that she doubted not it was bestowed with propriety on Miss ———; but, as she was not of her acquaintance, she wished to know, whether, when one was said to be an accomplished woman, we were to understand such accomplishments as music, dancing, French, &c. which a boarding-school affords; or those higher attainments which the mind is supposed to acquire by reading and reflection? ‘ Reading and reflection!’ repeated, with an ironical sneer, a very fine gentleman who sat opposite to her; ‘ I wonder how any one can fill girls’ heads

with such ridiculous nonsense. I am sure I never saw a woman's learning have any other effect than to make her conceited of herself, and a plague to her neighbours. Were I to enter the shackles, I have too much regard to my own ease to choose a lady of reflection; and had I any daughters, I should probably have plague enough with them, without their being readers.' Another lady without taking the smallest notice of what the gentleman had said, observed, that she did not wonder young ladies were discouraged from taking much pains in improving their minds, as whatever a girl's understanding or mental accomplishments might be, they were universally neglected, at least by the gentlemen; and the company of any fool, provided she was handsome, preferred to theirs.—But, as this lady was rather homely, I durst not rely on her opinion.—An elderly gentleman then said, he did not see that reading could do a woman any harm, provided they confined themselves to books fit for them, and did not meddle with subjects they could not understand—such as religion and politics. As to the first, he said, that if a woman went regularly to church, said her prayers, read her Bible, and did as she was bid, he thought it all that was necessary; and as for politics, it was a subject far beyond the reach of any female capacity. This gentleman had a little before given a very circumstantial, and I am sure I thought a very tiresome, account of the method of making votes for the next general election, to which the company seemed to pay very little attention; and if that was what he meant by politics, he was certainly in the right; for I acknowledge I did not understand one word of it; nor did any of the ladies present, as I afterwards found, comprehend it more than myself.

“ A young gentleman, who, from his correct manner of speaking, I suppose practised the law, and who had hitherto listened with great attention, then took upon him to be our sex’s advocate, and was proceeding to show, in a very sensible manner, as I thought, the little danger that was to be feared, and the great advantage that might be reaped, from a young lady’s appropriating a considerable part of her time to reading, provided her studies were properly directed; when the arrival of some ceremonious visitors put an end to the conversation; and the company sat down to cards. When I came home, I could not help reflecting with a good deal of uneasiness, on what I had heard. For if there is really no such thing as mental accomplishments rendering a young lady more amiable, or if reading is to be of no real service to us, I have certainly employed a great part of my past life to very little purpose. I was brought up in the country, where reading was not only my greatest amusement, but I was always told, that by that, and making proper reflections on what I read, I should become contented with myself, and be beloved and respected by all who knew me; and by these improvements alone could hope to equal my sister, who is a great deal handsomer than I, but who could seldom be persuaded to open a book.

“ But the conversation above-mentioned, which happened very soon after I came to town, has raised many doubts in my mind as to the real importance of my former studies. I have mentioned my uneasiness to several of my female companions, who are all, especially such as are not handsome, very much interested in it, and would be very happy to see a MIRROR on this subject, though they were much

surprised at my courage in proposing to write to you; which, indeed, I never could have done, had I been able to find any other way to communicate my distress.

“ If you think this letter worthy your attention, I entreat you to give us, as soon as possible, your opinion as to what sort of accomplishments a young lady ought to be most anxious to acquire, and whether there is not some real advantage to be derived from reading; for I would fain think the young gentleman was in the right, though I am sorry I have never seen him since, to hear what he had further to say on the subject.

“ But if, on the contrary, you convince me that I either cannot, or need not, aim at any mental accomplishments, I shall lay by my book, and proceed to finish some ornamental pieces of work, which have hitherto advanced very slowly, as I was always more solicitous to improve my mind than to adorn my person.

“ I am, SIR,
“ Your constant reader and admirer,
“ EMILIA.”

It were hard indeed, if the word accomplishment, when applied to a woman, excluded the idea of such mental embellishments as Emilia seems particularly to have studied. In the Author of the MIRROR, she has chosen a partial umpire; for he will fairly own, that he addresses many of his papers chiefly to the ladies, and feels a high degree of pleasure when he is told that any one of them has been lucky enough to interest or to please the fair part of his readers. Such a paper he sets down as one *à bonnes fortunes*, and grows vain upon it accordingly.

It must, however, be confessed, on the other hand, that the lesser order of accomplishments mentioned by Emilia, are very necessary attendants on that higher sort which reading and reflection confer.

They are necessary even to the men: for without them learning grows pedantry, and wit becomes rudeness. But in women, a certain softness of address and grace of manner are so indispensable, that no talents or acquirements can possibly please without them. To give that softness, to confer that grace, reading and reflection will not suffice alone; to impart them in the highest degree, no other accomplishments will suffice, without reading and reflection.— Emilia's harpsichord will settle the matter. Let us take treble for the first sort of accomplishments, and bass for the latter; strike with the right hand—'tis music, but without strength; with the left—'tis harsh, and wants softness; touch it with both hands, and the instrument is quite as it should be.

It is not from the possession of knowledge, but from the display of it, that a woman ceases to be feminine. To lecture with authority, to argue with violence, to dispute with obstinacy, are qualifications purely masculine. It were too much to say that to be in the right, is a male quality; but to feel oneself in the right, or rather to show that feeling is not delicately female. The musical department will furnish us with another illustration. Emilia has heard of that sort of singing below the full powers of the performer's voice, which the Italians call singing *sotto-voce*; now, let a woman's understanding be ever so strong, let her mind be ever so accomplished, it should always be delivered *sotto-voce*.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,

“ I AM just going to commence business as a milliner, and am resolved to bestow more than common pains in furnishing out as elegant a shop-list as possible ; being of opinion, that much of the employment a shop-keeper gets is owing to the attraction of a happy-fancied sign, advertisement, or shop-bill. In executing this intention, I have met with several difficulties ; and therefore am induced to trouble you for a solution of them. A friend of mine, whom I consulted, because as he was often reading, I imagined him to be a wise and learned man, advised me to look into a book called Johnson’s Dictionary, which he said would spell, explain, and describe to me any thing I was at a loss about. Accordingly, after some difficulty, I procured a sight of this book from a relation, who was acquainted with a bookseller. But as this same Johnson explains his words in a foreign language, I am as much at a loss as ever ; because I am totally ignorant what language it is, and therefore cannot judge, whether what he says be such a description of my commodities as will bring me customers. Upon my looking, for instance, at his explanation of net-work, I find it to be,—‘ Any thing reticulated or decussated with interstices betwixt the inter-sections.’ Now, Mr. MIRROR, I beg the favour of you to tell me what language this is. You certainly can easily do it, when you have obtained such a character in town for wisdom and learning. If it should be French, be so good as translate it to me ; and if it proves to be such a description as I think suits the net-work I have on hand, I shall most gladly insert it in my bill. But if it should turn out to be Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or Dutch,

or any other heathen language, I would not meddle with it for all the world; for no person then would come near my shop. I am advised by all my friends to put as much French into my bills and advertisements as possible; and, indeed, I believe the advice is good; for I have a relation a *perruquier*, as he calls himself, who has told me that he believed he owed almost all his business, and a great deal he had, to an advertisement in the newspapers interlarded with French words. It began thus, for I copied it letter for letter:—‘*Perruques au dernier gout* made to fit the head, *avec une air bien degagé*, to be had,’ &c. This wigmaker informed me, that there was scarcely a young beau in town who wore a wig that could resist his advertisement.

“ I should beg pardon for the freedom I am using, in thus taking up your time about a matter which must appear so trifling to you; but if you are a benevolent man, and such I have heard you are, it will readily occur to you, that, though my request appears of a trivial nature, yet it treats of an affair of very great consequence to me. This consideration has imboldened me to apply to you; and, if you take the trouble to give me your assistance on this occasion, I promise you to take in your MIRROR to my shop for the amusement of my customers; though, upon second thoughts, I am doubtful whether it may not rather hurt my business. A mirror is as necessary to a milliner’s shop as the goods that are in it; but then it must be a mirror for the body. Now yours is one for the mind; and my best customers, in all probability, will consist of a set of ladies who seldom or never look into their minds at all; for those ladies, Mr. MIRROR, who decorate their persons in the highest extravagance of the fashion, and who, of consequence, are the best customers to the milliners, are generally

such, I am told, as have their minds worst dressed and least ornamented. Besides, the ladies generally find something in the bodily mirror which pleases them; but your mental looking-glass is one of such just reflection, that, if my ladies should view themselves in it, I am afraid they would be so dissatisfied and displeased with seeing their minds so unadorned as they really are, that they would go away in very bad humour, and without laying out a sixpence in ornaments for their persons.

“ I must, therefore, before I venture upon this step, consider further of it, and have the opinion of my friends on the matter. I have a good mind, Sir, to consult yourself upon it. I think so highly of you, that I scruple not to abide by your determination. Be so good, therefore, as to tell me in your answer, whether you think I ought to venture to take in your MIRROR to lie on my counter.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your very humble servant,

“ LETITIA LAPPET.”

Q



No. 90. SATURDAY, MARCH, 18, 1780.

Verum etiam amicum qui intuetur, tanquam exemplar aliquod intuetur sui; quocirca et absentes adsunt, et egentes abundant, et imbecilles valent, et, quod difficilius dictu est, mortui vivunt: tantus eos honos, memoria, desiderium prosequitur amicorum; ex quo illorum beata mors videtur, horum vita laudabilis.

CICERO. DE AMICITIA. 7.

‘LIFE,’ says Sir William Temple, ‘is like wine; who would drink it pure, must not draw it to the dregs.’ Such, I confess, has ever been my opinion, although, in reckoning up the good things of this world, long life is commonly estimated as one of its chief blessings.

I am ready to allow, that an old man, looking back on a well-spent life, in which he finds nothing to regret, and nothing to be ashamed of, and waiting with dignity for that event which is to put a period to his existence, is one of the most venerable and respectable of all objects. The idea that he is soon to quit the busy scenes of life throws a tenderness around him, similar to that we feel in bidding adieu to a friend who is to leave us for a long time.

There is, however, something wonderfully unpleasant in the decay of the powers of mind and body, the necessary consequence of extreme old age. To those around them, particularly to those with whom they are more nearly connected, the imbecillity which almost always attends persons in a very advanced period of life, affords one of the most affecting spectacles that can well be conceived. It is a situation truly interesting; and, while it teaches

us to make every allowance for the weakness of age, it disposes us, by every attention, by every mark of observance, to smooth the steps of the aged, and to remove, as much as possible, those clouds that hang on the evening of life.

It must, at the same time, be admitted, that there are men who live to a very great age, in the full possession of their faculties, and, what is still more, with all the affections of the mind alive and unabated. Yet, even where this is the case, I cannot, for my part, consider long life as an object much to be desired.

There is one circumstance, which with me is alone sufficient to decide the question. If there be any thing that can compensate the unavoidable evils with which this life is attended, and the numberless calamities to which mankind are subject, it is the pleasure arising from the society of those we love and esteem. Friendship is the cordial of life. But every one who arrives at extreme old age, must make his account with surviving the greater part, perhaps the whole, of his friends. He must see them fall from him by degrees, while he is left alone, single and unsupported, like a leafless trunk, exposed to every storm, and shrinking from every blast.

I have been led to these reflections by a loss I lately sustained in the sudden and unlooked-for death of a friend, to whom, from my earliest youth, I had been attached by every tie of the most tender affection. Such was the confidence that subsisted between us, that, in his bosom, I was wont to repose every thought of my mind, and every weakness of my heart. In framing him, Nature seemed to have thrown together a variety of opposite qualities, which, happily tempering each other, formed one of the most engaging characters I have ever known. An elevation of mind, a manly firmness, a Castilian

sense of honour, accompanied with a bewitching sweetness, proceeding from the most delicate attention to the situation and the feelings of others. In his manners simple and unassuming; in the company of strangers modest to a degree of bashfulness; yet possessing a fund of knowledge, and an extent of ability, which might have adorned the most exalted station. But it was in the social circle of his friends that he appeared to the highest advantage; there the native benignity of his soul diffused, as it were, a kindly influence on all around him, while his conversation never failed at once to amuse and to instruct.

Not many months ago I paid him a visit at his seat in a remote part of the kingdom. I found him engaged in embellishing a place of which I have often heard him talk with rapture, and the beauties of which I found his partiality had not exaggerated. He showed me all the improvements he had made, and pointed out those he meant to make. He told me all his schemes and all his projects. And while I live, I must ever retain a warm remembrance of the pleasure I then enjoyed in his society.

The day I meant to set out on my return, he was seized with a slight indisposition, which he seemed to think somewhat serious; and, indeed, if he had a weakness, it consisted in rather too great anxiety with regard to his health. I remained with him till he thought himself almost perfectly recovered; and, in order to avoid the unpleasant ceremony of taking leave, I resolved to steal away early in the morning, before any of the family should be astir. About day-break I got up and let myself out. At the door I found an old and favourite dog of my friend's, who immediately came and fawned upon me. He walked with me through the park. At the gate he stopped, and looked up wishfully in my face; and, though I

do not well know how to account for it, I felt, at that moment when I parted with the faithful animal, a degree of tenderness, joined with a melancholy so pleasing, that I had no inclination to check it. In that frame of mind I walked on, for I had ordered my horses to wait me at the first stage, till I reached the summit of a hill, which I knew commanded the last view I should have of the habitation of my friend. I turned to look back on the delightful scene. As I looked, the idea of the owner came full into my mind; and, while I contemplated his many virtues and numberless amiable qualities, a suggestion arose, if he should be cut off, what an irreparable loss it would be to his family, to his friends, and to society. In vain I endeavoured to combat this melancholy foreboding, by reflecting on the uncommon vigour of his constitution, and the fair prospect it afforded of his enjoying many days. The impression still recurred, and it was some considerable time before I had strength of mind sufficient to conquer it.

I had not been long at home when I received accounts of his being attacked by a violent distemper, and in a few days after I learned that it had put an end to his life.

This blow, for a time, unmanned me quite. Even now, the chief consolation I find is in the society of a few chosen friends. Should they also be torn from me, the world would be to me as a desert; and, though I should still endeavour to discharge my duty in that station which Providence has assigned me in life, I should never cease to look forward, not without impatience, to those peaceful mansions where the weary are at rest, and where only we can hope to meet again with those from whom we have been parted by the inexorable hand of Death.

R

No. 91. TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1780.

*Non quia, Mæcenas, Lydorum quidquid Etruscos
Incoluit fines, nemo generosior est te ;
Nec quòd avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus,
Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitârint,
Ut plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco
Ignotos.—*

HOR. SAT. i. 6. 1.

IN estimating the conduct of men, we naturally take into account, not only the merit or blame of their actions, abstractedly considered, but also that portion of either which those actions derive from the situation of the persons performing them. Besides the great moral laws by which every man is bound, particular ranks and circumstances have their peculiar obligations: and he who attains elevation of place, or extent of fortune, increases not only the pleasure he has to enjoy, but the duties he has to perform. This, however, moralists have always complained, is apt to be forgotten; the great are ever ready to exercise power, and the rich to purchase pleasure; but the first are not always mindful of benignity, nor the latter of beneficence.

In the lighter duties of life, the same rule takes place, and is, in the same manner, but little attended to. In these, indeed, it is more liable to be disregarded from an idea of its unimportance. Yet, to the little and the poor, the behaviour of the great or the rich is often as essential as their conduct. There may be tyranny and injustice in the one as well as in the other; nay, I have known many men

who could forgive the oppression of the powerful and the encroachments of the wealthy in more material instances, who never could pardon the haughtiness of their demeanour and the fastidiousness of their air.

It is strange, methinks, that the desire of depressing the humble, and overawing the modest, should be so common as it is among those on whom birth or station has conferred superiority. One might wonder how it should ever happen, that people should prefer being feared to being loved, to spread around them the chillness of unsocial grandeur, rather than the warmth of reciprocal attachment. Yet, from the pride of folly or of education, we find this is often the case; there is scarce any one who cannot recollect instances of persons who seem to have exchanged all the pleasures of society, all intercourse of the affections, for the cold pre-eminence of state and place.

But, in the ideas of their power, it is proper to inform such persons, they are frequently mistaken. It must be on a mind very contemptible indeed, that mere greatness can have the effects they are apt to ascribe to it. They cannot blast with a frown or elevate with a smile, from rank or station alone, without some other qualities attending them. 'Tis with rank and station, as an acquaintance of mine, somewhat of a coxcomb, though a better thing from nature, observed to me of dress: 'Every man,' said he, looking at himself in a mirror, 'every man can put on a fine coat; but it is not every man who can wear one.'

It is by no means so easy to do the honours of a high station, as many who attain high stations are apt to imagine. The importance of a man to himself is a feeling common to all; to settle with propriety the claims of others, as well as of ourselves,

requires no inconsiderable degree of discernment ; and the jealousy of inferior stations in this matter will criticise, with the utmost nicety, the determinations of their superiors. In proportion as the great claim respect or adulation, the spirit of those beneath them will commonly refuse it. We see daily examples of men, who go on arrogating dignity, and procuring contempt ; who meet with slights where they demand respect, and are refused even the attention to which they are entitled, because they would impose attention rather than receive it.

But it is not always by haughtiness of demeanour that people show themselves most haughty. There is a claim of superiority, amidst the condescension of some men, infinitely more disgusting than the distant dignity of ordinary pride. Somebody has called the part which the inferiors of such people play, ' holding the lower end of familiarity.' Orgilius keeps a pack of these end-holders constantly about him. He calls them by their names, as he does his hounds ; they open at his jests, follow the scent of every observation he makes, and run down every character he attacks. For all this he rewards them exactly as he does his favourite dogs, by allowing them to dirty his parlour, and feed at his table ; and, like the master of many a pack, he is despised by all his neighbours who have understanding, and hated by all those who want it.

Nothing is more difficult than the art of a patron ; the power of patronising is but one ingredient in its composition. A patron must be able to read mankind, and to conciliate their affections ; he must be so deserving of praise as to be independent of it ; yet receive it as if he had no claim, and give it value where it is just, by resisting adulation. He must have that dignity of demeanour which may keep his place in the circle ; yet that gentleness which

may not overpower the most timid, or overawe the meanest. If he patronises the arts, he must know and feel them; yet he must speak to the learned as a learner, and often submit the correctness of his taste to the errors of genius. With so many qualifications requisite for a patron, it is not wonderful that so few should arise; or that the bunglers whom we see attempt the part, should so frequently make enemies by offices of friendship, and purchase a lampoon at the price of a panegyric.

There is a sort of female patronage, of which I cannot forbear taking notice, though it be somewhat out of place here. It is considered as of little importance, though I am apt to believe its consequences are sometimes of a very serious nature. In some great houses, my Lady, as well as my Lord, has a train of followers, who contend for that honour which her intimacy is held to confer, and emulate those manners which her rank and fashion are supposed to sanctify. Let the humanity of such a patroness lead her to beware, lest her patronage be fatal to her favourites. If the glare of grandeur, or the luxuries of wealth, deprive them of the relish of sober enjoyments; if the ease of fashionable behaviour seduce them from the simplicity of purer manners: they will have dearly purchased the friendship which they court, or the notice which they envy. Let such noble persons consider, that, to the young ladies they are pleased to call their friends, those sober pleasures, those untainted manners, are to be the support of celibacy, the dower of marriage, the comfort and happiness of a future life. It were cruel, indeed, if by any infringement of those manners, any contempt for those pleasures, too easily copied by their inferiors, they should render the little transient distinctions which they bestow in

kindness, a source of lasting misery to those who receive them.

To the behaviour of the rich, the above observations may apply; wealth, in a commercial country like ours, conferring, in a great measure, the dignity of title or of birth. There are, however, some particular errors, into which the possessors of suddenly acquired fortunes are apt to fall, that defeat the ends at which they aim, that disgust where they meant to dazzle, and only create envy where they wish to excite admiration. When Lucullus, at a dinner to which he has invited half-a-dozen of his old acquaintance, shows his sideboard loaded with plate, and brings in seven or eight laced servants to wait at table, I do not reckon the dinner given but sold. I am expected to pay my reckoning as much as in a tavern; only here I am to give my admiration, and there my money; and it is certain that many men, and some very narrow ones too, will sooner part with the last than with the former. I have sometimes seen a high-spirited poor man at Lucullus's table affronted by the production of Burgundy, and refuse Champagne, because it had the *borachio* of our landlord's fourscore thousand pounds upon it. This was honest, and Lucullus had not much title to complain; but he knows not how often his Burgundy and Champagne are drunk by fellows who tell all the world, next day, of their former dinners with him at a shilling ordinary, with sixpenny-worth of punch, by way of regale, upon holidays.

There is an obligation to complacency, I had almost said humility, of manners, which the acquisition of wealth or station lays on every man, though it has often, especially on weak minds, a directly opposite effect. A certain degree of inattention, or even rudeness, which, from an equal, we may easily

pardon, from a superior becomes a serious injury. When my school-companion Marcus was a plain fellow like myself, I could have waited for him half an hour after the time of appointment, and laughed at his want of an apology when we met. But now that he is become a great man, I count the minutes of my attendance with impatience ; and, when he swaggers up to his elbow-chair without an acknowledgment, I hate him for that arrogance which I think he assumes, and almost hate myself for bearing it as I do. The truth is, Marcus was born in the rank, but without the sensibilities, of a gentleman ; a want, which no office in the state, no patent of dignity, can ever supply. If the term were rightly understood, I might confine my admonitions on the subject of this paper to three words, ‘ Be a gentleman.’ The feelings of this character, which, in point of manners, is the most respectable of any, will be as immediately hurt by the idea of giving uneasiness by his own behaviour, as of suffering uneasiness from the behaviour of another.

V

No. 92. SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1780.

LOOKING from the window of a house where I was visiting some mornings ago, I observed, on the opposite side of the street, a sign-post, ornamented with some little busts and bronzes, indicating a person to live there, by trade a figure-maker. On remarking to a gentleman who stood near me, that this was a profession I did not recollect having heard of before, my friend, who has a knack of drawing observations from trifles, and, I must confess, is a little inclined to take things on their weak side, replied, with a sarcastic smile, that it was one of the most common in life. While he spoke, a smart young man, who has lately set up a very showy equipage, passed by in his carriage at a brisk trot, and bowed to me, who have the honour of a slight acquaintance with him, with that air of civil consequence, which puts one in mind of the notice a man thinks himself entitled to. ‘That young gentleman,’ said my friend, ‘is a figure-maker, and the chariot he drives in is his sign-post. You might trace the brethren of this trade through every street, square, and house, in town. Figure-making is common to all ranks, ages, tempers, and situations: there are rich and poor, extravagant and narrow, wise and foolish, witty and ridiculous, eloquent and silent, beautiful and ugly figure-makers. In short, there is scarce any body such a cipher from nature, as not to form some pretensions to making a figure in spite of her.

‘ The young man who bowed to you is an extravagant figure-maker, more remarkable from being successor to a narrow one. I knew his father well, and have often visited him in the course of money-transactions, at his office, as it was called, in the garret-story of a dark airless house, where he sat, like the genius of Lucre, brooding in his hole over the wealth his parsimony had acquired him. The very ink with which he wrote was adulterated with water, and he delayed mending his pen till the characters it formed were almost illegible. Yet he, too, had great part of his enjoyment from the opinion of others, and was not insensible to the pleasures of figure-making. I have often seen him in his thread bare brown coat, stop on the street to wait the passing of some of his well-dressed debtors, that he might have the pleasure of insulting them with the intimacy to which their situations entitled him; and I once knew him actually lend a large sum, on terms less advantageous than it was his custom to insist upon, merely because it was a peer who wanted to borrow, and that he had applied in vain to two right honourable relations of immense fortune.

‘ His son has just the same desire of showing his wealth that the father had; but he takes a very different method of displaying it. Both, however, display, not enjoy, their wealth, and draw equal satisfaction from the consequence derived from it in the opinion of others. The father kept guineas in his coffers which he never used; the son changes, indeed, the species of property, but has just as little the power of using it. He keeps horses in his stable, mistresses in lodgings, and servants in livery, to no better purpose than his father did guineas. He gives dinners, at which he eats made-dishes that he detests, and drinks Champaigne and Bur-

gundy, instead of his old beverage of port and punch, till he is sick, because they are the dishes and drink of great and rich men. The son's situation has the advantage of brilliancy, but the father's was more likely to be permanent; he was daily growing richer, with the aspect of poverty; his son is daily growing poorer, with the appearance of wealth.

'It is impossible to enumerate the pranks which the sudden acquisition of riches, joined to this desire of figure-making, sets people a-playing. There is nothing so absurd or extravagant, which riches, in the hands of a weak man, will not tempt him to commit, from the mere idea of enjoying his money in the way of exhibition. Nay, this will happen to persons of whose sense and discretion the world had formerly a high opinion, even where that opinion was a just one; for wealth often makes fools where it does not find them.'—My friend, happening to cast his eye towards me at that moment, discovered a smile on my countenance: 'You are thinking now,' said he, 'that you and I could endure being left twenty or thirty thousand pounds notwithstanding the truth of my observation.'—'It would spoil your lecture,' I replied; 'but you may go on in the mean time.'—He took the pinch of snuff which my remark had stopped in its progress towards his nose, and went on.

'From this motive of figure-making,' continued he, turning to the ladies of the company, 'Beauty puts on her airs, and wit labours for a bon mot, till the first becomes ugly, and the latter tiresome. You may have frequently observed Betsy Ogle, in a company of her ordinary acquaintance, look charmingly, because she did not care how she looked, till the appearance of a gentleman, with a fine coat or a title, has set her a-tossing her head, roll-

ing her eyes, biting her lips, twisting her neck, and bringing her whole figure to bear upon him, till the expression of her countenance became perfect folly, and her attitudes downright distortion. In the same way our friend Ned Glib, who has more wit than any man I know, could he but learn the economy of it, when some happy strokes of humour have given him credit with himself and the company, will set out full tilt, mimicking, caricaturing, punning, and story-telling, till every body present wishes him dumb, and looks grave in proportion as he laughs.

‘ That wit and beauty should be desirous of making a figure, is not to be wondered at, admiration being the very province they contend for. That folly and ugliness should thrust themselves forward to public notice, might be matter of surprise, did we not recollect that their owners most probably think themselves witty and handsome. In these, indeed, as in many other instances, it unfortunately happens, that people are strangely bent upon making a figure in those very departments, where they have least chance of succeeding.

‘ But there is a species of animal, several of whom must have fallen under the notice of every body present, which it is difficult to class, either among the witty or the foolish, the clever or the dull, the wise or the mad, who, of all others, have the greatest propensity to figure-making. Nature seems to have made them up in haste, and to have put the different ingredients, above referred to, into their composition at random. They are more common in such a place as this, than in a more extensive sphere; like some vermin that breed in ponds and rivulets, which a larger stream or lake would destroy. Our circle is just large enough to give their talents room, and small enough to be affected

by their exertion. Here, therefore, there is never wanting a junto of them of both sexes, who are liked or hated, admired or despised, who make people laugh or set them asleep, according to the fashion of the time or the humour of their audience, and who have always the satisfaction of talking themselves, and of being talked of by others. With us, indeed, a very moderate degree of genius is sufficient for this purpose; in small societies, folks are set agape by small circumstances. I have known a lady here contrive to make a figure for half the winter, on the strength of a plume of feathers, or the trimming of a petticoat; and a gentleman make shift to be thought a fine fellow, only by outdoing every body else in the thickness of his queue, or the height of his foretop.

‘ But people will not only make themselves fools; I have known instances of their becoming knaves, or, at least, boasting of their being so, from this desire of figure-making. You shall hear a fellow, who has once got the character of being a sharp man, tell things of himself, for which, if they had been true, he deserved to be hanged, merely because his line of figure-making lies in trick and chicanery; hence, too, proceed all those histories of their own profligacy and vice, which some young men of spirit are perpetually relating, who are willing to record themselves villains, rather than not be recorded at all.

‘ In the arts, as well as in the characters, of men, this same propensity is productive of strange disorders. Hence proceed the bombast of poetry, the tumour of prose, the garish light of some paintings, the unnatural *chiaro scuro* of others; hence, in music, the absurd mixture of discordant movements and the squeak of high-strained cadences; in short, all those sins against nature and sim-

licity, which artists of inferior merit are glad to practise, in order to extort the notice of the public, and to make a figure by surprise and singularity.'

The accidental interruption of a new visitor now stopped the current of my friend's discourse; he had, indeed, begun to tire most of the company, who were not all disposed to listen quite so long as he seemed inclined to speak. In truth, he had forgot that the very reproof he meant to give his neighbours, applied pretty strongly to himself, and that, though he might suppose he was lecturing from the desire of reformation, he was, in reality, haranguing in the spirit of figure-making.

I



No. 93. TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1780.



Parva leves capiunt animos.—

OVID.

THAT life consists, in a great measure, of trifling occurrences and little occupations, there needs no uncommon sagacity or attention to discover. Notwithstanding the importance we are apt to ascribe to the employments and the time, even of the greatest and most illustrious, were we to trace such persons to the end of their labours and the close of their pursuits, we should frequently discover, that trifles were the solace of the one, and the purpose of the other. Public business and political arrangement are often only the constrained employments to which

accident or education has devoted their hours, while their willing moments are destined, perhaps, to light amusements and to careless mirth.

It is not, then, surprising, that trifles should form the chief gratification of ordinary men, on whom the public has no claim, and individuals have little dependence. But, of those trifles, the nature will commonly mark the man, as much as circumstances of greater importance. A mind capable of high exertion or delicate sentiment will stoop with a certain consciousness of its descent, that will not allow it to wanton into absurdity, or sink into grossness. There is, in short, a difference, which sense and feeling will not easily forget, between the little and the mean, the simple and the rude, the playful and the foolish.

But the surest mark of a weak mind is an affectation of importance amidst the enjoyment of trifles, a bustle of serious business amidst the most insignificant concerns. The bringing forward of little things to the rank of great ones, is the true burlesque in character as well as in style; yet such characters are not uncommon, even among men who have acquired some estimation in the world. In this particular, the world is easily deceived; dulness may often ape solemnity, and arrogate importance, where brighter talents would have drawn but little regard, as objects are magnified by mists, and made awful by darkness.

Of a character of this sort I received, some time ago, the following sketch from a young lady, who sometimes honours me with her correspondence, whose vivacity can give interest to trifles, and entertainment to absurdity.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ You made me promise, on leaving town, that I would write to you whenever the country afforded any thing worth writing about. The country at present, merely as country, presents no landscape, but one undistinguished tract of snow ; vegetation is locked up in frost, and we are locked up within doors, but something might be traced within doors, had I a good pencil for the purpose.—Mine host, of whom you have heard a good deal, is no bad subject : suppose I make him sit for his picture.

“ Believe me, he is not quite the sensible intelligent man we were told he was. So much the better, I like oddities—even now and then in town, still better in the country ; but in frost and snow, and all the dreary confinement of winter,—oh ! your battledore and shuttlecock are a joke to them.

“ You remember a long while ago, so long that I have forgot every part of the book but the name, we read *Nature Displayed* together. You then told me of a certain Mr. Leuwenhoek, I think you called him, whose microscope shewed the circulation of frog’s blood, the scales of the scales of fishes, the bristles of mites, and every other tiny thing in the world. Now, my worthy landlord, Mr. G. R., has always such a glass as Leuwenhoek’s in his noddle ; every little thing is so great to him, and he does little things, and talks of little things, with an air of such importance !—but I hate definitions : pictures are ten times better ; and now for a few sketches of my winter-quarters, and of the good man under whose government I live.

“ I discovered, on my first entry into his house, that every thing was in exact order, and every place inviolably appropriated to its respective use.

The gentlemen were to put their hats and sticks in one corner, and the ladies their clogs in another. The very day of my arrival, I heard the family-apothecary get a severe rebuke for violating the chastity of the clog-corner with his ratan. I have hitherto escaped much censure on this score: luckily I have attracted the regard of Mr. R.'s youngest sister, a grave, considerate, orderly, young lady. I don't know how it is, but I have often got in favour with those grave ladies—God knows, I little deserve it. Miss Sophia R. therefore keeps me right in many important particulars, or covers my deviations with some apology; or, if all won't do, I laugh, as is my way; Mr. R. calls me Rattle-skull; says, he shall bring me into order by-and-bye, and there's an end on't.

“By that attention to trifles, for which, from his earliest days, he was remarkable, Mr. R. made himself commodious to some persons of considerable influence, and procured many advantages to which neither from birth nor fortune he was anywise entitled. He travelled in company with a gentleman of very high rank and distinguished abilities, by whose means he procured an introduction to many eminent men in foreign countries; and when he returned from abroad, was often in the society of the eminent men of our own. But his brain, poor man, was like a gauze searce, it admitted nothing of any magnitude: amidst great men and great things, it took in only the dust that fell from them.

“He was reading in the newspapers, the other morning, of the marriage of the Honourable Miss W—— to Sir H. S——. ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘to think how time passes! I remember her grandfather, Lord W——, well; a great man, a very great man.

We met at Naples, and afterwards went to Parma together. I gave him the genuine receipt for the Parmesan cheese, which I went purposely to procure, while he was examining some statues and ancient manuscripts. We were ever afterwards on the most friendly footing imaginable. I was with him a few mornings before the marriage of Lord C. W——, this very Miss W——'s father. I remember it well;—it was at breakfast;—I often breakfasted with him before he went to the house;—he always eat butter'd muffins; but when I was there, he used to order dry toast; I always eat dry toast.—The bride was with us; I was intimately acquainted with her too; she let me into the whole secret of the courtship. Her father's principal inducement to the match,—it was a long affair,—the B—— estate was to be settled on the young folks at the marriage; no, not all—part of the B—— estate, with the manor in Lincolnshire.—But, as I was saying, we were at breakfast at Lord W——'s. His son and the bride were by; Lord C. had velvet breeches, and gold clocks in his stockings! the question was, whether this was proper? I put it to the bride; I made her blush, I warrant you;—she was a fine woman, a prodigious fine woman; she always used my wash-ball: I wrote out the receipt for her; it was given me at Vienna by Count O——; a very great man Count O——, and knew more of the affairs of the empire than any man in Germany.—From him I first learned with certainty, that the Duchess of Lorraine's two fore-teeth were false ones. I remember he had an old gray monkey.—Sister Mary, you have heard me tell the story of Count O——'s monkey.' But here it pleased heaven that William called his master out of the room, and saved us from the Count and his old gray monkey.

“The superficial knowledge of great men, and accidental acquaintance with some of the terms of state business, has given him a consequential sort of phraseology, which he applies, with all the gravity in the world, to the most trifling occurrences. When he orders the chaise for his eldest sister, himself, and me, the white pad for Sophy, and the old roan mare for her attendant, he calls it ‘regulating the order of the procession.’ When he gives out the wine from the cellar, and the groceries from the store-room, for he does both in person, he tells us, he has been ‘granting the supplies:’ the acceptance, or offer of a visit he lays before ‘a committee of the whole house;’ and for the killing of the fat ox this Christmas, he called the gentlemen three successive mornings to ‘a grand council of war.’

“It were well if all this were only matter of amusement; but some of us find it a source of very serious distress. Your managing men are commonly plagues; but Mr. R. manages so much to a hair’s breadth, that he is a downright torment to the other members of his family. It was but yesterday we had the honour of a ceremonious visit from some great folks, as we think them, who came lately from your town to eat their mince-pies in the country. After a wonderful ringing of bells, calling of servants, and trampling upon the stairs all morning, Mr. R. came down to the drawing-room at a quarter before three, with all his usual fiddle faddlation, but, as I thought, in very good humour. He had on his great company wig, and his round set shoe-buckles. The servants had their liveries new white-ball’d, and the best china was set out, with the large silver salvers, and the embossed porter-cups on the sideboard. The covers were stripped from the worked chair-bottoms, and his grandmother’s

little diced carpet was taken off the roller, and laid like a patch on the middle of the floor, the naked part of which was all shining with bees-wax. The company came at their hour; the beef was roasted to a turn; dinner went on with all imaginable good order and stupidity; supper was equally regular and sleepy; in short, every thing seemed quite as it should be: yet, next morning, I perceived foul weather in all the faces of the family; Mr. R. and his sister scarce spoke to one another, and he talked, all the time of breakfast, of female carelessness and inattention. Miss Sophia explained it to me when we were left alone. 'Oh! do you know,' said she, 'a sad affair happened last night; my brother and sister had such a tiff! You must understand, before the company arrived yesterday, he had, as usual, adjusted the ceremonial of their different apartments; but he discovered, on attending them to their rooms at night, that my sister had put the gilt china bottle and bason into the callico bed-chamber, and the ordinary blue and white into the pink damask.'—It is lucky this man is no guardian of mine; were he to watch me as he does his sisters, and see all the odds and ends about me—But what has he to do to be a guardian? Yet Nature, perhaps, meant him for something, if fortune had allowed it; he might have been excellently employed in a pin-shop, in sticking the rows in a pin-paper.

"I fancy you have quite enough of my landlord. You used to say I was the best of your philosophers, your Democritus in petticoats. If I have an inch of philosophy about me, it is without my knowledge, I assure you; you are welcome to it, however, such as it is. Other folks may give you what I have heard you call the great views of nature and

life ; it is enough for me if I can enrich your collection with a paper of insects.

“ Yours most truly,

“ C. F.”

V

No. 94. SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1780.

AMONG the other privileges of an anonymous periodical author is that of writing letters in praise of himself, which he is, now and then, obliged to insert on account of their merit, however offensive they may be to his modesty. This sort of correspondence, which I suppose is a very pleasant one, I have not ventured to indulge in. The correspondents whom I have personated, always talk of themselves instead of the MIRROR ; and, on the other hand, several of the papers I have received, are written in the person of the author, a character in which it were improper to praise him, and which, when assumed, gives, perhaps, no great inclination to do it. Of this last sort is the first of two communications, to which I devote the paper of to-day ; the second, containing one of the very few compliments which the MIRROR has exhibited of itself, is a genuine letter from London, written by a gentleman in the very

situation, the feelings of which he so naturally describes.

In my first paper I took occasion to mention a few particulars of my situation and character, and my object in this publication. My design has been to afford an agreeable and innocent amusement; and by laying before my readers those characters I was acquainted with, and which presented themselves before me, I had some hopes, though I should not reclaim the completely vicious, that I might be able to guard the young and inexperienced, to alarm the inconsiderate, to confirm the wavering, and to point out, even to the worthy, some of those errors and imperfections, from which, perhaps, the finest minds are in the greatest danger of suffering.

How far I have been able to afford any amusement, I will not take upon me to say; but I am sorry to find, that many of the characters which I have presented to the public, with a view to point out men's errors and defects, have been considered as proper objects of imitation, and that some of my readers have so far mistaken the purpose I had in presenting such characters, as to be flattered by thinking that themselves bear some resemblance to them.

When I made my readers acquainted with my friend Mr. Fleetwood, I never meant to recommend that excessive delicacy and false refinement which often prevents him from being happy; on the contrary, my intention was to point out the danger of that excessive refinement, and to guard such of my readers as should be disposed to indulge in it, against its fatal consequences; and yet I know a gentleman who is so desirous of being thought possessed of delicacy and refinement, that, the other day, I saw him very much pleased when one of his friends

told him he was a very Fleetwood. Luckily for him, I know him to be possessed of Fleetwood's good qualities, without his imperfections. I cannot say so much for his acquaintance C. D.; he is a peevish, discontented creature, quick in his temper, jealous of his friends, and dissatisfied with every thing about him. He has of late taken it into his head to be a man of taste, though he has not the least pretensions to the character; and while he indulges his own peevishness and chagrin, he flatters himself with the thought that he is a Fleetwood, and apologises for his bad temper, by calling it the effect of his delicacy and refinement of mind. Though I confess my partiality for Fleetwood's good qualities, yet had I not known C. D., I could hardly have thought that any one would have been vain of his imperfections, who was not possessed of any of his merits.

When I introduced Mr. Umphraville to my readers, I never meant to recommend that seclusion from the world, and that abstraction from the duties of life, which, with all the dignity of mind he is possessed of, have given occasion to his little oddities, and disqualified him for every active purpose; and yet Tom Meadows, who gave up the profession of the law, because he was too idle to attend to it, and who has lately sold his commission in the army, because he would not undergo the fatigues of a foreign campaign, has thought proper to justify his conduct by appealing to Mr. Umphraville's example; and pretends to say, that he, forsooth, has too much pride of mind, to occupy himself in applying the rules of law to the uninteresting disputes of individuals, or to be engaged in assisting in a review, or lining the streets at a procession.

H. B.'s letter, in my 51st Number, describes

the dangerous effects of giving too much culture, and too many accomplishments, and of softening too much the mind of a young girl, who has to struggle with the difficulties of life, and is not placed in such a situation as makes her independent of the world. It represents, in a very feeling manner, the delicate distress which these circumstances had occasioned. I have lately, however, received a letter from a correspondent, who, from her language and expressions, seems to be a great reader in the circulating library. She says she has lately spent much of her time in studying the *Belles Lettres*; that, of all things, she would wish to be learned and accomplished;—that she regrets that her father did not educate her better;—that of all the persons she ever read of, she would wish to be like my correspondent H. B.;—that she envies her affliction, for that ‘affliction makes part of her dream of happiness.’

The letter published in my 78th number, gives an excellent description of the bad effects of that too great easiness of temper which leads a man into folly and extravagance, and makes him be ruined by having too many friends. My neighbour Will Littlebit, whose heart is so contracted as not to be susceptible of the sentiment of friendship, and who, far from being in danger of being preyed upon by his friends, never admits a guest within his house, says, that the 78th is the only good paper he has seen in the MIRROR, and that the last paragraph in particular should be printed in letters of gold, to serve as a lesson of imitation for all the young men of the age.

The particulars above-mentioned have taught me how difficult is the attempt to instruct or reform.—There is no virtue which is not nearly connected with some vice; there is no imperfection which

does not bear a near resemblance to some excellency.—And mankind, fond of indulging their favourite passions and inclinations, instead of distinguishing, endeavour to confound their vices with their virtues; instead of separating the bad from the good grain, they bind all up together, and hug themselves in the belief of holding only what is valuable.

P

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,

“ I AM, though at this distance, one of your constant readers, and mark with pleasure not only the general good tendency of your papers, but perceive also that you draw your pictures of human nature from the only pure fountain, Nature, herself.

“ You must know I am a native of Edinburgh, where I passed my youth and received my education; but have been long settled in this place. Some years ago, I was impelled, by a very natural desire, to revisit my native country, and I now sit down to communicate to you the sensations I felt upon that occasion.

“ On my arrival in Edinburgh, I will own that what first struck me was the total change of faces. Very few were left whom I knew when a boy, and those so altered in their appearance, so much the shadows only of what they once were, as could not fail to excite many serious reflections. Hardly a single house did I find inhabited by the same persons I left in it; but every where a new race, new manners, and new modes of living. In short, I found myself, in almost every sense of the word, an utter stranger. Even the improvements that had been made during my long absence displeased me.

The corn-fields on the south side of the town were quite covered with substantial houses ; Barefoot's Parks, where I have had many a retired and pleasant walk, converted into a splendid city ; and in the Old Town, many ruinous buildings, the scenes of some of my youthful amusements, now rebuilt with equal solidity and elegance.

“ Nor were these my only grievances. The removal of the Cross, of the Netherbow-port, and of many other encumbrances ; in short, every alteration, though evidently for the better, that had taken place since my departure, more or less displeased me. You will more easily account than I can, how it comes to pass that the human mind should be so much set against all innovations of what nature soever. This may, perhaps, insensibly arise from the picture they exhibit of the mutability of every object before us, and a tacit intimation that we ourselves are composed of the same changeable materials, and must soon quit the scene.

“ I will acknowledge, however, that I had the satisfaction to find many places that did not hurt me by any alteration or improvement. Your wynds and closes were nearly in the state I left them ; and where, in some parts of the streets, you have got new pavements, the good people who live at the sides of them take care that there shall be no innovation in point of cleanliness. Your Theatre and Concert-Hall are new buildings ; but your Assembly-Room, where people of the highest fashion resort, is just as paltry as ever. But as they dance there for the benefit of the poor, I shall forbear any further remarks on it,—Charity covereth a multitude of sins.

“ The High-School*, and its environs, I found unaltered, though the yards appeared to me to be

* This school, I understand, has been since rebuilt.

much diminished in their extent. The College, too, remained the same plain, mean, unadorned, building it was half a century ago ; and seemed to me, after having seen the splendid palaces of Oxford and Cambridge, more homely than ever. Though, perhaps, in literature, as in religion, Sister Peg confines herself to substance, without much regard to ornament ; yet, methinks, it is rather a reproach to the capital of our country, that, amidst all its improvements, this university, so much celebrated over Europe for the ability of its professors, and the success with which every branch of science is there cultivated, should present to the eye of a stranger, a set of buildings so inconvenient as well as mean. The present period is, perhaps, not very favourable to expensive public designs ; but I would have your readers, among whom, I hope, are included all the men of fortune and taste in the kingdom, think of the College, as soon as the pressure of the times will admit. As an individual, from that regard to the honour of the land of my nativity, which, I hope, will never be extinguished, I shall willingly and liberally contribute, whenever this necessary work is determined upon.

“ I will not tire you with my various observations during several excursions I made into different parts of the country ; because some of them might, to your readers, appear too trite, and others, perhaps, too trivial. But I cannot omit telling you, that the spirit of industry, so conspicuous in the various manufactures set on foot of late years, and in the improved face of the country, gave birth to many pleasing sensations which are not easily described. Yet I was not much better pleased with some of the fine buildings of the country than with those of the town. In many places, I could not help regretting the Gothic grandeur of ancient castles,

displaced by modern showy edifices. Some of their owners, I fancy, are of my mind; for I was informed that their fathers used to reside at the mansions in their former state nine months in the year; but that the present possessors of those elegant houses, are scarcely seen there at all. Nor could I refrain, as I passed along, from dropping a tear over the ruins of our religious houses; which, however they might have been perverted, from the original purposes of their erection, I could not help considering as splendid monuments of the piety of our ancestors. Some of them I saw that had still more tender ties upon my mind. I remembered having played, when a boy, under arches, which time had since mouldered away,—with companions, the echo of whose voices was still fresh in my memory, though they, alas, as well as those arches, were now crumbled into dust.

“ Were I to go on, I find I should be in danger of growing too serious. Recalling to remembrance days long past, and the juvenile society of those who are now no more, is an awful operation of the human mind; and while it speaks loudly of the truth of St. Paul’s observation, that ‘ the fashion of this world passeth away,’ imperceptibly leads to a train of thinking that might be here out of place, though it is neither unpleasing nor unsuitable to the character of a rational being, who hath been taught and accustomed to consider himself as an immortal part of the creation.

“ I am,” &c.

“ London, March 13, 1780.”

No. 95. SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1780.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,

“ As you have, by several of your publications, given proof that you do not think the occurrences of a domestic life unworthy your attention, I shall, without further preface, address you on a subject full as deserving of it as any yet offered to your consideration. It is now above four years since I became the wife of a gentleman, my equal in rank and fortune; and, what was more material, of a disposition and turn of mind every way suitable to mine. His estate lies at a considerable distance from the capital; but as it is situated in an agreeable neighbourhood, and as we have both a taste for reading, and Mr. B. is not averse to rural employments, we spent our time as happily as possible till about half a year ago, that my ill stars directed me to renew my acquaintance with a young lady, who had been my companion at school, and who now came on a visit to a relation who lived at no great distance from our house.

“ Before I proceed in my story, I must beg a candid consideration of it. From the introduction to the disagreeable part of it, you will be apt to imagine that I am one of those self-tormentors justly ridiculed by the ingenious author of the *Jealous Wife*. No such thing, Mr. MIRROR; my husband's attention to other women never gave me the slightest uneasiness. Convinced of his attachment, satisfied with his treatment of me, I never expected

him to be blind to the charms of a beautiful woman, or insensible of the merit of an agreeable one ; nor had I the mistaken policy of many wives, of never suffering a tolerable female to enter my doors, or of courting the intimacy of some tall elderly maiden, that I might gain by the comparison. No, Sir ; I depended wholly upon my unremitting attention to please Mr. B. for the continuance of his attachment. Nor can I in the least reproach myself with giving cause for the abatement I too plainly perceive in it. But to return to my story. I was much pleased at seeing my old school-fellow : we had been parted many years, and I found the wild lively romp improved into an elegant woman. She still, however, retained a good deal of the heedless manner that marked her childish days ; and, though she has an excellent understanding, she never seemed to make use of it in the regulation of her conduct or behaviour. She expressed herself much pleased at finding me so happily settled : Mr. B. appeared to her a most amiable man, and my children, particularly my little Bess, she said were angels. Her attention to them, I own, endeared me to her very much ; though indeed, Mr. MIRROR, no one can help loving them, for they are charming children. Her good-humoured, playful, ways made the little creatures dote on her. At my return from walking, I have frequently found her on her knees on the floor, building card-houses for their entertainment. Mr. B. has observed to me, on those occasions, how amiable it was in a young admired woman, who spent her life in the usual round of folly and dissipation, to preserve such natural and right feelings. He generally concluded his observations with saying, that he believed she would make a most excellent wife. I for a long time agreed with him in opinion, and used to tell her

before his face, the fine things Mr. B. said of her. She received them in a rattling good-humoured way, insisting that her conduct in the married state would depend on her husband's : for she declared that she did not find in herself that exalted turn of mind to love virtue for its own sake, and she believed she would make but an indifferent wife to half the men in the world. Such conversation generally produced an argument between her and Mr. B., which, as it was carried on with spirit and temper, had no other effect than making them still more pleased with one another. If she found the argument growing serious, she would call over the children, and, putting them on their father's knee, desire them to kiss him into good-humour, which never failed having the effect ; or, if she said a flippant thing to him, with which he seemed half offended, she used to take his hand, and smile so sweetly in his face, it was impossible for him to continue displeased with her ; and generally a kiss, and a game at billiards, sealed their reconciliation. I own to you, I began not to relish her behaviour ; yet it seemed so unpremeditated, and so perfectly corresponding with her general character, that I did not know how to make her sensible of the impropriety of it. I even doubted my own judgement of the matter. I had, for some time, lived so much out of the gay world, that I did not know but Maria's very great freedom of manner might be the fashionable behaviour of the people she had been accustomed to see ; if so, how was she to blame ? or why should I be uneasy, knowing her to be a woman of honour, surely incapable of so base an action as endeavouring to alienate my husband's affections from me ? By such reasoning I strove to quell the first emotions, jealous, if you will have them so, that rose in my breast. But, alas, Mr.

MIRROR, to what purpose? I have every hour fresh cause of uneasiness. About a week ago I went suddenly into the parlour, and found Maria sitting on Mr. B.'s knee, her head leaning on his shoulder: he looked a little out of countenance; but she was not in the least distressed at my appearance, but asked me, with her usual good humour, what made me look so grave; then, slapping Mr. B. gently on the cheek, said, 'It is your fault, you harsh thing you! when I knew her formerly, she used to be all life and spirits.' He answered, coldly I thought, that it was his wish ever to see me in spirits, and that he was sorry he was not so happy as to hit on a method to make me so. I turned my head aside, to hide the starting tear. Maria, as if guessing at my emotion, put her arm about my neck, and, drawing round my averted face, said, in a loud whisper,—'My dear Mrs. B., how can you indulge such weakness?' Mr. B. snatched up his hat, and left the room; I heard the word 'childish,' as he shut the door. I remember the time when he could not bear the least cloud on my looks, without tenderly inquiring the cause; but now he seems often to forget that I am present, while Maria engrosses his whole attention. I have been for some days deprived of his company, and have spent the time in reflecting seriously on my situation. The more I consider it, the more it appears to me of a particular and distressing nature. I have at last determined to request your opinion of it, and, through the channel of your paper, to give Maria a hint, that, to keep clear of the grossness of vice, is not sufficient for the delicacy of the female character; and that the woman, who, by an alluring and refined coquetry, engages the thoughts and interests the feelings of a married man, is a more dangerous, and perhaps not a less criminal

companion, than the avowed wanton, who excites a short-lived passion, soon extinguished by remorse, and, if I may be allowed the expression, fully compensated for by the returning tenderness of the repenting husband.

“ I am, &c.

“ E. B.”

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ MR. MIRROR,

“ I MARRIED, for love, a most charming woman, who has made me the happy father of two very fine children: I have a thousand a-year estate, and enjoy a most perfect state of health; yet a very slight and contemptible cause was near destroying all those fair prospects of happiness, by interrupting the harmony of an union founded on mutual liking, and cemented by mutual esteem. In your observations on the female world, you have suffered to escape your notice a dangerous and most destructive race, whose hearts, hardened by vanity, are equally impenetrable to the shafts of love, and insensible of the charms of friendship; yet the business of their lives is to excite passions they never mean to gratify, and sentiments they are incapable of returning. My dear Mrs. B., unfortunately for us both, some months ago renewed an intimacy, formed in her childish days, with one of those females. To Maria I was introduced as the husband of her friend; as such I was received by her, without reserve, and soon treated with the most flattering distinction. Maria possesses all those powers of allurements which men for ever condemn, and can never withstand: she can assume every shape that is fitted to captivate the senses, or delight the ima-

gination, and can vary her appearance at pleasure. So consummate is her art, that one could not, for an instant, suspect her of any design in her behaviour; and even at this moment, that an accident has laid open her whole character to me, I should not answer for my resolution were she to enter the room, and smilingly take my hand, as was her frequent custom, with such a mixture of sweetness and tenderness in her looks!—I almost fear I should be weak enough to forget that my opinion of her is founded on the clearest proofs of her dissembling arts, and stand before her self-condemned, as the defamer of innocence and undesigning simplicity.

“ Luckily I am out of her reach: I left my own house immediately upon the discovery I made of the fair hypocrite’s real disposition. I mean to send for my dear Mrs. B., and, with her, pay a visit to the capital, and there use all my efforts to make her amends for any uneasiness my foolish infatuation may have given her; but first I wished to make this public acknowledgement of it; and, as Maria deserves no mercy, I shall show her none, except concealing her family name.

“ For five months, Mr. MIRROR, the Proteus-like animal had found out a thousand different ways to charm me. Was I in spirits, she was all life and good humour; when in a graver mood, I found her all sense and seriousness. If what I had been reading excited in me a tender and not unpleasing melancholy, the sympathetic tear stood ready in her eye. A few days since, upon my reading to her the story of La Roche, so beautifully told in your papers, she wept, leaning upon my shoulder; and I own to you, Mr. MIRROR, as her tears fell upon the finest bosom Nature ever formed, while her white hand lightly pressed upon my arm, I

thought I had never beheld so interesting an object. Mrs. B. came suddenly into the room: her grave cold manner was at the moment disagreeably contrasted to Maria's animated feelings. For the first time since our marriage, I thought I saw a change in Mrs. B.'s temper, and that she was not the very amiable woman I took her for. She took amiss something I said, and I left the room in disgust. I strolled down a shady walk that goes round part of my improvements: at the end of it I found Maria seated on the grass, with one of my little girls on her lap. She rose at my approach, and, desiring the child to walk before us, took me under the arm, and, in the gentlest terms, expostulated with me on the abruptness of my manner. She had, she said, after a vain attempt to soothe her, left Mrs. B. in tears. She acknowledged I had not given her very serious cause of uneasiness, but that a man of my sense should make allowance for the trifling blemishes of a very good woman; adding, with a smile,—‘My dear Mr. B., we are none of us angels.’—I was puppy enough to be ready to exclaim,—‘Upon my soul, you are one.’ I contented myself with saying,—‘Whoever you marry, Maria, will have no reason to complain of your temper.’ She blushed, drew out her handkerchief to cover her face with it, as if to conceal her emotions, but gave me such a look from below it!—A servant appeared to tell us that dinner waited, and we went into the house together.

“In the afternoon one of my little girls came into the parlour, where I was sitting alone:—‘See what I found in the walk, Papa?’ said she, holding out a paper. I took it from the child, and, seeing it was Maria's hand, was about to go up stairs to restore it to its owner, when my own name, written in large characters, struck my eye. My good man-

ners were overpowered by the immediate impulse of my curiosity; I opened the paper, and read what follows; it was part of an unfinished letter to a friend in town.

‘ You ask what havoc I have made among the beaux at ——? Alas! my dear Bell, you know but little of my situation when you talk of beaux; not a creature one would allow to pick up one’s fan within ten miles of us. Having nothing upon my hands, I have struck up a sort of sentimental Platonic flirtation with a Mr. B., who lives within a small distance of our house. I knew his wife at school, and she was one of the first who visited me upon my arrival here. Her violent praises of her beloved gave me a sort of desire to see him; and, I own, I found him tolerable enough in his appearance, and by no means deficient in understanding, but vain of his slight pretensions to talents and very fond of being thought profound. At the first glance I saw into him, and could now twist him round my finger. It is very diverting to observe by what foolish principles your men, who think themselves very wise, are governed. Flatter this man’s vanity, and you might lead him round the world. Now I know you will treat me, in return for my frankness, with a lecture upon coquetry, married men, impropriety, and so-forth. Take my advice, my dear Bell, and save yourself the trouble: it would be all to no purpose. A coquette I am, and a coquette I will remain to the last day of the existence of my powers of pleasing.’

“ The paper was there at an end. It raised in me the strongest indignation and contempt for the writer. And I felt so ashamed of my folly, that I determined not to see my dear Mrs. B. until I

had made some atonement, by sending you an account of my errors and repentance.

“ I am, &c.

“ J. B.”

No. 96. SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1780.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,

“ I AM neither ugly, nor old, nor poor, nor neglected; I have a clear conscience; nor have I suffered any calamity by the inconstancy of lovers, or the death of relations. I am not unhappy. The world would laugh at me if I should say I were unhappy. But I am not happy. I will tell you my case: I confide in your feelings; for you seem to understand, what few people understand, that a person may be in easy circumstances, have a clear conscience, and enjoy sufficient reputation, and yet be—no, I will not say miserable,—but not happy.

“ I am the only daughter of an eminent merchant. My father made his own fortune; and a very good fortune he has made of it. He married my mother before his situation was so comfortable as it is at present. They are neither of them niggardly. Having wherewithal to live, not only with ease, but with some degree of splendor, they choose, as they say, to enjoy the fruit of their labours. Accordingly, we live in an elegant house, have a handsome carriage, keep a good number of servants, and

see a great deal of company. You will easily conceive, however, that the show attending my father's present system of living, and the manners suited to his present condition, do not just agree with his former habits. But this does not signify much. He is a good-natured worthy man; and they must be very captious indeed, who will not suffer his merits to conceal his defects.

“ With regard to myself, my parents having no other daughter, and intending to give me a genteel portion, were determined I should have a good education. ‘ For,’ said my father, ‘ a young woman of fortune, and of an agreeable appearance, must go into company. You and I, Bridget, addressing himself to my mother, ‘ set out in life in a different manner, but Mary must have education.’

“ So they sent me to a famous boarding-school; and, in so far as my improvement was concerned, they spared no expense. Sir, I speak to you without reserve; and I hope you will not think me too vain, if I tell you, that my education was no difficult matter. I understand music, and had little difficulty in acquiring the French and Italian languages. Indeed the worthy person who had the charge of my education, was well calculated to promote my improvement. She was a woman of family, of fine education, exquisite taste, great goodness of heart, and had shown spirit enough, on the decline of her father's fortune, rather than live a dependant on her relations, to procure an independent, and now she has rendered it a respectable, livelihood for herself. In a word, Sir, I am what they call tolerably accomplished; and you will think it strange, and I think it strange myself, that this should be the source of my uneasiness.

“ It is now some time since I returned to my father's house. When I came home, I was received

with rapture. My father and mother adored me. They would refuse me nothing. They strove to prevent my wishes.—Good people! may Heaven grant them peace of mind, and long life to enjoy the fortune they so justly deserve!—But why, Sir, did they make me, as they term it, so very accomplished? They have made a different creature from themselves. I am apt to fancy myself of a higher order. Forgive my presumption; and I am sure you will forgive me, when I tell you, I really wish myself lower. Indeed, Sir, and it grieves me to the soul, I am sometimes impatient of my parents; but I will not dwell upon this.

“ I told you, we see a great deal of company; and all the people we see are disposed to admire me. ‘Mighty well,’ you will say: ‘Give a young woman admiration, and what more can she wish for?’—Sir, I wish they loved me more, and admired me less. I am made to sing, and to play on the harpsichord; and, to oblige my father, am sometimes constrained to repeat verses; and all this to people who understand no music, and know no other poetry than the Psalms of David in metre. Indeed, till I became better acquainted with them, I found that, even in our conversation, there was a mutual misapprehension; and that they were sometimes as unintelligible to me as I was to them. I was not at all surprised to hear them call some of our acquaintance good men; but, when I heard them call our neighbour John Staytape, a great man, I could not help asking what discovery he had made in arts or science, or what eminent service he had rendered his country? I was told in return, that within these few years he had realised a plum. This phrase was also new to me; and I wished to have known something about the nature of such realisation. Choosing, however, to ask but one question at a time, I

said nothing; and soon learned, that, whatever services Mr. Staytape might do his country, he had hitherto made no great discovery in arts or sciences.

“ I confess, indeed, that one time I fancied they might have some little notion of books; and when I heard them speak about underwriters, I thought it might perhaps be some ludicrous term for the minor poets.

“ So when they spoke about policies, I fancied they were using the Scotch word for improvements in gardening; and ventured to say something in favour of clumps;—‘ Clumps,’ said a gentleman, who is a frequent visitor at our house, ‘ she is to be laden with Norway fir.’ I found they were speaking about the good ship Rebecca.

“ A grave-looking man who sat near me one day at dinner, said a good deal about the fall, and of events that should have happened before and after the fall. As he also spoke about Providence, and Salem and Ebenezer; and as great deference was shown to every thing that he said, and being, as I told you, a grave-looking man in a black coat, I was not sure but he might be some learned theologian; and imagined he was speaking about Oriental antiquities, and the fall of Adam. But I was soon undeceived. The gentleman had lived for some time in Virginia; by Providence he meant the town of that name in Rhode Island; and by the fall he meant, not the fall of our first parents, for concerning them he had not the least idea, but, as I suppose, the fall of the leaf; for the word is used, it seems, in the American dialect, for autumn.

“ In this situation, Sir, what shall I do? By my boasted education, I have only unlearned the language, and lost the manners, of that society in which I am to live.—If you can put me on any me-

thod of bringing my friends up to me, or of letting myself down to them, you will much oblige

“ Yours, &c.

“ MARY MUSLIN”.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,

“ As you are very successful in delineating the manners of modern times, it might add, perhaps, to the effect of your pictures, if you sometimes gave a view of former manners. The contrast would be agreeable; and, if I may use the expression, would give a certain relief to your other delineations. I offer you a small sketch of an incident, supposed to have happened in the times of our forefathers. I flatter myself you have no objection to it on account of its being in verse. It is merely an outline; yet, I hope, it is so marked, as that concomitant circumstances, though not expressed, may readily be conceived.

“ MONTANUS.”

THE MARRIAGE OF EVAL.

I.

Loud from JURA's rocky shore,
 Heard ye the tumultuous roar?—
 Sudden from the bridal feast,
 By impetuous ire possess'd,
 Fury flashing in their eyes,
 Kinsmen against kinsmen rise;
 And, issuing to the fatal field,
 Bend the bow, the falchion wield.—
 From her eyry, with dismay,
 The tow'ring eagle soars away.
 The wild-deer, from their close retreat,
 Start with terror and amaze,
 Down on the furious conflict gaze,
 Then to deep forests bend their nimble feet.

II.

Ah! that reckless speech should fire
 Kinsmen with inhuman ire!—
 Goaded by vindictive rage,
 Lo! the martial clans engage.
 Now the feather'd arrows sing;
 Now the bossy targets ring.
 With rav'ning swords the sudden foe
 Now in fierce encounter close.
 Lo! the blade horrific gleams;
 And now the purple torrent streams:
 The torrent streams from Eval's side,
 Tinging with his flowing gore
 The white foam on the sea-beat shore.—
 Ah! who will succour his afflicted bride?

III.

Lo! she flies with headlong speed;
 ' Bloody, bloody was the deed!'

Wild, with piteous wail, she cries,
 Tresses torn and streaming eyes—
 ' Lift, O gently lift his head;
 Lay him on the bridal bed!—
 My kinsmen!—cruel kinsmen, ye!
 These your kindest deeds to me!—
 Yes, the clay-cold bed prepare,
 The willing bride and bridegroom there
 Will tarry; will for ever dwell.—
 Now, inhuman men, depart!
 Go, triumph in my broken heart!'—
 She said, she sigh'd, a breathless corse she fell.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,

“ I AM one of a family of young ladies who read your paper, with which we have been hitherto tolerably well pleased, though we could wish it were not quite so grave, and had a little more love in it. But we have found out, of late, that it is none of your own, but mostly borrowed from other people. A cousin of ours, who is himself a fine scholar, and has a great acquaintance among the critics, showed us many different instances of this. Your first paper, he told us, was copied from the first paper of the Spectator; and, upon looking into both, we found them exactly the same, all about the author and the work from beginning to end. Your Umphraville, he said, was just Sir Roger de Coverley, which we perfectly agreed in, except that my sister Betsey observed, Umphraville wanted the Widow, which all of us think the very best part of Sir Roger. Your Bobby Button, he assured us, was borrowed from No. 13. of the True Patriot, published by Mr. Fielding, who wrote Tom Jones; and there, indeed, we found there was a story of a young gentleman, who liked French wine better than his country, just like Sir Bobby. No. 72. which we thought a very sweet paper, he informed us, was taken from the Night Thoughts; and, indeed, though we don't understand Latin, we saw plainly that the mottoes were the same to a T. All this, however, we might have overlooked, had not a gentleman, who called here this morning, who used formerly to be a great advocate for the MIRROR, confessed to us, that our cousin's intelligence was literally true; and, more than all that, he told us, that your very last number was to be found, every word of it, in Johnson's Dictionary.

“ We send you, therefore, notice, Sir, that unless you can contrive to give us something new for the future, we shall be obliged to countermand our subscription for the MIRROR. We can have a reading of a fresh Novel every morning for the money, with a spick and span new story in it, such as none of us ever read or heard of in all our lives before.

“ Yours, &c.

“ EVELINA.”

V

No. 97. TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1780.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,

“ YOUR correspondent K. B. has well described the calamitous condition of a private tutor without money or friends. Perhaps it will afford him some consolation, to hear of one who needlessly entangled himself in difficulties of a like nature.

“ My father bred me to the study of letters, and, at his death, left me in possession of a fortune, not sufficient to check my industry in the pursuit of knowledge, but more than sufficient to secure me from servile dependence.

“ Through the interest of his friends, I obtained an honourable and lucrative office; but there were certain arrangements to be made, which delayed my admission to it for a twelvemonth. While I was considering in what way I might best fill up this interval of life, an acquaintance of mine requested, as a

particular favour, that I would bestow the year which I could call mine, in reading with the only son of the rich Mr. Flint. The conditions offered were uncommonly advantageous, and such as indeed flattered the vanity of a young man.

“ For understanding my story, it is fit that you should be informed of the characters of that family, into which I was received with so many marks of favour and distinction.

“ Rowland Flint, Esq. was born of poor but honest parents: they made a hard shift to have him instructed in reading, and even in writing and arithmetic; and then they left him to find his way through the world as he best could. The young man, like a philosopher, carried about with him all that was truly his own, his quill and his ink-holder; he attached himself to one of the subordinate departments of the law, in which his drudgery was great and his profits scanty. After having toiled for many years in this humble, contented, and happy, vocation, he was suddenly raised to opulence by the death of an uncle.

“ This uncle went abroad at a very early period of life, with the fixed resolution of acquiring a competency, and then of enjoying it at home. But that competency, which filled up the measure of the ambition of a bare Scotch lad, proved far short of the desires of an eminent foreign merchant. He imperceptibly became, ‘ in easy circumstances, well in the world, of great credit, a man to be relied on, and to be advised with, and even one superior to all shocks, calls, and runs.’

“ While engaged in making his fortune, he thought it needless to inquire after his poor relations, whom he could not assist; and, after he made his fortune, he thought it equally needless, as he was to see them so soon in Scotland. Yet a multitude of unforeseen

obstacles retarded his return : some new mortgage was to be settled, some company concerns to be wound up, or some bottomry account to be adjusted ; and thus year glided along after year, till at length death surprised him at the age of threescore and ten.

“ Busied in making money, he had never bestowed a thought on providing an heir to it : that he left to the impartial determination of the laws of his country ; and, dying intestate, he was succeeded by his nephew Rowland Flint.

“ This gentleman, on his becoming rich, discovered himself to be eminently skilled in the science of law, the study, as he boasted, of his earlier years ; and this knowledge engaged him in three or four law-suits, which the court uniformly determined against him with costs.

“ But of every other science he honestly avowed his want of knowledge ; and he did not even pretend to understand painting or politics ; but he had a mighty veneration for literature and its professors, and he was resolved to make his son a great scholar, although it should stand him in ten thousand pounds sterling.

“ My pupil is in his fifteenth year. They had taken him from school before it was discovered that his proficiency in literature did not qualify him for college ; and it became my task to bring him forward, that is, to teach him what he ought to have known already.

“ The youth is of a docile disposition, and of moderate talents ; his memory good, and his application such as is generally to be found among those who, having no particular incentives to study, perform their tasks merely as tasks.

“ I have little to say concerning his mother : her mind was wholly absorbed in the contemplation of her husband's riches, and in the care of her son's

health and her own. Baron Bielfield, an eminent German author, observes, that, in our island, there is a disease called *le-catch-cold*, of which the natives are exceedingly apprehensive. Mrs. Flint lived under the perpetual terror of that disease.

“ Being thus rendered incapable of the active duties of house-keeping, she committed them to her brother, Captain Winterbottom, who, as he was wont to say, ‘ could bear a hand at any thing.’ But his chief excellence lay in the conduct of the stew-pan and the nation. He had long commanded a vessel in the Baltic trade ; and it having been once employed as a transport in the service of government, he affected to wear a cockade, and wished to have it understood that he belonged to the navy. The captain had dealt occasionally in borough-politics, belonged to several respectable clubs in London, and was one of the original members of the Robinhood society.

“ The last of the family that I shall mention is Miss Juliana Winterbottom, a maiden sister of Mrs. Flint. Her original name was Judith ; but, when she arrived at the years of discretion, she changed it to Juliana, as being more genteel.

“ Many years ago, Lady — was advised to pass a winter at Nice for recovery of her health, worn out by the vigils and dissipation of a London winter ; and she easily prevailed on Miss Juliana to go as her companion. The heat of the climate, and the cold blasts from the Alps, soon completed what the corrupted air of good company, and the damps from the Thames, had begun, and Lady — lived not to re-fee her British physicians.

“ Miss Juliana, on her return home, passed by the castle of Fernay, and got a peep of M. de Voltaire in his furred cap and night-gown. At Paris, she chanced to be in company with Count Buffon for

half an hour ; and she actually purchased a volume of music written by the great Rousseau himself. Having thus become acquainted with the foreign *literati*, she commenced a sort of *literati* in her own person. She frequently advances those opinions in history, morals, and physics, which, as she imagines, are to be found in the writings of the French philosophers. But whether through the habits of education, or through conscious ignorance, it must be confessed that she dogmatizes with diffidence, and is a very stammerer in infidelity.

“ Having seen Paris, and having picked up a good many French words in the course of her travels, she thinks that she is authorised, and, in some sort, obliged to speak French. Nothing can be more grotesque than her travelled language. When she left Scotland, ‘ her speech,’ to use a phrase of Lord Bacon, ‘ was in the full dialect of her nation.’ At Nice she conversed with English and Irish ; and by imitating the language of each, she has, in her pronunciation, completed the union of the three kingdoms. But still her own country-language predominates ; for, during her residence abroad, she had an opportunity of preserving, and even of improving it, by daily conferences with the house-maid, who was born and educated in the county of Banff.

“ In pronouncing French, she blends the tone of all those dialects ; and her phraseology is as singular as her pronunciation ; for she faithfully translates every word from her own mother-tongue. An example of this presents itself, which I shall never forget. One day, addressing her discourse to me, she said—‘ *Je doute pas que vous avez perusé les ouvraiges di Mongseer le Counte de Bouffon ; que un charmang creature ! il met philosophes et divins par les oreilles.*’ That is—‘ I doubt not that you have read the works of Count Bouffon ; what a charming creature ! he sets philosophers and

divines by the ears.' I answered her, that I had never read the works of that renowned author, but that I had read the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton. 'Why, indeed,' replied she, 'Sir Isaac may have been a man of better principles, but *assurement* the theories of the Count are wittier.'

"It is a happy circumstance that Miss Winterbottom did not make the grand tour. Had she visited Italy, she would have proved as great an adept in statuary and in painting, as she is at present in philosophy. But Miss Winterbottom cannot, in conscience, talk of her having visited Italy, while her travels were limited to the borders of Piedmont.

"I never heard her mention Italy but once, and then she got no great encouragement to proceed in her remarks. At dinner she said—'I remember that, in Italy, they have something very like our veal, which they call *vitello*.'—'Well, sister Juddy,' cried Captain Winterbottom, 'and why should they not? for if *vitello* means veal in their lingo, what else would you have the poor devils call it?'

"It was resolved to postpone my lessons for a while, 'that,' as Mr. Flint expressed it, 'I might come to know the ways of the house first.'

"Miss Juliana constantly teased me with questions about my plan for her nephew's education. To puzzle her a little I said, that some weeks hence I proposed to teach him to make nonsense verses—'*Misericorde*,' cried she, 'nonsense verses! Is that part of the *ettiquaitte*?'

"'Let the boy alone,' added Captain Winterbottom; when he is old enough to be in love, he will make nonsense verses, I warn't you, without any help of yours; ay, although it should be on Mamma's dairy-maid.' Mr. Flint laughed loud, and Mrs. Flint said gently, 'Oh fy, brother!'

"Perceiving that, on this encouragement, the Cap-

tain was about to be more witty, I recalled the conversation to nonsense verses, endeavoured to explain their nature, and observed, that their main use was to instruct one in the quantity of syllables.

“ ‘Quantity of syllables,’ exclaimed the Captain, ‘there is a modern education for you! Boys have their heads lumbered with great quantities of Latin syllables and words, when they should be taught to understand things, to speak their own language rough and round, and so cut a figure in parliament. I remember Will Fitzdriver; but he is gone! Honest Will knew no tongue except a little of his own, and yet he would talk to you for an hour, and you would have thought that he had scarcely entered on the subject at all. He never valued any of your outlandish lingos, not he!’

“ I said, that if my pupil were of an age to go into parliament, I should be apt to advise him to follow the precepts of Pythagoras, and be silent for seven years. ‘He must have been a sure card, that Mr. Pythagoras,’ observed the Captain, ‘and I do suppose that he lived up to his own precepts; for I never heard of any speaker of that name; no, not even in committees. People, to be sure, may hold their tongues, and have a slice of the great pudding; but this is not a time for your dumb senators. No, we must have bold well-spoken men, to tell poor Britannia that she is beggared, and bleeding, and expiring, aye, and dead too, for aught that some folks care.’ He rounded this pathetic period with one of his best oaths.

“ ‘Were all men to make speeches,’ said I, ‘what time would there be left for doing business!’— ‘Business,’ cried the Captain, ‘is not oratory business? and why cannot they set to it watch and watch, as we do at sea?’

“ Mrs. Flint expressed her hope, that I would not

load her poor boy's memory, by making him get a deal by heart.

“ ‘ When I first got the multiplication-table by heart,’ said Mr. Flint, who generally falls in the rear of conversation, ‘ it was a plaguy troublesome job ; but now that I am master of it, I don't perceive that it loads my memory at all.’

“ ‘ Learned men have remarked,’ said Miss Juliana, ‘ that it is not the getting by heart that is censurable, but the getting by rote, as one does one's catechism.’

“ ‘ There she goes, the travelled lady,’ cried the Captain ; ‘ she must always have a fling at her catechism.’

“ ‘ Mr. Winterbottom,’ replied Miss Juliana with exceeding dignity, ‘ you wrong me much ; I am sure, that I should be the last woman alive to say any thing, especially in mixed companies, to the disparagement of the religion of the state, which I have always considered as the great *lyeng* [*lien*] of society.’

“ ‘ You have always considered religion as great lying ! and who taught you that, sister Juddy ? your godfathers and your godmothers ! No, sure.’

“ Here I was laid under the necessity of interposing, and of assuring Captain Winterbottom, that he mistook his sister, and that she had inadvertently used a French word to express her own idea, ‘ that religion was the great tie of society.’ Perhaps I prevaricated a little in my office of interpreter.

“ ‘ Well, well,’ said the Captain, ‘ if her tongue was tied, society would be no loser.’

“ To divert the storm which seemed gathering, I spoke of my purpose to explain the tenth satire of Juvenal, a poem, for method, composition, and animated language, universally admired.

‘ What does that Juvenal write about ? ’ said Miss Juliana : ‘ I am not acquainted with his works : was he a member of the French academy ? ’—‘ Perhaps,’ replied I smiling, ‘ he would be no favourite with you, Miss Juliana ; he has been very severe upon the Roman ladies :’

“ ‘ Ay, they were Papists,’ said Captain Winterbottom, and they are all wh——.’—‘ Give me leave to tell you,’ cried Miss Juliana, in a higher key, ‘ when I was abroad, I had the honour of being known to several ladies of the Roman persuasion, and they were persons of the strictest virtue.’

“ I suppose you asked them whether they were wh——, and they said they were not. Poor sister Juddy ! It is true, I never was in the galleys at Nice, as you have been ; but I have touched at Marseilles, and have laid close off the mole of Genoa, and that is further than ever you travelled ; and I say they are all wh——.’

“ How this wonderful controversy would have ended, I know not ; but happily we were called to coffee, which separated the combatants.

“ I was now pretty well acquainted with the ways of a house, in which ignorance, self-conceit, and illiberality of sentiment and manners, had fixed their residence. It was agreed, that on the Monday following I should begin my lessons. Appearances, I must acknowledge, were not very favourable. My pupil had been generally present at the conversations of which I have given you a specimen ; and, indeed, they were not such as could either enlarge his mind, or improve his understanding. I flattered myself, however, that he would be left to prosecute his studies under my direction, and that every new acquisition in knowledge would increase his love for letters.

“ In what way our studies were conducted, will

best appear from a faithful journal of the progress which we made during the first week. But of this hereafter. Meanwhile

“ I am, Sir,” &c.

“ HYPODIDASCALUS.”

No. 98. SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1780.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,

“ I NOW send you a faithful narrative of the progress of our studies in Mr. Flint’s family, from Monday morning to Saturday at bed-time, carefully distinguishing the proficiency made in each day.

MONDAY.

“ Mrs. Flint had previously informed me, that her son’s constitution did not agree with much study before breakfast, and that, whenever he read on an empty stomach, he was apt to be disturbed with uneasy yawnings; we therefore resolved that he should have a short lesson only at eight in the morning.

“ After waiting in the parlour till within a quarter of nine, I learned from Mrs. Flint, that her son had been observed to turn himself twice or thrice during the night, and that he seemed to be threatened with a sort of stuffing and wheezing; and that by way of prevention, she judged it best to give him a little senna, and confine him to his chamber for a few

hours ; but that in the evening, we might prosecute our studies without further interruption.

“ Accordingly, at six, my pupil and I prepared to read the tenth satire of Juvenal. After having explained to him the general scope and method of the satirist, I began,

*Omnibus in terris quæ sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem.—*

At that moment I heard a gentle tap at the door, and then entered Miss Juliana and her sister, with Mr. Flint and the Captain a little behind, and walking on tiptoe. ‘ You must pardon our *femelle curiosité,*’ said Miss Juliana ; ‘ we come to see Jemmy take his first lesson from you. What have you got here ? I fancy, from my knowledge of French, that I could pick out the meaning of some part of it. Oh ! I understand ; there is *auroram,* does not that mean, break of day ?

*Que l’aurore
Nous trouve encore.*

‘ I learned it in a French *chansong a boar.*’—‘ What is that boar song ?’ demanded Captain Winterbottom ; ‘ is it a hunting one ?’—‘ Oh fy, no,’ said Miss Juliana, ‘ it is a drinking song.’—‘ And who taught you drinking songs, sister Juddy ; did you learn them from your outlandish ladies of honour ? ’ A tremendous assault on the knocker announced the approach of a person of quality.—‘ The Countess of ——.’ On this joyful news the ladies hurried to the drawing-room.

“ Mrs. Flint presently returned. ‘ I must make an apology,’ said she, ‘ for thus interrupting the course of my son’s studies ; but the Countess has made a flying visit to tell me, that there is a meet-

ing of young people at her house this evening, and that there will be a dance and a little supper, and she insists to have Jemmy of the party; but I would not engage for any thing, without asking your leave, as you have the whole charge of his education. There will be many rich folks, and many fine folks; and there will be Miss Punaise, the great heiress; she has a vast improveable estate, hard by the borough of Ayno, and who can tell——’ —The good woman was busy in weaving the web of futurities, when I reminded her that her son had taken medicine that morning, and that possibly he might catch cold. At another time the mention of ‘catch cold’ would have awakened all her feelings; but, at present, Mrs. Flint was elevated above the region of alarms. ‘Never fear,’ said she, ‘we are going to a close warm house, without a breath of air in it. Come away, Jemmy, and put on a pair of white silk stockings as fast as you can; the Countess waits us.’

TUESDAY.

“ My pupil had been kept out of bed so much beyond his usual hour, that he did not make his appearance till after breakfast. ‘Cheer up, my boy,’ cried Mrs. Flint; ‘you look as if you had been dreaming all night of your partner, Miss Punaise: come, let us take an airing, and refresh ourselves after the fatigues of the ball. These late sittings don’t answer with my old bones. You see, Mr. ——, that I have been as good as my word, and that Jemmy, poor man, has caught no cold. You shall go along with us on our airing; there is room for you in Mr. Flint’s carriage and six, and you may talk over your lessons by the way; for you will find the carriage quite easy.’ Nothing indeed

could be more admirably calculated to elude every jolt: and there wanted only solitude and independence to make it resemble a down bed. 'We must, first of all, shut out the common enemy, the east wind,' said Mrs. Flint, pulling up the glasses. The weather was warm, and Mrs. Flint grew eloquent on the fund of knowledge she had acquired the night before. She gave me the catalogue and character of the company: she dwelt most on her son's looks and dancing. 'A gentleman at the Countess's, who said he was lately come from Paris, told me, Jemmy was vastly like the Count de Provence, the king of France's brother, particularly in the minuet: but, remember, Jemmy, that to be a great scholar is a much finer thing than to be a great dancer. I am sure, Mr. —, that my boy will profit by your instructions: he has a charming memory, and he will take in his learning as fast as you can give it him; and I am sure that is saying a great deal; for, from all that I can discover, Mr. Flint could not have bestowed his money better.'—She was going on; but, alas! flattery vibrated faintly on my ear: we had got above pine-apple heat, and I became sick and oppressed. I asked leave to get out, and walk home, as I felt myself not well. 'Oh, to be sure,' said she: 'I have known people sick in carriages for want of practice; don't be alarmed, Mr. —: but here, Jemmy, do you wrap this handkerchief about your neck, before the coach-door is opened.'

I walked home in great spirits, animated by every gale around me, and I forgot for a while that I was not my own master.

"In the evening, my pupil came to me dressed out and powdered:—'Mamma,' said he, sheepishly, 'has made me engage to drink tea with Miss Punaise, my last night's partner. I don't much like

her neither ; for she is pitted with the small-pox, has a yellow skin, and a bleared eye ; and, besides, she dances out of tune.—There was a Miss with black hair——’ Not inclining to become his confidant, I said, ‘ Master Flint, all engagements that can be kept with honour must be kept ; and, therefore, you must go.’—‘ Nay,’ said he, ‘ there is not any must in the matter ; for, I believe, the Miss with the black hair lives with their Miss Punaise. However, I can do a double task to-morrow ; and my aunt is wont to say, that a young man ought not to be always at his books.’ He seemed to have treasured up this precious apophthegm in his memory.

WEDNESDAY.

“ My pupil was punctual to his hour. But we had hardly seated ourselves, when Captain Winterbottom arrived. ‘ No lessons to-day,’ roared he ; ‘ this is my lady’s wedding-day, and therefore we keep holiday, and come for to be merry. Why, you young dog, if it had not been for this day, you would either have not been at all, or have been a bastard.’ It was, indeed, a day of festivity and riot.

THURSDAY.

“ All the servants having dutifully got drunk overnight, my pupil was not called, and so he overslept himself. He came down to the parlour about eleven, and we resumed the fatal first line of the tenth satire of Juvenal. ‘ The French master is here,’ said a servant. I begged that he might return in about an hour ; but I soon learned that that was impossible without deranging the system of education in all parts of the city. ‘ It is no great matter for an hour,’ said Miss Juliana ; ‘ you have always my

nephew at your command ; but poor Signor Bergamesco is much hurried, and his time is not his own.—‘ Signor Bergamesco,’ cried I ; ‘ is your French master an Italian ?’—‘ Yes,’ said she, ‘ of a noble family in the dominions of the *Dog* of Venice, but a younger brother, with a small patrimony, which he unfortunately consumed *en travail-lant par l’Europe*. It was a fancy of my own ; I thought that, after the Signor had taught my nephew French, he might teach him Italian also ; for you know that it is a great loss to change preceptors, and that young men who have not seen much of the world are shy with strangers.’

“ The task imposed on my pupil by S. Bergamesco occupied all his leisure till dinner-time ; but I thought that I should have the absolute command of the evening. I was beginning to read *Omnibus in terris*, when a servant said, ‘ Here is the French master.’—‘ What !’ cried I, ‘ can S. Bergamesco, who is so much hurried, afford to give two lessons in one day to the same scholar ?’—‘ It is another French master whom they had got for me,’ said my pupil. I applied to Miss Juliana for the explanation of this phenomenon. ‘ It was none of my advising,’ said she, ‘ but my brother knew Mr. O’Callachan, when linguist to Commodore Firebrace, and he wished to throw a good job in the poor fellow’s way ; these were his very words ; and so Mr. O’Callachan came to be employed : but, indeed, after recollection, I thought it would answer well enough, as both masters taught by the same grammar, and both of them read *Telemac*.’

“ The linguist of Commodore Firebrace had just taken his leave, when a smart young fellow burst into the room, with an air of much hurry and importance. ‘ What !’ cried I, ‘ more French masters ?’—‘ Don’t be alarmed,’ said Mrs. Flint, who

accompanied him; 'it is only the *friseur*, who comes to put up my boy's hair in papers. Pray don't ask me why, for it is a great secret, but you shall know it all to-morrow.'

FRIDAY.

'You must know,' said Mrs. Flint, at breakfast, 'that I am assured that Jemmy is very like the Count de Provence, the king of France's own brother. Now Jemmy is sitting for his picture to Martin; and I thought it would be right to get the *friseur*, whom you saw last night, he is just arrived from Paris, to dress his hair like the Count de Provence, that Mr. Martin might make the resemblance more complete. Jemmy has been under his hands since seven o'clock.—Oh, here he comes!'—'Is it not *charmang*?' exclaimed Miss Juliana. 'I wish Miss Punaise saw you,' added the happy mother. My pupil, lost in the labyrinth of cross curls, seemed to look about for himself. 'What a powdered sheep's head have we got here?' cried Captain Winterbottom.—We all went to Mr. Martin's to assist him in drawing Jemmy's picture. On our return, Mrs. Flint discovered that her son had got an inflammation in his right eye by looking stedfastly on the painter. She ordered a poultice of bread and milk, and put him to bed; so there was no more talk of *Omnibus in terris* for that evening.

SATURDAY.

"My pupil came down to breakfast in a complete suit of black, with weepers, and a long mourning-cravat. The Count de Provence's curls were all demolished, and there remained not a vestige of powder on his hair. 'Bless me,' cried I, 'what is the mat-

ter?'—'Oh, nothing,' said Mrs. Flint! 'a relation of mine is to be interred at twelve, and Jemmy has got a burial letter. We ought to acknowledge our friends on such melancholy occasions. I mean to send Jemmy with the coach and six. It will teach him how to behave himself in public places.

"At dinner my pupil expressed a vehement desire to go to the play. 'There is to be Harlequin Highlander, and the blowing up of the St. Domingo man of war,' said he; it will be vastly comical and curious.'—'Why, Jemmy,' said Mrs. Flint, 'since this is Saturday, I suppose your tutor will have no objection; but be sure to put on your great-coat, and to take a chair in coming home.'—'I thought,' said I, 'that we might have made some progress at our books this evening.—'Books on Saturday afternoon!' cried the whole company; 'it was never heard of.'—I yielded to conviction; for, indeed, it would have been very unreasonable to expect that he, who had spent the whole week in idleness, should begin to apply himself to his studies on the evening of Saturday.

"I am, SIR, &c.

"HYPODIDASCALUS."

No. 99. TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1780.

—*Juvat, aut impellit ad iram ;
Aut ad humum mærore gravi deducit, et angit.*
HOR. ARS POET. 109.

CRITICISM, like every thing else, is subject to the prejudices of our education or of our country. National prejudice, indeed, is, of all deviations from justice, the most common and the most allowable ; it is a near, though perhaps an illegitimate, relation of that patriotism, which has been ranked among the first virtues, of characters the most eminent and illustrious. To authors, however, of a rank so elevated as to aspire to universal fame, the partiality of their countrymen has been sometimes prejudicial ; in proportion as they have unreasonably applauded, the critics of other countries, from a very common sort of feeling, have unreasonably censured ; and there are few great writers, whom prejudice on either side may not, from a partial view of their works, find some ground for estimating, at a rate much above, or much below, the standard of justice.

No author, perhaps, ever existed, of whom opinion has been so various as Shakspeare. Endowed with all the sublimity, and subject to all the irregularities of genius, his advocates have room for unbounded praise, and their opponents for frequent blame. His departure from all the common rules which criticism, somewhat arbitrarily perhaps, has imposed, leaves no legal code by which the decision can be regulated ; and in the feelings of different

readers, the same passage may appear simple or mean, natural or preposterous, may excite admiration or create disgust.

But it is not, I apprehend, from particular passages or incidents, that Shakspeare is to be judged. Though his admirers frequently contend for beauty in the most distorted of the former, and probability in the most unaccountable of the latter; yet it must be owned, that, in both, there are often gross defects which criticism cannot justify, though the situation of the poet, and the time in which he wrote, may easily excuse. But we are to look for the superiority of Shakspeare in the astonishing and almost supernatural powers of his invention, his absolute command over the passions, and his wonderful knowledge of nature. Of the structure of his stories, or the probability of his incidents, he is frequently careless; these he took at random from the legendary tale or the extravagant romance: but his intimate acquaintance with the human mind seldom or never forsakes him; and amidst the most fantastic and improbable situations, the persons of his drama speak in the language of the heart, and in the style of their characters.

Of all the characters of Shakspeare, that of Hamlet has been generally thought the most difficult to be reduced to any fixed or settled principle. With the strongest purposes of revenge, he is irresolute and inactive; amidst the gloom of the deepest melancholy, he is gay and jocular; and while he is described as a passionate lover, he seems indifferent about the object of his affections. It may be worth while to inquire, whether any leading idea can be found upon which these apparent contradictions may be reconciled; and a character so pleasing in the closet, and so much applauded on the stage, rendered as unambiguous in the general,

as it is striking in detail. I will venture to lay before my readers some observations on this subject, though with the diffidence due to a question of which the public has doubted, and much abler critics have already written.

The basis of Hamlet's character seems to be an extreme sensibility of mind, apt to be strongly impressed by its situation, and overpowered by the feelings which that situation excites. Naturally of the most virtuous and most amiable dispositions, the circumstances in which he was placed unhinged those principles of action, which, in another situation, would have delighted mankind, and made himself happy. That kind of distress which he suffered was, beyond all others, calculated to produce this effect. His misfortunes were not the misfortunes of accident, which, though they may overwhelm at first, the mind will soon call up reflections to alleviate, and hopes to cheer; they were such as reflection only serves to irritate, such as rankle, in the soul's tenderest part, her sense of virtue and feelings of a natural affection; they arose from an uncle's villany, a mother's guilt, a father's murder!—Yet, amidst the gloom of melancholy, and the agitation of passion, in which his calamities involve him, there are occasional breakings-out of a mind, richly endowed by nature, and cultivated by education. We perceive gentleness in his demeanour, wit in his conversation, taste in his amusements, and wisdom in his reflections.

That Hamlet's character, thus formed by nature, and thus modelled by situation, is often variable and uncertain, I am not disposed to deny. I will content myself with the supposition, that this is the very character which Shakespeare meant to allot him. Finding such a character in real life, of a person endowed with feelings so delicate as to

border on weakness, with sensibility too exquisite to allow of determined action, he has placed it where it could be best exhibited, in scenes of wonder, of terror, and of indignation, where its varying emotions might be most strongly marked, amidst the workings of imagination and the war of the passions.

This is the very management of the character by which, above all others, we could be interested in its behalf. Had Shakespeare made Hamlet pursue his vengeance with a steady determined purpose, had he led him through difficulties arising from accidental causes, and not from the doubts and hesitation of his own mind, the anxiety of the spectator might have been highly raised; but it would have been anxiety for the event, not for the person. As it is, we feel not only the virtues, but the weaknesses of Hamlet, as our own; we see a man who, in other circumstances, would have exercised all the moral and social virtues, one whom Nature had formed to be

Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observed of all observers;—

placed in a situation in which even the amiable qualities of his mind serve but to aggravate his distress, and to perplex his conduct. Our compassion for the first, and our anxiety for the latter, are excited in the strongest manner; and hence arises that indescribable charm in Hamlet, which attracts every reader and every spectator, which the more perfect characters of other tragedies never dispose us to feel.

The Orestes of the Greek poet, who, at his first appearance, lays down a plan of vengeance which he resolutely pursues, interests us for the accom-

plishment of his purpose ; but of him we think only as the instrument of that justice which we wish to overtake the murderers of Agamemnon. We feel with Orestes, or rather with Sophocles, for in such passages we always hear the poet in his hero, that 'it is fit that such gross infringements of the moral law should be punished with death, in order to render wickedness less frequent ;' but when Horatio exclaims on the death of his friend,

Now cracks a noble heart !

we forget the murder of the King, the villany of Claudius, the guilt of Gertrude ; our recollection dwells only on the memory of that sweet prince, the delicacy of whose feelings a milder planet should have ruled, whose gentle virtues should have bloomed through a life of felicity and usefulness.

Hamlet, from the very opening of the piece, is delineated as one under the dominion of melancholy, whose spirits were overborne by his feelings. Grief for his father's death, and displeasure at his mother's marriage, prey on his mind ; and he seems, with the weakness natural to such a disposition, to yield to their control. He does not attempt to resist or combat these impressions, but is willing to fly from the contest, though it were into the grave.

Oh ! that this too, too solid flesh would melt, &c.

Even after his father's ghost has informed him of his murder, and commissioned him to avenge it, we find him complaining of that situation in which his fate had placed him :

The time is out of joint ; O cursed spite !
That ever I was born to set it right !

And afterwards, in the perplexity of his condition, meditating on the expediency of suicide :

To be or not to be, that is the question.

The account he gives of his own feelings to Rosin-
crantz and Guildenstern, which is evidently spoken
in earnest, though somewhat covered with the mist
of his affected distraction, is exactly descriptive of
a mind full of that weariness of life which is charac-
teristic of low spirits :

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory,
&c.

And, indeed, he expressly delineates his own charac-
ter as of the kind above-mentioned, when, hesitating
on the evidence of his uncle's villany, he says,

The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil, and the devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
Abuses me to damn me.

This doubt of the grounds on which our purpose is
founded, is as often the effect as the cause of irre-
solution, which first hesitates, and then seeks out an
excuse for its hesitation.

It may, perhaps, be doing Shakspeare no injustice
to suppose, that he sometimes began a play, without
having fixed in his mind, in any determined manner,
the plan or conduct of his piece. The character of
some principal person of the drama might strike his
imagination strongly in the opening scenes : as he
went on, this character would continue to impress
itself on the conduct as well as the discourse of that
person, and, it is possible, might affect the situations
and incidents, especially in those romantic or legen-
dary subjects, where history did not confine him to
certain unchangeable events. In the story of Amleth,

the son of Horwondil, told by Saxo-Grammaticus, from which the tragedy of Hamlet is taken, the young prince, who is to revenge the death of his father, murdered by his uncle Fengo, counterfeits madness, that he may be allowed to remain about the court in safety and without suspicion. He never forgets his purposed vengeance, and acts with much more cunning towards its accomplishment than the Hamlet of Shakspeare. But Shakspeare, wishing to elevate the hero of his tragedy, and at the same time to interest the audience in his behalf, throws around him, from the beginning, the majesty of melancholy, along with that sort of weakness and irresolution which frequently attends it. The incident of the ghost, which is entirely the poet's own, and not to be found in the Danish legend, not only produces the happiest stage effect, but is also of the greatest advantage in unfolding that character which is stamped on the young prince at the opening of the play. In the communications of such a visionary being, there is an uncertain kind of belief, and a dark unlimited horror, which are aptly suited to display the wavering purpose and varied emotions of a mind endowed with a delicacy of feeling that often shakes its fortitude, with sensibility that overpowers its strength.

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No. 100. SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1780.

THE view of Hamlet's character, exhibited in my last number, may, perhaps, serve to explain a difficulty which has always occurred, both to the reader and the spectator, on perceiving his madness at one time put on the appearance, not of fiction but of reality; a difficulty by which some have been induced to suppose the distraction of the Prince a strange unaccountable mixture throughout of real insanity and counterfeit disorder.

The distraction of Hamlet, however, is clearly affected through the whole play, always subject to the control of his reason, and subservient to the accomplishment of his designs. At the grave of Ophelia, indeed, it exhibits some temporary marks of a real disorder. His mind, subject from nature to all the weakness of sensibility, agitated by the incidental misfortune of Ophelia's death, amidst the dark and permanent impression of his revenge, is thrown for a while off its poise, and, in the paroxysm of the moment, breaks forth into that extravagant rhapsody which he utters to Laertes.

Counterfeited madness, in a person of the character I have ascribed to Hamlet, could not be so uniformly kept up, as not to allow the reigning impressions of his mind to show themselves in the midst of his affected extravagance. It turned chiefly on his love to Ophelia, which he meant to hold forth as its great subject; but it frequently glanced on the wickedness of his uncle, his knowledge of which it was certainly his business to conceal.

In two of Shakspeare's tragedies are introduced, at the same time, instances of counterfeit madness and of real distraction. In both plays the same distinction is observed, and the false discriminated from the true by similar appearances. Lear's imagination constantly runs on the ingratitude of his daughters, and the resignation of his crown; and Ophelia, after she has wasted the first ebullience of her distraction, in some wild and incoherent sentences, fixes on the death of her father for the subject of her song :

' They bore him bare-faced on the bier—
And will he not come again?
And will he not come again? &c.

But Edgar puts on a semblance as opposite as may be to his real situation and his ruling thoughts. He never ventures on any expression bordering on the subjects of a father's cruelty, or a son's misfortune. Hamlet, in the same manner, were he as firm in mind as Edgar, would never hint any thing in his affected disorder, that might lead to a suspicion of his having discovered the villany of his uncle; but his feeling, too powerful for his prudence, often breaks through that disguise which it seems to have been his original, and ought to have continued his invariable purpose to maintain, till an opportunity should present itself of accomplishing the revenge which he meditated.

Of the reality of Hamlet's love, doubts also have been suggested. But if that delicacy of feeling, approaching to weakness, for which I contend, be allowed him, the affected abuse, which he suffers at last to grow into scurrility, of his mistress, will, I think, be found not inconsistent with the truth of his affection for her. Feeling its real force, and designing to play the madman on that ground, he

would naturally go as far from the reality as possible. Had he not loved her at all, or slightly loved her, he might have kept up some appearance of passion amidst his feigned insanity; but really loving her, he would have been hurt by such a resemblance in the counterfeit. We can bear a downright caricature of our friend much easier than an unfavourable likeness.

It must be allowed, however, that the momentous scenes in which he is afterwards engaged, seem to have smothered, if not extinguished, the feelings of his love. His total forgetfulness of Ophelia so soon after her death cannot easily be justified. It is vain, indeed, to attempt justifying Shakspeare in such particulars. 'Time,' says Dr. Johnson, 'toil'd after him in vain.' He seems often to forget its rights, as well in the progress of the passions, as in the business of the stage. That change of feeling and of resolution which time only can effect, he brings forth within the limits of a single scene. Whether love is to be excited, or resentment allayed, guilt to be made penitent, or sorrow cheerful, the effect is frequently produced in a space hardly sufficient for words to express it.

It has been remarked, that our great poet was not so happy in the delineation of love as of the other passions. Were it not treason against the majesty of Shakspeare, one might observe, that, though he looked with a sort of instinctive perception into the recesses of nature, yet it was impossible for him to possess a knowledge of the refinements of delicacy, or to catch, in his pictures, the nicer shades of polished manners; and, without this knowledge, love can seldom be introduced on the stage, but with a degree of coarseness which will offend an audience of good taste. This observation is not meant to extend to Shakspeare's tragic scenes: in situations of

deep distress or violent emotion, the manners are lost in the passions ; but if we examine his lovers, in the lighter scenes of ordinary life, we shall generally find them trespassing against the rules of decorum, and the feelings of delicacy.

That gaiety and playfulness of deportment and of conversation, which Hamlet sometimes not only assumes, but seems actually disposed to, is, I apprehend, no contradiction to the general tone of melancholy in his character. That sort of melancholy which is the most genuine, as well as the most amiable of any, neither arising from natural sourness of temper, nor prompted by accidental chagrin, but the effect of delicate sensibility, impressed with a sense of sorrow or a feeling of its own weakness, will, I believe, often be found indulging itself in a sportfulness of external behaviour, amidst the pressure of a sad, or even the anguish of a broken, heart. Slighter emotions affect our ordinary discourse ; but deep distress, sitting in the secret gloom of the soul, casts not its regard on the common occurrences of life, but suffers them to trick themselves out in the usual garb of indifference or of gaiety, according to the fashion of the society around it, or the situation in which they chance to arise. The melancholy man feels in himself, if I may be allowed the expression, a sort of double person ; one which, covered with the darkness of its imagination, looks not forth into the world, nor takes any concern in vulgar objects or frivolous pursuits ; another, which he lends, as it were, to ordinary men, which can accommodate itself to their tempers and manners, and indulge, without feeling any degradation from the indulgence, a smile with the cheerful, and a laugh with the giddy.

The conversation of Hamlet with the Grave-digger seems to me to be perfectly accounted for

under this supposition ; and, instead of feeling it counteract the tragic effect of the story, I never see him in that scene, without receiving, from his transient jests with the clown before him, an idea of the deepest melancholy being rooted at his heart. The light point of view in which he places serious and important things, marks the power of that great impression, which swallows up every thing else in his mind, which makes Cæsar and Alexander so indifferent to him, that he can trace their remains in the plaster of a cottage, or the stopper of a beer-barrel. It is from the same turn of mind, which, from the elevation of its sorrow, looks down on the bustle of ambition and the pride of fame, that he breaks forth into the reflection, in the fourth act, on the expedition of Fortinbras.

It is with regret, as well as deference, that I accuse the judgement of Mr. Garrick, or the taste of his audience ; but I cannot help thinking, that the exclusion of the scene of the Grave-digger, in his alteration of the tragedy of Hamlet, was not only a needless, but an unnatural violence done to the work of his favourite poet.

Shakspeare's genius attended him in all his extravagances. In the license he took of departing from the regularity of the drama, or in his ignorance of those critical rules which might have restrained him within it, there is this advantage,—that it gives him an opportunity of delineating the passions and affections of the human mind, as they exist in reality, with all the various colourings which they receive in the mixed scenes of life ; not as they are accommodated by the hands of more artificial poets, to one great undivided impression, or an uninterrupted chain of congenial events. It seems therefore preposterous, to endeavour to regularise his plays, at the expense of depriving them

of this peculiar excellence, especially as the alteration can only produce a very partial and limited improvement, and can never bring his pieces to the standard of criticism, or the form of the Aristotelian drama. Within the bounds of a pleasure-garden, we may be allowed to smooth our terraces and trim our hedge-rows ; but it were equally absurd as impracticable, to apply the minute labours of the roller and the pruning-knife, to the nobler irregularity of trackless mountains and impenetrable forests.

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No. 101. TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1780.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,

“ IN books, whether moral or amusing, there are no passages more captivating, both to the writer and the reader, than those delicate strokes of sentimental morality, which refer our actions to the determination of feeling. In these the poet, the novel-writer, and the essayist, have always delighted ; you are not, therefore, singular, for having dedicated so much of the MIRROR to sentiment and sensibility. I imagine, however, Sir, there is much danger in pushing these qualities too far : the rules of our conduct should be founded on a basis more solid, if they are to guide us

through the various situations of life ; but the young enthusiast of sentiment and feeling is apt to despise those lessons of vulgar virtue and prudence, which would confine the movements of a soul formed to regulate itself by finer impulses. I speak from experience, Mr. MIRROR ; with what justice you shall judge, when you have heard the little family-history I am going to relate.

“ My niece, Emilia ———, was left to my care by a brother whom I dearly loved, when she was a girl of about ten years old. The beauty of her countenance, and the elegance of her figure, had already attracted universal notice ; as her mind opened, it was found not less worthy of admiration. To the sweetest natural disposition, she united uncommon powers both of genius and of understanding : these I spared no pains to cultivate and improve ; and I think I so far succeeded, that, in her eighteenth year, Emilia was inferior to few women of her age, either in personal attractions or in accomplishments of the mind. My fond hopes, for she was no daughter to me, Mr. MIRROR, looked now for the reward of my labour, and I pictured her future life as full of happiness as of virtue.

“ One feature of her mind was strongly predominant ; a certain delicacy and fineness of feeling, which she had inherited from nature, and which her earliest reading had tended to encourage and increase. To this standard she was apt to bring both her own actions and the actions of others : and allowed more to its effects, both in praise and blame, than was consistent with either justice or expediency. I sometimes endeavoured gently to combat these notions. She was not always logical, but she was always eloquent in their defence ; and I found her more confirmed on their side, the more I obliged her to be their advocate. I preferred,

therefore, being silent on the subject, trusting that a little more experience and knowledge of the world would necessarily weaken their influence.

“ At her age, and with her feelings, it is necessary to have a friend: Emilia had found one at a very early period. Harriet S—— was the daughter of a neighbour of my brother's, a few years older than my niece. Several branches of their education the two young ladies had received together; in these, the superiority lay much on the side of Emilia. Harriet was nowise remarkable for fineness of genius or quickness of parts; but though her acquirements were moderate, she knew how to manage them to advantage; and there was often a certain avowal of her inferiority, which conciliated affection the more, as it did not claim admiration. Her manners were soft and winning like those of Emilia, her sentiments as delicate and exalted; there seemed, however, less of nature in both.

“ Emilia's attachment to this young lady I found every day increase, till, at last, it so totally engrossed her as rather to displease me. When together, their attention was confined almost entirely to each other; or what politeness forced them to bestow upon others, they considered as a tax, which it was fair to elude as much as possible. The world, a term which they applied indiscriminately to almost every one but themselves, they seemed to feel as much pride as happiness in being secluded from: and its laws of prudence and propriety, they held the invention of cold and selfish minds, insensible of the delights of feeling, of sentiment, and of friendship. These ideas were, I believe, much strengthened by a correspondence that occupied most of the hours, not many indeed, in which they were separated. Against this I ventured to remonstrate

in a jocular manner with Emilia ; she answered me in a strain so serious, as convinced me of the danger of so romantic an attachment. Our discourse on the subject grew insensibly warm : Emilia at last burst into tears ; and I apologised for having, I knew not how, offended her. From that day forth, though I continued her adviser, I found I had ceased to be her friend.

“That office was now Harriet’s alone ; the tie only wanted some difficulty to rivet it closer, some secret to be intrusted with, some distress to alleviate. Of this an opportunity soon after presented itself. Harriet became enamoured of a young gentleman of the name of Marlow, an officer of dragoons, who had come to the country on a visit to her brother, with whom he had been acquainted at college. As she inherited several thousand pounds, independent of her expectations from her father, such a match was a very favourable one for a young man who possessed no revenue but his commission. But, for that very reason, the consent of the young lady’s relations was not to be looked for. After some time, therefore, of secret and ardent attachment, of which my niece was the confidant, the young folks married without it, and trusted to the common relentings of parental affection, to forgive a fault which could not be remedied. But the father of Harriet remained quite inexorable ; nor was his resentment softened even by her husband’s leaving the army ; a step, which, it was hoped, might have mitigated his anger, as he had often declared it principally to arise from his daughter’s marrying a soldier.

“ After some fruitless attempts to reinstate themselves in the old gentleman’s affections, they took up their residence in a provincial town, in a distant part of the kingdom : where, as Harriet described their situation to Emilia, they found every wish

gratified in the increasing tenderness of one another. Emilia, soon after, went to see them in their new abode: her description of their happiness, on her return, was warm to a degree of rapture. Her visit was repeated on occasion of Harriet's lying-in of her first child. This incident was a new source of delight to Emilia's friends, and of pleasure to her in their society. Harriet, whose recovery was slow, easily prevailed on her to stay till it was completed. She became a member of the family, and it was not without much regret, on both sides, that she left, at the end of six months, a house from which, as she told me, the world was secluded, where sentiment regulated the conduct, and happiness rewarded it. All this while I was not without alarm, and could not conceal my uneasiness from Emilia; I represented the situation in which her friend stood, whom prudent people must consider as having, at least, made a bold step, if not a blameable one.— I was answered rather angrily, by a warm remonstrance against the inhumanity of parents, the unfeelingness of age, and the injustice of the world.

“ That happiness, which my niece had described as the inmate of Harriet's family, was not of long duration. Her husband, tired of the inactive scene into which his marriage had cast him, grew first discontented at home, and then sought for that pleasure abroad which his own house could not afford him. His wife felt this change warmly, and could not restrain herself from expressing her feelings. Her complaints grew into reproaches, and rivetted her husband's dislike to her society, and his relish for the society of others. Emilia was, as usual, the confidant of her friend's distress; it was now increased to a lingering illness, which had succeeded the birth of a second girl. After informing me of those disagreeable circumstances in which her

Harriet was situated, Emilia told me she had formed the resolution of participating, at least, if she could not alleviate, her friend's distress, by going directly to reside in her house. Though I had now lost the affections of my niece, she had not yet forced me into indifference for her. Against this proposal I remonstrated in the strongest manner. You will easily guess my arguments; but Emilia would not allow them any force. In vain I urged the ties of duty, of prudence, and of character. They only produced an eulogium on generosity, on friendship, and on sentiment. I could not so far command my temper as to forbear some observations, which my niece interpreted into reflections upon her Harriet. She grew warm on the subject; my affection for her would not suffer me to be cool. At last, in the enthusiasm of her friendship, she told me I had cancelled every bond of relationship between us; that she would instantly leave my house, and return to it no more. She left it accordingly, and set out for Harriet's that very evening.

"There, as I learned, she found that lady in a situation truly deplorable; her health declined, her husband cruel, and the fortune she had brought him wasted among his companions at the tavern and the gaming-table. The last calamity the fortune of Emilia enabled her to relieve; but the two first she could not cure, and her friend was fast sinking under them. She was at last seized with a disorder which her weak frame was unable to resist, and which, her physicians informed Emilia, would soon put a period to her life. This intelligence she communicated to the husband in a manner suited to wring his heart, for the treatment he had given his wife. In effect, Marlow was touched with that remorse which the consequences of profligate folly will sometimes produce in men more weak than

wicked. He too had been in use to talk of feeling and of sentiment. He was willing to be impelled by the passions, though not restrained by the principles of virtue, and to taste the pleasures of vice, while he thought he abhorred its depravity. His conversion was now as violent as sudden. Emilia believed it sincere, because confidence was natural to her, and the effects of sudden emotion her favourite system. By her means a thorough re-union took place between Mr. and Mrs. Marlow; and the short while the latter survived, was passed in that luxury of reconciliation, which more than reinstates the injurer in our affection. Harriet died in the arms of her husband; and, by a solemn adjuration, left to Emilia the comfort of him, and the care of her children.

“ There is in the communion of sorrow one of the strongest of all connexions; and the charge which Emilia had received from her dying friend of her daughters, necessarily produced the freest and most frequent intercourse with their father. Debts, which his former course of life had obliged him to contract, he was unable to pay; and the demands of his creditors were the more peremptory, as, by the death of his wife, the hopes of any pecuniary assistance from her father were cut off. In the extremity of this distress, he communicated it to Emilia. Her generosity relieved him from the embarrassment, and gave him that further tie which is formed by the gratitude of those we oblige. Meanwhile, from the exertions of that generosity she suffered considerable inconvenience. The world was loud, and sometimes scurrilous, in its censure of her conduct. I tried once more, by a letter written with all the art I was master of, to recall her from the labyrinth in which this false sort of virtue had involved her. My endeavours were vain. I

found that sentiment, like religion, had its superstition and its martyrdom. Every hardship she suffered she accounted a trial, every censure she endured she considered as a testimony of her virtue. At last my poor deluded niece was so entangled in the toils which her own imagination, and the art of Marlow, had spread for her, that she gave to the dying charge of Harriet the romantic interpretation of becoming the wife of her widower, and the mother of her children. My heart bleeds, Mr. MIRROR, while I foresee the consequences! She will be wretched, with feelings ill accommodated to her wretchedness. Her sensibility will aggravate that ruin to which it has led her, and the world will not even afford their pity to distresses, which the prudent may blame, and the selfish will deride.

“ Let me warn at least where I cannot remedy. Tell your readers this story, Sir. Tell them, there are bounds beyond which virtuous feelings cease to be virtue: that the decisions of sentiment are subject to the control of prudence, and the ties of friendship subordinate to the obligations of duty.

“ I am,” &c.

“ LEONTIUS.”

V

No. 102. SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1780.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,

“ You have already observed how difficult it is to reduce the science of manners to general denominations, and have shown how liable to misapplication are some of the terms which are used in it. To your instances of men of fashion and good company, you will give me leave to add another, of which, I think, the perversion is neither less common nor less dangerous : I mean the term applied to a certain species of character which we distinguish by the appellation of a man of spirit.

“ Lord Chesterfield says, somewhere, that, to speak and act with spirit, is to speak rudely, and act foolishly ; and his Lordship’s definition is frequently right. At the same time, SPIRIT may be, and certainly is, often applied to that line of conduct and sentiment that deserves it : a person of virtue, dignity, and prudence is with much propriety, denominated a MAN OF SPIRIT ; but, by the abuse I complain of, ‘ man of spirit ’ is, for the most part, very differently applied.

“ In the various departments of business, the term spirit is frequently applied to unprofitable projects and visionary speculations. Let a man be bold enough to risk his own fortune, and the fortunes of other people, upon schemes brilliant but

improbable; let him go on, sanguine amidst repeated losses, and dreaming of wealth till he wakes in bankruptcy; and it is ten to one that, after he fails, the world will give a sort of fame to his folly, and hold him up to future trust and patronage, under the title of an unfortunate man of spirit.

“ But these are not the most glaring instances of the monstrous perversion of this character; the airy adventurer, or the magnificent but ruined projector, may both be men of spirit, though it is not spirit, but want of judgement, and visionary impetuosity, that have procured them the character. They may, however, possess that dignity and independence of mind in which alone true spirit consists, and may have been ruined by whim and want of foresight, not want of spirit. But there is one set of men on whom the appellation is bestowed, whose conduct, for the most part, is, in every article, the reverse of dignity or spirit, and perfectly inconsistent with it.

“ The men I mean are those, who, by a train of intemperance and profusion, run out their fortunes, and reduce themselves to misery. Such men are common, and will be so, while vice, folly, and want of foresight prevail among mankind. They have been frequently ridiculed and exposed by the ablest pens: and it is not the character itself that falls under my observation; it is the unaccountable absurdity of bestowing upon such characters the appellation of ‘ men of spirit;’ which they uniformly acquire, whether the fortune they have squandered is new, or has been handed down to them through a long line of ancestors.

“ The misapplication of the term is so completely ridiculous, as to be beneath contempt, were it not for the mischief that I am convinced has been occasioned by it. Youths entering on the stage of life are caught with the engaging appellation, ‘ a man

' of spirit ;' they become ambitious of acquiring that epithet ; and, perceiving it to be most generally bestowed on such men as I have described, they look up to them as patterns of life and manners, and begin to ape them at an age which thinks only of enjoyment, and despises consequences ; nay, if they should look forward, and view the ' man of spirit' reduced, by his own profusion, to the most abject state of servile dependence, it does not mend the matter. In the voice of the world, he is ' a man of spirit' still.—It is said, that the easy engaging manners of Captain Macheath have induced many young men to go on the highway. I am convinced the character of ' a man of spirit' tempts many a young man to enter on a course of intemperance and prodigality, that most frequently ends in desperate circumstances and a broken constitution.

“ This perversion is the more provoking, that of all human characters, the intemperate prodigal is, in every feature and every stage, the most diametrically opposite to a man of spirit.—True spirit is founded on a love and desire of independence, and the two are so blended together, that is impossible, even in idea, to separate them. But the intemperate prodigal is the most dependent of all human beings. He depends on others for amusement and company: and, however fashionable he may be in the beginning, his decline in the article of companions is certain and rapid. In the course of his profusion he becomes dependent on others for the means of supporting it ; and, when his race of prodigality is run, he suffers a miserable dependence for the support even of that wretched life to which it has reduced him. After all, the world calls him ' a man of spirit,' when he is really in a state of servile indigence, with a broken constitution, with-

out spirit, and without the power of exerting it ; with the additional reflection of having himself been the cause of his distresses.

“ Nor is it only in the affirmative use of the term that I have to complain of its perversion ; the same injustice takes place when it is applied in the negative. Calling an intemperate and ruined prodigal a **MAN OF SPIRIT**, may proceed sometimes from pity ; but when you hear a man of moderation and virtue, especially if he happen also to be opulent, blamed as wanting spirit, the accusation is generally the child of detraction and malignity. I do not apply my observation to the avaricious and niggardly, to men whose purses are shut against their friends, and whose doors are barred against every body ; such men certainly want spirit, and are, for the most part, defective in every virtue ; but I am afraid that it often happens that a person, benevolent to his friends, hospitable to the deserving, kind to his servants, and indulgent to his children, is blamed as wanting spirit, for no reason but because he is proof against the absurdities of fashion and vanity, because he guards against the tricks of the designing, despises the opinions and disapprobation of the foolish, and persists in that train of moderate economy, which he knows is best suited to his fortune and rational views.

“ Instead of wanting spirit, such a character is the true idea of ‘ a man of spirit.’ In every part of his manners and conduct, he passes through life with an uniform steadiness and dignity. His moderation secures his independence, and his attention supplies the means of hospitality and benevolence. While the prodigal is running his feverous and distempered course, the man of moderation and virtue proceeds in a train of quiet contentment

and respectable industry ; and, at the end of their race, when the prodigal, with a shattered constitution, without fortune and without friends, is in absolute want, or, at best, become the mean flatterer of some insolent minion of wealth or power ; the man of moderation and virtue, feeling his independence without pride, is happy in himself, useful to his family and friends, and beneficent to mankind, contributing, perhaps, from charity, not respect, his assistance to that very decayed prodigal who had frequently characterized him as a man of no spirit.

“ But it was not my purpose to delineate at length the character of a real ‘ man of spirit.’—I proposed only to explode a very absurd and mischievous abuse of an epithet that too generally prevails. I shall, therefore, conclude, with assuring those who are ambitious of being ‘ men of spirit’ by putting on the life and manners of an intemperate prodigal, that, though they may attain the character, and even preserve it after their fortunes are spent, and their constitutions broken, yet they will be ‘ men of spirit’ only nominally, and in the mouths of the world ; in reality, and in their hearts, they will be the meanest as well as the most unhappy of mankind, lingering out a useless and contemptible life, on which intemperance has entailed disease, and extravagance and profusion inflicted poverty and dependence.

“ I am, &c.

“ MODERATUS.”

My correspondent has confined his observations to one-half of the world, and remarked the abuse of the term spirit, when applied to the men only. Might he not have extended his remarks a little further,

and traced the application of the phrase to the conduct and behaviour of the other sex? Perhaps, indeed, the character is not so universally in repute, as to come within the line of Moderatus's complaint; but the thing is more in vogue than it seems to have been at any period of which my predecessors, who are a sort of chroniclers of manners and fashions, have preserved the history.

In London, to which place we are always to look for the glass of fashion, the ladies, not satisfied with showing their spirit in the bold look, the masculine air, and the manly garb, have made inroads into a province from which they were formerly considered as absolutely excluded—I mean that of public oratory. Half a dozen societies have started up this winter, in which female speakers exercise their powers of elocution before numerous audiences, and canvass all manner of subjects with the freedom and spirit of the boldest male orators. We, in Edinburgh, have not yet attempted to rival the polite people of the metropolis in this respect: some of our ladies, however, do all they can to put us on a footing with them. There is seldom a crowded play, or a full concert, at which some of our public speakers do not exert themselves with a most laudable spirit to drown the declamation of the stage, or the music of the orchestra.

Nor is the ambition of those spirited ladies satisfied with speaking in public, and carrying off the attention of the audience from the voice of the actor, or the tones of the musician. The public eye, as well as ear, is to be commanded; and, in the side-box of the theatre, or the front bench of the concert-room, there is often such a collection of beauty, animated with so much spirit of exhibition, that it is impossible the male part of the company should look at the scene, or think of the music. One

of my predecessors has mentioned the art which the ladies of his day used in the unfurling of their fans, so as to display certain little Cupids and Venuses which lurked in their folds. Had he seen some of our ladies in the attitudes which modern spirit has taught them to assume—such unfurlings and unfoldings—his Venuses and Cupids were mere ice and snow to them.

It is but justice to those ladies to remark, that this part of their behaviour seems calculated merely to show their accomplishment in fashionable freedom of manner, without any motive of an interested or selfish kind. They are contented with the reputation of ease and spirit, without procuring much indulgence from the one or licence from the other. I have sometimes, however, been inclined to think, that there was a degree of unfairness in this, and to doubt, if a lady was entitled thus to hang out false colours, and to be, in reality, innocent and harmless, while she was quite a different sort of creature in appearance. I could not help allowing some justice in the complaint of a girl, whom I overheard some weeks ago, in the passage from the upper boxes, thus addressing her companion :—‘ Did you observe that pert, giggling, naked, thing, in the stage-box ? There’s not a man in the house she cares a farthing for ; and yet she has the assurance to look like one of us.’

Z

NO. 103. TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1780.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

“ SIR,

“ FROM my earliest infancy I have been remarkable for good-humour, and a gentle, complying, inoffensive, disposition; qualities which, I am told, I inherit of my father, the late Mr. Paul Softly, an eminent linen-draper. Though I myself soon recover any disappointment or contradiction I meet with, yet so tender is my regard to the feelings of others, that I am led somehow, constitutionally, and almost against my reason, to comply with their requests, humour them in their foibles, and acquiesce in their opinions. I cannot bear, Mr. MIRROR, it hurts me more than you can imagine, to disappoint the hopes or withstand the solicitation of any human being whatever. There is a sturdy, idle, impudent, merry-looking dog of a sailor, with a wooden leg, stationed at the corner of the street where I live, who, I do believe, has established himself as a pensioner upon me for life, by the earnestness of his tones, and his constant prayers to Heaven for blessings on my goodness. Often and often have I been engaged in midnight riots, though fond of peace and good neighbourhood; and frequently, though I abhor wine, have I been betrayed into intoxication, from a want of power to resist the hospitable importunity of my landlord pressing me to fill a bumper.

“ From this I would not have you imagine that I

am devoid of resolution, or a will of my own. On the contrary, I do assure you, that, upon extraordinary occasions, and when it is necessary, I can resist and resent too. Nay, my wife, if you will believe her, frequently complains of my obstinacy and perverseness; and declares, that of all the men she ever knew, Simon Softly, for that is my name, is the least sensible of indulgence. However, Sir, as for my wife, considering that I married her, not so much from any personal regard, as in order to please her worthy family, who had served me, though I dare say without any expectation of reward, I thank God I lead a pretty tolerable sort of life with her. Upon the whole, Sir, this disposition of mine has always appeared to me more amiable as well as convenient, than that named firm and decisive, which, I confess to you, I suspect is at the bottom nothing else but conceit and ill-humour. Upon one occasion in my life, however, I think it is the very first, which I am going to lay before you, I must own that it has given me a good deal of serious disturbance.

“About six months ago I succeeded, by the death of an uncle, to a land estate of 100*l.* a-year, which, unfortunately, lies contiguous to that of the greatest proprietor in the county. Along with it I inherited a law-suit, kept alive, by various means, ever since the year thirty-three. The subject of it was a fourth part of the estate, which, though it had long been possessed by my predecessors, as part of the farm of Oxentown, Sir Ralph Holdencourt, our adversary and neighbour abovementioned, contended must belong to him, as included in his charters of the barony of Acredale.—But, before I go on, I must make you acquainted with Sir Ralph. He is descended from one of the oldest and most choleric families in the kingdom. The stem of it, as appears from the tree drawn by the hand of his great grandfather, Sir

Eustace, was a Norman baron, who came over with the Conqueror. One of his posterity intermarried with a Welsh heiress; they were driven out of England for some act of rebellion, and since their settlement in the north, their blood has been further heightened by alliance with the family of a Scots Peer and a Highland Chieftain. Their jealous pride, and the suddenness of their passion, have all along borne ample testimony to the purity of their lineage. Sir Eustace himself fought four duels, and was twice run through the body. In Sir Ralph's veins, this spirit, though somewhat mitigated by his father's marriage with one who, as it is whispered, had once served him in the capacity of dairy maid, is far from being extinct. In his youth, he experienced the vengeance of the law, for beating a merchant of the same surname, who, without just title, claimed kindred with him, and assumed the arms of his family. I have heard too, that he himself was once soundly peppered by a gentleman of small fortune, whose gun Sir Ralph had attempted to seize upon his own ground, under pretence of his being unqualified to carry one. Though now old, he is still noted for his tenacious adherence to all his pretensions, the ceremonious politeness with which he receives the great gentry, and his supercilious treatment of all those who are not entitled to that name.—But to go on with my story. Soon after my succession, being on a visit to another neighbour, Mr. B., I found him with his wife preparing to depart, in great form, for the seat of my adversary, to whom they are annually in use of paying their respects. Being ignorant of my situation, they pressed me much to accompany them; and I, desirous to please them, Sir, and not knowing how to excuse myself, at the same time thinking it unreasonable that I should be at enmity with a man whom I did not know, merely

because we were at law together, was prevailed on to comply.

In a long avenue of lofty elms, terminated at one end by a large iron gate, at the top of which the family-arms are worked, and at the other, by the mansion-house, a large old-fashioned building, with a moat and turrets, we overtook the Knight himself returning from a ride. He seemed to be about sixty, but retained a robust make and florid complexion. He was seated on a superb saddle with holsters, and a housing of fur : he rode a long-tailed horse, which had once been gray, but had now become white with age : and was attended, at a due distance, by a sedate elderly-looking servant, in an ample livery surtout, mounted on a black dock-tailed coach-nag. No sooner had he perceived us, than he pushed on at a gallop, that he might be ready to present himself upon the platform of a large outer stone stair, to pay his compliments upon our arrival. I was introduced to him as his new neighbour, Mr. Softly ; but the moment the name reached his ears, the blood rushed into his face, and eyeing me with a look of indignation, he turned upon his heel, and left me. At this I was a good deal nettled, for I do not want spirit, and wished to retire : but, perceiving that my horse had been led into the stable, and that I must pass through a crowd of servants who were laughing at my reception, I thought it might be just as good to go on, and so followed them into the great hall. This was a large room, wainscoted with oak, and decorated with some portraits, a map of the estate, a tree of the family-descent, beside a spear and a cross-bow, which had been borne, I suppose, by some of the knight's progenitors. Here we were received by Miss Primrose Holdencourt, his sister, a maiden lady of fifty-five, who, ever since the death of his wife, has done the honours of his table. To

her I made a profound bow, of which she took no notice, unless by bridling up her head, and tossing a look of disdain at me.

Our present company, besides the persons already mentioned, consisted of the Knight's agent or attorney, and the parson of the parish. The two latter, who, for some reason or other, had all along kept standing together by one of the windows near the door, were banished, upon the appearance of dinner, to a bye-table in a corner of the room, where I likewise, finding no place unoccupied at the other table, was obliged to take my seat. But, for this disgrace, I was soon comforted by the good-humour and facetiousness of the attorney, who seemed to take a liking for me, as well as by some excellent ale, in which we both, along with the parson, participated pretty liberally. We had no communication with the other table, unless by an overture of mine towards a reconciliation with Miss Primrose, by drinking her health, which met with a very ungracious reception. We had, however, no great cause to envy their conversation, as it consisted chiefly of some annotations by her upon the table-linen, in which the heads of the twelve apostles, and some worthies of the family, were woven ; besides a history from the Knight, of some exploits performed by the latter. Dinner being removed, and the ladies retiring along with it, the other table was naturally compelled to an union with ours ; which, however, did not take place without strong marks of repugnance on the part of the Knight. These became still more and more manifest, as the liquor elevated his pride: he pushed the bottle past me, neglected to require my toast, and every now and then eyed me over his shoulder, with a look of the utmost jealousy and aversion. I did not value the looks of him or any other man a farthing ; so I kept my seat

manfully. In a short time, my friend Mr. B. having, for some purpose or other, left the room, the attorney, with an appearance of great candour and cordiality, inquired of me, whether that unhappy contest relative to the farm of Oxentown were drawing to an issue? 'Nothing that depends on my will for that purpose shall be wanting,' answered I. 'You allow then,' immediately interposed the Knight, 'that the lands of Harrow-field make part of my Barony of Acredale: you are at last become sensible of the justice of my claims.'—'I am glad of it, heartily glad of it,' rejoined the attorney; 'but indeed it is impossible to doubt of it for——' and here he began a long dissertation, so full of law-terms and bad Latin, that I did not understand a word on't, which he finished with,—'From all which, it is *luce clariùs*, that the lands belong to Sir Ralph.'—'Most assuredly,' echoed the parson. 'And when, my dear Sir, do you mean to renounce your claim?' resumed the attorney. All this, Mr. MIRROR, passed with so much rapidity, that I had no time for recollection or reply. Nothing could be further from my intention, than totally to surrender my claim; an amicable accommodation was all that I meant to hint at. But what could I do, Mr. MIRROR? My friend, who might have supported me, had left the room: I had no answer ready to the attorney's argument; the whole company concurred in regarding my claims as groundless; my meaning had been misunderstood, and an explanation, besides exposing me to their resentment, but that I did not value a straw, would have subjected me to the suspicion of insincerity and loose dealing. Still, however, I was loth thus to play away so considerable a part of my inheritance. After hesitating a little while, awkward and embarrassed between these opposite motives, I did at last

resolve to undeceive them, and had actually begun to meditate an address for that purpose, which, I do believe, I should have delivered, when the attorney, slapping me on the shoulder with one hand, and stretching out the other to me, with an air of the greatest cordiality, cut me short,—‘ What say you, Mr. Softly? fast bind, fast find; what say you to finishing the matter immediately?’ This proposal being quite unexpected, utterly disconcerted me. Between surprise, embarrassment, and the desire of relieving myself by a decision one way or other, seeing them, at the same time, full of expectation, I hastily, almost without knowing what I did, took him by the hand, and answered, ‘ Sir, with all my heart.’ In short, Mr. MIRROR, paper, pen, and ink were called for, and a deed drawn out, which I instantly executed. The Knight, immediately after, coming up to me, shook me by the hand, and commanding a bumper to my health, desired and insisted to see me often at Castle-Holdencourt.

“ Being naturally of an easy temper, and seeing that the matter could not be mended, touched at the same time with the satisfaction it had diffused, I soon, in some degree, regained my good-humour. More wine was called for repeatedly; and next morning I found myself at my friend Mr. B.’s house, without knowing how or when I had been transported to it.

“ Upon serious deliberation, however, and after some conversation upon the subject with my wife, I am really vexed and dispirited with this affair. In making application to you, I have three views; the first, merely to disburden my mind by telling the story, I fear it is a dull and tedious one; the second, to learn from any of your readers who is at the bar, whether my facility be a ground for reducing my consent? the third, to warn persons of

a similar disposition from going into company with their adversaries in a law-suit,

“ I am, Sir, yours, &c.

“ SIMON SOFTLY.”

As I sincerely sympathize with Mr. Softly in his distress, I have published this letter for the first purpose mentioned in its conclusion, to disburden his mind of the story. As to the second, I am afraid I can be of little use to him, as a law-opinion, delivered through the channel of the MIRROR, would be destitute of some of the pre-requisites, without which it would be dangerous to rely on it as the ground of legal proceeding. The third, which is a very disinterested motive, is, I believe, more charitable in him, than it will be useful to his readers. There is, I fancy, very little occasion for warning people against going into the company of those with whom they are at law, lest they should be surprised into improper concessions ; I have generally observed, that being in company with an adversary in a law-suit, has a greater tendency to make a man tenacious of his rights, than to dispose him to relinquish them.

Z

No. 104. SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1780.

It has been remarked, that the country-life prevails more in Great Britain than in any civilized nation in Europe. However true this observation may be in the general, there is one set of men among us, to whom, in the present times, it will by no means apply; I mean our great nobles and men of high fortune. It is, indeed, vain to expect, that persons in that rank of life should be able to withstand the attractions of a court, and the seductions of a luxurious capital.

It is, nevertheless, a melancholy circumstance, in travelling through this island, to find so many noble palaces deserted by their illustrious owners, even in that season of the year when, to every man of taste, the country must afford true pleasure. How mortifying is it to hear a great man tell you, that he cannot afford to live at his country-seat, and to see him, after passing a winter in London, and losing thousands in a week, reduced to the necessity of murdering the summer, by lounging from watering-place to watering-place, or retiring with two or three humble friends to a villa in the environs of London, instead of living with a becoming dignity in the mansion of his ancestors! To such men I would beg leave to recommend the advice of King James I. who, as Lord Bacon tells us, 'was wont to be very earnest with the country-gentlemen to go from London to their country-seats; and sometimes would say to them, Gentlemen, at London you are like ships in the sea, which show like nothing; but in

your country villages, you are like ships in a river, which look like great things.'

I do not mean, however, to say, that a great man should live always in the country. The duties of his station, and the rank he holds in society, require that he should pass part of the year in the capital; and, independent of those considerations, I believe it will be allowed, that a man of high rank, who has passed his whole life immured within the walls of his own chateau, and constantly surrounded by a circle who look up to him, is, of all mortals, the most insupportable.

Nay, I will go further; I am disposed to believe, that it is an improper and a hurtful thing, even for a private gentleman of moderate fortune, to retire from the world, and betake himself altogether to a country-life.

A remarkable instance of the bad consequences of abandoning society, I lately met with in a visit I had occasion to pay to a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted at college, and whose real name I shall conceal under that of Acasto. Soon after he quitted the university, where he had been distinguished by an ardent love of literature, Acasto retired to his estate in the country, which, though not great, was fully sufficient for all his wants. There he had resided ever since; and, either from inclination or indolence, had remained a bachelor. I had not seen him for many years. Time had made some alteration on his figure; but that was little, when compared with the change I found in him in all other respects. In his dress and manners he was indeed completely rusticated; and, by living much alone, he had contracted an indifference to that decorum, and to those little attentions, without which no man can be agreeable in society. The day I arrived at his house, I found him sauntering

in his garden, waiting a call to dinner, dressed in an old coat, which had once been black, a slouched hat of the same complexion, with a long pole in his hand, and with a beard that did not appear to have felt a razor for many days.

After a hearty welcome, he carried me in to dinner. In his conversation, I found as great a change as in his outward appearance and deportment. From living in a narrow circle, he had contracted a peculiarity in his notions, which sometimes amused from its oddity; and, from conversing chiefly with persons rather of an inferior station to himself, he had become as tenacious of his opinions, as if they had been self-evident truths, and as impatient of contradiction, as if to differ from him had been a crime.

From the same causes, the veriest trifle, particularly if it concerned himself, had become to him an object of importance. A country-gentleman he considered as the most respectable character in nature; and he talked as if honour, truth, and sincerity were confined to them alone. Every man who lived in the world, he considered as a villain; and every woman who passed much of her time in town, he made no scruple to say, was no better than she should be. At first, it astonished me to hear a man, of his good sense and benevolent dispositions, talk of some of the most amiable characters of the age in the most disrespectful terms. When I endeavoured to put him to rights, he at once cut me short, by saying, he could have no doubt of the truth of what he advanced, as he had been told such and such a thing by his friend and neighbour Mr. Downright, who scorned to flatter any man, or to tell any thing but the truth.

I soon had an opportunity of judging how far the country-gentlemen were entitled to the high character my friend had given them for honour and inte-

grity. The morning after I arrived, my host informed me he was obliged to attend a county-meeting, where there was to be business of considerable importance, in which he was deeply interested; and, as he could not stay at home with me, I readily consented to accompany him. He had dressed himself for the occasion; that is, he had shaved his beard, and put on a clean shirt. It remained to determine how we should travel. At first he proposed to go on horseback; but the appearance of a black cloud made him think of the carriage. It then occurred, that taking the carriage would stop the plough; and it was determined we should ride. But, as we were going to mount, the recollection of a cold, attended with some threatenings of a sore throat he had had the week before, made him again resolve upon the carriage. In short, I found that my poor friend, naturally of an undecisive temper, and having no proper object to fill his mind, had accustomed himself to deliberate on every trifle, as if it had been an affair of the greatest consequence. At length we set out in the carriage; but not till repeated instructions were given to John to drive only two miles the first hour, and not more than three, or three and a quarter afterwards.

On the road, we met with some incidents that were amusing enough. In the midst of a serious conversation on the state of the nation, in which Acasto was proposing plans of reformation, and tracing all our present calamities to the prevalence of the mercantile interest in parliament, and the shameful neglect of the country-gentlemen, we happened to pass the house of a cottager, who, had laid down a load of coals rather too near the high road; which Acasto no sooner perceived than he stopped the carriage, and calling out the poor man, began to rate him as if he had been guilty of the

grossest offence. Not satisfied with ordering the nuisance to be removed, he thought it necessary to represent, in strong colours, all the possible mischiefs that might have ensued from it. 'What might have happened,' said he, 'if my horses had startled, God only knows!—Had we been overturned, my carriage might have been broken, or my horses killed, and even I myself might have been hurt.'

This circumstance, trifling as it was, ruffled my friend so much, that it was some time before he could resume the thread of his conversation. Some other incidents of the same kind gave him an opportunity of displaying his attention to the police of the country, and of impressing me with an idea of the obligations he had thereby conferred on his fellow-citizens. At length we arrived at the county-town, and immediately drove to the court-house, where we found a very numerous meeting.

I soon found that the important business which had brought so many gentlemen from their own houses, was to determine, whether a bridge should be built at one end of a village or the other! From the course of the argument, if argument it could be called, I plainly perceived, that to the Public it was a matter of the most perfect indifference. But, if executed in one way, it would accommodate a gentleman who had acquired a large fortune in the course of trade, and had lately purchased an estate in the neighbourhood, on which he had built an elegant house. Acasto, and his friend Mr. Downright, strenuously opposed the plan of accommodating this *novus homo*, who had presumed to buy one of the best estates in the county, from the heir of an ancient family, at a higher price than any body else would have given for it. For my own part, I was truly mortified to observe in both parties as much trick and chicanery as might, when properly varnished, have

done honour to the most finished statesman. In one thing only I discovered that open plainness on which country gentlemen are so apt to value themselves, and that was in the language in which they addressed each other. There, indeed, they were sufficiently plain; and no where did I ever observe a more total neglect of the favourite maxim of Lord Chesterfield, *fortiter in re, suaviter in modo*.

On our way home, Acasto entertained me with the characters of the gentlemen we had seen; but he might have saved himself the trouble; for, by recollecting how they voted, I should immediately have known which of them were honest and sincere, and which mean time-serving sycophants.

I shall not trouble my readers with any reflections on Acasto's character. It is plain, that the little peculiarities which, with all his natural good sense and benevolence, expose him hourly to ridicule or to censure, have been occasioned by his retreat from the world, and by that solitude in which he has lived so long. Seldom, indeed, have I known any one that did not, in some degree, suffer from it; that did not, more or less, become selfish and contracted, conceited and opinionative. I never see a young heir fluttering about town in the circle of gaiety, without feeling an emotion of compassion. In a few years, when he comes to be supplanted in that circle by a younger set, no resource remains for him but a retreat to the country, where he must pass his days either in a state of listless inactivity, or in pursuits unworthy of a rational being. I would, therefore, earnestly recommend it to every parent, to educate the heir of his fortune to some profession; to set before him some object that may fill his mind, may rouse him to action, and may make him at once a happy and respectable member of society.

M

No. 105. TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1780.

THE winter, which, like an untaught visitor, had prolonged its stay with us to a very unreasonable length, has at last given place to vernal breezes and a more indulgent sky; and many of my readers will now leave the business or amusements of the town, for the purer air and less tumultuous enjoyments of the country. As I have, now and then, ventured some observations on the manners and fashions of the former, I could not forbear, from a friendly concern for those whom the season now calls into the latter, to offer a few remarks on certain errors which are more generally prevalent in the country. My last paper was intended for the serious perusal of country-gentlemen. I mean in this to make a few lighter observations on some little failings in point of manners, to which I have seen a propensity in country-gentlemen, country-ladies, and in those who, though of the town for the greatest part of the year, make their appearance, like the cuckoo, I mean no offence by the comparison, when the trees have put on their leaves, and the meadows their verdure.

In the first place, I would beg of those who migrate from the city, not to carry too much of the town with them into the country. I will allow a lady to exhibit the newest-fashioned cut in her riding-habit, or to astonish a country-congregation with the height of her head-dress; and a gentleman, in like manner, to sport, as they term it, a grotesque pattern of a waistcoat, or to set the children agape by the enormous size of his buckles. These are pri-

privileges to which gentlemen and ladies may be thought to have entitled themselves by the expense and trouble of a winter's residence in the capital. But there is a provoking, though a civil sort of consequence such people are apt to assume in conversation, which I think, goes beyond the just prerogative of township, and is a very unfair encroachment on the natural rights of their friends and relations in the country. They should consider, that though there are certain subjects of *ton* and fashion on which they may pronounce *ex cathedrâ*, if I may be allowed so pedantic a phrase, yet that, even in the country, the senses of hearing, seeing, tasting, and smelling, may be enjoyed to a certain extent; and that a person may like or dislike a new song, a new lute-string, a French dish, or an Italian perfume, though such person has been unfortunate enough to pass last winter at a hundred miles' distance from the metropolis.

On the other hand, it is but fair to inform the ladies and gentlemen of the country, that there is a certain deference which ought to be paid, in those matters, to the enlightened judgement of their friends, who are newly arrived from the seat of information and of knowledge. I have heard a lady in the country, when her cousin from Edinburgh had been very obligingly communicating some extraordinary piece of intelligence, or exhibiting some remarkable piece of dress or finery, cut her short, by saying, with all the coolness in the world, 'That is singular enough, but it is nothing to what I heard from Miss B——, with whom I have corresponded ever since she went to London;' or, 'This is very pretty, to be sure, but not to be compared to Mrs. C——'s, which she had sent her in a present from Paris.' This sort of brag-playing in conversation I have sometimes heard carried to

a very disagreeable length, which would be in a great measure prevented, if people were not to be allowed credit for what they may have heard, or have been told, but to take consequence only from what they have seen. If we town-people are to be thus out-wondered on report, there is an end of all order and subordination in the matter. To borrow another allusion from the game above-mentioned, I think it is but reasonable, that the wonders of persons from town should take the same precedence of the wonders of the people in the country, that natural cards do of makers.

But it is sometimes from the opposite feeling, from too high an idea of the importance of their town-visitors, that the good people of the country are apt to fall into improprieties. It is wonderful to see the confusion into which the appearance of the new-fashioned carriage of a gentleman just arrived from town throws the family, especially the female part of it, of his rural neighbour. Such a peeping from windows, such a running backwards and forwards of bare-headed boys and girls, to fetch their master from the field, and their mistress from the wash-house! Then, after waiting a long while in the parlour, which the chamber-maid has had but time to put half in order, comes the old lady with some awkward apology, followed by a scold to the maid for leaving her rubber or hearth-brush in view of the company. By-and-bye appears the master of the house, with another apology, for appearing before ladies in his farmer's dress. After a long series of common inquiries, a frequent pulling out of watches on the part of the visitors, and two or three messages up-stairs from the mistress of the family; down come the young ladies with their caps awry, their long pins but half stuck in, their hair powdered in patches, and their aprons stiff from the folds.

Here follows a second course of the same questions and answers, which being closed by an observation on the late hour from the one side, and some strictures on the shortness of town-visits from the other, the company are suffered to depart, who, it is ten to one, laugh all the way home at the good people who were at such pains to make themselves fit, as they thought, to be seen by them. Let these last remember, that there is a style, as it is called, proper to every thing; decency and cleanliness they owe to themselves; an imitation of the fashionable fineries of the town they owe to nobody; most of these, indeed, are quite preposterous in the country; it is only when people get into crowds that they are at liberty to make fools of themselves.

As I have, in the beginning of this paper, desired the city-emigrants not to carry the town into the country, so I must entreat their country-friends not to forget that the others have but lately arrived there. Their relish for draining, ditching, hedging, horse-hoeing, liming, and marling, and such other branches of the fine arts as an afternoon's conversation at a gentleman-farmer's frequently runs into, has been a good deal blunted by seven months' residence in the region of amusement and dissipation. The like caution will apply to those female orators who occupy the intervals of tea-drinking with dissertations on the cow-house, the dairy, and the poultry-yard.

There are some topics which may be introduced, at that season, in which both town and country ladies are qualified to join, though even of them I would recommend a sparing and moderate use; I mean those little lectures on morality, sometimes known by the name of scandal. In these the town-ladies, however, have some advantage, as their subjects are often such as may be reckoned fair game,

persons of whom the world has a right to talk, and who seem to act as if they wished to be talked of. These notorious offenders against decency and decorum, of which there are always some instances in great towns, may be compared to certain atrocious criminals, whom the law has ordered to be sent, after execution, to Surgeon's Hall; their characters may be dissected at all tea-tables, without any danger of the crime of defamation. But the beauty of a country-town or village is rarely so unguarded in her conduct as to give this licence to the tongues of her neighbours, who are, therefore, generally obliged to resort to the whispering of little private anecdotes and family-secrets, which I very much doubt if they be legally entitled to do, at least except in cases of great necessity, as on a rainy Sunday, or where the party consists but of two, who can neither play cribbage, piquet, or backgammon.

Somewhat a-kin to the lovers of detraction are the offence-takers, a species of people I have observed more common in the country than in populous cities. They are deeply versed in the science of precedence, in the etiquette of paying and returning visits, in the ceremonial of drinking healths, and of acknowledging bows and courtesies. I have been astonished to find the circle of my acquaintance so circumscribed as I have sometimes experienced, when I have happened to take up my headquarters at a gentleman's, who could only accompany me to the houses of one half of the neighbourhood, having contrived to be totally estranged from the other by neglects of himself, affronts to his wife, squabbles about dancing at annual balls, or toasts at country-meetings after the second bottle.

This disease of offence-taking is particularly epidemic in some places every seventh year, or sometimes it returns a little sooner by royal proclamation.

As this summer may probably be the season of its recurring with violence, I take the present opportunity of warning my readers against the company of the infected; and even to these a regimen of temper and good manners may be found a very powerful and salutary alterative. The feelings of an offence-taker are always very disagreeable; and as to the external effects of this mental malady, whether it go off in oblique reflections, or break out into scurrility and abuse, I need not, I fancy, enlarge on the danger of their consequences. To gentlemen concerned in politics and electioneering, I would particularly observe, that the period of their canvass is not the proper time for indulging any such freedoms in conversation or behaviour. When the contest is determined, the losers have some sort of privilege for railing; the successful candidates, as things go now-a-days, should keep all their foul language for that place to which the suffrages of their constituents are to send them.

I

No. 106. SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1780.

Dí tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.

HOR. EPIST. i. 4. 7.

THE importance of education to fit men for the world has been universally seen and acknowledged; but I think it has not been always sufficiently at-

tended to, as necessary to fit men for retiring from the world; as qualifying them to act their part with propriety when they retreat from the business of life, and to enjoy themselves, when enjoyment becomes their object. There is a certain time of life, when almost every man wishes to escape from the hurry and bustle of the world, and to taste the sweets of retirement and repose; but how few are there, who, when they have arrived at that period which they fixed for this retreat, and have put their designs in execution, meet with that enjoyment which they looked for! Instead of pleasure, they find satiety, weariness, and disgust; time becomes a heavy burden upon them, and in what way they may kill the tedious hours, grows at length their only object. But had these men received a good education, they would never be at a loss how to fill up their time; rich fields of entertainment would open to them from various sources. Company and conversation would receive a finer relish; books would give perpetual enjoyments; the gay prospects of the country, the romantic scenes which it affords, the adorning and beautifying those scenes, and the culture of all the elegant arts, would make that fortune, which many possess without knowing how to use, the minister of every thing that can afford delight.

I believe it may be true, that neither learning, nor a taste for the elegant arts, is requisite to enable a person engaged in the ordinary business of life, to succeed in his profession; and, while so engaged, the occupations of that profession will prevent his feeling any vacuity or suffering any inconvenience from his ignorance and want of refinement. But when such a person has acquired a fortune, and given up business, I have often observed, that from

this uncultivated state of mind, he is at a loss how to enjoy himself or his riches. He either becomes a prey to chagrin and *ennui*, or he gives himself up to the coarsest intemperance; or, should he wish to figure as a man of taste or fashion, he receives but little entertainment himself, and his attempts are so absurd and preposterous, as to make him the object of scoff and ridicule to others.

Drexelius was put early to business: his whole learning consisted in being able to read English, to write, and keep accounts. He got soon into a very good branch of trade; his attention was unremitting; and his economy was equal to his attention. His labours, far from being a burden to him, only gave him an exertion of mind, which kept him in an equal and unceasing flow of spirits. By the time he was fifty, Drexelius had acquired a fortune equal to that of the richest of his fellow-citizens. He now began to think seriously of enjoying it. The resolution which he had early formed of retiring to the country when he should have acquired a fortune, and which had supported him during the labours of acquiring it, he now determined to put in practice. He therefore wound up his business, sold off his stock, and purchased an estate in the country. The novelty of the situation, and the flattering thought that he was proprietor of so many acres, supported him for a while. But he soon began to find, that the fields, and woods, and rivers, gave him no sort of pleasure. He could receive no amusement from farming, and books he was unable to enjoy. A volume of the Spectator, recommended to him by the clergyman of the parish, lay half-read upon the chimney-piece; and the prospects which he heard others admire, appeared to him not more beautiful than the front of

the Exchange, or the pavement of the street on which he used to tread. Tired, therefore, of the country, and weary of every thing, he began to long for the town which he had abandoned, and to become again a frequenter of the 'Change. Accordingly he hired a house in town, and resolved to spend in it the winter-months at least. But the town had now also lost its charms, and he found it impossible to recover them. He had no longer business to occupy his mind; when he rose in the morning, he knew not what to do; he had no bargains to settle, and no ships to insure. His acquaintance around him were busy, while he was idle: he found himself alone in the midst of a crowd, an uninterested spectator of what used to employ him. Change of situation, therefore, gave him no relief, for the town was now as dull as the country. The purchase he had made was a dear one; upon his estate, which had cost him more at first than he intended to give for it, he was obliged to build a house, and to make some other improvements, the expense of which, like that of all other buildings and improvements, greatly exceeded what their owner had made his account with. This, however, was little to one of Drexelius's fortune. On former occasions, he had lost more upon one adventure in trade, without being much affected by the loss; but then he had different objects to interest him, and he expected to make up by other adventures what he had lost upon one; now he had nothing else to think of but the daily expenditure. This took possession of his imagination; he thought he saw poverty and ruin before him; and his health began to sink under the vexations of his mind. In vain did his friends represent to him the greatness of his fortune; that the money he was laying out

was a trifle to what he possessed; and that, after all his plans were finished, he would still have more than he could spend. It is to no purpose to reason with a diseased imagination; the only thing which can relieve it is a change of objects and a variety of amusements. But this method could not be followed by Drexelius: there was no object to interest him; and his mind was incapable of amusement. His disease, therefore, increased upon him every day. The proprietor of a fine place, possessed of a great fortune, in short, with all the means of pleasure and enjoyment, he was haunted with the demon of Poverty, and actually believed, that, if he lived many years, he should die of want.

Clavius was a partner in trade with Drexelius, whose example he followed in the scheme of enjoying a retreat in the country. But his mind was as empty and uneducated as that of Drexelius, equally incapable of amusing itself in solitude, or of receiving pleasure from those enjoyments which a country-life is calculated to bestow. He was, however, a man of greater natural spirits, and was not therefore so apt to become a prey to listlessness, or to the effects of gloomy avarice. Company was his resource: and that the hours might not lie heavy upon him, he took care never to be alone. But as he had no talent for conversation, every sort of company was equally welcome to him; and where conversation was not the object, it became necessary to support the society by some adventitious aid. The bottle, therefore, was had recourse to. This was the employment during the finest summer-evenings; and the morning-sun often rose upon the same company on which it had gone down. Men flocked to Clavius's country-seat, not to enjoy the charms of the country, but the charms of society,

and what they called good fellowship. Thus were Clavius's nights spent in getting intoxicated, and his mornings in sleeping off that intoxication. His constitution was not long able to support this course of life ; he died, a few years after he had quitted business, a martyr to that fortune which his wishes had formerly represented as the certain source of felicity.

Pomponius took a different turn from the persons I have mentioned. He was equally ignorant and uneducated as they ; but, when he had acquired his fortune, as he had heard much of taste, of elegance, and of refinement, he resolved to be a man of taste. The estate he purchased had been the old hereditary possession of a man of considerable rank. Pomponius gave several years' purchase more than its value, that he might be possessed of the demesne of an ancient family, and have the pleasure of adding to his name ' Esquire, of ——.' When he came to live at this estate, he found the old mansion-house must be pulled down and a new one erected. But, instead of trusting to the skill and taste of his architect, the plan must be his own. In this he heaped ornament upon ornament, and pillar upon pillar. The columns are large enough to have supported a Gothic cathedral ; the inside is crowded with painted compartments ; and every pannel and window is bedaubed with gilding. His fields are laid out in the most absurd taste. A clay-coloured ditch, which he calls a canal, made at an exorbitant expense, runs parallel with the front of his house ; at each end is a circular puddle, called a bason, in which is a little bank of rubbish, dignified with the name of island. Not a walk but is stuck full of statues ; and temples and grottoes appear in every field. In showing you his grounds, he tells you the price of every statue ; and every temple is

honoured with the account of what it cost. Not satisfied with being a man of taste out of doors, he pretends to connoisseurship and to literature within. He shows pictures painted, as he thinks, by masters, whose names he has not learned to pronounce. If doubts are started of their originality, Pomponius stops all further questions by the mention of the sum he paid for them. His library has its statues like his fields ; it is furnished with a profusion of bronzes and busts ; and the books are as liberally gilded as the rest of his furniture. In talking of them, for he runs all risks to be thought a man of learning, he gets into the most ridiculous blunders. He mistakes a Greek for a Roman author ; and, to show himself a philosopher, praises a writer, in the belief that he is an infidel, when, in fact, his books are written in defence of religion. The other day, somebody happening to mention *The World*, he asked if the author, Mr. Fitzadam, was still alive, and if he had written any other book.

Drexelius and Clavius were miserable in the midst of their wealth ; Pomponius is ridiculous in the enjoyment of his.

How much is it to be regretted, that these persons had not in their earlier years received the benefit of a liberal education ! Had their minds been cultivated in their youth, had they then acquired the first principles of elegance and taste, they would have been enabled, after attaining a fortune, to have enjoyed it with propriety and dignity : while they were reaping the fruits of their honest industry and success, they might have been useful to others, and proved ornaments to their country.

S

No. 107. TUESDAY, MAY 16, 1780.

And *love* and *war* take turns like day and night.

ROWE.

IN every art and science, practitioners complain how often they are deceived by specious theories and delusive speculation. Learned men, in the solitude of their studies, are apt to imagine, that nothing which they can reconcile to their own ideas upon paper, can fail to be evinced by actual experiment, or to be reduced into easy and constant practice. But those who are to apply the doctrine to the fact, too often find, that what was infallible in the brain of the demonstrator, is sadly fallacious in the hands of him who is to execute it.

There is something, however, so delightful in this art of theory-building, that the experience of a thousand disappointments will never be able to extinguish it. Nor, indeed, should any body wish for its extinction, when it is remembered, that the person who builds is delighted with the expectation of success, and that other people are often little less pleased with tracing the disappointment. The last are flattered by seeing the superiority of science thus levelled and brought down; the first solaces himself by imputing the failure to errors in the execution, and, shutting his closet-door, returns to fresh theories and new speculation.

In the course of my reading, I have met with two theoretical descriptions, which pleased me so much by the appearance they exhibited of self-satisfaction in the sages who composed them, that I cannot resist the desire of laying them before my readers in this day's paper. The first I found in an obscure author of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, in tracing the progress of certain affections of the mind, thus personifies his ideas of Honourable Love.

'When a young man,' says he, 'of illustrious descent, rarely gifted by Nature in mind and body, the which he hath, through the care of his noble parents, and his own special industry, much helped by art, first cometh from the retired haunts of learning into the resort of the world, he is suddenly smitten by the beauty and rare accomplishments of some young damsel, of parentage no less honourable than his own, and of endowments no less precious than those wherewith he himself is graced. He seeketh all opportunities of converse with, and of courtesy towards, her; which, nevertheless, she, out of maiden-shyness, whereof her lady-mother hath well instructed her, doth, with a determined stateliness of aspect, most constantly avoid; whereat the young man being grieved in his mind, but nowise damped in his love, he resteth not till by all means he render himself more worthy of her regard, not only by excelling in all gentleman-like exercises, such as dancing, horsemanship, skill in his rapier, and the like, but likewise in all becoming softness of behaviour and courtly niceness of speech, adding thereunto the study of sweet poesy, wherewith, in curious sonnets, he speaketh the praise of his mistress's manifold perfections. But she, nowise yielding to such flatteries, nor abating the

rigour of her looks, he sometimes complaineth of his thraldom in more bitter terms, and, for a while, as seeking freedom from this fair tyrant, shunneth her company, and resorteth to that of jovial companions, much given to the sports of the field, and the joys of wine, thinking thereby to efface her image quite from his mind. But after no great space, he groweth uneasy and unquiet, and though stoutly denying all allegiance to that dominion, whereof he hath sworn to be free, he goeth secretly where he can again steal a glance of her lovely face, by one look of which, being, as he deemeth, encouraged to better hope, he reneweth his suit with fresh warmth, renouncing his past rebellion as a grievous sin, the which he is to expiate by tenfold increased love. Nevertheless, she, willing to show her power, thus marvellously confirmed and increased, demeaneth herself as haughtily as before, and, haply, to punish his late treasonous lapse and falling off, seemeth to cast upon others more soft and favourable looks; whereat, our lover, being stung with envy and jealous wrath, doth encounter the chiefest of his rivals with sharp and angry words; which, growing into keener and more deadly rage, they agree to decide which is the worthiest by trial of arms; and having met, in some retired place, either on horseback or on foot, attended by their squires, a furious combat ensueth, in which the valour of both shineth out worthy of their noble birth, and of that love wherewith it is more especially inflamed and spurred on. After various turns of fortune, and many wounds on both sides, our lover doth, with difficulty, master his adversary, to whom he showeth no less courtesy in defeat, than fierceness in fight. After a time, having recovered of

his wounds, at hearing whereof the lady hath shewed as much grief and pity as beseemeth a modest maiden to show for man, he appeareth before her, his arm scarfed, and his cheeks yet pale from loss of blood, and, kneeling at her feet, imploreth forgiveness for past faults, and voweth constancy and love, not shorter than he hath life to feel them, and breath to utter ; while she, without speaking a word, doth, by looks and silent blushes, in some sort confess herself propitious to his vows ; whereof, having passed a probation of years, one or more, he arriveth at the end of his wishes, and obtaineth her consent to be his wedded wife. Lastly, their noble parents being well satisfied with this union of their blood, the marriage is celebrated, with much ceremony and pomp, at the castle of the bride's princely father, whereat there is all manner of good cheer, of dancing, and of minstrelsy, for many days.'

This theory of ancient love and courtship, instead of simplyfying the matter, makes it much more difficult than, in modern practice at least, it is actually found. The lover now-a days finds but little of that stately pride, and maiden shyness above-described ; nor is he obliged to cultivate poetry to celebrate his mistress, nor to meet any rival attended by his squire, nor to suffer wounds and loss of blood for her sake, nor to go through a probation of years, one or more. All he has to do is, to dance with the lady at a ball, say a few soft things to her in plain prose, then meet her father attended by his lawyer, go through a probation of deeds and settlements, and so proceed to the bridal ceremony, and to good cheer and jollity for as short or as long a time as he thinks proper.

The second theoretical description, which I shall lay before my readers, is so far different from the first, that it renders a very confused and intricate business, as I have been told it is, perfectly clear and obvious to the meanest capacity. This, however is by no means owing to any want in the theoretical situation of that incident or bustle which occurs in the real ; on the contrary, the events are infinitely more numerous and astonishing in the first than in the latter, though the art of the theorist carries the imagination through them all with wonderful distinctness and regularity. The instance to which I allude is the description of a battle, given by the ingenious Mr. A. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, under the word *Bataille*.

DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE.

‘ The two armies being in sight, the cannon roar on each side ; and the signal of the fight being given, they both move, and begin the encounter. In the height of danger, the generals show their intrepidity by preserving their cool temper, and by giving their orders without emotion and without hurry. In the close engagement, the officers perform wonders, and show extraordinary valour and judgement ; and, seconded by their men, who fight like lions, they cut the enemy in pieces, kill and overthrow all they meet in their way, break through battalions, and bear down squadrons. Upon the point of being overpowered by numbers, they resolutely sustain the effort of the enemy ; and the generals, being informed by their aids-de-camp of what passes on that side, cause succours to march thither with all speed, revive the spirits of the soldiers by their presence, rally the broken bat-

talions, bring them again to the charge, repulse the enemy, drive them before them, regain the ground they had lost, retrieve the whole affair, pursue the enemy close, trample them under foot, or ride over them, entirely disable them, put all that resist to the sword; and after having sustained continual discharges of cannon and small shot, and gained an entire and complete victory, cause a retreat to be sounded, and lie on the field of battle, while the air resounds with the flourishes of trumpets.'

The above description is contained in an edition of Mr. Boyer's learned and useful work, now become exceedingly scarce. It is there given in French and English; but I choose to publish the translation only, as I mean it for the sole use of our British commanders, from whose practice, at the time of its first publication, about the beginning of this century, the description was probably taken. Perhaps in some late campaigns, our generals had consulted other Dictionaries, containing a much less animated and decisive definition of a battle, than that which I have transcribed from the ingenious Mr. Boyer.

I

No. 108. SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1780.

Ah ! vices, gilded by the rich and gay !

SHENSTONE.

IF we examine impartially that estimate of pleasure which the higher ranks of society are apt to form, we shall probably be surprised to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real satisfaction. Many a fashionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taste or his judgement, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has suffered from the insipidity or the pain of his enjoyments : and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were sometimes worth while, even on the score of pleasure, to be virtuous.

Sir Edward ——, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at Florence, was a character much beyond that which distinguishes the generality of English travellers of fortune. His story was known to some of his countrymen who then resided in Italy ; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of something besides pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous, however, and sometimes profuse, he was observed never to be ridiculous in his expenses ; and, though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dis-

sipation, he always left behind more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, seized at Marseilles with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea-voyage, leaving Sir Edward to prosecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the vallies of Piedmont, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir Edward, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir Edward was lifted by his servants with scarce any signs of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest house, which happened to be the dwelling of a peasant rather above the common rank, before whose door some of his neighbours were assembled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir Edward brought up their master in the condition I have described. The compassion natural to his situation was excited in all; but the owner of the mansion, whose name was Venoni, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the stranger, and, with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, soon restored Sir Edward to sense and life. Venoni possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir Edward, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every possible care by his

host and his family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident : but after some days it abated, and, in a little more than a week, he was able to join in the society of Venoni and his daughter.

He could not help expressing some surprise at the appearance of refinement in the conversation of the latter, much beyond what her situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady, who happened to pass through the valley, and to take shelter in Venoni's cottage, for his house was but a better sort of cottage, the night of her birth. 'When her mother died,' said he, 'the Signora, whose name, at her desire, we had given the child, took her home to her own house ; there she was taught many things, of which there is no need here ; yet she is not so proud of her learning as to wish to leave her father in his old age ; and I hope soon to have her settled near me for life.'

But Sir Edward had now an opportunity of knowing Louisa better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which arts she was a tolerable proficient, Sir Edward had studied with success. Louisa felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were praised by Sir Edward ; and the family-concerts of Venoni were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of Venoni excelled all the other music of the valley ; his daughter's lute was much beyond it ; Sir Edward's violin was finer than either. But his conversation with Louisa—it was that of a superior order of beings!—science, taste, sentiment!—it was long since Louisa had heard these sounds ; amidst the ignorance of the valley, it was

luxury to hear them ; from Sir Edward, who was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance, there was always an expression animated and interesting ; his sickness had overcome somewhat of the first, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louisa's was no less captivating—and Sir Edward had not seen it so long without emotion. During his illness he thought this emotion but gratitude ; and, when it first grew warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her situation, and of the debt he owed her. But the struggle was too ineffectual to overcome, and of consequence increased his passion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir Edward allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as a base and unworthy one ; but he was the fool of words which he had often despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself ; he resolved, if he could, to think no more of Louisa ; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude or the restraints of virtue.

Louisa, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir Edward an important secret. It was at the close of a piece of music which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which she had composed to the memory of her mother. ' That,' said she, ' nobody ever heard except my father ; I play it sometimes when I am alone, and in low spirits. I don't know how I came to think of it now ; yet I have some reason to be sad.' Sir Edward pressed to know the cause ; after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for her husband. Against this

match she had always protested as strongly as a sense of duty, and the mildness of her nature, would allow; but Venoni was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it.—‘To marry, where one cannot love—to marry such a man, Sir Edward!’—It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir Edward pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded by swearing, that he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal.—Sir Edward improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificance of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. Louisa started at that proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as Louisa had represented him—coarse, vulgar, and ignorant. But Venoni, though much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at furthest.

Next morning Louisa was indisposed, and kept her chamber. Sir Edward was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with Venoni; but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by Louisa.

In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a sequestered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accustomed song. Louisa sat down on a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. Louisa rose from the ground, and burst into tears! She turned—and beheld Sir Edward. His countenance had much of its former languor; and when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look, and seemed unable to speak his feelings. ‘Are you not well, Sir Edward?’ said Louisa, with a voice faint and broken.—‘I am ill indeed,’ said he, ‘but my illness is of the mind. Louisa cannot cure me of that; I am wretched; but I deserve to be so. I have broken every law of hospitality, and every obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wish for happiness, and to speak what I wished, though it wounded the heart of my dearest benefactress,—but I will make a severe expiation. This moment I leave you, Louisa! I go to be wretched; but you may be happy, happy in your duty to a father, happy, it may be, in the arms of a husband, whom the possession of such a wife may teach refinement and sensibility. I go to my native country, to hurry through scenes of irksome business or tasteless amusement; that I may, if possible, procure a sort of half-oblivion of that happiness which I have left behind, a listless endurance of that life which I once dreamed might be made delightful with Louisa.’

Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir Edward’s servants appeared, with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two

pictures ; one he had drawn of Louisa, he fastened round his neck, and kissing it with rapture, hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner. ‘ This,’ said he, ‘ if Louisa will accept of it, may sometimes put her in mind of him who once offended, who can never cease to adore her. She may look on it, perhaps, after the original is no more ; when this heart shall have forgot to love, and cease to be wretched.’

Louisa was at last overcome. Her face was first pale as death ; then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. ‘ O Sir Edward!’ said she, ‘ What—what would you have me do?’—He eagerly seized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni.

V

No. 109. TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1780.

THE virtue of Louisa was vanquished ; but her sense of virtue was not overcome. Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her seducer, nor the constant and respectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguish which she suffered at the recollection of her past, and the thoughts of her present, situation. Sir Edward felt strongly the power of her beauty and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed : it was still subject to remorse, to com-

passion, and to love. These emotions, perhaps, he might soon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding sorrows of Louisa nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words: sometimes a few starting tears would speak them; and when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music.

On their arrival in England, Sir Edward carried Louisa to his seat in the country. There she was treated with all the observance of a wife; and had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendor of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir Edward to blazon with equipage, and show that state which she wished always to hide, and, if possible, to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures—if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt, for a while, the pangs of contrition.

These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father—a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's disgrace. Sir Edward was too generous not to think of providing for Venoni. He meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest is insult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. He learned that Venoni, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction, for a while, refused consolation. Sir Edward's whole tenderness and attention were called forth to mitigate her

grief; and, after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to London, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like Sir Edward's, the affliction of Louisa gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her a house separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt, which she now considered as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In London, Sir Edward found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her, because she was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; she had married him, because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived, as is common to people in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gaiety. This scene was so foreign from the idea Sir Edward had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge shallow; and with all the pride of birth and insolence of station, their principles were mean, and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of Louisa he found sensibility and truth; her's was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare; she saw the return of virtue in Sir Edward, and felt the friendship which he showed her. Sometimes when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would

leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force; her rest forsook her; the colour faded in her cheek; the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir Edward saw those symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening, while he sat in a little parlour with Louisa, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a hand-organ, of a remarkably sweet tone, was heard in the street. Louisa laid aside her lute and listened: the airs it played were those of her native country; and a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir Edward ordered a servant to fetch the organist into the room: he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which Louisa had often danced in her infancy; she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without control. Suddenly the musician, changing the stop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind.—Louisa started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger.—He threw off a tattered coat, and black patch. It was her father! —She would have sprung to embrace him; he turned

aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But nature at last overcome his resentment; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long-lost daughter.

Sir Edward stood fixed in astonishment and confusion.—‘I come not to upbraid you,’ said Venoni; ‘I am a poor, weak, old man, unable for upbraidings; I am come but to find my child, to forgive her, and to die! When you saw us first, Sir Edward, we were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy; we danced and we sung, and there was not a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our songs, and our cheerfulness; you were distressed, and we pitied you. Since that day the pipe has never been heard in Venoni’s fields: grief and sickness have almost brought him to the grave; and his neighbours, who loved and pitied him, have been cheerful no more. Yet, methinks, though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy; else why that dejected look, which, amidst all the grandeur around you, I saw you wear, and those tears which, under all the gaudiness of her apparel, I saw that poor deluded girl shed?’——‘But she shall shed no more,’ cried Sir Edward; ‘you shall be happy, and I shall be just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the injuries which I have done thee: forgive me, my Louisa, for rating your excellence at a price so mean. I have seen those high-born females to which my rank might have allied me; I am ashamed of their vices, and sick of their follies. Profligate in their hearts, amidst affected purity they are slaves to pleasure without the sincerity of passion; and, with the name of honour, are insensible to the feelings of virtue. You, my Louisa!——but I will not call up recollections that might render me less worthy of your future esteem——Continue to love your Ed-

ward ; but a few hours, and you shall add the title to the affections of a wife ; let the care and tenderness of a husband bring back its peace to your mind, and its bloom to your cheek. We will leave, for a while, the wonder and the envy of the fashionable circle here. We will restore your father to his native home ; under that roof I shall once more be happy ; happy without allay, because I shall deserve my happiness. Again shall the pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam on the cottage of Venoni.'

V

No. 110. SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1780.

Extremum concede laborem. VIRG. ECL. X. 1.

As, at the close of life, people confess the secrets, and explain the mysteries of their conduct, endeavour to do justice to those with whom they have had dealings, and to die in peace with all the world ; so, in the concluding number of a periodical publication, it is usual to lay aside the assumed name, or fictitious character, to ascribe the different papers to their true authors, and to wind up the whole with a modest appeal to the candor or indulgence of the Public.

In the course of these papers, the author has not often ventured to introduce himself, or to give an account of his own situation ; in this, therefore, which is to be the last, he has not much to unravel on that score. From the narrowness of the place of its appearance, the MIRROR did not admit of much

personification of its editor ; the little disguise he has used has been rather to conceal what he was, than to give himself out for what he was not.

The idea of publishing a periodical paper in Edinburgh took its rise in a company of gentlemen, whom particular circumstances of connexion brought frequently together. Their discourse often turned upon subjects of manners, of taste, and of literature. By one of those accidental resolutions, of which the origin cannot easily be traced, it was determined to put their thoughts into writing, and to read them for the entertainment of each other. Their essays assumed the form, and, soon after, some one gave them the name, of a periodical publication : the writers of it were naturally associated ; and their meetings increased the importance, as well as the number, of their productions. Cultivating letters in the midst of business, composition was to them an amusement only ; that amusement was heightened by the audience which this society afforded ; the idea of publication suggested itself as productive of still higher entertainment.

It was not, however, without diffidence that such a resolution was taken. From that, and several other circumstances, it was thought proper to observe the strictest secrecy with regard to the authors ; a purpose in which they have been so successful, that, at this moment, the very publisher of the work knows only one of their number, to whom the conduct of it was intrusted.

The assistance received from Correspondents has been considerable. To them the MIRROR is indebted for the following papers ; the 8th, the note from IGNORAMUS in the 9th, the letter in the 17th, the letter signed ADELUS in the 21st, the 22d, the 24th, the 29th, except the short letter at the end, the

first letter in the 35th, the 37th, the letter in the 46th, the 50th, the first letter in the 56th, the 59th, 62d, 66th, 73d, 74th, 75th, 79th, 82d, 86th, the first letter in the 89th, the letter in the 94th, the 95th, the 96th, except the letter signed EVELINA, the 97th, and 98th, the letter in the 102d, and the letter in the 103d. Of some of their correspondents, were they at liberty to disclose them, the names would do credit to the work ; of others they are entirely ignorant, and can only return this general acknowledgment for their favours. To many of them they have to apologise for several abridgements, additions, and alterations, which sometimes the composition of the essays themselves, and sometimes the nature of the work in which they were to appear, seemed to render necessary.

The situation of the authors of the MIRROR was such as neither to prompt much ambition of literary success, nor to create much dependence on it. Without this advantage, they had scarcely ventured to send abroad into the world a performance, the reception of which was liable to so much uncertainty. They foresaw many difficulties, which a publication like the MIRROR, even in hands much abler than theirs, must necessarily encounter.

The state of the times, they were sensible, was very unpropitious to a work of this sort. In a conjuncture so critical as the present, at a period so big with national danger and public solicitude, it was not to be expected that much attention should be paid to speculation or to sentiment, to minute investigations of character, or pictures of private manners. A volume which we can lay aside and resume at pleasure, may suffer less materially from the interruption of national concerns ; but a single sheet, that measures its daily importance with the vehicles

of public intelligence and political disquisition, can hardly fail to be neglected.

But exclusive of this general disadvantage, there were particular circumstances which its authors knew must be unfavourable to the MIRROR. That secrecy which they thought it necessary to keep, prevented all the aids of patronage and friendship; it even damped those common exertions to which other works are indebted, if not for fame, at least for introduction to the world. We cannot expect to create an interest in those whom we had not ventured to trust; and the claims even of merit are often little regarded, if that merit be anonymous and unknown.

The place of its publication was, in several respects, disadvantageous. There is a certain distance at which writings, as well as men, should be placed, in order to command our attention and respect. We do not easily allow a title to instruct or to amuse the Public in our neighbour, with whom we have been accustomed to compare our own abilities. Hence the fastidiousness with which, in a place so narrow as Edinburgh, home productions are commonly received; which, if they are grave, are pronounced dull; if pathetic, are called unnatural; if ludicrous, are termed low. In the circle around him, the man of business sees few who should be willing, and the man of genius few who are able, to be authors; and a work that comes out unsupported by established names, is liable alike to the censure of the grave, and the sneer of the witty. Even Folly herself acquires some merit from being displeased, when name or fashion has not sanctified a work from her displeasure.

This desire of levelling the pride of authorship, is in none more prevalent than in those who themselves

have written. Of these the unsuccessful have a prescriptive title to criticism; and, though established literary reputation commonly sets men above the necessity of detracting from the merit of other candidates for fame, yet there are not wanting instances of monopolists of public favour, who wish not only to enjoy, but to guide it, and are willing to confine its influence within the pale of their own circle, or their own patronage. General censure is of all things the easiest; from such men it passes unexamined, and its sentence is decisive; nay, even a studied silence will go far to smother a production, which, if they have not the meanness to envy, they want the candour to appreciate with justice.

In point of subject, as well as of reception, the place where it appeared was unfavourable to the MIRROR. Whoever will examine the works of a similar kind that have preceded it, will easily perceive for how many topics they were indebted to local characters and temporary follies, to places of public amusement, and circumstances of reigning fashion. But, with us, besides the danger of personal application, these are hardly various enough for the subject, or important enough for the dignity of writing. There is a sort of classic privilege in the very names of places in London, which does not extend to those of Edinburgh. The Cannongate is almost as long as the Strand, but it will not bear the comparison upon paper; and Blackfriars-wynd can never vie with Drury-lane, in point of sound, however they may rank in the article of chastity. In the department of humour, these circumstances must necessarily have great weight; and, for papers of humour, the bulk of readers will generally call, because the number is much greater of those who can laugh, than of those who can think. To add to the

difficulty, people are too proud to laugh upon easy terms with one, of whose title to make them laugh they are not apprised. A joke in writing is like a joke in conversation; much of its wit depends upon the rank of its author.

How far the authors of this paper have been able to overcome these difficulties, it is not for them to determine. Of its merits with the Public, the Public will judge; as to themselves, they may be allowed to say, that they have found it an amusement of an elegant, and they are inclined to believe, of an useful kind. They imagine, that by tracing the manners and sentiments of others, they have performed a sort of exercise which may have some tendency to cultivate and refine their own; and, in that society which was formed by this publication, they have drawn somewhat closer the ties of a friendship, which they flatter themselves they may long enjoy, with a recollection not unpleasing, of the literary adventure by which it was strengthened and improved.

The disadvantages attending their publication they have not enumerated, by way of plea for favour, or apology for faults. They will give their volumes, as they gave their papers, to the world, not meanly dependent on its favour, nor coldly indifferent to it. There is no idea, perhaps, more pleasing to an ingenuous mind, than, that the sentences which it dictates in silence and obscurity, may give pleasure and entertainment to those by whom the writer has never been seen, to whom even his name is unknown. There is something peculiarly interesting in the hope of this intercourse of sentiment, this invisible sort of friendship, with the virtuous and the good; and the visionary warmth of an author may be allowed to extend it to distant places, and to future times. If in this hope the authors of the MIRROR

may indulge, they trust, that, whatever may be thought of the execution, the motive of their publication will do them no dishonour; that, if they have failed in wit, they have been faultless in sentiment; and that, if they shall not be allowed the praise of genius, they have, at least, not forfeited the commendation of virtue.

Z



END OF VOL. XXIX.

THE
BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH
PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY
A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.

VOL. XXX.

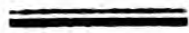
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THE same reasons which, during the publication of the MIRROR, made the Authors anxious to be concealed, and which are hinted in the last paper of that work, made them equally solicitous to be unknown during the publication of the LOUNGER. For this reason, during the time of this last publication, the circumstance of the Authors of these two works being the same, was endeavoured to be concealed from the Public, and several papers were industriously written on the contrary supposition. At the close of the publication, the reasons for that concealment ceased; and, therefore, in the concluding Number of the LOUNGER, it is admitted to be by the Authors of the MIRROR.

TABLE OF AUTHORS.

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- 1, 2. Mr. Mackenzie.
3. Mr. Abercromby.
4. Mr. Mackenzie.
5. Mr. Cullen.
6. Mr. Mackenzie.
7. A Correspondent, Mr. Fraser Tytler.
8. The letter signed Mary Careful, by a Correspondent, it is believed a female one; the rest of the Paper by Mr. Mackenzie.
9. Mr. Craig.
10. Mr. Abercromby.
11. A Correspondent, Dr. Henry, Author of the History of England on a new Plan.
12. Mr. Cullen.
13. Mr. M'Leod Bannatyn.
14. Mr. Abercromby.
15. Mr. Mackenzie.
16. A Correspondent, Mr. Tytler, Author of the Vindication of Q. Mary.
17. Mr. Mackenzie.
18. Mr. Craig.
19. A Correspondent, Mr. Fraser Tytler.
20. Mr. Mackenzie.
21. Mr. Craig.
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 23. Mr. Abercromby.
 24. A Correspondent, Mr. Fraser Tytler.
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 42. A Correspondent, Professor Richardson—The Notes at the End by Mr. Mackenzie.
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THE
LOUNGER.

No. 1. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1785.

*J'y goûte avec plaisir
Les charmes peu connus d'un innocent Loisir :
Toujours occupé sans avoir rien à faire.*

DESTOUCHES.

NOTHING is perhaps so difficult as to find out business proper for the idle; and, though it may appear paradoxical, yet I believe none have so much need of it as they. The man who is professionally employed, in whatever department, goes on in the track which habit has marked out for him, at peace with his own thoughts and the world; but he whom every passing moment reproaches with doing nothing, must often fly for relief to very useless or very unworthy occupations. He will often be dissipated without amusement, and intemperate without pleasure, merely because dissipation is preferable to vacancy, and intemperance to listlessness.

There is, however, a kind of men, whom accident has thrown out of the business of life, and whom temperament, if not virtue, keeps out of the dissipation of it, who hold a station of less destructive and more dignified indolence, whom the company of their own thoughts renders independent of vulgar society, and the vigour and variety of whose imagination

free from the necessity of resorting to frivolous or censurable amusements. Among the first sort, the transition is easy from the yawn of inanity to the roar of riot and intemperance; but persons of the latter description, idle in conduct, but of active minds, as they seldom experience the uneasiness of the one, seldom incur the blame of the other.

As far as the freedom from dissipation extends, the writer of the present paper thinks he may lay claim to the last of those characters. It were needless, and indeed improper, to trouble his readers with the history of those incidents in his life which have thrown him out of the number of the professionally busy; some untoward circumstances in point of fortune, and some feelings, perhaps blameable from their nicety, drew him at an early period of life, out from among the bustle of mankind; but without the misanthropy that arises from disgust, or the despondency that is sometimes the consequence of disappointment.

Those incidents, however, did not abridge, but perhaps rather increased, the extent of his society. Within the pale of a particular profession, a man's companions and associates are chiefly limited to some particular class with which that profession is connected. But he who is an idler without unsocial dispositions, finds occasional companions in all characters and professions, who are neither estranged from him by the jealousy of rivalry, nor kept at a distance by the opposite nature of their pursuits and occupations.

The busy, it must be owned, are apt to treat such a man with more kindness than deference. This it was not long before I experienced: but of a temper not easily offended, I only smiled at perceiving it; and it rather soothed my indolence, than provoked my spleen, when I found that I had acquired a de-

nomination more innocent than respectable. I was called a *Lounger* by all my acquaintance, and much the greater part of my friends agreed to the appellation. If at any time I felt the undignified sound of the name, yet I took credit with myself, on the other hand, for not deserving it. It flattered a secret pride to be somewhat more than the world thought me.

Of generic names, indeed, people are not always very scrupulous in the application, and therefore I could easily pardon those who ranked me under the class of men which the title of *Lounger* distinguishes. He whose walks are pointed neither to the resorts of the merchant, the lawyer, the soldier, or the churchman, it may fairly be supposed has no motive for them at all; and the first of any of those professions who crosses him in his way, will accuse him of being a *Lounger*. He will still more seem to deserve that name, if he frequents their places of meeting without having any business congenial to those places.

The same superiority will be assumed by the professedly idle, as by the professionally busy. In the haunts of amusement and of pleasure, the man who does not warmly worship the deity of the place, will be accounted a supernumerary by his votaries. At balls and card-parties I have as frequently heard myself called a *Lounger*, as on Change or in Courts of Law.

Abroad, for I was prevailed on by a friend to accompany him for some time on his travels, I was not just called a *Lounger*, the French and Italian languages not possessing an exactly synonymous term, and those which approach nearest to it not being respectful enough to be applied to a stranger. Both nations indeed are idle with so much activity, and contrive to do nothing, and to say nothing, with so much interest in their looks, and so much movement

in their gestures, that it is no wonder the world should not find a place in their vocabulary; but they, too, marked some traces of my character; though, as is their custom, they tacked a compliment to their draught of it. 'Monsieur,' said the Abbé——, at a petit souper of Madame de V——'s, at Paris, '*Monsieur est quelquefois rêveur, mais toujours intéressant, toujours aimable!*'

On all those occasions, however, I was not quite so idle as those around me imagined. Like Alfred in the Danish camp, I harped for them, but observed for myself; and, like him too, enjoyed my observation the more that it was secret and unsuspected. If this resemblance should convey some idea of treachery, of advantage over those with whom I associated, let it be known, at least, that in the use of it I was perfectly inoffensive. The Lounger is one of the best-natured characters in the world, even in the sense which I allow the term to apply to myself. 'Tis the player who frets, and scolds, and is angry: the looker-on sees more errors in the play; but he applies them only to the theory of the game, and thinks but little of the party who commits them.

As a Lounger, I had from my earliest age been fond of books, and sometimes ventured to write when I was tired of reading. A Lounger of the sort I could wish to be thought, is one who, even amidst a certain intercourse with mankind, preserves a constant intimacy with himself; it is not, therefore, to be wondered at, if he should sometimes, if I may be allowed the expression, correspond with himself, and write down, if he can write at all, what he wishes this favourite companion more particularly to remark. Exactly of this sort are the notes and memorandums I have sometimes been tempted to make: transcripts of what I have felt or thought, or little records of what I have heard or read, set down without any

other arrangement than what the disposition of the time might prompt. These little papers formed a kind of new society, which I could command at any time, without stirring from my fire-side. It was, of all sorts of company, the most fitted for a Lounger; company in which he could be unaccommodating without offence, and inattentive without incivility.

The idea of giving those trifles to the world in the form of periodical essays, is an effort beyond the usual force of my character. Unknown, however, as a Man, and new as an Author, the LOUNGER risks but little either in censure or in praise. There is a censure, indeed, and a suffrage, which no man can escape, to which one of his disposition is peculiarly liable, I mean that of his own mind. He trusts his publication will be such as to risk nothing on this ground; it is the only promise which he will venture on its behalf. It may be gay without wit, and grave without depth, when its author is disposed to gaiety or to thought; but while it endeavours to afford some little amusement by the one, or some little instruction by the other, it will at least be harmless in both.

Z

No. 2. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1785.

THE precepts of the moralist and philosopher are generally directed to guide their disciples in the great and important concerns of life, to incite to the practice of cardinal virtues, and to deter from the commission of enormous crimes: the advices of wisdom and experience point out the road to success and to

honour in stations of public consequence, or in nice and important circumstances of private duty.

In the earlier periods of society, a very simple code of morality and of rectitude was all that was necessary. To controul the violence of the stronger passions, to prescribe the rules of distributive justice, and to inculcate the duties of active humanity, was the proper and essential province of the instructor, as well as of the legislator. At first, indeed, these two characters would be nearly the same; legislation embracing all that was required of morality, and morality having no range beyond that of the laws. And even when man advanced to a certain point, where the doctrine of morals went beyond the legal rules of conduct; yet that would contain incentives to the exertion only of principal and leading virtues, in certain modes and situations, which the law could not foresee, and for which it could not provide.

In a state of society so advanced as ours, for it is needless to trouble my reader with the intermediate gradations, every one will see the necessity of a nicer and more refined system of morality. The family of the social virtues, like the genealogical tree of an extensive ancestry, spreads with the advancing cultivation of mankind, till it is branched out into a numerous list of collateral duties, many of which it needs an acute discernment to trace up to their source; and some acknowledge their connection, without being able to unravel their pedigree.

The study of those lesser branches of duty and of excellence is called the science of manners; but our language has no word to distinguish the teacher of it. As moralist is applied to the teacher of the more important obligations, so mannerist should have been the denomination of him who inculcates the lesser, had not that word been already appropriated to a very different meaning.

But, however the professors of the art may be distinguished, its importance will not be denied. It is seldom that in more essential points of duty men of a certain class are deficient. In most particulars, the obligations of morality are aided by the ties of honour, and the fear of punishment enforced by the dread of shame. But in the smaller offices of social life, men may be wanting in their duty, without incurring either punishment or obloquy. The decalogue, if the phrase may be allowed, of manners, the laws of civility, of gentleness, of taste, and of feeling, are not precisely set down, and cannot easily be punished in the breach, or rewarded in the observance: and yet their observance forms, amidst the refinements of modern society, an important part of our own happiness, and of that regard we owe to the happiness of others. To practise them is somewhat difficult; to teach them is still more so: yet 'tis an art which, though difficult, does not always obtain the honours of difficulty. The pictures which it exhibits must be drawn in those middle tints which it requires a nice pencil to hit; and yet when attained they acquire but a small portion of that applause which stronger colouring and deeper shades are calculated to procure. It is not easy to define that right which our neighbour possesses to general complacency or to little attentions; nor to mark with precision that injury we do, those wounds we inflict, by a contrary behaviour; and yet the favour in the first, and the wrong in the latter case, is often as strongly felt as in the serious exertions of kindness or malevolence. I have known a friend acquired for life by a trifling civility in a crowded theatre; and a lasting enmity created by a boisterous laugh, or a mutilated bow.

Amidst weighty business indeed, and momentous concerns, such things do not easily find place. But

the number of those who are within their reach more than compensates for the consequence of the few who are beyond it. 'Tis but a very small proportion of men who can move in the sphere of government or of greatness; but scarce any body is exempted from performing a part in the relations of ordinary life. Even of the first class, the reward they hope for their labours consists often in the opportunity of coming down with advantage to the region of the latter; like the hero of a pageant, who looks forward to the hour when he shall undo his trappings, and enjoy, in his plain apparel, the tale of the day at his family fire-side.

A periodical paper, though it may sometimes lift its voice against a neglect of the greater moralities, yet has for its peculiar province the correction and reform of any breach of the lesser. For that purpose it is perhaps better calculated than more laboured and more extended compositions, from its diurnal or weekly appearance. The greater virtues are always the same; but many of the lesser duties of social intercourse receive much of their complexion from the daily fluctuating circumstances of custom and of fashion. But the creed of custom is not always that of right; and it is the privilege of such a work, as well as one of its chief uses, to attack the intrenchments of fashion, whenever she is at war with modesty or virtue.

Of this study of manners the LOUNGER had early discovered the use and the necessity. He who seldom quits the walk of a particular science or occupation, has a determined object in his view, the pursuit of which leaves little time for scattering attentions around him, and always affords some apology for the neglect of them. But for such neglect the man of no profession cannot so easily be excused, who has neither the hurry of business to occupy his time, nor

its embarrassments to distract his thought. It is not, however, by the etiquette of a court, or the ceremonial of a drawing-room, that this virtue is to be regulated. Genuine excellence here, as every where else, springs from nature, and is to be cultivated only, not created, by artificial instruction. There is more complacency in the negligence of some men, than in what is called the good breeding of others; and the little absences of the heart are often more interesting and engaging than the punctilious attention of a thousand professed sacrifices to the graces.

Idleness, or that species of little occupations which is attached to no particular business or profession, is a state more difficult to support than is generally imagined. Even the perfect idler, like some other harmless and insignificant animals whom naturalists are acquainted with, though he can live on air, cannot subsist *in vacuo*: and the idler of a higher sort needs, perhaps, more ideas, more store of mind about him, than would go to the furnishing of twenty brains of mere plodding men of business.

The LOUNGER feels for the family of the idle in all its branches, however distant their relation to that of which he owns himself descended. To them, therefore, his lucubrations will in a particular manner be adapted. To those in whom the want of active employment has not relaxed the power of thought, they may afford some opportunity for speculation; and even to that prodigal of mind as well as time, who has forgotten how to think, the few moments, required for the perusal of them, will be at least a small portion of life harmlessly spent, and, it may be, saved from less innocent employments.

No. 3. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1785.

Quid refert quantum habeas? multò illud plus est quod non habes.
SEN.

IT is an old and a common observation, that men are more desirous to be thought to possess talents and qualities to which in truth they have no pretensions, than those in which they excel in an eminent degree. Of this Cicero was in ancient times a remarkable example; and the observation of every one must have furnished instances as striking in our own days. We see grave and profound statesmen wishing to pass for fine gentlemen, and fine gentlemen valuing themselves upon their knowledge of things of which they are most ignorant. If you wish to compliment the gay, the elegant Lothario, you must not mention his taste in dress, his fine figure, or the lively elegance of his conversation: you must dwell upon his knowledge of the interests of the different states of Europe, his extensive political information, and his talents for business. Camillus is a barrister of the first eminence, possessed of great knowledge in his profession, an acute reasoner, and a powerful pleader. In external appearance Nature has been less bountiful to Camillus: his figure is mean and ungraceful; and, from his air and manner, a stranger would be apt to take him for any thing rather than a gentleman. With all this, Camillus fancies that there is an uncommon degree of elegance in his form, and cannot conceal his ambition to be considered as a man of fashion.

But the most amusing instance of this sort I have met with was that of the late Duke of ——. His Grace was undoubtedly possessed of sound judgment, a cultivated understanding, a greater portion of knowledge than usually falls to the share of those of his rank; and though not perhaps calculated to make a brilliant figure in the senate, his talents were admirably adapted for business, and must in any age have entitled their possessor to respect and consideration. Amidst his other studies, the Duke had happened to look into some books of physic; from that moment he commenced a most skilful physician, and, compared to himself, considered the whole faculty as a set of ignorant blunderers. An artful courtier, well acquainted with this whimsey of his Grace's, contrived to let it be known that he was affected with a particular disorder; in the cure of which the Duke thought himself more than commonly expert. He kindly offered his assistance, which was received with becoming gratitude; and from time to time he was acquainted with the progress of the cure, and the effects of the medicine supposed to have been administered in consequence of his prescriptions. At the end of six weeks, the wily patient had to thank his noble physician, both for a complete cure, and a considerable employment which he had long in vain solicited.

Among the other sex, though, from their situation, and the narrow circle of their acquirements, this weakness has less room to display itself, yet it is not unfrequent to be found. Elizabeth might be quoted as a counterpart to Cicero, were it not that the claim to beauty is so natural to a woman that we do not wonder when we find even a Queen not superior to that pretension. But there are, in our own times, ladies who forget the certain empire of their beauty, and aspire to the doubtful reputation

of knowledge. Mirtilla has of late turned her fine eyes from terrestrial objects to the study of astronomy; and you cannot flatter her so much as by asking her opinion of the last new meteor, or the Georgium Sidus. And Euanthe, since she read Reaumur, has left her society of beaux for a curious collection of butterflies.

But while people are thus ambitious of being thought to possess talents and qualities to which they have no pretension, it does not thence follow, that they estimate at too low a rate those attainments in which they are allowed to excel. In judging at least of those around us, we are, I am afraid, too apt to undervalue such as may be deficient in any particular in which we have acquired eminence, however respectable such persons may otherwise be. The man of letters looks down with a conscious superiority on the man of business, engaged in the ordinary affairs of life: the men of the world, on the other hand, feeling the importance of their own occupations, consider the pursuits of literature as at best but a finer species of dissipation, a mere pastime, leading to no end, and attended with no consequence.

This sort of mutual contempt is visible in every rank and condition of life; and even the best, the most moderate, and the most cultivated minds, are not, perhaps, altogether exempted from it. Mr. Hume, in his History of England, expresses himself in the following terms: 'Such a superiority do the pursuits of literature possess above every other occupation, that even he who obtains but a mediocrity in them, merits the pre-eminence above those that excel the most in the common and vulgar professions.' It is not my object at present to inquire how far this opinion be well or ill founded: allowing it to be just, what must Mr. Hume's station be in the scale of excellence? That question, I am per-

suaded, his gentle modesty hardly permitted him to consider. It is well known that Mr. Hume, a few years before his death, received a pension of 200*l* a year. It might have been amusing at the time to consider the opposite ideas entertained by the givers and the receiver of that pension. In the pride of present power, and amidst the self-importance fostered by perpetual adulation, the minister and his minions might view with a certain degree of contempt a man on whom they were bestowing so paltry a recompense: on the other hand, the author, while receiving this mark of favour, and expressing his gratitude for it, might not be able to check the rising thought, that his name would live for ever, ranked with those whose envied lot it had been, to inform, to enlighten, to delight mankind; while his patrons, distinguished only by rank or station, were buried in oblivion with the common herd of kings, ministers, and statesmen, whose names posterity reads with the most perfect indifference, of whom little more is commonly known, than that they lived and died at such and such a period. Of this idea, Mr. Hume himself gives a fine illustration. Talking of the little regard paid to Milton when alive, 'Whitlocke,' says he, 'mentions one Milton, as he calls him, a blind man, who was employed in translating a treaty with Sweden into Latin. These forms of expression are amusing to us, who consider how obscure Whitlocke himself, though Lord Keeper and Ambassador, and indeed a man of great abilities and merit, has become in comparison of Milton.'

When Lord Keeper Whitlocke expressed himself in those terms, he must have felt a conscious superiority over one Milton, employed to translate the Swedish treaty into Latin. But if we may guess at what passed in the mind of Milton while employed in that humble service, it is not improbable, that if

ever he was led to estimate his own merit in comparison with that of Whitlocke, a just sense of his own superior excellence might teach him, that, though constrained by situation to submit to a drudgery so unworthy of him, yet still he was by nature entitled to a place in the Temple of Fame far above his employer ; and he might perhaps enjoy, by a sort of anticipation, that ample justice which posterity has done him. Such examples may convey an useful lesson to the great, may teach them to smooth somewhat of their ' crested pride,' and to treat with more observance and regard than they are often disposed to do, men equal to them by nature, perhaps superior in nature's best and choicest gifts.

Of the last species of weakness taken notice of in this paper, the credit we take for the talents we possess, the reason seems obvious enough, that partiality to ourselves, and our own possessions, which runs through every circumstance of life. Of the first, our desire to be remarked for talents to which we have no proper claim, the reason may, I think, be drawn from the period of life at which it commonly takes its rise. Our real endowments were ours, or began to be attained, at an early age, when we were but little liable to the impressions of vanity or self-conceit ; but the new and imperfect acquirements on which men are apt very absurdly to plume themselves, begin after the habit of vanity is formed, which appropriates to itself every acquisition, however trifling, which its possessor may happen to make.

But whatever may be the cause of such weaknesses, no doubt will be entertained of their existence. It will readily be acknowledged, that men are apt to fall into those two opposite and seemingly contradictory extremes, when they think of themselves and of others. On one hand the childish vanity of new acquirements leads us to overlook those

talents which in reality we possess, and to value ourselves on those to which we have little or no pretensions; yet when we come to form a judgment, of our own merit, in comparison with that of our neighbours, we are apt to despise every person who is deficient in any one particular in which we excel. We ought, however, to recollect, that to aim at universal excellence is a vain and fruitless attempt, which seldom fails to expose even men of the most superior talents to deserved ridicule: and, if this be allowed, it must follow, that it is no less unjust than ungenerous, to despise others for the want of a particular quality or accomplishment which we may happen to possess; because it is extremely probable that we may be equally deficient in some article, perhaps more important and more useful to mankind, in which they have attained a high degree of excellence.

R

No. 4. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1785.

—*Laudator temporis acti.*

HOR. ARS POET. 173.

‘GET thee a place, for I must be idle,’ says Hamlet to Horatio at the play. It is often so with me at public places: I am more employed in attending to the spectators than to the entertainment; a practice which, in the present state of some of our entertainments, I frequently find very convenient. In me, however, it is an indolent, quiet sort of indulgence, which, if it affords some amusement to myself, does not disturb that of any other body.

. At an assembly at which I happened to be present

a few nights ago, my notice was peculiarly attracted by a gentleman with what is called a fresh look for his age, dressed in a claret-coloured coat, with gold buttons, of a cut not altogether modern, an embroidered waistcoat with very large flaps, a major wig, long ruffles nicely plaited; that looked however as if the fashion had come to them rather than that they had been made for the fashion; his white silk stockings ornamented with figured clocks, and his shoes was high insteps, buckled with small round gold buckles. His sword, with a silver hilt somewhat tarnished, I might have thought only an article of his dress, had not a cockade in his hat marked him for a military man. It was sometime before I was able to find out who he was, till at last my friend Mr. S—— informed me he was a very worthy relation of his, who had not been in town above twice these forty years; that an accidental piece of business had lately brought him from his house in the country, and he had been prevailed on to look on the ladies of Edinburgh at two or three public places before he went home again, that he might see whether they were as handsome as their mothers and grandmothers, whom he had danced with at balls, and squired to plays and concerts near half a century ago. ‘He was,’ continued my friend, ‘a professed admirer and votary of the sex: and when he was a young man fought three duels for the honour of the ladies, in one of which he was run through the body, but luckily escaped with his life. The lady, however, for whom he fought, did not reward her knight as she ought to have done, but soon after married another man with a larger fortune; upon which he forswore society in a great measure, and, though he continued for several years to do his duty in the army, and actually rose to the rank of Lieutenant-colonel, mixed but little in the world, and

has for a long space of time resided at his estate a determined bachelor, with somewhat of misanthropy, and a great deal of good-nature about him. If you please I will introduce you to him—Colonel Caustic, this is a very particular friend of mine, who solicits the honour of being known to you.’—The Colonel kissed me on both cheeks, and seeming to take a liking to my face, we appeared mutually disposed to be very soon acquainted

Our conversation naturally began on the assembly, which I observed to be a full one. ‘Why, yes,’ said the Colonel, ‘here is crowd enough, and to spare; and yet your ladies seem to have been at a loss for partners. I suppose the greatest part of the men, or rather boys, whom I see now standing up to dance, have been brought in to make up a set, as people in the country sometimes fill up the places in a dance with chairs, to help them to go through the figure. But as I came too late for the minuets, I presume the dressed gentlemen walked up stairs after they were ended.’—‘Why, Sir, there are now-a-days no minuets.’—‘No minuets!—looking for a while at the company on the floor—I don’t wonder at it.’—‘Why, perhaps, Colonel,’ said I, ‘these young gentlemen have not quite an aspect serious enough for the *pas grave*; and yet yonder is one standing with his back to the fire.’—‘Why, yes, there is something of gravity, of almost melancholy on his face.’—‘Yes, melancholy and gentleman-like.’ said I, ‘as Master Stephen in the play has it.’—‘Why, that young man, Sir,—now that I have observed him closer,—with that roll of handkerchief about his neck, his square-cut striped vest, his large metal buttons, and nankeen breeches,—why, Sir, ’tis a stable-boy out of place!’

‘Pray, who are those gentlemen,’ said Colonel Caustic, ‘who have ranged themselves in a sort of

phalanx at the other end of the room, and seem, like the devil in Milton, to carry stern defiance on their brow?'—'I have not the honour of their acquaintance,' I replied; 'but some of them I presume from the cockades in their hats—'—'You do not say so,' interrupted the Colonel. 'Is that the military air of the present day? But you must be mistaken; they cannot be real soldiers: militia, or train-band subalterns, believe me, who, having neither seen service nor good company, contrive to look fierce, in order to avoid looking sheepish. I remember indeed of old, some of our boys used to put on that fierce air in coffee-houses and taverns; but they could never dream of wearing it before the ladies.'—'I think, however,' said Mr. S——, smiling, 'the ladies don't seem much afraid of them.'—'Why, your ladies,' answered the Colonel, 'to say truth, have learned to look people in the face. During the little while I have been in town, I have met with some in my walks, in great coats, riding hats, and ratans, whom I could not show an eye to; but I am newly come from the country; I shall keep a better countenance by-and-bye.'

At that moment, a lady and her party, for whose appearance the dancers were waiting, were just entering the room, and seemed in a great hurry to get forward. Their progress, however, was a good deal impeded by a tall stout young man, who had taken his station just at the threshold, and leaning his back against one of the door-posts, with his right foot placed firm on the end of a bench, was picking his teeth with a perfect *nonchalance* to every thing around him. I saw the Colonel fasten a very angry look on him, and move his hand with a sort of involuntary motion towards my cane. The ladies had now got through the defile, and we stood back to make way for them. 'Was there ever such a

brute?' said Colonel Caustic. The young gentleman stalked up to the place where we were standing, put up his glass to his eye, looked hard at the Colonel, and then—put it down again. The Colonel took snuff.

'Our sex,' said I, 'Colonel, is not perhaps improved in its public appearance; but I think you will own the other is not less beautiful than it was.' He cast his eye round for a few minutes before he answered me. 'Why, yes,' said he, 'Sir, here are many pretty, very pretty girls. That young lady in blue is a very pretty girl. I remember her grandmother at the same age; she was a fine woman.'—'But the one next her, with the fanciful cap, and the *panache* of red and white feathers, with that elegant form, that striking figure, is not she a fine woman?'—'Why, no, Sir, not quite a fine woman; not quite such a woman, as a man, raising his chest as he pronounced the word man, and pressing the points of his three unemployed fingers gently on his bosom, as a man would be proud to stake his life for.'

'But, in short, Sir,' continued he,—'I speak to you because you look like one that can understand me—there is nothing about a woman's person merely, were she formed like the *Venus de Medicis*, that can constitute a fine woman. There is something in the look, the manner, the voice, and still more the silence of such a one as I mean, that has no connection with any thing material; at least no more than just to make one think such a soul is lodged as it deserves.—In short, Sir, a fine woman,—I could have shown you some examples formerly—I mean, however, no disparagement to the young ladies here; none, upon my honour; they are as well made, and if not better dressed, at least more dressed than their predecessors; and their complexions I

think are better. But I am an old fellow, and apt to talk foolishly.'

'I suspect, Caustic,' said my friend Mr. S——, 'you and I are not quite competent judges of this matter. Were the partners of our dancing days to make their appearance here, with their humble fore-tops and brown unpowdered ringlets—'—'Why, what then, Mr. S——?'—'Why, I think those high heads would overtop them a little, that's all.'—'Why, as for the *panache*,' replied the Colonel, 'I have no objection to the ornament itself; there is something in the waving movement of it that is graceful and not undignified; but in every sort of dress there is a certain character, a certain relation which it holds to the wearer. Yonder now,—you'll forgive me, Sir, turning to me,—yonder is a set of girls, I suppose, from their looks and their giggling, but a few weeks from their nursery; whose feathers are in such agitation, whisked about, high and low, on this side and on that.'—'Why, Sir, 'tis like the Countess of Cassowar's *menagerie* scared by the entrance of her lap-dog.'

'As to dress, indeed, in general,' continued the Colonel, 'that of a man or woman of fashion should be such as to mark some attention to appearance, some deference to society. The young men I see here, look as if they had just had time to throw off their boots after a fox-chase. But yet dress is only an accessory, that should seem to belong to the wearer, and not the wearer to it. Some of the young ladies opposite to us are so made up of ornaments, so stuck round with finery, that an ill-natured observer might say, their milliner had sent them hither, as she places her doll in her shop-window, to exhibit her wares to the company.'

Mr. S—— was going to reply, when he was stopped by the noise of a hundred tongues, which ap-

proached like a gathering storm from the card-room. 'Twas My Lady Rumpus, with a crowd of women and a mob of men in her suite. They were people of too much consequence to have any of that deference for society which the Colonel talked of. My nerves, and those of my friend S——, though not remarkably weak, could barely stand their approach; but Colonel Caustic's were quite overpowered.—We accompanied him in his retreat out of the dancing-room; and, after drinking a dish of tea, by way of sedative, as the physicians phrase it, he called for his chair, and went home.

While we were sitting in the tea-room, Mr. S—— undertook the apology of My Lady Rumpus and her followers. 'We must make allowance,' said he, 'for the fashion of the times. In these days, precision of manners is exploded, and ease is the mode.'—'Ease!' said the Colonel wiping his forehead. 'Why, in your days,' said Mr. S——, 'and I may say in mine too, for I believe there is not much betwixt us, were there not sometimes fantastic modes, which people of rank had brought into use, and which were called genteel because such people practised them, though the word might not just apply to them in the abstract?'—'I understood you, S——,' said the Colonel, 'there were such things; some irregularities that broke out now and then. There were mad caps of both sexes, that would venture on strange things; but they were in a style somewhat above the *canaille*; ridiculous enough, I grant you, but not perfectly absurd: coarse it might be, but not downright vulgar. In all ages, I suppose, people of condition did sometimes in-trench themselves behind their titles or their high birth, and committed offences against what lesser folks would call decorum, and yet were allowed to be well-bred all the while; were sometimes a little

gross, and called it witty; and a little rude, and called it raillery: but 'twas false coinage, and never passed long. Indeed, I have generally remarked, that people did so only because they could not do better: 'tis like pleading privilege for a debt which a man's own funds do not enable him to pay. A great man may, perhaps, be well-bred in a manner which little people do not understand; but, trust me, he is a greater man who is well-bred in a manner that every body understands.'

Z

No. 5. SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1785.

Historiæ decus est et quasi anima, ut cum eventis causæ copulentur.

BACON, DE AUGM. SCIENT.

OF the various kinds of literary composition there is hardly any which has been at all times more cultivated than that of HISTORY. A desire to recount remarkable events, and a curiosity to hear the relation of them, are propensities inherent in human nature; and hence historians have abounded in every age, in the rudest and simplest, as well as in the most polished and refined. The first poets were historians; and Homer and Ossian, 'when the light of the song arose,' but recounted the virtues and exploits of their countrymen.

From poetic numbers, history at length descended to prose; but she was still of the family of the Muses, and long retained many features of the race from whence she sprung. *Historia*, says Quintilian, *est proxima poëtis, et quodammodo carmen solutum.*

She professed, indeed, that her purpose was to instruct no less than to please; yet such was her hereditary propensity, that for many successive ages she continued more studious to cultivate the means of pleasing, than anxious to gather the materials of instruction. But when all her arts of pleasing had been exhausted, when the charms of novelty and the bloom of youth were gone, she began to feel the decay of her power. In her distress she looked around for aid, and wisely embraced an union with PHILOSOPHY, who taught her the value of the rich field of instruction she had so long neglected, showed her how she might add new graces to her powers of giving delight, how she might not only recover, but extend her empire, and be crowned with honours that should never fade.

To drop the allegory,—the truth is, that although to afford pleasure and to convey instruction have been ever the professed ends of history, yet they have not always been mingled in due proportion. The former has been the object of the greater part of historians; and their aim of instruction has seldom gone further than to illustrate some moral precept, and to improve the heart by exhibiting bright and illustrious examples of virtue. It is of late only that history, by taking a wider range, has assumed a different form; and, with the relation of splendid events uniting an investigation of their causes, has exhibited a view of those great circumstances in the situation of any people, which can alone yield solid instruction.

Historians may therefore be divided into two kinds, according to the methods they have followed, and the ends they have chiefly had in view in their composition. The *first* class, and which is by far the most numerous, consists of those who have confined themselves to the mere relation of public trans-

actions ; who have made it their principal aim to interest the affections ; and who, in assigning any causes of events, have seldom gone beyond those immediately connected with the particular characters of the persons whose actions they describe. The *second* class comprehends the very few historians who have viewed it as their chief business to unfold the more remote and general causes of public events, and have considered the giving an account of the rise, progress, perfection and decline of government, of manners, of art, and of science, as the only true means of rendering history instructive.

In the former of these classes we must rank almost all the celebrated historians of ancient Greece and Rome. In general they merely relate distinguished events ; but to search out and reflect upon the general causes of them they seldom attempt ; and to mark the state of government, of laws, of manners, or of arts, seems not to have been thought of by them as falling within the province of history. To delight the imagination seems to have been their favourite aim ; and accordingly, from the superior effects of recent events in interesting the passions, we find that many of the most distinguished historians of this class, have chosen for their subjects, either transactions of which they were themselves witnesses, or that were very near their own times. Thucydides and Xenophon record little but the events of their own day, and in which they themselves bore a part ; Cæsar gives us nothing but memoirs of his own exploits ; and Tacitus confines himself very nearly to his own times. Even Herodotus, who takes a larger range, is, in general, only a relater of facts which he either saw himself, or reports on the testimony of others ; and Livy, who commences his history with the foundation of Rome, scarce thinks of any thing beyond a mere detail of wars and revolutions,

and seems only careful to embellish his story by interesting narrative and flowing language.

When such were the limited bounds of this species of writing, history was an ART, the design of which was to please ; not a SCIENCE, the purpose of which was to instruct. It was, as Quintilian says, *proxima poëtis* ; and critical rules were laid down for its composition, similar to those for the structure of an epic poem. To select a subject, the recital of which might be interesting ; to arrange and distribute the several parts with skill ; to embellish by forcible and picturesque description ; to enliven by characteristic and animated speeches, and to clothe the whole in beautiful and flowing language ; formed all the necessary and essential parts of the composition. In these the ancients held the highest excellence and perfection of history to consist ; and so little did their views reach any further, that Dionysius of Halicarnassus, a critic of taste and acuteness, says, that the first object of a person about to write history ought to be, ‘ to select a subject striking and pleasing, and such as may not only affect, but overpower the minds of the readers with pleasure.’ And he condemns Thucydides for his choice of the Peloponnesian war, ‘ because it was neither honourable nor prosperous, nor ever should have been engaged in, or at least should have been buried in silence and oblivion, that posterity might be ignorant of it.’

Thus confined were the ideas of the ancients with regard to the objects of history. But while we may regret this, we are not to ascribe it to any defect of genius : it arose from causes which a little reflection may render sufficiently obvious, and from the circumstances in which they were unavoidably placed.

In ancient times, mankind had before their eyes

but a very limited field of observation, and but a short experience of the revolutions of nations. Their memorials of former events, too, were scanty and imperfect, being little more than traditions, involved in uncertainty, and disfigured by fable. They possessed not that extensive experience, nor that large collection of facts, which can alone lead to general reasonings, or can suggest the idea of philosophical history. Nothing further could occur to them as the object of history, but to delight the imagination and improve the heart; and accordingly they chose subjects that made the strongest impression on their own minds, and might most interest the passions of others. To explain the immediate motives and springs of actions, was necessary even for connecting their narrative; but to proceed further, and trace the remote causes, and to perceive how much public events were affected by the degree of advancement which a nation had reached in government, in manners, and in arts, were discoveries yet hid from their view.

The ancient world wanted that communication and intercourse of one nation with another, which, of all circumstances, has the greatest effect in generalising and enlarging the views of an historian. It is with nations as with individuals; no family-knowledge, no domestic study, can ever afford that large and extended information which mixing with other men, which commerce with the world will bestow. In the time of the Grecian republics, man consisted but of two divisions, Greeks and Barbarians; though the subdivision of the former into smaller states promoted the spirit of philosophic research considerably more than when to the name of Roman was confined every science, every art, every privilege and dignity of man. In modern times, the nearly equal rank and cultivation of different European kingdoms

give much more opportunity than was enjoyed by the ancient world, for the comparison of facts, and the construction of system in the history of mankind; while, at the same time, the literary intercourse of those different kingdoms gives to such researches at once the force of union and the spur of emulation.

In short, the opposite situation and circumstances of the present age have bestowed on history its most signal improvement, and have given it a form before unknown. The many and various revolutions which an experience of more than three thousand years has exhibited to mankind, and the contemplation of the rise, progress, and decline, of successive empires, have led to the discovery, that all human events are guided and directed by certain general causes which must be everywhere the same. It has come to be perceived that nations, like individuals, have their infancy, maturity, decline, and extinction; and that in their gradual establishment and various revolutions, immediate causes springing from the actions and characters of individuals, and even all the wisdom and foresight of man, have had but a very slender share, in comparison of the influence of general and unavoidable circumstances.

These reflections, which the experience of many ages could alone suggest, and to which the great improvements of the present age in reasoning and philosophy have much contributed, have led men to view the history of nations in a new light. To investigate the general causes and the true sources of the advancement, the prosperity, and the fall of empires, has become the useful and important object of the historian. While he relates the memorable transactions of each different period, and describes the conduct and characters of the persons principally engaged in them, he at the same time

unfolds the remote as well as immediate causes of events, and imparts the most valuable knowledge and information. He marks the advancement of mankind in society, the rise and progress of arts and sciences, the successive improvements of law and government, and the gradual refinement of manners; all of them not only curious objects of contemplation, but intimately connected with a narration of civil transactions, and without which the events of no particular period can be fully accounted for.

The few who have treated history in this manner form the *second* of the two classes into which I have divided historians; and it is to the present age we owe this union of Philosophy with History, and the production of a new and more perfect species of historical composition. President Montesquieu was perhaps the first who attempted to show how much the history of mankind may be explained from great and general causes. M. de Voltaire's 'Essay on General History,' with all its imperfections, is a work of uncommon merit; with the usual vivacity of its author, it unites great and enlarged views on the general progress of civilization and advancement of society. The same track has been pursued by other writers of reputation, particularly by the late Mr. Hume, who, in his 'History of England,' has gone further in investigating general causes, and in marking the progress of laws, government, arts, and manners, than any of his predecessors. Much, however, yet remains to be done; for it is a field but just begun to be cultivated; and if it be true, as the last-mentioned historian has observed, that the world is still too young to fix many general truths in politics, we have to fear that it is reserved for some still distant age to see Philosophical History attain its highest perfection.

Y

No. 6. SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1785.

A FEW mornings ago I was agreeably surprised with a very early call from my newly-acquired friend Colonel Caustic. ' 'Tis on a foolish piece of business,' said he, ' I give you the trouble of this visit. You must know I had an appointment with your friend S—— to go to the play this evening, which a particular affair that has come across him will prevent his keeping; and as a man, after making such an arrangement, feels it irksome to be disappointed, at least it is so with an old methodical fellow like me, I have taken the liberty of calling, to ask if you will supply his place: I might have had one or two other conductors; but it is only with certain people I choose to go to such places. Seeing a play, or indeed any thing else, won't do at my time of life, either alone, or in company not quite to one's mind. 'Tis like drinking a bottle of claret; the liquor is something; but nine-tenths of the bargain is in the companion with whom one drinks it.' As he spoke this, he gave me his hand with such an air of cordiality—methought we had been acquainted these forty years;—I took it with equal warmth, and assured him truly it would give me infinite pleasure to attend him.

When we went to the theatre in the evening, and while I was reading the box list, to determine where we should endeavour to find a place, a lady of the Colonel's acquaintance happening to come in, begged our acceptance of places in her box. We entered accordingly; and I placed my old friend in a situation where I thought he could most conveniently:

command a view both of the company and of the stage. He had never been in our present house before, and allowed, that in size and convenience it exceeded the old one, though he would not grant so much as the lady and I demanded on that score. 'I know,' said he, 'you are in the right; but one don't easily get rid of first impressions; I can't make you conceive what a play was to me some fifty years ago, with what feelings I heard the last music begin, nor how my heart beat when it ceased.'—'Why, it is very true, Colonel,' says the lady, 'one can't retain those feelings always.'—'It is something,' said I, 'to have had them once.'—'Why, if I may judge from the little I have seen,' replied the Colonel, 'your young folks have no time for them now-a-days; their pleasures begin so early, and come so thick.'—'Tis the way to make the most of their time.'—'Pardon me, Madam,' said he, 'I don't think so: 'tis like the difference between your hot-house asparagus and my garden ones; the last have their green and their white; but the first is tasteless from the very top.' The lady had not time to study the allusion; for her company began to come into the box, and continued coming in during all the first act of the comedy. On one side of Colonel Caustic sat a lady with a *Lunardi* hat; before him was placed one with a feathered head-dress. *Lunardi* and the feathers talked and nodded to one another about an appointment at a milliner's next morning. I sat quite behind, as is my custom, and betook myself to meditation. The Colonel was not quite so patient: he tried to see the stage, and got a flying vizzy now and then; but in the last attempt, he got such a whisk from Miss Feathers on one cheek, and such a poke from the wires of Miss *Lunardi* on t'other, that he was fain to give up the matter of seeing;—as to hearing, it was out of the question.

‘ I hope, Colonel, you have been well entertained, said the mistress of the box, at the end of the act. ‘ Wonderfully well,’ said the Colonel.—‘ That *La Marsh* is a monstrous comical fellow !’—‘ Oh ! as to that, Madam, I know nothing of the matter : in your ladyship’s box one is quite independent of the players.’—He made a sign to me : I opened the box-door, and stood waiting for his coming with me.—‘ Where you are going, Colonel ?’ said the lady, as he stepped over the last bench. ‘ To the play, Madam,’ said he, bowing, and shutting the door.

For that purpose we went to the pit, where though it was pretty much crowded, we got ourselves seated in a very central place. There is something in Colonel Caustic’s look and appearance, not so much of the form only, but the sentiment of good breeding, that it is not easy to resist showing him any civility in one’s power. While we stood near the door, a party in the middle of one of the rows beckoned to us, and let us know that we might find room by them ; and the Colonel, not without many scruples of complaisance, at last accepted the invitation.

We had not long been in possession of our place before the second act began. We had now an opportunity of hearing the play, as, though the conversation in the box we had left, which by this time was reinforced by several new performers, was about as loud as that of the players, we were nearer to the talkers in front than to those behind us. When the act was over, I repeated Lady ——’s interrogatory as to the Colonel’s entertainment. ‘ I begin,’ said he putting his snuff-box to his nose, ‘ to find the inattention of my former box-fellows not quite so unreasonable.’—‘ Our company of this season,’ said a brother-officer, who sat near us, to Colonel Caustic, ‘ is a very numerous one ; they can get up any

new play in a week.'—'I am not so much surprised, Sir,' replied the Colonel, 'at the number of your players, as I am at the number of the audience.'—'Most of the new performers are drafts from the English and Irish stages.'—'From the *awkward division* of them, I presume.'—'You are a severe critic, Sir,' replied the officer; 'but the house has been as full as you see it every night these three weeks,'—'I can easily believe it,' said the Colonel.

As the play went on, the Colonel was asked his opinion of it by this gentleman and one or two more of his neighbours. He was shy of venturing his judgement on the piece; they were kind enough to direct him how to form one. 'This is a very favourite comedy, Sir, and has had a great run at Drury-lane.'—'Why, gentlemen,' said he, 'I have no doubt of the comedy being an excellent comedy, since you tell me so; and to be sure those gentlemen and ladies who make up the *dramatis personæ* of it, say a number of good things, some of them not the worse for having been said last century by *Joe Miller*; but I am often at a loss to know what they would be at, and wish for a little of my old friend Bayes's insinuation to direct me.'—'You mean, Sir, that the plot is involved.'—'Pardon me, Sir, not at all; 'tis a perfectly clear plot, 'as clear as the sun in the cucumber,' as Anthonio in *Venice Preserved* says. The hero and heroine are to be married, and they are at a loss how to get it put off till the fifth act.'—'You will see, Sir, how the last scene will wind it up.'—'Oh! I have no doubt, Sir, that it will end at the dropping of the curtain.'

Before the dropping of the curtain, however, it was not easy to attend to that winding up of the plot which was promised us. Between gentlemen coming into the house from dinner-parties, and ladies going out of it to evening ones, the disorder in the boxes,

and the calling to order in the pit, the business of the comedy was rather supposed than followed; and the actors themselves seemed inclined to slur it a little, being too well-bred not to perceive that they interrupted the arrangement of some of the genteel-est part of their audience.

When the curtain was down, I saw Colonel Caus-
tic throw his eye round the house with a look which I knew had nothing to do with the comedy. After a silence of two or three minutes, in which I did not choose to interrupt him, 'Amidst the various calculations of lives,' said he, 'is there any table for the life of a beauty?'—'I believe not,' said I, smiling; 'there is a fragility in that, which neither Price nor Maseres ever thought of applying figures to.'—'Tis a sort of mortality,' continued the Colonel, 'which, at such a time as this, at the ending of some public entertainment, I have often thought on with a very melancholy feeling. An old bachelor like me, who has no girls of his own, except he is a very peevish fellow, which I hope I am not, looks on every one of these young creatures in some measure as a daughter; and when I think how many children of that sort I have lost—for there are a thousand ways of a beauty's dying—it almost brings tears into my eyes. Then they are so spoiled while they do live. Here I am as splenetic as before I was melancholy. Those flower-beds we see, so fair to look on,—what useless weeds are suffered to grow up with them!'—'I do not think, Colonel, that the mere *flower* part is left uncultivated.'—'Why, even as to that, 'tis artificially forced before its time. A woman has a character even as a beauty. A beauty, a toast, a fine woman, merely considered as such, has a sort of professional character, which it requires some sense and accomplishments to maintain. Now-a-days there are so many irregulars who practise at

fifteen, without a single requisite except mere outside!—if we go a little further, and consider a woman as something more than a beauty; when we regard the sex as that gentle but irresistible power that should mould the world to a finer form, that should teach benignity to wisdom, to virtue grace, humanity to valour; when we look on them in less eminent, but not less useful points of view, as those *dii penates*, those household deities, from whom man is to find comfort and protection, who are to smooth the ruggedness of his labours, the irksomeness and cares of business; who are to blunt the sting of his sorrows and the bitterness of his disappointments!—You think me a fool for declaiming thus.—‘No, upon my soul, don’t I; I hope you think better of me than to suppose so.’—‘But I may come down from my declamation. Yonder are a set, fluttering in that box there,—young to be sure, but they will never be older, except in wrinkles—I don’t suppose they have an idea in their heads beyond the colour of a riband, the placing of a feather, or the step of a cotillon!—And yet they may get husbands.’—‘If it please God,’ said I.—‘And be the mothers of the next generation.’—‘’Tis to be hoped.’—‘Well, well, old Caustic will be in his grave by that time!’—

There was what Shakspeare calls ‘a humorous sadness’ in the thought, at which I did not well know whether to smile or be sorrowful. But on the whole, it was one I did not choose to press too close on. I feel that I begin to love this old man exceedingly; and having acquired him late, I hope I shall not lose him soon.

No. 7. SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1785.

Παρά τὰ δεινα φρονιμώτερος.

ANON.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER,

“ SIR,

“ THE art of knowing ourselves has been recommended by the moralists of all ages; and its attainment inculcated with that earnestness which implies both a conviction of its high value, and a sense of its difficulty. The great obstacle to the acquisition of this most desirable species of instruction, is acknowledged to be that self-deceit by which the same vices or defects which we keenly note in the character of others, and judge of with rigour and severity, are viewed in ourselves through a medium of partial indulgence. Though unable to resist the seductions to a deviation from duty, we cannot endure the avowal of our own depravity. We are anxious to hide our weakness from ourselves, as well as from others; and our ingenuity is exerted to devise specious apologies and subterfuges. ‘Reason panders Will;’ and thus it may be said, though paradoxically, yet truly, that the love of virtue itself is a secondary cause of our continuance in the practice of vice.

“ The effectual removal of this veil of self-deceit is what the weakness of our nature, perhaps, prevents us to hope can ever be accomplished: yet, though not completely removed, it may be partially withdrawn. I have often thought, that should a man be really in earnest in the desire of attaining a knowledge of his own character, there are times and cir-

cumstances which lay it open before him : there are situations which dissipate for a while that mist of errors which hides him from his own eyes, and force an acknowledgment of many defections from virtue, many a desertion to vice, which he would blush to be suspected of by others.

“ In estimating the characters of men, we are often sensible of great revolutions in our opinions. The same person who at one time possessed our approbation or esteem, at another is perhaps become the object of our aversion. The man whom formerly perhaps we disregarded as of a weak understanding, we afterwards discover to possess considerable abilities. He whom some unfavourable circumstances have led us to suspect of a deficiency in moral rectitude, may afterwards, on a more intimate acquaintance, be found of the most scrupulous integrity.— The frequent experience of those errors in judgment, will evince to us the folly and danger of an implicit reliance on our own opinions ; will inculcate a salutary distrust of their foundation, and a conviction of the perverting influence of our ruling passions and prejudices. And this, Sir, is no inconsiderable advance in the science of self-knowledge.

“ In the perusal of history, or of the more limited pictures which biography presents to us, there is no reader who does not take a warm interest in every thing that regards a truly deserving character ; who does not feel a sensible pleasure in those instances where the benevolent purposes of such a person have been attended with success, or his virtuous actions followed by reward. This approbation paid to virtue is a tribute of the heart, which is given with ease, which is bestowed even with pleasure. But in life itself, it is unhappily found that virtue has not the same concomitant approbation. The same instances of generosity, of humanity, of candour, temperance,

and humility, which we applaud in those records of the dead, we slightly regard in our intercourse with the living. The jealousy of a competitor is an insuperable obstacle to esteem. But of the competition of the dead we have no jealousy: for they arrogate no substantial rewards; their reputation anticipates no promotions which we seek, no emoluments which we covet; and therefore their praise is heard without the pang of envy or the fear of rivalry.

“ This contrast of opinions, of which we have daily experience in our own breasts, is an important object of attention to him who truly desires to attain a knowledge of his own character. It furnishes that species of proof which is attended with direct conviction, and which it is impossible to resist. We are compelled to acknowledge the depravity of our hearts: for where the same objects create opposite perceptions, the error must be in him who perceives them.

“ The effect of this change in our opinions, in substantiating, if I may so say, our defects, is never so perceptible as when, on the death of a person who was well known to us, we compare the idea we formed of his character when alive, with that which we now entertain of him. His excellences and defects are now more impartially estimated. On the former, the memory dwells with peculiar satisfaction, and indulges a melancholy pleasure in bestowing its tribute of approbation. On the latter, we kindly throw the veil of charitable alleviation: we reflect on our own imbecility; we find apologies for another in the weakness of our own nature, and impute the error of the individual to the imperfection of the species.

“ But, above all, should it happen that the person thus removed by death was one who had approved himself our friend, and whose kind affections we had repeatedly experienced, the difference we now per-

ceive in our estimate of such a character, is apt to strike the mind with the most forcible conviction of our own unworthiness. Memory is industrious to torment us with the recollection of numberless instances of merit we have overlooked, of kindness we have not returned, of services repaid with cold neglect. The injury we have done is aggravated by the reflection that it cannot be repaired; for he whose life was perhaps imbittered by our ingratitude, is now insensible to our contrition.

“ Ah, Sir! the man who now writes to you bears witness himself to the misery of that feeling which he describes. He who now addresses you was once blest with the affection of the best, the most amiable of women. When I married my Maria, engaged to her by that esteem which an acquaintance almost from infancy had produced, I knew not half her worth. The situation in which she was now placed, brought to my view many points of excellence which were before undiscovered. Must I own to my shame, that the possession of this treasure diminished its value? Fool that I was! I knew not my own happiness till I had for ever lost it. Six years were the short period of our union. Would to Heaven that term were yet to live again! I loved Maria:—Severely as I am now disposed to review my past conduct, I cannot reproach myself with a failure in affection. But what human being could have been insensible to loveliness, to worth, to tenderness like hers? Poor was that affection which often preferred the most trivial selfish gratification to her wishes or requests; and of small value was that regard, which a sudden gust of passion could, at times, entirely obliterate.

“ It was my character, Sir, as that of many, to see the path of duty and propriety, but to have the weakness to be for ever deviating from it. Educated

in a respectable sphere of life, but possessing a narrow income, which with strict economy was barely sufficient to maintain with decency that station which we occupied, it was the care of my Maria to superintend herself the minutest article of our domestic concerns, and thus to retrench a variety of the ordinary expenses of a family, from her own perfect skill in every useful accomplishment of her sex. Though fond of society, and formed to shine in it; though not insensible to admiration, and what woman with her graces of person could have been insensible to it; though possessing the becoming pride of appearing among her equals with equal advantages of dress and ornament; she sparingly indulged in gratifications which ill accorded with our limited fortune. She weighed with admirable discretion the greater against the lesser duties of life, and made no scruple to sacrifice the one, when they interfered ever so little with the performance of the other.

“ Shall I own, that to me, thoughtless, extravagant, and vain, the conduct of this excellent woman appeared oftener to merit blame than approbation? Regardless of consequences, and careless of the future, while I enjoyed the present, I censured that moderation, which was a continual reproach to my own profuseness. Incapable of imitating her example, I denied that it was meritorious; and what in her was real magnanimity, I, with equal weakness and ingratitude, attributed to poorness of spirit. How shall I describe to you, Sir, her mild and gentle demeanour, the patience with which she bore the most unmerited reproofs, the tender solicitude and endearing efforts which she used, to wean me from those ruinous indulgences to which vanity or appetite was continually prompting me! Too often were these efforts repaid by me with splenetic in-

difference, or checked at once by sarcasm or by anger.

“ 'Tis but a poor alleviation of the anguish I feel for these reflections, to remember, that, even while my Maria lived, the esteem which I sincerely felt for her virtues, the affection which I really bore her, and the sense I had of her tenderness, wrung my heart at times with the deepest remorse, and prompted me to atone for my injustice by the warmest expressions of kindness and regard. Many a time, Sir, in those tranquil moments, when no wayward inclination or peevish humour overpowered my better feelings, have I firmly resolved, that my future conduct should make ample reparation for the offences of the past. Nor were these resolutions altogether fruitless; for, while under the influence of this salutary conviction of my errors, I have so far amended them as to feel for a time a genuine relish for calm and domestic happiness. But how short this dawning of amendment! A new temptation presented itself, and my weak resolution yielded to the force of returning passion. With my former errors I resumed the despicable pride of justifying them, and every deviation from duty was aggravated by harshness and ill-humour.

“ Ever offending, and ever purposing to atone for my offences, I have now irretrievably lost the opportunity. That best of women is now no more. I have received her latest breath, and heard her last supplication, which was a prayer to Heaven to pour its blessings on the most unworthy of men!

“ Here let me end this letter——no words can express the feelings which these reflections convey to the breast of

“ LUCILIUS.”

No. 8. SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1785.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ I AM greatly pleased, Mr. LOUNGER, with your account of yourself, and your innocent and useful manner of sliding through the bustle of life. I sincerely wish that many of my friends and visitors would follow your example, and learn to be idle without disturbing those who are obliged, from their situation, to be busy. I suffer daily so much from the intrusion of a set of female Loungers, forgive me for using your title, that it has prompted me to address my self to you, in hopes that you will, in some of your future essays, teach my unfortunately idle friends how to employ their tedious forenoons, without obliging me to be as idle as themselves. But to make you, Sir, fully sensible how much I suffer from ladies who cannot kill time at home, I must inform you, that I am the wife of a gentleman whose fortune has been made by a steady application to a branch of business that obliges both him and me to be extremely attentive to those who employ him. A family of seven children makes it necessary for him still to continue in business. Our sons are attending such branches of education as will fit them for the different employments they have chosen. Our three daughters I am attempting to educate under my own eye, as the present boarding-schools and governesses are much too expensive for people of our moderate fortune. I find so much pleasure in superintending every part of my daughters' education,

that not an hour of the day is unemployed, or can hang heavy on my hands: but alas, Sir, how cruelly teasing is it, when I am set down to hear my youngest girl read, with Eliza and Mary at their work seated by me, to be broke in upon by Miss Flounce, who comes to tell me how charmingly she has improved upon Lady Chenille's new trimming, and assures me her bottle-green sattin was the sweetest and most admired dress at last assembly. Then, without observing that she interrupts me by her stay, she proceeds to give me an account of all the different dresses that she took hints from, to convince me how much her superior taste had improved upon that of her companions. When I am just expecting the conclusion of her uninteresting narration, her cousin, Miss Feathers, swims into the room, assures us she is happy to find us together, that she may tell us how Mrs. Panache had almost fainted away on seeing her new Figaro hat, with a plume of feathers in a much higher taste than her own. This introduces a smart dispute between the ladies, whether plain or Figaro feathers are the most elegant and becoming. They at last agree to refer their dispute to Miss Tasty, and leave me in haste to obtain her decision.

I gladly resume my pleasing task, but find that Eliza has misplaced the colours in shading a violet, and Mary broke her needle, by attending too much to the ladies' conversation. I have perhaps got matters adjusted, and little Anne has read half a page, when in totters Mrs. Qualm. This lady, though always sick, is still able to come abroad every day, and wearies her acquaintance with the detail of her numberless complaints. A whole hour is lost to me by this new intrusion! and thus a forenoon is spent without improvement either to my daughters or myself; and I am sorry to say, few days pass in

which I have not cause to regret, that there is no pleasure to be found for idlers at home. Were I a woman of quality, or perfectly independent, I might rid myself of these intruders, by being not at home ; but in my situation I dare not shut my doors, lest I should give offence to people who are able to hurt my husband's business. In this distressed situation, I hope Mr. LOUNGER will forgive me in offering a hint to him, which, if he would dress out in his sensible persuasive manner, I think I should soon be freed from the fatigue of entertaining Lounging Ladies, and they would be much more suitably amused than in my working parlour. My hint, Sir, is, that you would recommend a forenoon's conversation, or place of meeting, for ladies and gentlemen who must be in any company rather than their own. There, I think, if you would have the goodness to preside, and direct them how to amuse each other till the time of dressing for dinner, you would confer a high obligation on them, and a still greater on those who, like me, suffer now from the heavy burden of their insipid company. You, my good Sir, who have lounged about to such good purpose as to be able to improve others, will, I hope, take your weaker brothers and sisters under your direction ; and if you will make Dunn's Rooms a Lounging Hall instead of a Chapel, I think I may venture to assure you it will be better attended in the one character than in the other ; and if your lectures can make the forenoons pass easily, and without the trouble of thinking, to those idlers, by drawing them together under your direction, and freeing the more employed part of the world from their unwelcome intrusion, you will greatly oblige many of your readers, particularly your admirer,

“ M. CAREFUL.”

“ Edinburgh, March 2.”

There is such an air of goodness in Mrs. Careful's letter, and I consider her morning's employment as of so very important a kind, that I would do much to afford her relief; but really that branch of our family of which she complains is so numerous, and so difficult to deal with, that I am afraid the attempts of any individual for their better regulation or disposal would be fruitless. With regard to our sex, some benevolent young gentlemen have already tried several projects similar to that suggested by Mrs. Careful, but apparently without success. They set a-foot a cock-pit to give play to our minds, and in the frost a drag-hunt to give exercise to our bodies: but the only effect those pastimes produced, was to furnish additional subjects for the idle to talk of, and to plague the busy with hearing them.

The set of people of whom my correspondent complains, are a sort of vagrants, or sturdy beggars, whom, like others of the tribe, idleness sets afloat, to the disquiet of the industrious part of the community, and whom it should be a matter of public police not to suffer to molest our houses. A short clause in the new bill for the improvement of Edinburgh, might provide a work-house for those fashionable mumpers, who so importunately solicit a share of our time and attention, and whom unluckily, as Mrs. Careful observes, those doors only can shut out whose owners would suffer least from their getting in. None but people of a certain rank can always prevent those unwelcome visitors from 'bestowing,' as Dogberry in the play says, 'all their tediousness upon their honours.'

Such an institution as I hint at would be of great use both to the community and to the objects of it, who might be assembled in the different wards, as in the Spin-house of Amsterdam, each employed in the occupation most congenial to their former man-

ner of living. For young ladies *poupées* might be provided, on which to practise the invention of caps, the suiting of ribands, the position and size of curls, and the grouping of feathers. Ladies a little more advanced might be employed in the working up of novels, or the weaving of rebuses and enigmas. At a still maturer age, they could be employed in making matches; and at the inner end of that ward, there might be a close one, for the fabrication of scandal.

The male idlers might have another wing of the building, where the places of reception and employment should be analagous to the female. The same genius that goes to the dressing of a female figure, would suffice for the undressing of a male one; for inventing the bushy club and whiskers, the knotted handkerchief round the neck, the powdered back, the colours for three or four under-waistcoats, the short bludgeon, and the hanging boot. Certain magazines and novels, with the Sportsman's Calendar, might supply the literary wants of the second class; hazard and faro might employ the third; and politics would be the natural occupation of the fourth. For ladies like Mrs. Qualm, mentioned in Mrs. Careful's letter, and for gentlemen of similar temperaments, a sick-ward must be provided, where the nervous, the rheumatic, and the bilious, might find names and consolation for their disorders. But as their chief comfort arises from having patient listeners to their complaints, I would propose their being accommodated with attendants from the academy for the deaf and dumb.

As to what the players call the property of the house, several articles would serve indiscriminately for both divisions. Snuff-boxes, tooth-picks, and mirrors, would be of equal use in both; lap-dogs

might be distributed in one, pointers and spaniels in the other ; the crack of fans might enliven the female, and that of whips the male ward. At battle-dore and shuttlecock they might meet, like the two houses of parliament in the Painted Chamber, and make a noise in conjunction. Tea would of course be furnished to the ladies, and wine to the gentlemen.

Such an institution would serve both as an hospital and a school ;—both as a place of retreat for past services, and of instruction for services to come. Here, from the lower orders, great men might find cork-drawers, butts, and hearers ; great ladies might procure humble companions, tea-makers, and tale-bearers. If from the higher ranks any one should choose a wife or a husband, they would at least have the advantage of choosing them under their real and undisguised characters, and, like dealers at open market, would know their bargain before they purchased it.

V

No. 9. SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1785.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,
“ I AM the descendant of an ancient and respectable family. The estate which I inherit was once reckoned a good one ; but it has, comparatively, sunk much in its value by the late inundation of fortunes

from the East and West Indies. My father bestowed upon me the best education which this country could afford ; and it was his plan, after I had finished my studies at the University, and had arrived at that age when I could see and judge for myself, that I should make the tour of Europe. The period destined for this purpose approached, and I was taking measures to prepare for it. Almost the only disagreeable feeling I had in leaving my native country for a few years, was the taking leave of a young lady for whom I had formed the most sincere and warm attachment. Aspasia was beautiful in her person, and not less lovely in her mind. Endowed with the most tender sensibility, she possessed at the same time a purity and an ingenuousness of character, which to me was most enchanting. There was a simplicity and innocence in all her thoughts and actions, which seemed to realise those pictures the poets have given us of the golden age. Warmly interested as I felt myself in her, and attentive as I was to her every word and action, I at times thought I could discover that I had also created an interest in her mind, though perhaps even she herself was not conscious of it.

“ I hesitated long, before I set out on my travels, whether I should disclose to her the sentiments of my heart. The reasons for this step were so obvious, that they need not be mentioned ; but, on the other hand, strong motives dissuaded me against it. It was impossible for me to settle in life till my return from abroad ; and though I was resolved to consider myself as most strictly engaged to her, yet it struck me as a want of generosity and confidence, to bring her under any obligation, or to restrain the subsequent freedom of her choice by any tie that looked only to futurity. This motive prevailed with me. Our last parting was inexpressibly tender ; and

though not a word escaped me which could indicate the situation of my heart, yet she must have been blind indeed if she did not discover how dear she was to me.

“ During the time I was abroad I heard repeatedly concerning Aspasia. The last accounts I received of her gave me much uneasiness. I was informed, that she had of late been much in public places; that she discovered a fondness for dress, a vanity and love of admiration unworthy of her, and unlike her former deportment. I trembled at those reports; unsuitable as they were to her former character, I began to think that the very purity and simplicity of soul which I had so much admired in her, might, when she came to mingle in the world, put her off her guard, and render her more a prey, than one of a less pure mind, to the seductions of vanity and folly. I recollected a remark which I had somewhere met with, that the finest natures are the most apt to be hurt, as the finest plants are the soonest nipped by the frost; and that, like those plants, they require to be sheltered and guarded to prevent their being blasted.

“ In a state of anxiety which cannot easily be described, I shortened the remaining period of my being abroad, and returned home as soon as I possibly could. On my arrival I learned that Aspasia had fallen a prey to the seductions of vanity, and to that warmth of mind which made her the dupe of appearances—alas! I fear, the martyr of deception! The story is too long for my recital at present; nor can I yet easily bear its recollection—let me only tell you, that she had forgotten Hortensius, and six weeks before my arrival had married a young coxcomb, who in reality had nothing but what she thought fashion and a pair of colours to recommend him.

“Upon my return home, I found parliament was on the eve of a dissolution, and that different candidates had already declared themselves for the next election. My father, who had died while I was abroad, had, in a former parliament, represented the county in which our principal family-estate was situated; my friends now proposed to me to start candidate. To this proposal I felt a good deal of reluctance: and the late severe shock I had met with increased my unwillingness. Nevertheless the very weakness of mind which that affliction had created, made me the more easily put myself under the direction of my friends; and I yielded to their solicitations. On looking over the list of voters, I found that a considerable part of them were particularly connected with myself; and others were young men who had been my school-companions, and had since remained my intimate acquaintance. From many of them I had messages welcoming my return to the country, and giving at the same time oblique hints of the propriety of my setting up as candidate, and of the certainty of my meeting with success. Encouraged by such hopes, I began my canvas; and wherever I went I was favourably received. I was repeatedly advised to persist; and though I did not obtain promises from many, was constantly flattered with assurances that I should not be disappointed. My opponent was a man new and unknown in the country, but who had lately purchased an estate in it, and had brought home an immense fortune from India, which, it was said, gave him considerable influence in the direction of affairs in that quarter of the world. I was repeatedly told, that one so well known, and so much esteemed in the country as I was, whose family had been so long and so much respected there, had nothing to fear from a stranger. The day of election, however, was drawing nigh;

and I now made another round of the county, expecting to have something more than general good wishes and flattering assurances of success. Though I still heard those good wishes and recommendations to continue my canvas as strongly expressed as ever, yet I found in those friends and well-wishers a still greater backwardness than before to bind themselves by engagements. On expressing my astonishment at this to Atticus, one of the few friends who had from the first engaged himself to me in the warmest manner, he expressed himself as follows:—‘ Be not surprised, my dear Hortensius ; the longer a man lives in the world, he will find less reason to be surprised at any thing. I have for some time seen how matters were going. Those friends in whom you trusted the most, who were the warmest in pushing you to stand candidate, neither mean now, nor ever meant to serve you ; their only object was to serve themselves. They wished you to stand, not that you might gain your election, but that there might be a contest in the county. Before you appeared they knew that Sir Thomas Booty was to be candidate ; they knew his great influence, and they were resolved he should be their representative. But they wished not to dispose of their votes too cheaply ; they wished to have their value enhanced by the dread of a competitor. Your family, your connexions, the respectableness of your character, made you be considered as a person from whom Sir Thomas might expect a powerful opposition, and to prevail over whom promises and favours would be thought necessary : such promises and favours have not been wanting. In a word, his fortune and interest at court are greater than yours, and that private friendship you so much relied on has been found light in the balance.’

“ These words of Atticus made a deep impression

on me. I now recollected a thousand circumstances which proved their truth. I at once took my resolution, and immediately declared that I gave up the competition, and left the field to Sir Thomas. No sooner was this known, than my good and trusty friends came all flocking to me, and expressed their astonishment at the step I had taken. They assured me that I had given up the canvas with a most improper precipitation. I now too well understood their conduct; I gave them a civil answer, and despised them.

“ Thus disappointed in the two great objects of the human heart, love and ambition, I formed the resolution of quitting the promiscuous society of the world, of abandoning a town-life, and betaking myself to solitude and retirement in the country. I now remembered to have read at college, that the goods of life were of two kinds, those which were external, and those which were internal; that the first were transient, uncertain, and derived from the will of others; that the last were durable, certain, and self-derived; that the person who made the last his choice, placed his happiness on a sure foundation, on a rock above the rage of the fighting elements, and inaccessible to all the attacks of Fortune. On this foundation I now resolved to build my happiness.

“ Besides the family-estate in the county where my unfortunate project of ambition had taken place, I was possessed of a small property, situated in a remote part of the kingdom, but amidst the most beautiful and romantic scenery. Here I resolved to take up my residence for the future days of my life, to enter no more into the busy and ambitious pursuits of the world, but to enjoy the innocent, the undisturbed, the elegant pleasures of solitude and retirement. In the seat of my intended residence

there was a small mansion-house, but the fields around it were left in a state in which Nature had formed them. I knew that by the skilful hand of art, the romantic scenes of Nature might be much aided and improved ; and I already enjoyed, by anticipation, the happiness I expected to derive from the beauty of the place, and the ornaments I proposed to add to it. I purchased also a considerable library of books, and proposed to reap much pleasure from the perusal of them, and from the renewal of the studies of my early days, which had for some time been interrupted. In short, I pictured out to myself an elysium of enjoyment, a life of philosophic ease and happiness ; and, notwithstanding my present contempt of the world, and my idea of the vanity of its pursuits, I confess I had still so much of the world in me, as to feel some secret pleasure from the thought that I should be considered as a most accomplished pattern of taste and elegance in a retired and solitary life.

“ But I proceed to inform you, that I put my plan in execution, and retired from the world and its cares to my little paradise at B——. For some years of my residence there, I found my happiness come up to my expectations. I passed my time most delightfully, as I thought, in improving the appearance of my grounds, in beautifying the landscape, in planting a shrub, or directing the current of a brook. My reading also gave me much amusement ; it lay almost entirely in works of taste, the classics, and the best modern books of belles-lettres. I felt a vanity in thinking my taste was every day improving, and that my natural sensibility of mind became more and more delicate.

“ But I did not long remain in this state. I began, at times to feel a languor, a listlessness, which seemed to grow stronger at every return. I now

and upbraided myself for prizing so little their excellent company.

“ Such now is, and such for many years past has been, the tenor of my life. I could picture it out more fully by a variety of other particulars ; but I must have already tired you, and I hasten to a conclusion.

“ It may perhaps be asked, to what purpose this so long detail ? I answer, to caution others who have not had my experience, against the errors I have committed. There is a certain delicacy of mind which is not incompatible with the highest ambition ; but when that ambition receives a check in its early beginning, when that delicacy is hurt by some unexpected and sore misfortune, a person of such a character is apt to quarrel with the world, and to seek for happiness without its rage. But let your readers, Sir, particularly those of a warm and romantic cast, be assured, that happiness is not thus to be found. Men were born to live in society ; and from society only can happiness be derived. The station of life requires activity and effort. For these was mankind formed ; and those who do not contribute to the happiness of themselves and others by strenuous exertions of virtue, are unworthy of a place in the great theatre of the universe. Let not any one, therefore, in a moment of disgust, give up the ordinary cares and projects of the world, and indulge in ideas of that visionary bliss which exists only in romantic pictures and delusive representations of solitude and retirement. Let not one disappointment, nor even a series of disappointments, induce them to abandon the common road of life. 'Tis only a pettish child, when it is crossed, that is entitled to spurn from it its toy of happiness.

“ I remember to have read in a letter, of Shensstone's, if I mistake not, something to the following

purpose: ' You and I, my friend, left happiness when we deviated from the turnpike road of life. Wives, children, alliances, visits, the ordinary employments of the world, are necessary ingredients of happiness. A man with them may, from a variety of causes, be abundantly miserable; but without them he cannot be happy.' From long experience, I can bear a full testimony to the truth of this remark.—I am, &c. HORTENSIUS."

P

No. 10. SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1785.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ SOMEWHAT more than thirty years ago, I retired to a family-seat in a remote part of Scotland, where I have passed my time ever since. There the management and improvement of my estate, the society of a few friends, and a good collection of books, enable me to pass my days in a manner much to my satisfaction; and there I experienced more happiness than you, Sir, accustomed to great cities, will perhaps readily believe.

“ Some weeks ago, a piece of important family-business brought me to town. The morning after I arrived, I sent for a tailor, wishing to make a decent appearance in your city; which, by the way, I found so much changed since I had left it, that till I got into what is now called the Old Town, I did not know where I was, and could not recognise the ancient dusky capital of Caledonia. As I was at no time

very attentive to dress, and as now I only wished to comply so far with the fashion of the times, as not to offend those with whom I was to mingle in society, I desired my tailor to make me a plain suit of clothes, leaving the choice of the colour, &c. entirely to him. Next day, he brought me home a blue frock, a scarlet waistcoat, with gold buttons, and a pair of black silk breeches. I could not help observing, that I should have preferred a plain suit, all of a piece, to the party-coloured garment in which he had decked me. But he shut my mouth, by saying, that it was quite the fashion; that every body wore it; that he had made a suit of the same kind for Mr.—, one of his best customers, who informed him that at London nothing else was worn.

“ Being engaged to dine at the house of a gentleman high in office, I dressed myself in my new suit; and when I joined the company, which was numerous, I found that my tailor had done me justice, almost every body being precisely in the same dress; and some of the guests were of the first distinction.

“ After the usual compliments were over, the conversation turned upon the excellence of the present administration. Above all, the virtues and the talents of the first minister were mentioned in the warmest terms of approbation. One talked of his eloquence in public debate, and in that particular gave him the preference to all his contemporaries; another dwelt upon his wisdom and sagacity in counsel, so astonishing at his early years; a third expatiated upon his pure and unblemished character, and mentioned the happiness the country might expect from a minister who carried into office every virtue which could adorn private life. Although no politician or party-man, as a good citizen, and a well-

wisher to my country, I felt a real satisfaction from this flattering account of our present situation ; yet I at length began to wish that the conversation would take some other turn, and become a little more general. There were in company men of distinguished name in the literary world, and I longed to hear them on some subject of literature. In this view, though naturally shy in the company of strangers, I endeavoured to introduce some topics of that kind : but all my attempts proved fruitless, and the conversation immediately recurred to its original channel. In a word, Sir, we parted as we met, resounding the praises of the minister, and of the measures of the present administration.

“ Next day I went to dine at the house of Lord —, to whom I have the honour of being related. I found assembled a large company of ladies and gentlemen. Soon after I entered the room we were called to dinner ; and at table I had the good fortune to be placed next to the beautiful and sprightly Lady —. As upon the former day, so here, the conversation soon turned upon the present administration ; but, to my no small astonishment, the opinion of every person present was in every particular directly opposite to every opinion I had heard the day before. I was now told, that in the hands of a presumptuous boy, for so the minister was termed, the nation must go to ruin ;—that nothing could save us but placing at the head of affairs a man of distinguished abilities, of a bold and vigorous mind, capable of planning and of executing such measures as could alone restore the empire to its pristine glory. After canvassing the public character of the minister, they proceeded to an investigation of his private deportment, in which they did not seem disposed to allow him those virtues and good qualities which, on

the former day, I had heard so highly extolled. In this conversation the ladies bore a part, and seemed to be as warmly interested as the men.

“ I ventured to ask Lady — what objection she had to Mr. Pitt? ‘ O, I can’t bear him,’ said she : ‘ he does not like us ; and the only mark of attention he ever paid us, was imposing an odious burden upon our ruffs and aprons.’ At that instant I happened to unbutton my coat, and Lady — immediately exclaimed, ‘ Lord, Sir, are you a Pittite? I took you for one of us.’ I, though surprised at the question, answered gravely, that I was no more a Pittite than a Hittite. ‘ Then, Sir, why do you wear a red waistcoat? I am sick at the very sight of it. Why are you not in buff? I would not give a farthing for a man but in buff.’

“ This observation called my attention to the dress of the gentlemen at table, and I found that all of them were dressed in buff waistcoats, to which some of them, who appeared to be most zealous in their political principles, had added buff breeches. I then proceeded to examine the dress of the ladies, and found that most of them wore a Fox’s tail by way of decoration in their head-dress. My neighbour Lady — testified her attachment to the ex-minister by another piece of dress, which I own I found a little offensive. She wore a large muff, made of the skin of our common red fox, which, from some error, I presume, in the method of preparing it, had a perfume not the most agreeable in the world. I could not help remarking this to Lady —, who, with great good-humour, admitted that my observation was just ; but added, twirling round her muff upon a beautiful well-turn’d arm, ‘ that were it ten times worse, she would wear it for the sake of her dear Carlo.’

“ In short, Sir, I now find that the good people of

your town are divided into two opposite parties, and that a spirit of faction universally prevails. Amidst those zealots by whom I am surrounded, I find myself in an awkward and an unpleasant situation. I am a plain man, and though I love my king and country, and have as high a veneration for the British constitution as any man in the island, I have ever been an enemy to faction, and have always thought that men in a private station, like me, were not called upon, and indeed not entitled, to take a violent concern in affairs of state, or the government of the nation. With these principles I find, that I am not acceptable to either party. My red waistcoat, which now that I have got it, I am unwilling to throw aside, gives me at first ready access to the Pittites: but when they find that I cannot enter into all their ideas, they consider me either as an enemy in disguise, or, what is perhaps still worse in their estimation, as a lukewarm friend. On the other hand, the Foxites, who, from my dress, consider me as attached to the opposite faction, seem to be displeased with me for not taking part against them with sufficient keenness and spirit; they talk of me as a trimmer, and plainly insinuate, that my only object is to keep well with both parties, and avoid giving offence to either.

“In this hard situation I have resolved to apply to you for advice. In my own name, then, and in the name of all those who, like myself, have nothing to hope and nothing to fear from either of the contending parties, be so good as point out what conduct one ought to pursue, who, though interested in the general welfare of his country, feels no inclination to connect himself with either of the parties who are now struggling for the government of it.

“I am, Sir, yours, &c.

“NEUTER.”

I am the better qualified to advise my correspondent Neuter, from having experienced the same distress myself. About a year ago, when the contest between the opposite parties was at its greatest height, I was a good deal puzzled how to act. A friend, to whom I communicated my distress, advised me to get both a red and a buff waistcoat, and wear them alternately. But it occurred to me, that wearing the distinguishing badge of both parties, might have the appearance of something deceitful, and might expose me to a worse appellation than that of trimmer. After due deliberation, therefore, I equipped myself in a suit of black, which I resolved to wear till the present dissension should subside. I have adhered rigidly to this resolution, except that sometimes, when I wish to make a smarter figure than common, I enliven my distress by putting on a brown or a gray frock over my black waistcoat. Partly by this prudent caution, and partly by my known indolence of character, I have continued to steer tolerably well between the contending factions, without giving offence even to the zealots of either.

In Britain we enjoy the most perfect system of freedom that ever existed in any society. But from the very nature of our government, we must necessarily be exposed to the violence of faction; and when the spirit of party runs high, when the fever is at the height, it naturally breaks out into external appearances, always ridiculous, and sometimes whimsical to the last degree.

The little extravagances of which I complain, are not confined to those who may be considered as belonging in some measure to the party whose livery they wear. We daily see men possessing no political influence, and equally incapable of supporting

administration as of aiding opposition, engaging keenly in party; and, like the fabled fly upon the wheel, fondly imagining that the machine of government is accelerated or retarded by them. Even the lowest and most insignificant of mankind, take upon them to enlist under the banners of a Pitt or a Fox, and to assume the badges of that party to which they wish to attach themselves, and by which they hope to be drawn from their own natural insignificance.

Were this folly confined to the men, I should regret it less. But unhappily a spirit of party prevails with equal, if not greater violence among the ladies. My illustrious predecessor, the *Spectator*, justly observes, that 'party-rage is a male vice, made up of many angry and cruel passions, that are altogether repugnant to the softness, the modesty, and those other endearing qualities which are natural to the fair sex.' After recording the party-patches by which the ladies of those days marked their political principles, Mr. Addison expresses himself in these words: 'This account of party-patches, will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what, perhaps, may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful *Spectator*, had not I recorded it.'

Every one who attends to the progress and change of manners, must be struck with this passage. The enormity of which Mr. Addison here complains, and which he seems to suppose would hardly be believed by those who had not seen it, consisted in this,—that at the Opera and Playhouse, a Whig beauty wore her patches on one side of her forehead, while a Tory toast patched upon the other. Had the fair

of the present times distinguished their political principles in the same inoffensive manner, had they gone no further than wearing those tails and muffs mentioned by my correspondent, I, who am ever averse to find fault with their conduct, might have been disposed to wink at the absurdity of placing the tail of a fox on the head of a fine woman ; and it is with pleasure I remark, that the ladies of Edinburgh have contented themselves with such little eccentricities of appearance, and never indulged in those excesses which prevailed in other parts of the island, particularly in the capital. There, I am sorry to say, our female politicians have gone much further, and have exerted themselves in support of their party, in a manner much more decided and more vigorous. We have seen ‘ the first and fairest of our British dames’ marching under the banners of the ‘ Man of the People,’ or of ‘ Pitt and Constitution,’ exposing their charms to the view and to the insults of a lewd rabble, mingling in scenes in which nothing but necessity and a sense of duty could engage any man of delicacy and taste to bear a part. If Mr. Addison thought that the party-patches of his fair contemporaries might appear improbable, what would he have said had he lived to see what we have seen ! To check the little improprieties of his day, he employed his delicate satire, his fine and elegant raillery : but had he witnessed the enormities of which I complain, he perhaps might have thought that the keen caustic of a Juvenal would not have been too severe.

Perhaps it may be thought that I have said more than was necessary, upon a temporary ebullition of party-zeal, which it is to be hoped has now subsided. But I own I am always sensibly hurt with any thing which affects the purity and delicacy of the sex. Besides, the contagion of such an example spreads

far and wide : it is not confined to one place, or to the present time ; it taints the manners of the rising generation, who, by seeing and hearing of such enormities, may become familiarised with them, may in their time be led to imitate their mothers, and, if possible, to indulge in still greater excesses. Indeed, if our ladies go on improving as politicians, and as tools of a party, I shall not be surprised, if, in a few years, duels, which seem now to be going out of fashion among the men, should become fashionable among the women. We may then read in the papers such paragraphs as the following :

‘ Yesterday a duel was fought in Hyde Park, between the Countess of — and Lady —. The Countess received a shot in her left curl, and Lady — escaped a dangerous wound by means of a large black bushy muff, in which the ball of her antagonist happily lodged. The seconds then interposed, and the combatants were parted without further mischief. We are told the quarrel between these celebrated beauties was occasioned by some high words which passed between them on the hustings in Covent-garden, where the Countess appeared in support of Sir H. W. the ministerial candidate, and Lady —, in support of Mr. J. R. the popular candidate.’

‘ We hear Lady — has, at the earnest desire of her husband and of all the friends of that ancient family, declined to fight Mrs. — till after she is brought to bed ; so that the duel cannot take place for some months. The quarrel took its rise from something that dropped from Mrs. — in pressing into the gallery of the House of Commons, to hear the debate on Mr. —’s motion for regulating trade and navigation.’

As, however, I would not wish to part with my

fair readers (for whom I entertain the truest respect and regard) in bad-humour, I must assure them, that I venture this remonstrance, not with the severity of a censor, but with the anxiety of a friend. I know both the extent and the importance of their power: and, for the sake of our sex as much as theirs, I wish them not to forfeit it, by a departure from that modesty, that gentleness, those feminine graces, which are the supports of an influence so essential to the manners and to the happiness of society.

R

No. 11. SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1785.

“ Occupatus nihil agendo, ”

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,
 “ As I have the honor of being your namesake, and descended from an ancient race of Loungers, I rejoiced when I was informed, that one of our illustrious name and family began to make a figure in the literary world, and to publish his lucubrations weekly in the capital of Scotland. I have spent a great part of my life in studying the genealogies, histories, and characters, of the several branches of our flourishing family. With this view, I have visited every city, town, and village in the kingdom, and have had the

happiness to meet with near relations in every place, except Paisley, Kilmarnock, and a few dirty manufacturing towns. From the observations I have made in my travels, I am fully convinced, that, if all the members of our family take in your paper, you will be the most popular and successful writer of the present age, and your works will pass through more editions than either the Pilgrim's Progress or Robinson Crusoe.

“ The chief object of all my travels has been, to collect materials for a great work, in which I have been engaged above fifty years. It is one of the peculiar excellences of our family, to do nothing in haste. This famous work will be entitled ‘ Biographia Loungeriana Scottica, or, The Lives of the most eminent Loungers in Scotland, from the Reign of Fergus I. to the present times.’ It will make two ponderous volumes in folio, to be published by subscription. The price to subscribers will be only six guineas: but to those unfortunate gentlemen who neglect to subscribe, the price may be, I know not how much. The first volume will contain the Lives of the Strenuous Loungers, and the second, the Lives of the Indolent Loungers. These are the two great branches into which our family is divided. Each volume will be adorned with twenty copper-plates, engraved by the most eminent artists, representing the easiest and most graceful postures for lounging in coaches, coffee-houses, taverns, drawing-rooms, play-houses, assembly-rooms, churches, colleges, courts of justice, &c. These plates will be of great utility, not only to fine ladies and fine gentlemen, but also to politicians, preachers, professors, students, lawyers, judges, and many others of all ranks. The frontispiece will be an elegant drawing of the outer Parliament-house in the middle of the session. To engage gentlemen to do themselves the honour to

subscribe, I send you a short article, which I beg you will publish in your entertaining paper, as a specimen of this excellent work.

“ My late cousin, Sir Thomas Lounger of Loiterhall, in Lingerdale, was the eldest son of my good uncle Sir Timothy, and his lady Mrs. Susan Dowdy of the Slatterington family. Sir Timothy died of a lethargy, with which he had been long afflicted ; and Sir Thomas came to the possession of the estate and honours of his ancestors in the twenty-second year of his age. But the estate was then in a very bad condition in all respects. Two-thirds of the rents would hardly pay the interest of the debts—the mansion-house was an old, cold, damp, ruinous castle, in the middle of a great morass—the farms were almost in a state of nature, the rents small and ill paid ; the extensive moors and hills yielded little or nothing.

“ Sir Thomas was then a strong, healthy, young man ; and as he had been two winters at the college of Aberdeen, and thought himself much wiser and cleverer than any of his forefathers, he determined to retrieve the ruined fortunes, and revive the faded honours, of his family, by paying off all his debts, repairing or rebuilding his castle, draining his morass, improving his farms, cultivating his moors, and planting his hills. But he determined to do all this in the wisest, most cautious, and prudent manner ; and never to engage in any undertaking till he had examined every circumstance, and provided against every obstacle and difficulty.

“ Sir Thomas spent several years in forming plans for the payment of his debts, which he found not so easy a matter as he had imagined. At length he hit upon one which he believed would do the business effectually. He proposed to go to the East-Indies, to dethrone half a dozen Rajahs, cut the throats of

half a million of their subjects, and come home with three or four hundred thousand pounds in his pocket. This project pleased him mightily for some time, till he began to reflect on the great distance of the East-Indies, the danger of his being drowned in going or returning, and the still greater danger of being damned, if he destroyed so many of his fellow-creatures, to enrich himself; which made him give up all thoughts of becoming a Nabob. The next scheme Sir Thomas formed for the payment of his debts pleased him better, as it was not attended with so much danger either to his soul or body. When he was about fifty years of age, he came to a resolution to marry some beautiful young lady, of an honourable ancient family, with a prodigious fortune, that would enable him to pay all his debts, and execute all his projects. He spent several years in searching for such a lady, and at length fixed on Miss Betty Plum. It is true, Miss Betty was neither young nor handsome, and her grandfather had been a cobbler, but she had a great fortune; and after a violent struggle between poverty and pride, he resolved to stoop and make his addresses. But while he was meditating on the most effectual method of doing this, he received the unwelcome news, that his intended bride had married an Irish fortune-hunter. My cousin behaved very much like a gentleman on this occasion. He called Miss Betty all the bad names he had ever heard, cursed the whole sex, and forswore matrimony for ever.

“ While Sir Thomas was forming schemes for the payment of his debts, he was not unmindful of his old castle, and got many plans, some for repairing, and some for rebuilding it, for draining the morass, and laying it into a lawn, with gardens, orchards, walks, vistas, &c. But at last he found that this would be more expensive than building a new seat

in the modern taste ; and he very wisely determined to build a most elegant convenient mansion, for the future residence of his family. But he as wisely resolved not to lay one stone, till he had found the most healthy, pleasant, and commodious spot in his whole estate. Many a long day did he wander in search of this spot, but never could find one to his mind. One was too high, another too low ; one too damp, another too dry ; the prospect from one was too confined, from another too extensive.

“ Sir Thomas never forgot the improvement of his farms. That was his favourite taste and study. He chose the most proper places for building substantial convenient farm-houses ; he traced and marked the line of all the hedges, ditches, and walls, that would be necessary for inclosing his fields, gardens, and orchards ; he carefully examined the soil of every field, and settled the methods of cultivation that would be most proper for each, to bring it to the highest possible degree of fertility ; in this he was much assisted by the painful perusal of several excellent systems of agriculture, composed in the garrets of Grub-street. When he had got all in readiness, he assembled his tenants in the great hall of his castle, laid his plans before them, and in a long elaborate discourse, explained how they were to be carried into execution, concluding with a demand of two guineas a-year of rent for every acre. This harangue, particularly the concluding sentence, produced various strong emotions in the audience. Some grinned, others groaned ; some laughed, others cried ; some cursed, others prayed ; but all declared that they would not give one farthing more rent, nor change their methods of husbandry in the least. Sir Thomas was greatly enraged at the obstinacy of his tenants, and discharged a dreadful volley of oaths and threats upon them ; but when his passion sub-

sided, and he began to reflect that they were all his own clan, descended from the younger brothers and bastards of the family, he could not find in his heart to turn any of them out of their farms.

“ My cousin was equally industrious, and as unsuccessful, in his schemes for cultivating the moors. For when he had, by long thought and study, formed one of the most beautiful plans in the world for that purpose, he never could find any person who would execute any part of it.

“ But still the planting of the hills promised every thing. By long and laborious investigations he found, that they would admit ten millions of trees, and that those trees, when forty years old, would be worth ten millions sterling, which would make him the richest subject in Europe. Transported with joy at this prospect, he determined to lose no time. He actually collected ten bushels of beech-mast, and an equal quantity of acorns, and wanted nothing but a proper place for a nursery, to begin his operations; but staying abroad too late, one evening in April, in search of such a place, he got a violent cold, which threw him into a fever, of which he died, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, in the same tattered bed and ruinous castle in which he was born; his debts unpaid, his morass undrained, his farms unimproved, his moors uncultivated, and his hills unplanted.

“ With a heavy heart, I attended the precious remains of my dear cousin to his grave, and saw a stone laid upon it with this inscription :

Hic jacet
Illustrissimus Dominus Thomas Lounger,
de Loiterhall, Baronettus.

Dum vixit,
Multa proposuit,
Nihil perfecit,
Secundùm morem
Loungeriorum.’

“ I am, &c.

L. L.”

No. 12. SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1785.

Hippocrates—*in his Chapter of Hats.*

MOCK DOCTOR.

IT has often been remarked, that men are apt to display more of their real character in circumstances apparently slight and unimportant, than in the greater and more momentous actions of life. Our behaviour, or even the remark we may drop upon some seemingly trifling occurrence, will often strongly denote the real complexion of our mind: and it is upon this account that we admire so much the happy talents of those writers who, by a well-chosen circumstance, contrive at once to paint and make us acquainted with the character of the persons whom they wish to describe.

The great passions which actuate men in the pursuits of life, present little diversity of features to afford any just discrimination of character. Besides, in conducting the pursuits to which these passions incite, men are taught to be upon their guard: they are restrained by the customs and opinions of the world, and, under a kind of disguise, are constantly acting an artificial part. But in the more trifling circumstances of manner and behaviour, and in the more ordinary occurrences of life, which tend to no particular object, and in which therefore men are less upon their guard, the disguise is forgot to be assumed, and we give way to the natural cast of our mind and disposition. It is there we are apt to

betray those peculiar features of character, and those often nice shades of distinction, that difference and discriminate us from one another.

I have often amused myself with thinking, that, even in what may be deemed very slight circumstances of outward deportment and manner, I could distinctly trace something of the peculiar character of the man. There are particulars in our ordinary demeanour and appearance which are more connected with our turn of mind than we are apt to suspect, and more especially when they are such as from constant and daily repetition necessarily become familiar to us. I remember that a friend of mine, who was a great observer of those smaller traits which escaped others, assured me, that in the circle of his acquaintance he could, in the pace and manner of walking of each, mark out something which indicated its arising from the particular temper and disposition of the man. Nay, even where the manner of walking was the result, not of nature, but of affectation, he used to say, he could thence also discover the character; and that, independent of the meanness of affectation in so frivolous a circumstance, we might be certain that the affected pace was assumed to give the appearance of some quality which the person wished to possess, and knew himself to want. ‘*La gravité,*’ says Rochefoucault, ‘*est un mystere du corps, inventé pour cacher les défauts de l’esprit.*’ In confirmation of this, I remember that I once knew a Noble Lord who affected on all occasions a very slow and solemn pace, walking even across the room, or from one room to another, with all the leisurely solemnity of an usher at a funeral; but no one had sat at table with his Lordship for a single hour, without being sufficiently convinced from his coarse jokes and horse-laugh, that real dignity was no feature of his mind, and that he wished

to supply the want, by what he fancied a very dignified gait and manner of walking.

I happened, not long since, to be at an election-dinner, where, as is usually the case, the company was very numerous, very noisy, and very dull. In taking our places at table, I chanced, unfortunately, to be separated from some friends whom I had wished to sit by ; and finding none near me from whose conversation I could derive much entertainment, I was left to amuse myself with my own reflections on the crowd, and noise, and confusion which surrounded me. I happened at last to cast my eyes upon the opposite side of the room, where I perceived that every one seated in that row had hung up his hat on the wall behind him. Upon surveying these hats, and remarking that each had something particular, which, to an attentive observer, distinguished it from its neighbour, I began next to indulge my imagination, in fitting the hat to the head of its owner, and in trying if the distinguishing figure of each hat did not correspond with something in the manner and character of the person to whom it appertained.

From the military hat and the navy hat, I could learn nothing ; these, like their owners, being too much under regulation and discipline to admit of any diversity. It was amongst the other hats only that I could expect a field for observation. The first which attracted my attention was a new and glossy hat, made up and cocked in the very extremity of the fashion. Had it been graced with a cockade, I should have proceeded to the next ; but wanting that, I looked below to find out the owner, and soon discovered that it could belong to none but a young barrister, who is less studious of his brief than of being thought a man of fashion, above the pedantry of his profession, and I think is very likely

to attain his wish. The next hat was just the reverse of the former. It was of a form and cock that has been out of date these ten years, and yet withal it seemed new. Close below it, I discerned the careful owner, who, for fear of accidents, had cautiously placed himself near. He is rich and penurious; and by the most wretched saving has amassed a fortune. Contiguous to these hung a hat which appeared to have suffered more by negligence than by age. It seemed to have been intended to be moderately fashionable; but from the inattention of its owner, had its air and form a good deal impaired. It was the property of a learned philosopher, who sat not far distant, and who is too much absorbed in abstract speculation, to give attention to circumstances of dress. Not far distant hung a hat seemingly fresh and new, excepting in its front angle, where the cock was so squeezed, compressed, and crumpled, as sufficiently to denote its very familiar acquaintance with the hand of its owner. I had no difficulty in appropriating it. Its master is the most complaisant man in town, knows every body, is constantly in the street, and in places of public resort, and bows with the most respectful attention to every one he meets. Near this last was a hat which for some time puzzled me what to make of it. It was neither new nor old; it was neither much in nor much out of the fashion; and seemed to be a strange mixture between the old fashion and the new, with a kind of studied endeavour to be most of the latter. After some time, I believe I hit upon its owner. He is a gentleman who wishes to be of the fashion as far as his affection to his money, which is the stonger principle with him, will permit; and his whole life is a warfare between his vanity and his avarice.

On the next peg was stuck a round riding-hat,

with a broad brim flapped down, and a double hat-band, which however, instead of surrounding at the proper place, had started, like the hoops of a staved cask, and was seen loose upon its top; it was covered partly with powder, and partly with dirt, half brushed, and had several little cuts on the crown. I easily discovered the owner, though his place was a good way off; a tall stout-looking young man, who sat near the bottom of the table, with his arm thrown negligently over the back of his own chair, and his leg, on which was a ruffled boot, resting on the cross-bar of the chair next him; from which attitude he was only moved by our toast-master's frequent calls for a bumper, which command he very religiously obeyed. I was too distant to profit by his conversation, of which however he seemed very sparing, being of that order of Bucks who have been taught to drink long before they have learned to speak.

After this there was a blank, the peg immediately adjoining being occupied by no hat whatever. On looking below I discovered the person whose hat should have filled it. He was dressed in a shining suit, his waistcoat splendidly embroidered, at the breast of which appeared a quantity of rich laced ruffle. He sat erect in his chair, and seemed moved by no intrusive idea, except when sometimes he shrunk with fear, if perchance a bottle tripped on the joinings of the table, or a glass was spilled by an awkward neighbour. His hat was only a bit of black silk, of which I discovered the corner sticking out of his pocket, his foretop being too nicely dressed to admit of any covering. But I believe I suffered nothing from the want of any distinguishing mark of his character or disposition. The man is in reality nothing; 't is his coat only that makes a figure in the world. As for emotions, passions,

virtue, or knowledge, he puts them, like his hat, into his pocket.

After this survey, at which, perhaps, some of my readers will smile, I amused myself with considering how in this slight particular of dress we may be apt to discover our character, and even upon the bit of beaver with which we cover our heads, to stamp somewhat of the image of our minds. I was pleased with thinking, that however men may wrap themselves up in artificial disguise in the greater actions of life, yet even amidst all their concealments, there are circumstances to be found where nature will discover itself, and by which an attentive and diligent observer may be able to read the real character of the man.

I have often thought of discovering amongst the ladies some circumstance which might lead me to distinguish their characters in the same way that the hat discriminates those of the gentleman. But I found them so little free agents in this matter, so much the uniform creation of milliners and hairdressers, that it was impossible to trace any characteristic mark about them. All my efforts, therefore, have hitherto been baffled; and I was about to have abandoned the thing as impossible, till a lady who has lived much in the world, to whom I mentioned my difficulty, very lately assured me, that she can furnish me with a pretty remarkable particular which will perfectly answer the purpose, and that she will impart to me a set of observations which she herself has made, to confirm the certainty of the test. When she is pleased to favour me with these, they shall be communicated to my readers.

D

No. 13. SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1785.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ I INHERITED from my ancestors an estate of about 1000*l.* a-year ; and as I never had any desire for figuring in the world, I married, early in life, the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, and till of late years lived at home, satisfied with the society of my friends and neighbours. I found my fortune fully sufficient for my purposes ; and was in hopes that I might provide decently for my younger children, who are four in number, without its being necessary to part with an estate, which, as it had been some centuries in our family, I had an old-fashioned inclination to preserve in it.

“ I am sorry, however, to add, that from the circumstances I am now to take the liberty of mentioning, those hopes have given way to prospects of a very different kind—prospects unspeakably mortifying to me, and which ought to be still more distressing to the rest of my family.

“ My eldest son, as he possessed but a very limited genius, and showed no propensity to any particular profession, I wished to follow my own example, and become a country-gentleman. But a winter in your city, after having passed a few years at one of our universities, taught him that this was a plan quite unfit for a young man of spirit. As he had there acquired a taste for what he was pleased to call genteel life, by hunting, drinking, wenching, and gambling with all the idle young men about

town, at a greater expense than what supported all the rest of the family at home, I was persuaded to purchase for him a cornetcy of horse, in compliance with his own earnest desire, and in hopes that, by a removal from his present companions, he might learn to retrench his expenses, and be gradually reclaimed from the dangerous habits he had contracted in their society.

“ While my son was thus learning to be a gentleman, my wife thought it no less necessary that my daughters should learn to be ladies.

“ Accordingly when the eldest was about thirteen, and the other about twelve years of age, they both left my house in the country, and were placed in a boarding-school of the first reputation in Edinburgh.

“ At home they had passed their time, as I imagined usefully, in learning to read, to write, to work, to keep accounts, and to assist their mother in the little cares of our household. They had been taught to dance; and they sung, not perhaps with much art or skill, but in such a manner as most people listened to with pleasure. These attainments, however, were of a very inferior kind to what it was now thought necessary they should acquire. They were quickly provided with masters for all the polite and fashionable branches of education. They were taught dancing, for they would not allow what they had learned in the country to deserve that name, drawing, French, Italian, and music; and a female relation, who was kind enough to take some charge of them, sent us the most flattering accounts of their progress in those various accomplishments.

“ When I received the bills of the boarding-mistress, even for the first season, I was, I must confess, somewhat out of humour; and it required all the eloquence of my wife, and the flattering accounts

of her kinswoman, to persuade me that the expense was quite so well bestowed as they seemed to imagine. It was, however, a trifle, compared to that which followed. In a few years my young misses were transformed into young ladies; and as the kindness of our female friend procured them an introduction, as she told us, to all the genteel families in town, what between private parties and public places, where they now began to figure, they very seldom found leisure to be at home. The expense which this occasioned, added to that of their education, for they still continued to improve themselves, was such as I could by no means afford to bestow on two members of my family; especially as it now became necessary to fit my two younger boys for the professions they chose to follow; Jack, the elder, being destined for the bar, and Bob for the East-Indies, where, under the protection of an uncle, it was hoped he might one day become a Nabob.

“ The beauty and accomplishments of my daughters had now become a favourite topic with my wife and other friends of my family; and to have buried them in a country-retirement, would have been deemed the height of folly and barbarity. For their sakes, therefore, as well as the education of my sons, I was now told it was absolutely necessary we should pass a considerable part of the year in Edinburgh. The separate board I must otherwise bestow on my boys and girls, was supposed to render this a plan of economy; and the few objections I made to it were silenced, by telling me of many gentlemen, from all parts of the country, who had found this the only method of giving their children a genteel education, without the absolute ruin of their fortunes.

“ To these reasons, though not altogether satisfied, I gave way. We provided ourselves with a house in town; and for these five years past, have

spent our winters in Edinburgh, and only retired to the country, like other fashionable people, at the end of the season, when it becomes necessary that one part of the family should provide health, and another money, for the gaiety of the next.

“ During this period I have witnessed the full effect of that fashionable education I had bestowed on my daughters; and it is now some years that they have joined to the other pleasures of a town-life, the envied distinction of Beauties and Toasts.

“ You will easily conceive how much this must have gratified the vanity of a mother. My own, Sir, was not altogether proof against it; nor can I deny the pleasure it gave me, to find the company of my daughters universally sought after, and to see their beauty attract all eyes, in every company, and at every public place in which they appeared. I soon, however, found the effects of this distinction to be very different from those which the sanguine expectations of some of us had suggested. Our house, indeed, was filled with visitors in the morning, and in the evening my girls were attended at public places by many of the gay young men of rank and fortune. But the fashion of beauties is scarce more lasting than that of the dress they wear. The admiration which my daughters for some time attracted, now sensibly declines; and, amidst the crowd of admirers which turned their heads, I do not find there has been one whose admiration led to any other consequence than that of gratifying his own vanity and feeding theirs by a temporary homage to their fashion and their beauty. My poor girls, meanwhile, have contracted a habit of living, and a turn of thinking, which will prevent any sensible man of their own station from thinking of them as companions for life; and which, I fear, would ill qualify them for such a situation, if it

should be offered them, or if their own vanity could allow them to stoop to it.

“ Jack has been now some time at the bar, and at first gave hopes of such application as would probably have ensured success. But he has not been proof against the vanity of keeping that fashionable company to which the situation of my family gave him access; and now spends his time in a continued circle of idleness and expense, with such young men of fortune as think it an honour done him to admit him of their parties, and will despise him, perhaps too justly, when he can no longer afford to partake of them.

“ My eldest son, far from profiting by his military plans, has retained the same taste of life which gave rise to them. Besides advancing the price of two commissions, I have repeatedly discharged debts which he is pleased to call debts of honour. After all, he is now obliged to sell out of the army, and end where he should have begun, in the life of a country-gentleman, with the advantage of having contracted a thorough distaste for it; of having thrown away in a round of fashionable vice and extravagance, the plain talents, the honest sentiments, and the sober dispositions, that qualify men for a station which they are too apt to despise.

“ The profusion of this thoughtless boy, added to the expenses of my family, has consumed the savings of my happier years; and not only disabled me from continuing our present style of life, but obliged me to dispose of a considerable part of my estate, and leaves it very uncertain what residue I shall be able to preserve for my own support, and for the provision of my family.

“ Thus, in place of those flattering hopes we had once formed, my wife, and I, now in the decline of life, have before us the melancholy prospect of

leaving, as companions for each other, a bankrupt gambler, living embarrassed and distressed on the shattered remains of a fortune; and two neglected beauties, paying, I am afraid, much too dear for the pleasure they once derived from that envied distinction; while the most promising of our younger sons has fallen a prey to the same fashionable folly and extravagance; and the whole hopes of a once-flourishing family are left to depend on the doubtful success of an Eastern adventurer.

“Such, Sir, are the consequences of that preposterous fashion which leads men of moderate fortunes to give their children an education and taste of life altogether unsuited to the situations they are likely to occupy.

“Even to those whose fortunes enable them to move in the sphere of fashionable dissipation and expense, the real pleasures and privileges of their situation are much less considerable than they are commonly imagined; but to men of more limited circumstances, an attempt to rise into that region of extravagance is fatal indeed; it leads them from the moderate station where every happiness was to be found, and abandons them to want embittered by discontent, and to distresses heightened by self-reproach.

L

“AGRESTIS.”

No. 14. SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1785.

THEY who live in the bustle of the world, are not perhaps, the best or most accurate observers of the progressive change of manners in that society in

which they pass their time. In such a situation we adopt the modes and manners of those with whom we live, with so much ease and facility, that any change is hardly perceptible, or, if perceived, leaves but a slight impression. Like the alteration produced by time upon the human form, though we know that there is a constant change, we do not observe it in those with whom we are daily accustomed to associate. A stranger in a foreign land sees many beauties, and discovers many deformities which escape the eye of a native. To the stranger every object is new ; it strikes his imagination, it calls forth his attention, and he views and considers it in all its various lights. In judging, indeed, of what he sees, his national prejudices may be apt to mislead him ; he may suppose defects where, in truth, there are none, and he may exaggerate slight imperfections into capital faults.

A person who, after living a number of years in retirement returns again into society, is somewhat in the situation of the foreigner. Like him, he is apt to be misled by prejudices ; but like him too, he remarks many things which escape the observation of those whose sensations are blunted by habit, and whose attention is less awake to the objects around them.

It was this which afforded me so much amusement in the conversation of my new acquaintance Colonel Caustic, of which I gave my readers some account in a former paper. Like the sleepers when they entered the city of Ephesus, Colonel Caustic, on coming to Edinburgh after forty years' residence in the country, found a total change in the appearance, in the dress, the manners, and the customs of its inhabitants. Every man, perhaps, at an advanced age, is more or less a *laudator temporis acti*, and naturally feels a predilection for those happy days when novelty added to the charms of life, and

gave a zest to every enjoyment. If to this natural feeling be joined any particular cause of disgust ; if, like Colonel Caustic, a man has been driven from society by any particular disappointment or misfortune ; if in silence and in solitude he has suffered his distresses to prey upon his mind, if he has fondly brooded over them for a long course of years, he must indeed be endowed by nature with a more than common share of philanthropy, to be able to come back into the world without discovering marks of sourness and chagrin.

To those causes must be ascribed the severity of my friend Caustic's observations. All his natural good sense and benevolence of disposition could not prevent him from being hurt and affected by a thousand little improprieties which he perceived, or fancied that he perceived.

But I had some time ago an opportunity of seeing my friend Caustic in a situation where, it must be owned, there was some reason for severity of remark. In a former paper, I mentioned the pleasure I received from attending him to the theatre. As we were waiting in the passage till we could get chairs, we found Mr. B——, a contemporary of Caustic's, waiting for his carriage. Mr. B. expressed much satisfaction at seeing his old acquaintance ; and after a gentle reproof on the score of visiting, he begged that Caustic and I would do him the honour to dine with him, *sans façon*, that day week. Caustic, after stealing a look at me, accepted of the invitation ; and I at the same time agreed to be of the party. When Mr. B. left us, Caustic, who had not seen him for many years, asked me some questions with regard to his situation in life. ' Why,' replied I, ' he has become very rich, and it is his chief wish that his friends should enjoy his wealth. He lives *en prince*, as you will see.'—' When I knew him,' said Caustic, ' he was poor enough ; but though a

little vain now and then, he was upon the whole a good well-disposed man.

Upon the day appointed, I attended Caustic to Mr. B.'s. We went precisely at four o'clock, which he had informed us was his hour. Upon entering the house, I found the servants waiting in the hall, dressed out in their laced liveries, with a look of insolent importance in their faces; and there was an air of preparation in every thing we saw, from the gilded knockers at the gate to the Gobelins tapestry in the drawing-room. Soon after we entered the room, the servant announced Lady ——. Upon hearing her name, Caustic started from his chair with an uncommon degree of satisfaction in his countenance. Lady —— was a beauty of the last age, when Caustic was a gay and fashionable man about town. In the height of her beauty, she had retired from the world to dedicate her time to the education of her children. At the age of sixty-five, she still retains an eye expressive of that tempered vivacity, that animated benignity and goodness, which equally attracts our regard and commands our respect. In every thing she says, she discovers a sound understanding, accompanied with a most engaging cheerfulness of disposition, not abated by age, and perhaps rather heightened by the pleasing reflection on a life spent in the uniform practice of every virtue. Lady —— and Caustic had not met for many years. It was with pleasure I saw the respectful, yet affectionate manner with which my friend now addressed her, and the kind affability with which she on her part received his compliments.

The conversation soon turned upon the improvements of this city. Mr. B. spoke with much fluency on this subject; and, addressing himself to Caustic, observed, that formerly Edinburgh was in a manner uninhabitable; that thirty years ago there was not a

house fit for a gentleman to live in ; that the pleasures of society were then unknown ; and that we now only begin to know how to live. Caustic admitted, that as a *town* Edinburgh no doubt was improved : ‘ But you must forgive me,’ added he, ‘ for doubting if the society of Edinburgh has improved in an equal degree.’—‘ Unquestionably it has,’ said Mr. B. ‘ You must remember the time when there was not a dinner to be had in any house in town ; when the men passed their whole time in taverns, and the women were left alone, to amuse themselves as they best could.’—‘ There is some truth in the observation,’ said Lady —— ; ‘ but yet, upon the whole, those were not bad times.’—‘ I agree with your Ladyship,’ said Colonel Caustic. ‘ It is true we did not then inhabit palaces, and we seldom saw those sumptuous entertainments, where one sits, between *etiquette* and *ennui*, labouring through two courses and a desert, as I had the misfortune to do but yesterday, placed between a lady who did not choose to say any thing, and a gentleman who spoke of nothing but the excellence of the cook, and who, in the fulness of his heart, communicated to me a new mode of dressing *currie*, which he had just received from a friend high in office at Calcutta, by the last express over-land. For my part,’ added the Colonel, ‘ I would not exchange an hour passed in the society I have had the honour to see assembled in your Ladyship’s drawing-room, for twenty such dinners. There a conversation, at once gay and polite, afforded the highest entertainment of which a rational creature is capable. There I have seen a *Hume* trifling with the beautiful and the young, and at the same time communicating knowledge and instruction in a manner the most pleasing, simple, and unaffected. There I have seen a *Hamilton*

submitting his verses to the correction and criticism of a fair circle, who did not trust alone to beauty the most superior for the preservation of their empire over mankind. There I have seen—'—' Hold, hold, my good friend,' said Lady——, 'if you run on at this rate, those ladies, bowing to two young ladies who sat opposite to her, will think you as unreasonably partial to your old friends, as unjust in your estimate of modern manners.' Here the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of some additional guests, among whom there was an old gentleman, who, notwithstanding his age, seemed to possess a great flow of animal spirits, and who addressed every person in company with the same undistinguishing familiarity and vulgar coarseness of manner. Caustic looked at Lady —— with an air of triumph.

Our entertainer now began to discover symptoms of uneasiness. He had more than once informed us that the Countess of ——, Lord C., Sir W. D., and several other persons of fashion, were to be of the party, not one of whom had hitherto appeared, although it was long past the hour of dinner. At length our ears were assailed with a loud noise in the stair-case, and the door opening, Lord C., Sir W. D., and two other young men, rushed into the room with their hair uncombed, and in every respect in the most complete dishabille. Without paying the least attention to any one person in company, they began to tell us of the excellent sport they had that morning enjoyed at a cock fight.

But this recital was cut short by the servant's announcing the Countess of ——; who, without the smallest apology for making the company wait dinner for near two hours, walked up to a large mirror at one end of the room, and, adjusting a curl, asked Lord C. what made him leave D——'s so soon last

night. 'We had a charming party, and did not sup till two this morning. Before supper I won 50 from D—— at piquette: but I believe I had the advantage of him: for he had rather drank too much wine with you at dinner. Your son was of the party,' added she, turning to the old gentleman: 'I got some of his money too. But what has become of him? He promised to meet me here to-day.'—'O the graceless dog! I know nothing of him.' At that instant the young man entered the room, and we were immediately called to dinner. At table Lady —— contrived to place her friend Caustic next to her; and they were so much engrossed with their own conversation, that they paid little attention to that of the company, which was carried on by the Countess and her fashionable friends in the same strain in which it had begun. Mr. B. was busied in displaying the elegance of the entertainment, and was particularly solicitous to call Caustic's attention to it. 'How do you like my champagne?'—'I am no connoisseur; I seldom drink champagne,' said Caustic, drily. 'It is damn'd good,' said Lord C.; 'it is as good as we used to drink with our ambassador at Paris last year. I was sent thither by my father to learn to speak French; but I spent my time to much better purpose. I was admitted a member of the cricket-club, and kept no other company.'—'I did not know,' said I, 'that cricket had been known in France.'—'Neither is it among your French fellows; they have not genius for it. Our club was to a man all *Anglois*, as they called us. At first the French were confoundedly surprised to see us on the plains of Sablons, playing with our servants, all stripped to the buff.'

After much conversation, equally edifying, the ladies at length retired, and the master of the feast

began to push the bottle briskly about. The old gentleman seemed to be particularly pleased with this ; and his son enjoyed it no less. The father told us anecdotes of his son's debaucheries, and the son amused us with stories of his father's licentiousness. Caustic was shocked to the last degree at this exhibition. He made a signal to me, that he wished to retire. Before we could accomplish that, the old man got hold of the bottle, and, filling a bumper, asked leave to give a toast, and then roared out a sentiment, as he called it, in terms most shockingly gross and indecent. ' Well done, my old boy ;' exclaimed the son ;—' here goes in a bumper ; and may we all, at your age, be as jolly and as wicked as you are.'

Caustic could endure this no longer ; he quitted the company, and I followed him. When we were alone, he asked me if such scenes were common among us. ' If this,' said he, ' be the improvement and the refinement of which our friend B——talked so much, I hope I have done with it. Folly and impertinence may be submitted to : but the profligacy of that old man provoked me beyond measure. We need not wonder at the degeneracy of the times, if a father is to teach debauchery to his own children, and by precept and example to encourage their progress in vice. For my part, added he, ' I consider this as a species of parricide, if we may apply the word to a father's crime, for which no punishment is too severe.

E

No. 15. SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1785.

THOUGH I would seldom choose to venture on any subject so purely scientific as that which I propose for the paper of to-day ; yet as I have a great respect for the very learned and curious correspondent from whom the following letter was received, I cannot resist my inclination to communicate it entire to my readers.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I HAVE been at all possible pains to discover, by means of those philosophers and travellers here who are best acquainted with Africa, whether any traces still remain of that species of men of whom your learned countryman has taken notice, mentioned by Agatharchidas, and Sir Francis Drake, called the *Ακριδοφαγοι*, Grasshopper-eaters, or, as I incline to render the word, Locust-eaters ; but hitherto my enquiries have met with no degree of success. Though unsuccessful, they have not, however, been unproductive ; as, in the course of my search after that species, I have met with very well-authenticated relations of another variety of the human kind, still extant in that country, which I think has not been taken notice of by either of the above-mentioned authors, unless you suppose it to be the same with that of the *Ακριδοφαγοι* above-mentioned, or perhaps with the *Ιχθυοφαγοι*, or Fish-eaters, recorded also by Agatharchidas, and copied from him by Diodorus, and some other later writers. The variety I mean is that of the *Φυσαλοφαγοι*, or Toad-eaters ; of which I proceed to give you a particular account, which I

have been, happily, not only enabled to collect from the report of some voyagers, who had visited their country, but have actually had an opportunity of examining one myself, which is now in the possession of that illustrious and munificent patron of the arts, Don Gabriel de Crapolino, who had him from a learned priest of the order of Jesus, several years a missionary in Africa, whose account also makes up a considerable part of my relation.

“The Phusalophagos or Toad-eater, though found in different degrees of latitude, is a native of warm climates only, and seems to be of the migrating kind, who change their residence according to the difference of times and seasons. In his original state, he appears, as indeed it is highly propable all savages are, inclined to creep or walk on all fours; and the habit of walking erect or straight is only an acquired one, which seems uneasy to him; and therefore he takes every opportunity of returning to his former grovelling or bending posture. Indeed, from some anatomical observations, which the above-mentioned learned Jesuit had an opportunity of making on the body of one who had died, it appears that nature has fitted them more for this posture than for any other. The muscle called by anatomists *biceps cruris*, by which the leg is bent, appeared to have been much enlarged by constant use; whereas the *longissimus dorsi*, by which the back is kept straight and erect, was of no strength at all. The elevators also of the upper eye-lid, called by some anatomists the *musculi admirationis*, were capable of great extension, and seemed to have been in constant use, which may be likewise accounted for from the prone position of the body, natural to this species. The width of the throat or swallow was also remarkable, with which nature undoubtedly provided them, in

consideration of the kind of food on which they subsist.

“ His forehead, like that of the natives of Aracan, was flat and large, and probably had been made so by an operation similar to what the inhabitants of that country practise on their children, to wit, by pressing a plate of lead on their foreheads immediately after their birth. For in that one dissected by the missionary, the *os frontis* was exceedingly thick and hard, and seemed capable of sustaining very great violence without any material impression.

“ Like the inhabitants of the Friendly Isles, they use a liquor made of the spittle of others, called by our late circumnavigators *cava*, which the Phusalophagi swallow either in its natural state, or, like the Otaheiteans, in a state of fermentation. Indeed, they do not at all resemble the Icthuophagi, or Fish-eaters, in the circumstance of living entirely without drink, as they seem, on the contrary, very much inclined to drinking: like the Fish-eaters, however, as Diodorus reports them, it must be confessed, they have very little sense of the *το καλον*, or the *το πρεπον*, the beautiful or the decent. One instance of this the learned Father gave me, that, as far as he was informed or could perceive, they had no objection, as indeed is the custom among several other savage nations, to an union with a female who had formerly had an illicit intercourse with the other sex; but, on the contrary, like the Tartars and Tongusians, often preferred such to all others.

“ The agility of this species, like that of the Acridophagi, is amazing. That one whom I saw in the possession of the noble person abovementioned, would skip over chairs and tables, at a signal given, with the most amazing alertness. In this they resemble a good deal the monkey tribe, as well as in their

faculty of imitation, in which my informer told me they excel in a very wonderful degree. Their strength, likewise, the missionary reports to be very uncommon. He says, he has seen some of them bear to be loaded with burdens that would have wearied a porter of Bassora.

“ This one had learned the use of speech, though not to a very high degree of perfection, and indeed his natural propensity seemed to be rather to listen : yet with that inclination to silence which is common to man in a savage state, he did not seem to have the melancholy cast of either the Orang-Outang, or the other varieties of uncultivated mankind ; on the contrary, he had a mirthful disposition, or at least a facility of laughing and seeming merry, beyond any thing that could have been imagined of one in his situation. ”

“ He had, by the time I saw him, perfectly lost all inclination and relish for his former manner of living, and was by no means averse to the delicacies of refined cookery. His taste, however, was far from being acute, as at times he appeared highly to relish, and to be extremely fond of, very indifferent fare, when it was set before him by his master. According to the missionary, his countryman, like the Bedas of Ceylon, have a custom of seasoning every thing with honey, a practice which accordingly this particular one at Don Gabriel’s still continued ; and His Excellency, as well as some of his guests, assured me they found it very palatable.

“ Like his taste in this instance, his other senses appear to be subject to much uncertainty. His seeing and hearing are at some times remarkably acute ; at others he seems hardly to possess those faculties at all. Like the Chacrelas, in the island of Java, his sight is generally much quicker in the night than the day-time ; and the later the hour, it appears to

be the clearer and the more distinct. Like some other savages, he seems to delight in music ; though his discrimination of sounds, as might be expected, is not very nice. His patron, Don Gabriel, plays on the Viol de Gamba, but very indifferently ; and yet he seems more pleased with the sound of his instrument, than with that of some others played by the ablest musicians of the King's opera.

“ The powers of his mind seem to be of a very limited sort. He does not, however, appear to be naturally so dull as some of his countrymen of whose stupidity Charlevoix gives remarkable instances ; who, according to his account, cannot count beyond the number 3. Though I never had occasion to try his conception of numbers in its utmost extent, I saw that he could very readily number the guests at Don Gabriel's table, who often greatly exceeded the above denomination, or even the dishes, which were still more numerous. He resembles those natives of Guinea more nearly in another particular ; he, as Father Charlevoix tells us of them, seems very seldom to think spontaneously. In point of memory, however, he differs widely from those natives of Guinea, of which faculty he seems endowed with a wonderful proportion. When he had learned enough of the Spanish to be able to hold a conversation easily, he gave many instances of a memory exceedingly tenacious, and often remembered things which had happened to Don Gabriel, or which Don Gabriel related, though nobody else had the most distant recollection of them.

“ Nor was he more distinguished from that species mentioned by Charlevoix, in memory, than in patience and temper. ‘ Though possessed of little genius,’ says that traveller, ‘ these Guinea negroes are extremely acute in their feelings. According to the manner in which they are treated, they are

lively or melancholy, laborious or slothful, friendly or hostile. When well fed and not ill treated, they are contented, cheerful, and ready for every employment ; but when ill used and oppressed, they grow sullen, and often die of melancholy. Of injuries, as well as of benefits, they are extremely sensible ; and against those who injure them they bear a most implacable hatred.' The very reverse of all this seems to be the temperament of the Phusalophagos. He is extremely patient under harsh usage, insensible to injuries, and is equally cheerful and ready for any employment when ill as when well treated, with the exception, however, of good feeding, which seems necessary to him in common with the Guinea men.

“ I have thus, my very worthy and respected Sir, endeavoured to give you as particular a description of the distinguishing characteristics of this species, as the accounts I could rely on, or my own observation, could furnish me with. But as I know how far short any recital, how copious or exact soever, falls of an actual examination, I am not without hopes of being able to afford you an opportunity of examining a specimen of the Phusalophagi yourself, by means of some of our merchants who have opportunities of correspondence with Africa. But as the keeping of one, I am informed by Don Gabriel's *maitre d'hotel*, is somewhat expensive, you will be kind enough to inform me in your next, whether there is any individual naturalist who would be desirous of such a present ; if your acquaintance does not furnish such a person, it may be as well that I send him, not to enrich any private collection, but to the President or Vice-president of the Royal or Antiquarian Society.

“ I am, &c.

“ W. C.”

Z

“ Madrid, 27th Feb. 1785.”

No. 16. SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1785.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ YOUR correspondent Mrs. Careful has given a very just picture of the Female Loungers, in her entertaining letter. The disturbance which the morning visits of those idlers give to sober families, is become matter of very serious concern to many a mother in this town, who would wish to educate their daughters in such a way as to qualify them for performing their parts with propriety, in whatever rank they may be called to.

“ Idleness and frivolity seem to form the character of the times. According to the present system of female education amongst us, the culture of the mind and heart, the knowledge of those useful duties which a good wife and a good mother owes to her husband and her children, are but slightly attended to, if not altogether neglected, for those exterior accomplishments which ought properly to be the handmaids of the former. Hence the dissipation of individuals, and the final wreck we often see of families !

“ The task I am going upon is a melancholy one—to illustrate the truth of the above observation from my own woeful experience ; yet, as it may be a caution to others, I think it a duty on me to communicate to you the following narrative.

“ I was married, a few years ago, to an amiable young woman, the only daughter of a wealthy and respectable merchant. My father-in-law, Mr. Lum-

ber, had gone early to the West Indies, where he was so successful in trade as to make a very considerable fortune, with which he returned to settle in his own country. As he had raised himself, and had few relations, to supply that want, he married a daughter of the Honourable Mr. Stingy, younger brother to the Earl of Loftus, by which connexion he at once acquired relationship with a score of Honourable and Right Honourable cousins, some of whom did him the honour to breakfast, dine, or sup with him almost every day.

“ Mr. Lumber was a sensible man in his way, and had seen a good deal of the world; he might, therefore, have managed his family in a manner much more to its advantage than that in which it was conducted, had he been allowed the perfect guidance of it. But in this he was a good deal restrained, from the circumstance of his inferior birth. It was impossible for the son of a plain citizen to understand any thing so well as the grand-daughter of a peer. He was contented, therefore, to maintain a sort of divided empire: he was allowed to superintend the education of his two boys, who, having been some time in a respectable house in Holland, now assist in carrying on the business in their father's counting-house. As to his daughter, he left her to the management of her mother, and of her aunt Miss Bridget Stingy, a maiden lady, who lived in the family. As my grievances all took rise from that root, I must be indulged in mentioning the characters of these ladies.

“ The circumstances of Mr. Stingy did not, perhaps, allow of giving his daughters the most liberal education; but what he might have given, he did not think it necessary to give: to be the daughters of the Honourable Mr. Stingy, and grand-daughters of the Earl of Loftus, was enough, without an

other endowment. Bred with high ideas of birth and rank, they were ignorant of almost every branch of useful knowledge; and as most of their time passed alternately amongst their quality relations, they had learned to despise taking any concern in the useful employments of domestic life.

“ On the death of the Honourable Mr. Stingy, Miss Bridget, his eldest daughter, was left to the care of her relations: but as they appeared rather cool with regard to her, she was, by the benignity of Mr. Lumber, brought home to his house and to ease and plenty, if she could have used them with good-humour and discretion.

“ This lady was several years older than her sister Mrs. Lumber, a weak good-natured woman, over whom she assumed a superiority and direction more than was consistent with her situation, and which Mr. Lumber, though a good-natured man, did not at all times approve of. In place of making herself and her sister happy in the enjoyment of the real blessings which they possessed, Miss Stingy's chief study was to teach her sister a number of wants to which she was not entitled as the wife of a merchant. To many of these Mr. Lumber gave way; such as, adding another servant to the table arrangement, who plied behind his lady's chair in a plain suit and ruffles; changing the post-chaise into a body coach, and promoting Jack the driver to the rank of John, coachman. But, to the no small disquiet of Miss Bridget, Lumber was inflexible to his wife's demand of a weekly rout and card assembly. This, and several other indulgences, she did not find Mr. Lumber silly enough to grant; but she generally found Mrs. Lumber silly enough to resent the refusal.

“ But, to end this digression, which I am afraid has already tired you, and to proceed to my own story.

— Mr. Lumber being my banker while I was abroad, on coming to Scotland, I was often invited to his house, where I was treated with great hospitality and attention. Miss Lucy Lumber, his only daughter, was young, handsome, good-natured, and sprightly. Her vivacity, her good-humour, and her good looks, attracted my attentions, and I thought I discovered that she was not displeased with them. I was in that situation in which the world suggests the propriety of a man's looking out for a wife, and in which he begins to think it his duty to be married. The qualities Miss Lumber possessed were attractive, and I never thought of those she might want. In short, I was in love ; I courted ; I was accepted of ; and as every man in my situation would say, made completely happy.

“ After passing some weeks in a round of mirth and dissipation, I carried my Lucy, with a companion of hers, to my house in the north.

“ The visits of my neighbours, and our returns to them, with the little parties which we made, gave me but little opportunity for observation, or a thorough knowledge of my wife's qualities or turn of mind. She wanted not sense at bottom, had good-nature, and, bating a little tincture of that pride of ancestry, or rather vanity, for it never was offensive, which had early been inculcated into her by her aunt Bridget, she had a sweetness and affability that was extremely engaging. We passed the summer very agreeably. When winter set in, I began to know more intimately my wife's disposition. I had presented her with a small selection of books for her closet ; the best of the British Poets and Historians, some of moral entertainment, such as the Spectators, Guardians, &c. and some for mere amusement. But I soon found that my Lucy was no reader. She read Tom Jones, indeed : and on my recommenda-

tion to her and Miss Florence, they went through the greatest part of Gil Blas ; but of the two scholars of Salamanca, I am afraid they ranked with the first.

“ By the good management of an experienced housekeeper, who had been brought up in the family by my mother, and who, I knew, had a real liking to the family, my house, table, and domestics had been regulated. On my marriage, I was in hopes that, without entering into the executive part, my Lucy would now, as mistress of the family, superintend the whole domestic economy : but in this I was disappointed. She never had been used to look into household management ; it was a province, she said, she was not adapted for, and wished not to engage in. She would now and then quote maxims which I could perceive she had learned in the Loftus school. They signified, that household cares might become ordinary women, but were degrading to the descendants of people of quality.

“ When we were not engaged with company, my farm and planting, my dog and my gun, kept me a great part of the day in the field. When I returned, I did not always find from my wife that cheerful animated look that used to welcome me home. When at times I remarked this, she would suddenly resume a gaiety of countenance, and endeavour to smile away my observation. But as this gaiety was assumed, its continuance was short ; and with great uneasiness I now began to see a change of disposition in my Lucy, and that a lowness of spirits at times hung upon her. This I attributed, however, to her situation, as, to my great joy, she was, as my friend John Home expresses it, ‘ as ladies wish to be who love their lords.’—Mr. Lumber had kindly invited us to town, and we determined to pass the winter with him. We were received with great

joy, and found that family much the same as we had left it.

“ My Lucy brought me a fine boy ; and while she recovered her health, I flattered myself that she would soon also regain her former sprightliness and good humour. In this I was not disappointed ; we got into the fashionable circle of company, and that continual round of dissipation that goes on in the metropolis : the whole forenoon generally spent amidst a succession of visitants, a mob of idlers ; the rest of the day in dinners, public places, and evening parties.

“ Although in my own mind I despised the giddy restless insignificants that figured in this perpetual drama, yet as I considered myself as a passenger only for the time, I submitted to be carried along with the stream, and partook of the flying amusements as they occurred. I did not lose sight, however, of my own scheme : as the spring approached, I gave hints of my return to Homely Castle, and announced the day for our departure. My Lucy, who never disputed my will, prepared herself ; but I could observe that she became grave and thoughtful, as the time approached for our setting out. We left our friends, and got safely home.

“ The smiles of our little infant were for some time his mother’s sole amusement ; but this, as mere amusement, for it carried no active employment along with it, after some months began to lose its relish. The feeble exertions, which too late she endeavoured to call to her aid, were too weak to resist the demon of indolence, with languor and melancholy in his train, that now had invaded her. Such are the fruits of an education now, I am afraid, but too common ! Good natural parts, in place of being trained to exercise, in the several branches of knowledge, and useful employments of life, had either been neglected, or misapplied to frivolous and desul-

tory amusements! Now, when out of the giddy round of the fashionable town-entertainments that used to fill up her hours, my Lucy feels a vacant mind, that affords no resources within itself. Her reflections of course are painful and bitter; or if lulled at all, only sink into a lassitude, and listless unconcern for every thing around her. Her few former amusements, her tambour and harpsichord, have long become insipid; and even the smiles of her child, which used to give delight, now I can observe, force a sigh from her, and sometimes the tear will start into her eye, from the painful reflection, no doubt, of her inability to perform to him the duty of a mother.

“ In this situation, Mr. LOUNGER, judge of my distress and disappointment. Instead of family-happiness and domestic enjoyment, I find at home a constant source of disquiet and melancholy. Perhaps I am more unhappy than husbands whose wives were more blameable. In the greater offences against the marriage-duty, the injured party has the privilege of complaint, the support of resentment, the consolation of indifference or of hatred. I have no contradiction of which to complain, no injuries to resent: I pity, nay I still love my wife; and yet I am most unhappy.

“ Tell my situation, Sir, to those young men, who, like me — or rather tell it to mothers, who, like Mrs. Lumber, have daughters to educate. Remind them, that, however important the education may be that teaches to adorn the mistress, and captivate the lover, there is still another, and a higher, which requires some little attention—that which instructs them to perform the duties of the wife, to retain the affections and to constitute the happiness of the husband.

“ I am, &c.

“ HORATIUS.”

No. 17. SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1785.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ IF I am not misinformed, you have taken up the same sort of business which was formerly carried on by a gentleman who published his performances under the title of the *Mirror*, with whom I had once or twice occasion, not very agreeable ones, to correspond. As I suppose you have got that gentleman's good will, I am inclined to deal with you as his successor ; and I trust you will use me as well as he did, by giving place to this letter, containing an account of grievances, which I know not where else to seek redress for. You will find my correspondence, though not elegant, at least authentic. The family of the Homespuns, though I say it who should not, were always to be trusted in a story ; truth and plain-dealing was their motto, and I hope will continue so, if bad neighbours do n't spoil them.

“ The neglect of the great lady, which my daughter Elizabeth thought fit to complain of in the *Mirror*, was of singular use in my family. My young lady came back to the country so quiet and so reasonable a girl, that her mother and I had not once occasion to chide her for a twelvemonth : at the end of which we had proposals of marriage for her from her uncle's partner, whom she mentions in the paper I allude to ; and she consented to become the wife of a plain, virtuous, thriving young man, though he had nothing of finery or fashion about him. They

are as happy as can be, and have two stout cherry-cheeked boys, who, I am told, are the pictures of their grandfather.

“ The rest of us remain as we were ; at least we did so till within these two months. My Lady — made some overtures towards a renewal of our acquaintance about a twelvemonth ago ; but it was agreed to decline them ; and I staid at home to lay down a field of spring-wheat, instead of going to vote for a parliament-man. The waists of my wife and daughters had returned to their natural size, and the heads of the latter had moulted of their feathers. Their hoops were sent to the lumber-garret, and powder and pomatum were scarcely ever used but on Sundays. I fondly thought, that all the follies of the family were over, and that henceforth we should be reasonable and happy. Alas, Sir, I have discovered that opportunity only was wanting to renew them ; the weeds were all in the ground, though my Lady — ’s coldness had chilled their growth. Within these two months they have sprung up with a vengeance.

“ About this time my neighbour Mushroom’s son, who had been sent out to India about a dozen years ago, returned home with a fortune, as we are told, of 100,000*l.* and has taken up his residence at his father’s, till some finer place shall be found out for him. Before his arrival, he had made several large remittances to his father, for the purpose of dressing up the old house a little, so as to make it fit for his reception, and had sent a trunk full of fineries to dress up his mother and sisters for the same purpose. The good old lady, however, restrained her daughters from wearing them, as indeed they did not well know how to make them up or put them on, till her son should arrive. His arrival furnished them with a very able assistant : the young man had made a lover-

match before he left this country, with a good looking girl of our neighbourhood, who, not altogether with his inclination, had gone out to him soon after his establishment in India. This lady returned hither with him, and has edified all the family amazingly.

“ But her instructions are not confined to her own family ; mine is unluckily included. This is a favour which my wife is very proud of ; as Mrs. Mushroom has forgot most of her old acquaintance in the parish, and associates only with us, and one or two more of her neighbours, who have what she calls *capability* ; that is, Sir, as I understand it, who will listen to all the nonsense she talks, and ape all the follies she practises. These are strong words : but it would put any man in a passion to see how she goes on. I don't know how it is, but I am ten times angrier at this new plague than I was with Lady —. For her I had many apologies ; but to think of that little chit Peg Mushroom playing all this mischief among us!—why, Sir, I remember her but as it were yesterday, when she used to come draggled to our house of a morning a-foot, and ride home double, on my blind mare, behind one of the plough-boys.

“ But I interrupt my account of things in my anger at them. The Sunday after these new-comers' arrival, they appeared in church, where their pew was all carpeted and cushioned over for their reception, so bedizened—there were flowered muslins and gold muslins, white shawls and red shawls, white feathers and red feathers ; and every now and then the young Mushroom girls pulled out little bottles that sent such a perfume around them. Nay, my old friend, their father, like a fool as he was, had such a mixture of black satin and pink satin about him, and was so stiff and awkward in his finery, that he looked for all the world like the *King of Clubs*,

and seemed, poor man ; to have as little to say for himself.

“ But all this, Sir, is no joking matter to me. Some of the neighbours, indeed, laugh at it ; but we, who are favourites, say that is nothing but envy. My wife and daughter Mary have rummaged out their *têtes* and feathers ; and the hoops, that had suffered a little from the moths, have been put in complete repair again. I was silly enough to let my wife get hold of a draught on town for the price of my last year’s barley ; and I verily believe she and Mary alone carry the produce of ten acres on their backs. My wife said, a shawl was a decent comfortable wear for a middle-aged woman like her, my Rachel, by the way, has been fifty these ten years ; and so she gave orders to purchase one at a sale in town, which she got a monstrous bargain, though I am ashamed to tell you, that it stood me in two fat oxen and a year-old cow.

“ I am glad to take this estimate of things, because in the value of money we are now got into a style of expression which loses all idea of small sums. Hundreds and thousands of pounds carried a sound of some importance, and could easily be divided into lesser parts ; but Madam Mushroom’s lack, or half a lack, sounds like nothing at all ; and she has stories which she tells to my poor gaping girls, of a single supper in the East, given by some Nabob with half-a-dozen hard names, that cost one or two of those lacks, besides half a lack in trifling presents to the company. In those stories, the East-Indian lady, being subject to no contradiction, goes on without interruption or commentary, till my poor wife and daughters’ heads are turned quite topsy-turvy. Even mine, though reckoned tolerably solid, is really dizzy with hearing her. There are such accounts of Nabobs, Rajahs, and Rajah-

Pouts, elephants, palanquins, and processions; so stuck full of gold, diamonds, pearls and precious stones, with episodes of dancing-girls and *otter* of roses!—I have heard nothing like it since I was a boy, and used to be delighted with reading the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

“The effect of all this on my family you will easily guess. Not only does it rob me of my money, but them of their happiness. Every thing that used to be thought comfortable or convenient formerly, is now intolerable and disgusting. Every thing we now put on, or eat, or drink, is immediately brought into comparison with the dress, provisions, and liquors at *Mushroom-Hall*, for so they have new-christened my neighbour's farm-house. My girls' home-made gowns, of which they were lately so proud, have been thrown by with contempt since they saw Mrs. Mushroom's muslins from Bengal; our barn-door fowls, we used to say, were so fat and well-tasted, we now make awkward attempts, by garlic and pepper, to turn into the form of *curries* and *peelaws*; and the old October we were wont to brag all our neighbours with, none of the family but myself will condescend to taste, since they drank Mr. Mushroom's India Madeira.

“In short, Sir, I am ten times worse off with this fresh disaster than I was with the former unlucky intimacy with Lady ——. My Lady —— was at some distance in point of place, and still more in point of rank from us; but this new plague is close at our doors, and Mrs. Mushroom is so obliging as to be a constant visitor. I am really afraid that I must sell my little estate, and leave this part of the country altogether; that I must try to find out some new place of residence, where Nabobs, Rajahs, and lacks of rupees, were never heard of, and where

people know no more of Bengal than of the man in the moon.

“ I am, &c.

“ JOHN HOMESPUN.”

It is with peculiar satisfaction that the LOUNGER has received this commencement of Mr. Home-spun's correspondence, of which he knows the value, and hopes for the continuance.

Z

No. 18. SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1785.

It has been observed, that the world is generally just in the opinions which it forms of the characters of the different persons who appear on the stage of life; that few have been held high in the estimation of the public who have not deserved it; and that instances as rarely occur of its censure misapplied, as of its applause misplaced. But though this remark, it must be allowed, is true in the general, yet experience teaches that it cannot be admitted without exceptions; and that the truly virtuous and deserving, particularly in the private walks of life, may often pass unnoticed, while the less worthy may become the objects of favour.

Cleora was married at an early period of life. Gaily educated, and thoughtless in disposition, she was incapable of any strong attachment. She married Lothario, because he was a man of the *ton*, dressed well, kept good company, and professed himself her humble admirer. He married her, because she was reckoned pretty, danced well, was a toast, and

was as much in the fashion as he was. As they went together without affection, so neither of them allowed their love to be troublesome to the other. Pleasure, dissipation, show, was the taste of both. Lothario was sometimes at home, and in his wife's company; but then it was only in a crowd, and amidst a variety of guests. Abroad they sometimes met at dinner and supper parties; but as frequently their parties were not the same, and their amusements lay in different quarters.

Such a life of dissipation could not be supported without great expense. Though Lothario was possessed of a considerable land-estate, yet when he succeeded to it, it was much encumbered with debt; and that debt was now greatly increased by his own extravagance. Every year made a new bond or mortgage necessary.

Cleora knew all this; but she allowed it not to make any impression on her mind. It was too serious a subject to be suffered to intrude itself in the midst of her enjoyments. The mother of a numerous family, she is equally inattentive with Lothario, to giving them proper habits and impressions. The boys, neglecting every useful branch of study, by a strange combination, are both beaux and blackguards. At public places they are reckoned fashionable, while, at the same time, in their private amusements they value themselves on their coarseness and intemperance. The daughters are now come to the age of women; but Cleora has no other object as to them than to increase their fondness for public places and late hours: devoted to these herself, she makes her daughters the pretext for her own indulgences.

Thus Cleora, if she were to think, if she were to stop her course of dissipation for a moment, would see bankruptcy at hand, and her children, if not her-

self and her husband, reduced to want; her children brought up without education, and initiated in nothing but the ways of idleness and folly. With all this, Cleora retains a good character in the world: her cheerfulness, her gaiety, make her a favourite wherever she goes. ' 'T is a pity,' it is sometimes said, ' that her husband was not more attentive to her and her children; but it is not her fault. She is indeed to be commended for submitting with so much ease to her fate; one would never discover that she was married to Lothario.' Such is the general character which Cleora bears; and if any one ever expresses a hint to the contrary, it is considered as the remark of a person disposed to be censorious.

How shall I contrast with Cleora the conduct of Aurelia? She also married young, before she had learned to feel and judge for herself, and at a time when she was entirely given up to the direction and disposal of her parents. It has been unfortunately the fate of some of the best of women, to become the wives of men in many respects their inferiors both in understanding and in character. Amidst the chances of life, the intricacies of situation, or from the deception of minds whose very virtues betray their caution, this will sometimes happen. Cleanthes, the husband of Aurelia, is of a character very similar to that of Cleora's husband, Lothario, and on many accounts an unfortunate match for Aurelia. But Cleanthes being reputed to be a man of fortune, possessing a good address, and believed to be possessed of good-nature, it was the fate of Aurelia to be joined to him for life. Those habits of thoughtlessness and extravagance, however, which Cleanthes had acquired before marriage, never forsook him: he even became indifferent and negligent of Aurelia, and a family of fine children which she brought him. Intemperate in his pleasures, and inordinate in his

expense, he plunged headlong into every fashionable folly, into every species of dissipation. Aurelia felt much anguish at this conduct of her husband: she endeavoured by every gentle method in her power to reclaim him, and to gain his mind to virtue and domestic enjoyment. All her efforts proved ineffectual. Cleanthes was not yet, however, so lost as not to feel at times the reproaches of his conscience; but, instead of endeavouring to remove, he tried to avoid them. In this situation, Aurelia was like another conscience: the reflection on her quiet and gentle virtues was like a mirror that did but show him his own ugliness, and frightened at the sight, he only thought how to escape it. Thus abandoned by himself, thus having forsaken Aurelia, and every better feeling, he has gone more and more headlong into vice; intemperance has become his companion, and expense much beyond his income has attended it.

What a situation for Aurelia! With a mind fitted for every domestic enjoyment she sees her husband a prey to folly and extravagance, ruining his fortune, and dead to every proper sentiment. One only comfort remains—the pleasure she receives from her children. Her only son, who promises to be all a parent could wish, has been placed at a distant academy; and a rich uncle, who has no children of his own, has adopted him as his son. Her three daughters live with herself, and her great object is to educate and instruct them; and in this she is well rewarded, by the appearance of their promising virtues, and the display of their opening talents.

With all these amiable parts of Aurelia's conduct, justice is not done her in the opinion of the world. Her virtues are unknown, or pass unnoticed. It is frequently said, 'That Cleanthes is a good fellow: pity he had not a wife of a less grave disposition,

more suited to his taste. If he had, he might have been less expensive, and his pleasures been more fixed at home.'

It was but the other evening that in making a course of visits, or to use an expression more consonant to my character, in lounging from one placeto another, I called at a house, where I found Cleora engaged in deep play, and her eldest daughter sitting by her, attending to the game. At that moment Lothario happened to come into the room. He drew a chair near some ladies at another table, and gave a nod of indifference to his daughter. 'La! Sir,' said Miss, 'we did not look for you; we thought you were at Sir John's.' Her mother gave one look behind; asked her partner if she had not held the king; and then desired her to set up two by honours and the odd trick.

The same evening I called at the house of Cleanthes. Him I found abroad, but Aurelia was at home. I was shown into the room where she was, where I found her seated with her three girls around her. On the table lay several books, among which were the Spectator, the Man of Feeling, and the Theatre of Education. She herself was busy with her needle; and her two youngest girls were occupied in the same manner, under her direction. The eldest was employed in reading. When I entered the room, one of the girls took me by the hand, and kindly welcomed me. 'I thought,' however, said she, with a most expressive look, 'it had been Papa: my Mamma expected him.' A tear started into Aurelia's eye. She soon, however, resumed her cheerfulness; and I remained for a considerable time in this domestic party, receiving a pleasure which I cannot describe, in the conversation of Aurelia, the amiableness and propriety of her conduct, her behaviour to her children, and theirs to her.

When I came home, I could not help reflecting on the different characters of Aurelia and Cleora, placed in situations not dissimilar; one drawing from her very want of feeling and of duty, the suffrage of the world! the other, from the very exercise of the most disinterested virtue, suffering its neglect, and incurring its censure! Yet with all her afflictions and all her sorrows, who would not rather wish to be the suffering and virtuous Aurelia, than the gay and thoughtless Cleora! The one may enjoy the dissipation of the world, and the good-liking of its votaries; but the other must possess that approbation from her own mind, which infinitely surpasses all the external enjoyment which the world is able to bestow.

P

No. 19. SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1785.

*Hi sunt Invidiæ, nimirum, Regule, mores,
Præferat antiquos semper ut illa novis.* MART. v. 10. 3.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ THERE are a set of cynical old men, who are perpetually dinning our ears with the praises of times past, who are fond of drawing comparisons between the ancients and moderns, much to the disparagement of the latter, and who take a misanthropical delight in representing mankind as degenerating from age to age, both in mental and corporeal endowments. With these people, all science is held to be upon the decline; arts are retrograde; the greater virtues abso-

lutely annihilated, and morality itself tending fast to utter extinction. Even the human figure is dwindling away in stature, and diminishing in strength; the climates are altered, the seasons become yearly more inclement; the earth is losing its fertility, and the sun its heat. Now, Sir, although I am disposed to admit that there is some foundation for these complaints in a very few particulars, and will, for instance, readily allow, that the music of the moderns is not quite so powerful in its effects as that of Orpheus: that Augustus King of Poland, though he could bend a horse-shoe, could not have pitched a bar with Hercules; that swans have lost the faculty of singing; and that, even in the period of my own remembrance, there is a great decay in the art of making plum-cakes and penny-pies: yet I think it might be easily proved, that in other respects the picture is a very false one; and I am thoroughly convinced, that upon an impartial estimate of the merits of the ancient and modern world, the scale of the latter would very greatly preponderate.

“ I do not intend at present to enter into a complete discussion of this important subject, but shall content myself with advancing a very few arguments in refutation of the opinion of those old grumblers I have mentioned; and I think it will be no difficult matter to show, that the fault lies entirely in their own splenetic and peevish humours; and that the world, so far from growing worse, is in reality much better now than in ancient times. You will excuse my neglect of methodical arrangement; for as this is a picture consisting of many detached groups, it does not signify at which end we begin.

“ I have been often much amazed at hearing it seriously maintained, that mankind are more vicious and abandoned in modern times, than they were in the days of antiquity. The moderns, no doubt, have

made many notable discoveries in the arts and sciences; but I do not find that murder, robbery, perjury, adultery, &c. are among the number. It is true, that as there is a fashion in all human affairs, which alters with the times, its influence may be observed in crimes, as well as in every thing else: but here the advantage, I will be bold to say, lies entirely on the side of the moderns. Long ago, in committing crimes, they had a barbarous and brutal method of going directly to the point. If a man had an ill-will at his neighbour, he knocked him on the head the first time he met him, or perhaps set fire to his house, and make a holocaust of him, his wife, and children. But now the mode is altered much for the better. We see none of those wild beasts in society. An enemy now wears the countenance of a friend; he shows you all the politeness in the world to your face, and only ruins your reputation behind your back; he lends you money, if you are much in need of it, and only throws you into jail when you are starving out of it: he would be the last man in the world to revenge himself on you by shooting or stabbing; but if through his means you grow so tired of life as to cut your own throat, to be sure it is no fault of his.

“In case, however, it should be necessary for him to be your executioner, which often happens where the injury is of a very atrocious nature; such as, if you should by chance jostle a gentleman in the street, spit by accident on his shoe, or disturb him in a private conversation with your wife; he gives you warning, in the politest manner, of his intentions; says he believes you to be in every respect a man of honour; and only requests you, by a civil card, to come and be shot through the head.

“The ancients, it must be owned, were remarkably inferior to the moderns, both in good taste and in

good manners. That refinement of taste which manifests itself by a polite contempt of all home-productions, and a generous admiration of every thing that is foreign, seems indeed to be a qualification peculiar to the moderns. A well-educated British gentleman, it may be truly said, is of no country whatever. He unites in himself the characteristics of all different nations: he talks and dresses French, and sings Italian: he rivals the Spaniard in indolence, and the German in drinking: his house is Grecian, his offices Gothic, and his furniture Chinese. He preserves the same impartiality in his religion; and, finding no solid reasons for preferring Confucius to Bramah, or Mahometanism to Christianity, he has for all their doctrines an equal indulgence.

“ But how different from this the character of the Greeks and Romans! Servilely attached to their own manners and customs, they treated foreigners with contempt. What, in effect, could be expected of them, who were such barbarians themselves, as to stigmatize all other nations by that opprobrious epithet?

“ There is no virtue for which the ancients have got greater credit than for their patriotism; yet on examination it will appear, that their merits in this article have been very much exaggerated. It is true, that we find among them some striking instances of this virtue in individuals; but it never was diffused, as with us, among the great body of the people. The porters and hackney-coachmen at Rome and Athens were deplorably ignorant of the affairs of state. There were no clubs in those capitals for constitutional reformation. Carpenters and bricklayers reformed the boroughs only by the axe and hammer; shoemakers and tailors were dexterous enough at the awl and needle, but could not mend the government.

“ Perhaps even the patriotism of individuals among the ancients has got more than its due share of praise ; and upon a fair estimate it might be found, that the moderns could produce equal, if not superior examples of the same heroic virtue. What is there, for instance, so remarkable in the boasted example of Themistocles and Aristides? They were bitter enemies, but forgot their quarrels when their country was in danger, and joined their interest to prevent its falling a prey to the Persians ; so our modern statesmen, who the one day declare the most rooted abhorrence and detestation of each other, both in their public and private characters, the next day shake hands for the good of their country, agree in every measure, and profess for each other the most sincere esteem and veneration. Decius, it is true, devoted himself for his country, and, by sacrificing his own life, won a great victory over the enemies of Rome ; but our commanders go much further ; for they devote whole armies, from a pure spirit of patriotism. In short, it may be confidently asserted, that all those bright examples we read of in ancient story, may find their parallels in a modern newspaper.

“ And now, Sir, that I have mentioned a newspaper, allow me to observe, that those brief chronicles of the times afford every day numberless proofs of the superiority of the moderns to the ancients in many of the most useful arts and sciences. In that most noble of all arts, the art of healing, so great is the perfection to which the moderns have attained, that one of your predecessors has very justly expressed his astonishment at reading in the bills of mortality the great number of people who choose to die of such and such distempers, for every one of which there are infallible and specific cures. To be sure, there is no helping the folly of some people,

who will persist in refusing a cure till they are in a manner *in articulo mortis*, in the last agony : but it is to be hoped we shall hear no more of such determined suicide, when we read, that some of those modern *Æsculapiuses* choose only such patients as are precisely in the situation of incurables, to be the subjects of their practice. One of those excellent physicians professes, in his advertisements, that he wishes none, his words are strongly exclusive, to apply to him but such as have been deemed incurable, or made such by the faculty ; thereby encouraging the diseased of all kinds first to take every possible means to render themselves incurable, that they may thus be qualified for being perfectly cured by him.

Somewhat analogous to the science of medicine, is the art of repairing the human figure. And here Sir, the pre-eminence of the moderns is equally distinguished. In this most useful art, the skill of the ancients went no further than to give a little exterior embellishment to the countenance. They knew nothing of that creative power which extends to the making of limbs and organs as well as features. The parchment calves, the cork-rump, and bolstered spring boddice ; the making of glass-eyes, and the transplantation of teeth, are all inventions absolutely modern. And since we know for certain, that mechanism is now so perfected, that a wooden man can be made to perform a solo on the violin, play a game at chess, walk, and even utter articulate sounds ; I see no reason to doubt, that in process of time we may have artificial men currently walking the streets, performing all the functions of life, and discharging their duty in society just as well and more peaceably than the real ones. When the art of making automatons has attained to this perfection, which we may reasonably hope will

happen in a very few years, we may congratulate ourselves on the very great political benefits which must arise from this admirable invention. As there is no doubt that the merits of this class of men will entitle them to the highest promotions, it is then we may expect every department of the state to be supplied by a set of upright and inflexible magistrates; the great machine of government will be most ably conducted; judges will administer justice with the most rigid impartiality; and, what is the great *desideratum* of the present age, a wooden king may sit at the helm of affairs, who will support the dignity of the crown with no expense to the nation, and relieve them at the same time of all their anxious fears about the extension of his prerogative.

“ I could easily, Sir, draw out this estimate to a much greater length; but believing I have already said enough to produce a thorough conviction of the truth of my proposition, I subscribe myself, with great respect, yours,

“ PAUL PASQUIN.”

No. 20. SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1785.

Decipit exemplar vitii imitabile.— HOR. EPIST. i. 19. 17.

No species of composition is more generally read by one class of readers, or more undervalued by another, than that of the novel. Its favourable reception from the young and the indolent, to whom the exercise of imagination is delightful, and the labour of thought is irksome, needs not to be wondered at; but the contempt which it meets from the more respectable class of literary men, it may,

perhaps, be entitled to plead that it does not deserve. Considered in the abstract, as containing an interesting relation of events, illustrative of the manners and characters of mankind, it surely merits a higher station in the world of letters than is generally assigned it. If it has not the dignity, it has at least most of the difficulties, of the epic or the drama. The conduct of its fable, the support of its characters, the contrivance of its incidents, and its developement of the passions, require a degree of invention, judgement, taste, and feeling, not much, if at all, inferior to those higher departments of writing, for the composition of which a very uncommon portion of genius is supposed to be requisite. Those difficulties are at the same time heightened by the circumstance of this species of writing being of all others the most open to the judgement of the people; because it represents domestic scenes and situations in private life, in the execution of which any man may detect errors and discover blemishes, while the author has neither the pomp of poetry, nor the decoration of the stage, to cover or to conceal them.

To this circumstance, however, may, perhaps, be imputed the degradation into which it has fallen. As few endowments were necessary to judge, so few have been supposed necessary to compose, a novel; and all whose necessities or vanity prompted them to write, betook themselves to a field, which, as they imagined, it required no extent of information or depth of learning to cultivate, but in which a heated imagination, or an excursive fancy, were alone sufficient to succeed; and men of genius and of knowledge, despising a province in which such competitors were to be met, retired from it in disgust, and left it in the hands of the unworthy.

The effects of this have been felt, not only in the

debasement of the novel in point of literary merit, but in another particular still more material, in its perversion from a moral or instructive purpose to one directly the reverse. Ignorance and dulness are seldom long inoffensive, but generally support their own native insignificance by an alliance with voluptuousness and vice.

Even of those few novels which superior men have written, it cannot always be said that they are equally calculated to improve as to delight. Nor is this only to be objected to some who have been professedly less scrupulous in that particular; but I am afraid may be also imputed to those whose works were meant to convey no bad impression, but, on the contrary, were intended to aid the cause of virtue, and to hold out patterns of the most exalted benevolence.

I am not, however, disposed to carry the idea of the dangerous tendency of all novels quite so far as some rigid moralists have done. As promoting a certain refinement of mind, they operate like all other works of genius and feeling, and have, indeed, a more immediate tendency to produce it than most others, from their treating of those very subjects which the reader will find around him in the world, and their containing those very situations in which he himself may not improbably, at some time or other, be placed. Those who object to them as inculcating precepts, and holding forth examples of a refinement which virtue does not require, and which honesty is better without, do not, perhaps, sufficiently attend to the period of society which produces them. The code of morality must necessarily be enlarged in proportion to that state of manners to which cultivated æras give birth. As the idea of property made a crime of theft, as the invention of oaths made falsehood perjury; so the necessary refinement

in manners of highly-polished nations creates a variety of duties and of offences, which men in ruder, and, it may be, for I enter not into that question, happier periods of society, could never have imagined.

The principal danger of novels, as forming a mistaken and pernicious system of morality, seems to me to arise from that contrast between one virtue or excellence and another, that war of duties which is to be found in many of them, particularly in that species called the *sentimental*. These have been chiefly borrowed from our neighbours, the French, whose style of manners, and the very powers of whose language, give them a great advantage in the delineation of that nicety, that subtlety of feeling, those entanglements of delicacy, which are so much interwoven with the characters and conduct of the chief personages in many of their most celebrated novels. In this rivalship of virtues and of duties, those are always likely to be preferred which in truth and reason are subordinate, and those to be degraded which ought to be paramount. The last, being of that great cardinal sort which must be common, because they apply to the great leading relations and circumstances of life, have an appearance less dignified and heroic than the others, which, as they come forth only on extraordinary occasions, are more apt to attract the view and excite the admiration of beholders. The duty to parents is contrasted with the ties of friendship and of love; the virtues of justice, of prudence, of economy, are put in competition with the exertions of generosity, of benevolence, and of compassion; and even of these virtues of sentiment there are still more refined divisions, in which the overstrained delicacy of the persons represented always leads them to act from the motive least obvious, and therefore generally the least reasonable.

In the enthusiasm of sentiment there is much the same danger as in the enthusiasm of religion, of substituting certain impulses and feelings of what may be called a visionary kind, in the place of real practical duties, which, in morals, as in theology, we might not improperly denominate good works. In morals, as in religion, there are not wanting instances of refined sentimentalists, who are contented with talking of virtues which they never practise, who pay in words what they owe in actions; or, perhaps, what is fully as dangerous, who open their minds to impressions which never have any effect upon their conduct, but are considered as something foreign to and distinct from it. This separation of conscience from feeling is a depravity of the most pernicious sort; it eludes the strongest obligation to rectitude, it blunts the strongest incitement to virtue; when the ties of the first bind the sentiment and not the will, and the rewards of the latter crown not the heart but the imagination.

That creation of refined and subtle feeling, reared by the authors of the works to which I allude, has an ill effect, not only on our ideas of virtue, but also on our estimate of happiness. That sickly sort of refinement creates imaginary evils and distresses, and imaginary blessings and enjoyments, which imbitter the common disappointments, and depreciate the common attainments of life. This affects the temper doubly, both with respect to ourselves and others; with respect to ourselves, from what we think ought to be our lot; with regard to others, from what we think ought to be their sentiments. It inspires a certain childish pride of our own superior delicacy, and an unfortunate contempt of the plain worth, the ordinary but useful occupations and ideas of those around us.

The reproach which has been sometimes made to novels of exhibiting 'such faultless monsters as the world ne'er saw,' may be just on the score of entertainment to their readers, to whom the delineation of uniform virtue, except when it is called into striking situations, will no doubt be insipid. But in point of moral tendency, the opposite character is much more reprehensible; I mean that character of mingled virtue and vice which is to be found in some of the best of our novels. Instances will readily occur to every reader, where the hero of the performance has violated, in one page, the most sacred laws of society, to whom, by the mere turning of the leaf, we are to be reconciled, whom we are to be made to love and admire, for the beauty of some humane, or the brilliancy of some heroic action. It is dangerous thus to bring us into the society of vice, though introduced or accompanied by virtue. In the application to ourselves, in which the moral tendency of all imaginary characters must be supposed to consist, this nourishes and supports a very common kind of self-deception, by which men are apt to balance their faults by the consideration of their good qualities; an account which, besides the fallacy of its principle, can scarcely fail to be erroneous, from our natural propensity to state our faults at their lowest, and our good qualities at their highest rate.

I have purposely pointed my observations, not to that common herd of novels, the wretched offspring of circulating libraries, which are despised for their insignificance, or proscribed for their immorality; but to the errors, as they appear to me, of those admired ones which are frequently put into the hands of youth for imitation as well as amusement. Of youth it is essential to preserve the imagination sound

as well as pure, and not to allow them to forget, amidst the intricacies of Sentiment, or the dreams of Sensibility, the truths of Reason, or the laws of Principle.

Z

No. 21. SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1785.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ I PROPOSE, by this letter, to give you the history of a few particulars in a life of too little consequence to be worthy the attention of the public, were it not that it may possibly afford some useful materials for instruction.

“ My father was the descendant of an ancient family in the county of—— in Scotland, possessed only of a moderate fortune. His ancestors had uniformly lived in the country, except occasionally for a few months in the winter; and he himself would probably have observed the same plan, had it not been for the following occurrence.

“ The county where his estate lay had long been divided into two parties, who had tried to get the political direction of it. They came at length to be tired of the trouble and expense to which this contest put them; and a connection which happened to be formed by the heads of both sides with the minister at the time, was an additional inducement to drop it.

“ In this situation the election of a member of parliament happened to come on; but as the chiefs of neither party, though their hostilities had ceased,

inclined to pay the other the compliment of electing a person who was keenly attached to it, my father was fixed upon as a person who was generally beloved, and disagreeable to nobody.

“ Though becoming a member of parliament was certainly a hazardous step, considering the smallness of my father’s fortune, yet his vanity could not resist the temptation. To parliament accordingly he went ; where, after some years’ attendance, as he attached himself closely to the minister, was a sure vote, and was not without some talents for business, he arrived at the height of his wishes, and obtained a considerable post for life.

“ This change in his situation made him form new plans and new views for his family.

“ It was now resolved that the place of our residence should be changed, and that for the future it should be settled in London. Accordingly, he and his two daughters, of whom the writer of this letter is one, our mother had died some time before, removed to Scotland, and took up their abode in the capital.

“ I was fourteen years of age, and my sister Harriet eleven, when this material change in our situation took place. I shall not easily forget the giddy joy I felt when the plan was first proposed ; nor the expectations with which my heart beat when the measure was resolved on.

“ Upon our arrival in town, my father’s affection for his daughters, not to say his vanity, which led him to think that nothing was too high for them, made him spare no expense to get us instructed in every fashionable accomplishment. No attention was neglected, to bestow upon us every qualification which the best masters, and an introduction into the best company, could produce.

“ Though my father’s revenue was now consider-

able, yet the expense of having a family in London went far beyond his income. The distresses which this occasioned, as is commonly the case with such distresses, were felt long before they were endeavoured to be remedied; at last, however, they became so urgent, as to oblige my father to think of retrenching his expenses, by returning for a while to the country.

“ Thither accordingly we repaired. I will not trouble you with giving a comparison of the different sensations I felt when I first left the country, with those which I entertained on my return. Suffice it to say, that we were received with the utmost respect and attention. My father’s situation, and his general popularity, were sufficient to secure this; and our conduct was certainly such as not to give offence.

“ My father was now advanced in years. Notwithstanding the emoluments of his office, he found his fortune not increasing, and he became anxious to have my sister and me settled in the world. No opportunity of this kind, however, occurred. The gentlemen of our part of the country, though they treated us with respect, never thought of us for wives. A London, a fashionable, and showy education, they considered as incompatible with their plans and views of life. They married girls like themselves, whose habits were like their own.

“ After having somewhat repaired the waste of London by the economy of the country, we returned once more to the metropolis. By the greatest accident in the world, my sister Harriet happened to catch the fancy of a young nobleman of fashion and address. Dining one day with a group of his companions, he gave Harriet G—— for his toast,—swearing a great oath,—she was the finest girl in the world. ‘ I have a great mind,’

said he, 'to marry her.' He was as good as his word, and their marriage soon after followed.

"A marriage of this kind, made with levity, and entered on without affection, had little chance to be a happy one. Harriet's husband soon not only became indifferent, but was not even at pains to conceal his indifference. His amusements lay in hunting, in drinking, in cock-fighting, in gaming:—all her accomplishments, her music, her knowledge in modern languages, her taste in dress, her skill in painting, &c. he valued not, nor cared for. This negligence for a while sunk deep into her heart; it threw her into melancholy, and I was apprehensive of the consequences of it to her health. In time, however, her spirits revived, and she became as indifferent about her husband as he was about her. She even went the length of wishing to show him marks of her indifference.

"In this situation they now are: more than indifferent, they hate one another; and their only pleasure consists, though they do it with the most finished good-breeding, in giving mutual vexation. He never at home, she always abroad;—he extravagant in his pleasures, she no less so in hers;—he in one gaming party, she in another.

"You will naturally, Sir, wish to know what is my situation: I can assure you it is by no means agreeable. My father has been for some time dead. He died without leaving a shilling, his debts being fully equal to his estate. In these circumstances, it became a matter of necessity, not of choice, that I should live with my sister; but from what I have already said, you must easily see my residence in her family cannot be desirable. The bad terms in which my sister and her Lord live, make me neither loved nor trusted by either. The husband is jealous that I possess the confidence of his Lady, and know

more than I should know ; she again thinks me a spy upon her enjoyments, and is displeas'd that I should disapprove of that dissipation to which she has so entirely devoted herself.

“ A thousand times have I wish'd to leave this house, where no prospect of enjoyment for me now remains ; but as often have I found every such scheme impracticable. My relations in the country have now forgotten me ; and even if they remembered me with more interest than I am afraid they do, would not willingly receive into their family one whom they naturally think a fashionable residence in London must have so much spoiled. I have frequently thought of hiring a small house, and living by myself, but I find I am unable to afford it. In this state I must remain where I am, neglected by the Earl of —, and not trusted by the Countess. My situation I have often thought worse than that of their housekeeper ; for while she receives their wages, she has it in her power to leave them whenever she has a mind.

“ With what bitter reflections do I now recollect the time when I first left the country ! How different has been the fate of Lucy R—— from mine ! She was the early companion of my youth. She married, when she was young, a gentleman without fortune, but possess'd of every good quality. Though the friends of both sides considered the match as imprudent, they yielded to the inclination of the parties. It certainly was not a marriage either of interest or ambition ; but it was a marriage of choice, of affection. Heaven has rewarded it. The very narrowness of their circumstances, the mutual inconveniences, the hardships they had to undergo, but endeared them the more to each other. These were an additional incitement to the industry of Lucy's husband, and contributed to the

prosperous situation at which he has now arrived. I received lately a letter from Lucy, giving me an account of her situation, which, though expressed in the simplest terms, went to my heart. ‘How happy am I,’ says she; ‘the greatest part of my happiness consists in my having added to the comfort of my dear Charles. It was but yesterday he told me, that but for me he would have sunk under the difficulties of life, but for me he would not have been able to bear up against them; but with you, said he, — It is needless to add the remainder of his affectionate address.’

“Such is the letter of Lucy R——. I shall not trouble you with any remarks on the difference of her situation and mine. The quiet ordinary path is the road to real and lasting enjoyment; and if parents wish to make their children happy, they should educate them for that station in which fortune has placed them; they should know that, for one of my sex at least, there is more chance of felicity in the private stations of life, than in all the noise, and pomp, and show, of a more exalted situation.

“I am, &c.

A

“A. G.”

No. 22. SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1785.

EVERY periodical writer, like every knight-errant of old, in assuming his office, is understood to swear fealty to the Ladies. I presume, therefore, it is now so much an acknowledged quality of the profession, that it is needless for any individual to declare it. Above all others, the LOUNGER would wish to attract their notice and conciliate their favour. It is possible

to be busy independent of the ladies ; but he must be a brute indeed who can be idle without 'em.

I hope, then, I may take credit for a particular attention to their interests, their employments, and their amusements. I shall consider no circumstance, however minute, as below my regard, which can any how affect them ; and every thing in the female form will be entitled to the immediate notice of the LOUNGER.

From a correspondent, who is well aware of this part of my plan, I have just received intelligence, that a very little, but a very wonderful lady, intends to do herself the pleasure of visiting Edinburgh this season ; and I take the first opportunity of announcing her intention to my readers. The lady I mean is the *Merveilleuse Poupée parlante*—the wonderful speaking figure—who has so much surprised and amused the best company, both on the continent, where she was first produced, and in England, where she has spent the last year of her life. I had the honour of waiting on her first at Brussels, and then at London ; and shall take the liberty, by way of ushering her into Scotland, to relate some particulars that passed in the course of my last visit, during the lady's residence in the parish of St. James.

That part of the company which more particularly attracted my notice, consisted of a gentleman and his lady, accompanied by a thin tall elderly gentlewoman, who appeared to be a relation, on whose arm the lady leaned as she came up stairs, and who carried a small white lap-dog, on whom her kinswoman bestowed a great many caresses, but the husband looked with rather less complacency. There were two very young ladies, attended by a sister somewhat older ; but who seemed to have put on the womanly garb rather from size than age. Next them was placed an old gentleman, wrapped up in a warm surtout, with shrivelled cheeks, a sallow complexion, a laced

shoe on one foot, and 'his youthful hose a world too wide for his shrunk shanks' who took great pains to accommodate the eldest of the sisters with a convenient seat, and had hustled himself on the end of the bench beside her. In his devoirs he was assisted by a lively-looking little man, seemingly not much younger, but much fresher than him, who very soon told us, in the only English words he seemed master of, that he was a native of Gascony, and had been but a few weeks in London. He was dressed in a full suit of black, had his hair tied in a thin queue, and his curls much indebted to a large quantity of powder and pomatum. Seeing me the only *isolé* person near him, he made a sign for me to approach the place where the *Poupée* was to give audience; and with a continuation of the same friendly action of his hand, offered me a pinch of snuff out of a very beautiful *papier maché* snuff-box. I thanked him in French, and we were immediately on an intimate footing. 'Et vous, Monsieur,'—said he, holding out the box to the gentleman with the slender legs. The old gentleman took the box; and examined very curiously some figures that were painted on the lid.

The master of the exhibition now made his appearance and addressed the company, as nearly as I can recollect, after hearing the same piece of eloquence twice, in the following words:—'Ladies and Gentlemen, Ave de goodness to regard dis young lady. She has had de honneur to be seen by de Emperor of Germany, de King of Prusse, de King and Queen of France, and Monseigneur le Dauphin, when he was but tri monts old, at which time she had de honneur of being exactly of de same size vid Monseigneur. You see her attach'd to de plafond of de chamber only by dis small chain, no bigger dan one silk trid, and I hold myself here at long distance from her, so dat it is impossible der

can be communication vid any person. You see dat trompette which she wears at her mout ; in dat if you speak any question it please you to put, in ever so low a visper, Ma'moiselle will ave de honneur of making answer.'

There was a short pause, nobody seeming to choose being the first to address her ; till my Gascon rose, and making a bow, first to the old gentleman, by way of apology, and then to the young lady who sat next him, handed her, who seemed not well to know whether to refuse going or not, up to the place, and, with another bow, presented her to the figure to whom her question was to be addressed. Having been a visitor of the lady's before, I knew how to make the most of my visit ; and contrived to place myself in such a situation as not only to hear the questions that should be put aloud, but to make a pretty shrewd guess at those which the questioner might not quite so much incline should be audible to the company, as well as at the answers. The young lady blushed, smiled, and bit her fan ; but being reassured by her conductor, and the rest of the company, at last put her mouth to the little trumpet that conveys the question, and asked Mademoiselle in a half whisper, how many lovers she had—' More than are good for me.'—Miss smiled again, but looked as if she did not agree with her.

The exhibitor made a sign to the French gentleman who had handed back the young lady to her seat to ask his question next. ' Place aux dames,' said he, pointing to the married lady I mentioned before ; who, recommending her lap-dog, who was sleeping on the bench by her, to the care of her relation, whom she now called cousin Martha, advanced to the figure, and asked her, if she was married—' Dieu m'en garde—Heaven forbid,' an-

swered the Poupée.—The lady looked at her husband, and seemed as if she perfectly agreed with her.

As the gentleman got up to make way for his lady, he discomposed the lap-dog; for which his wife chid him, and scolded Martha. ‘Does Monsieur choose to ask any thing?’ said the showman to him.—‘Not I,’ said he surlily. ‘Does your Doll never speak but when she is spoken to?’—‘Never, Sir; she is too well bred.’ He interpreted the question and his answer to the Frenchman. ‘C’est dommage,’ said he in return. ‘That’s a pity the gentleman thinks,’ re-interpreted the exhibitor to the married man. ‘No, by G——, that it is not,’ replied the other. The showman interpreted again;—the Gascon received it with one of those significant shrugs with which the philosophers of his country reconcile to themselves and others every dispensation of Providence.

A lady, whom I had not observed before, now came forward. She was in a much fuller dress than any of the rest of the company, and had one of the finest complexions in the world. She looked very narrowly at the Poupée’s head-dress, and the particular sit of her tucker. ‘What sort of paint do you use?’ said she, loud enough to be heard by us who were near her. ‘Vous n’en avez pas besoin—You have no need on’t,’ answered the figure; the equivoque was a very polite one. ‘C’est charmant!’ said the Frenchman, looking first on the Poupée, and then on the lady; the lady drew back, and seemed inclined to blush—but could not.

‘Do you choose, Sir?’ said our exhibitor to me. I declined putting the lady to the trouble, having been convinced of her abilities at Brussels. On this the old gentleman came forward. Like the last questioner, he examined Mademoiselle very closely, putting on his spectacles to assist his examination.

‘ Pray, Miss,’ said he with a sort of chuckle, ‘ do you garter above or below the knee?’ The answer was so low I could not hear it ; but the old gentleman hobbled back to his seat, apparently not quite satisfied with his reception. The married lady now pressed her kinswoman to put her question in turn ; but she would by no means consent to it, hinting that she could not think of putting her mouth to a trumpet that had so lately been polluted by the lips of a male. My friend the Gascon, on being told of her refusal, seemed to enjoy some joke that had struck him, and, as they sometimes think aloud, was muttering to himself. I heard the words, ‘ D’une certain age ;’ but he stopped short, and said aloud, that the lady certainly thought it was more *selon les regles* for her to be asked questions than to ask them. Miss Martha pursed up her lips, and said something of impertinence and mixed companies. ‘ It is almost four,’ said her kinswoman ; and taking up the lap-dog, walked out of the room, leaning upon Miss Martha, and telling her husband to follow them. The Frenchman was on his feet in an instant ; and, skipping over the benches, got down stairs in time enough to call her servant, and to hand, first her lap-dog, and then its mistress, into the carriage, that waited for them. He offered his hand to Miss Martha, who would not accept of it. The husband brushed past him with a look that did not seem to thank him for his attentions. ‘ Go home,’ said the lady to the footman who looked to her for the order ; and the coach drove from the door. The French gentleman turned to me, who was standing behind in the entrance ‘ En Angleterre le mariage est une affaire si sombre—In England marriage is so gloomy a business.’—‘ Quelquefois—sometimes,’ said I smiling.—My Frenchman caught himself immediately.—‘ Assurément, Monsieur n’est pas

marié.' I assured him I was not married. 'Il n'en pas l'air,—You have not the look on 't. —This, in his opinion, was both a felicitation and a compliment; and so it had one of my best bows at parting.

V

No. 23. SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1785.

It has been remarked, that in proportion as a nation advances from barbarism to civilization, the women rise into esteem, hold a more important station in society, and become more and more objects of attention. Upon a fair estimate, we shall probably find a higher degree of true refinement in the polished nations of modern Europe, than what prevailed even in the brightest days of Greece and Rome. Accordingly, a lady at the court of Versailles, or of London, is treated with a respect, attention, and observance, to which an Athenian beauty or a Roman matron was not accustomed.

One would naturally expect to meet with the same progress of refinement among writers who treat of the female character. We find, however, that this is not the case; and that women are often treated in books with the most sovereign contempt by the most elegant writers. An English author, distinguished for the elegance and the politeness of his manners, while he acknowledges the influence of the fair sex, and inculcates the necessity of gaining their good graces by every man who wishes to advance in the road of ambition, at the same time talks of women in general as beings of an inferior order. He does not scruple to call them 'children of a larger growth,' and to

say, that he never knew one woman capable of reasoning or of acting consequentially for four-and-twenty hours together.

It is not my intention at present to enter the lists with the Earl of Chesterfield. I flatter myself it is an unnecessary task, and that few of my readers require any other argument than their own feelings and observation, to be satisfied of the injustice of his Lordship's invective against the loveliest part of the creation, 'the last, best work of Heaven.'

This injustice of our sex towards the other, often arises from a want of duly considering the different conditions of each. The law in some instances considers women in a state of pupillage—and they frequently may be reckoned so in conduct. They are necessarily under the tutelage of circumstances and of situation, governed by the decorum of sex, by the forms of the world. If we picture to ourselves a woman divested of that pliability of mind, firm in resolve, unskaken in conduct, unmoved by the delicacies of situation, by the fashions of the times, by the fear even of common-place obloquy, or of flip-pant censure; in the delineation of such a character, we immediately change the idea of the sex, and, like the son of Peleus discovered amidst the daughters of Lycodemes, we see under the form of woman the virtues and qualities of a man.

There is one particular in which we hear the sex daily blamed, and in which their conduct has afforded matter for much severe censure; I mean, a predilection they are supposed to bear to frivolous men, possessing no one valuable talent, no one quality sufficient to procure either respect or esteem. In this, as in other things, I am inclined to believe, that it is not always in the freedom of choice, but in that vassalage of situation and circumstances which I mentioned, that their society is formed. But were I

even to admit that women are apt to prefer the society of men of light and showy parts to that of men of more cultivated minds; I cannot, for my part, allow, that they merit all the obloquy that has been thrown upon them on that account.

There is in the female character a fear of offending, a self-diffidence, a delicate sense of propriety, which renders a woman unhappy when she says or does, or thinks she has said or done, a thing not perfectly as it ought to have been. A quick perception, and a delicate sensibility, render her feelingly alive to the opinions of those around her. Hence proceeds that modest shyness, that bewitching softness, the most attractive charm which Heaven has bestowed on womankind. Afraid of an inferiority, a woman of sensibility feels a certain degree of uneasiness in the company of men of high ability and profound learning. Diffident of being able to converse with such men on equal terms, she fancies she is contemned by them; she feels a disagreeable restraint in their presence, from which she is glad to be relieved, and to find herself in a circle where, though she may meet with less genius, less knowledge, and less wit, she is more upon a footing with those around her, and less afraid of betraying any defect in herself.

Perhaps, too, men possessed of uncommon talents and great genius, are apt to trust too much to their intrinsic merit, and to despise, as beneath their regard, those graces and accomplishments, the sole end of which is to render a man agreeable in society. As gold, without being highly polished, will always be valued, they seem to think they may rest secure upon their sterling merit, as sufficient to procure them the esteem and consideration of mankind. How many men of genius and of knowledge could we name, whose manners are disgusting, and to whom

nothing could reconcile us but a consciousness of their superiority in the higher endowments of the mind! A Locke or a Newton may be very unpleasing companions, and may be deficient in every quality requisite to render a man agreeable in the common intercourse of life. But the same quick and delicate perception which gives pain to a woman when she imagines she herself has been guilty of any impropriety in behaviour or in manner, leads her to observe with attention the manners of others, to be charmed with the ease, the elegance, the politeness, of a well-bred man, and to be disgusted with the first appearance of any thing harsh, vulgar, or illiberal.

It may also be observed, that there is something in the female mind which delights more in the beautiful than the sublime, more in the amiable than the splendid, more in what engages and captivates, than in what awes with its grandeur or astonishes with its vastness. A woman must be masculine to a certain degree before she can prefer Homer to Virgil, Milton to Tasso, and Shakespeare to Metastasio, or the bold strokes of Michael Angelo to the graceful touches of Guido. May not the same softness and delicacy dispose her to prefer those gentle manners and amiable qualities which adorn private and domestic scenes, to the more splendid talents which fit a man to shine in public life, in the senate, or in the field, to those which qualify him to instruct and inform mankind by philosophical inquiry or deep investigation?

In this, as in every thing else, we have reason to admire the wisdom and benevolence of the Author of nature. It falls to the lot of a very small portion of the human race, to possess those talents which enable a man 'to read his history in a nation's eyes.' Were the regard, the esteem, the confidence of the

women, confined to such alone, the bulk of mankind would be deprived of the best, the purest source of happiness which this world affords. What enjoyment can be compared with the felicity flowing from an union with a virtuous woman, who pours out her soul into the bosom of him she loves, who reposes in him with unbounded confidence, and whose great object of ambition it is to soften every care, to alleviate every calamity? What object can be more beautiful, or more engaging, than such a woman in the midst of her family, diffusing happiness on all around her? There, to use the words of the eloquent Rousseau. 'Son empire est un empire de douceur, d'adresse, et de complaisance; ses ordres sont des caresses, ses menaces sont des pleurs.'

Considerable use, however, might be made of the difference, in disposition, in feeling, and in situation, between the sexes, if, in their intercourse with one another, those qualities which are most estimable in each were allowed their influence in a beneficial, not an extravagant degree. Were the men to derive from the society of the women gentleness, complaisance, sensibility; were the women to borrow from that of the men steadiness, deliberation, and fortitude; characters might be formed not less amiable than useful, not less engaging than enlightened. Wisdom would no longer be accused of severity, nor sprightliness censured for levity. Virtue would assume her most winning as well as her most respectable form; and many votaries would be fixed by her smiles, whom her precepts had been unable to retain.

M

No. 24. SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1785.

Dūs ille adversis genitus, fatoque sinistro.

JUV. SAT. X. 129.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ I AM one of that class of men called Valetudinarians, people whose ordinary state of health is sickness, and who are never well enough to live without the aid of a physician. My father, who was a cadet of a family of quality, died of old age at thirty-four. I was born in the seventh month, and passed the first three years of my life in a basket lined with cotton, which was carefully placed by the fire-side of my mother's bed-chamber, and carried with great caution round the room once a day for the sake of exercise. In my fourth year I was allowed to breathe the fresh air in the arms of my nurse ; and by the time I had reached my seventh, was able to walk round the parlour by the aid of a go-cart. But to record minutely the transactions of my infancy is not to my present purpose. Suffice it to say, that by the care of the excellent parent I have mentioned, and the power of medicine, I attained to the age of thirty-five ; and, bating my asthma and a nervous atrophy, enjoyed, thank God, a very tolerable state of health. At this unlucky period, death deprived me of the best of mothers, and left me a helpless orphan with a fortune of 20,000*l*.

“ Among the gentlemen of the faculty, whom, from an unhappy constitution, it was necessary to keep in constant pay, there was one whose attentions seemed to partake so much of personal at-

tachment, that I resolved to retain him in my house by a fixed salary. Dr. Doddipoll was a valetudinary like myself; and I had always experienced from him that tender condolence which the distressed feel for each other. His skill was very great; and he had at the same time so little of the quackery of his profession, that he openly derided all pretensions to mystery, and plainly declared, that he regarded his brethren of the faculty as solemn impostors. The long studies preparatory to this profession, and the extensive learning supposed to be necessary to attain a knowledge of its doctrines, he treated with the utmost ridicule. I have often heard him say, that he would engage to communicate the whole science of medicine to any person of common intellects in a couple of hours. My friend Doddipoll held but one maxim in physic, which was that all diseases have their seat in the stomach, and proceed either from too great a richness and viscosity, or an extreme thinness of the gastric juices. The former was to be corrected by the use of attenuating food, the latter by that which is more nutritive. To the former class he referred my case; as it was evident, he said, from the thinness of my legs and the paleness of my complexion, that the juices were too thick to circulate freely through the minute lymphatics, and thus the parts were deprived of their due nourishment. His own case he decided to belong to the contrary class, as was apparent from the unwieldy size of his legs and belly, and the scurvy in his face. The thinness of the juices gave rise to a superabundant secretion, which distended all the vessels, occasioned too great a determination of blood to the head, and swelled the whole body. His regimen and mine were therefore totally opposite. To attenuate my juices, I was fed chiefly on skim-milk, panada, and vegetables; while Dod-

dipoll, to correct the tenuity of his fluids; was restricted to beef and pudding, turkey and chine, &c. a tankard of mild ale, and a bottle of old claret. You will forgive my use of medical terms, Mr. LOUNGER; they are, strictly speaking, my mother-tongue, and I cannot easily express myself without them.

“ My family consisted at this time, besides the doctor and myself, of my man-servant Peter, and my maid Betty, two honest and faithful domestics; and I may say, with great truth, there never was a better regulated or more orderly household. It was Peter’s province to rub me down in the morning with the flesh-brush, to make my water-dock tea, to attend me at noon with the dumb-bells, and measure out my hour of exercise, make up my electuaries, cook my sago and panada, boil my water-gruel and white-wine whey, air my flannel-shirt, and put me to bed. Betty’s services were chiefly dedicated to my worthy friend the Doctor, who always gave her the commendation of an excellent and discreet young woman, and perfectly acquainted with all the duties of a handmaid.

“ Such, Sir, was the course of my life, during those which may be termed my halcyon days; when—ah, the inconstancy of human affairs!—my friend, my companion, my Æsculapius, was carried off by a fit of apoplexy. The poor Doctor—how shall I describe the melancholy scene! A fillet of veal stood upon the table; it was stuffed, which was his favourite way of dressing it. He looked at it for some time, muttered something about butter and oranges, fell back in his chair, and expired.

ALAS, POOR DODDIPPOOL!

“ On this melancholy occasion, I had many consolatory visits from my friends and relations. Among

these last, I was much struck with the tender sympathy of one of my female cousins, the Honourable Miss Angelica Tempest. This lady though past her bloom, had still the appearance of a fine woman. Though she had no fortune, having had an excellent education, she wanted none of the accomplishments of a lady of fashion. But what struck me most in her character was the sensibility of her disposition, and that affectionate concern she showed for all sorts of distresses. She would often sit by me for hours, listen to my complaints with the most sympathising attention, and inquire into their particular symptoms with the tenderness of a sister, and the solicitude of a sick nurse. To cut the matter short, Sir, she so far won upon me, that in an evil hour, and tempted I believe by the devil, I threw myself at her feet, and proposed marriage. She did not disdain my suit; and after a reasonable time for the adjustment of all punctiliœs, we became man and wife.

“ For the first week all went smoothly enough; but at the end of that period I began to perceive a rising spirit of innovation, which gave me some disquiet. I had made my account with some changes, as the family-establishment which was suitable to my bachelor state might be thought too contracted for that into which I had now entered. I therefore readily enough acquiesced in the proposal of hiring a larger house, and adding two to the number of our domestics; but it was with much concern I learned that the reform was to be begun by the dismissal of the trusty Peter and the discreet Mrs. Betty. It was in vain I urged the merits of both, their long services, and perfect acquaintance with the complicated system of my poor constitution, its wants, and its regimen. My wife declared, that to attend to these was no less her duty than her pleasure, and that, while she lived, no other hands than her own should touch

the body of her dearest lord. It was, however, very soon perceived, that in this she had undertaken a task more laborious than she was aware of. The exercise of the flesh-brush was found so fatiguing, that on the third morning, in pure compassion to her, I proposed to make trial of one of our new footmen. This rascal, who seemed endowed with the strength of Hercules, began as if he had been currying a centaur, and actually dislocated my shoulder at the first experiment.

“During a painful confinement to my chair, which was the consequence of this unlucky accident, it was not unnatural to have expected that my wife, who was so remarkable for the tender feelings, would have exercised her utmost assiduity in administering consolation under a disaster, of which it was plain she had been the cause. But what, Sir, was the method she took to comfort me? Why, by endeavouring to persuade me that there was nothing the matter with me. She had the cruelty to tell me, that I had no other disease than vapours; and undertook, with equal folly and presumption, that she would completely cure me in the space of a month. A pragmatistical coxcomb of a physician, who now supplied the place of my late worthy friend, declared my wife’s notion of my disorder to be altogether just, and concurred with her in opinion as to the method of cure. Moderate exercise was ordered for bracing my nerves, and company and amusements were prescribed for keeping up my spirits.

“For these purposes the chariot was ordered to attend every morning immediately after breakfast; and for the benefit of air and exercise, I was rattled for four hours upon the stones, through a tour of twenty visits, and the complete circuit of all the mercers’ and milliners’ shops in town. My dearest contrived to have a select company of a few friends to dine

with us every day, and a small whist-party in the evening, except on Monday, which was our private concert, and every second Thursday, when she had a route of six tables. Once a week I was conveyed to the play, and had the pleasure of seeing the Siddons, at the repeated hazard of suffocation; but here, I own, it alleviated my feelings to observe the greatest part of the audience undergoing, without compulsion, apparently the same agonies with myself.

“ I always delighted, Sir, in tranquillity. Judge, therefore, of my mortification, in now finding that my life was destined to be one continued scene of tumult and turmoil. We are informed, that in the days of witchcraft, when it was the misfortune of any old woman to incur that imputation, it was customary with her accusers to prevent her intercourse with the devil, which was supposed to be chiefly during sleep, by keeping her continually awake. My wife, Sir, seems to hold some opinions very analogous to that now mentioned. Apprehending a state of quiet to be of the worst consequences to my disorder, it is her constant study to guard against and prevent it by every possible means. As, with all her industry to find employment for the day, there must be some few moments unoccupied, she has provided several domestic companions of such of the animal tribes as are most averse to rest and silence. We have three dogs, who wage eternal warfare with as many cats. A parrot is suspended in the stair-case, a magpie in the anti-chamber, and six Canary birds in the parlour. A monkey, I am informed, has been commissioned, and is actually upon the road; but this additional curse I believe I shall effectually prevent, having taken measures to have him waylaid and assassinated.

“ But these are the least of my grievances. I must now inform you of somewhat more serious. I have

of late but too good reason to believe, that my loving spouse has actually formed a plot against my life. Exercise, Sir, and change of air, have been the pretence for frequent expeditions to the country with one or two friends, which she calls parties of pleasure, but which I have generally found to end in some cursed disaster, which has gone near to be my death. I have been twice caught in a thunder-storm on horse back, thrice in a hurricane upon the water, four times broke down in a carriage, and the last time compelled to ride ten miles in the night-air upon a hard trotting coach-horse. I understand it is now resolved by the advice of the family-physician above-mentioned, to set out in a few days hence upon a tour through the north of England, and in our way to make trial of the mineral waters of Buxton, Matlock, or Harrowgate. What may be the issue of this expedition, is hid in the womb of fate. The design of it, however, is sufficiently apparent; and I cannot help regarding it as intended for my *coup de grace*. If I survive it, you may once again hear from me; if not, you may perhaps bestow a tear on the memory of the ill-fated

“ JEREMIAH DY-SOON.”

No. 25. SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1785.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,
 “ THOUGH I presume, from your account of yourself, that you occasionally visit the theatre, and go there like your friend Colonel Caustic, to see the play

as well as the company ; I do not observe that you have yet favoured us with any remarks on the entertainments of the stage. This I regard in a manner as part of your duty. Whatever has so powerful an effect in forming the manners as the theatre, falls properly within the department of one who wishes to mark their progress. Even as a mere amusement, that which occupies so great a space in the time of the idle, should attract the notice of the LOUNGER. The field, you know, Sir, is wide : for even in the best of our English pieces there is great room for improvement, and much to be found fault with. The Fair Penitent, for example, which stands high in the list, is in many respects imperfect, if not reprehensible ; which censure that I may justify, as also to take a share in the labour which I exhort you to, let me attempt to shew wherein it is that the piece is chiefly defective.

“ For this purpose, we must first direct our attention to the characters ; which are by no means such as to support or promote the interest of the situation. The heroine herself is very far from being an amiable or unexceptionable lady. Her slight pretensions to the title of Penitent have often been remarked ; and indeed the whole style of her character, exclusive of the objections that lie against it in a moral view, is of that fierce, unbending, and unfeminine sort, which we cannot easily pity in misfortune or forgive in error. For the weakness and the guilt of her love, she has not that apology which some unfortunate females derive from the bewitching qualities of their seducers. The object of her passion is a vain, a profligate, and undisguised libertine, whose treatment of her had been so utterly base and unmanly, as even to make her dread that the secret of her favours might not be safely lodged with him. The ‘ fineness of his form,’ is the only attractive

quality we perceive about him ; a motive to love which sinks the lady equally in our estimation of her virtue, and in our opinion of her understanding.

“ If such is the impression that Calista makes on her first appearance, her conduct in the course of the piece by no means removes it. Her behaviour to Horatio, when he intimates his suspicions of her guilty correspondence, and holds up to her her own letter in support of the charge, is the very height of effrontery ; as, indeed, the attempt which follows, to turn the sword of her injured husband against the bosom of his best friend, because he had detected her falsehood, is a stroke of wickedness, for it deserves no gentler name, which deprives her of all title to sympathy. We remain accordingly, till the beginning of the fifth act, almost indifferent about her fate ; or perhaps we rather enjoy her difficulties and embarrassments. Then, indeed, after her shame has been divulged ; when the object of her guilty flame is now no more ; when she is set before us, forsaken of every friend, and without prospect of peace but in the grave ; when now the stormy passions that had transported her, having subsided, are followed by settled sorrow ; and her haughty soul, bowed down by misfortunes, at length submits to own that she had done amiss, to entreat forgiveness, and to be grateful for a little tenderness : in these circumstances our tears begin to take her part, as they would that of any object, however undeserving, reduced to so wretched a situation, and throwing herself entirely on our pity. The scene between her and Altamont, where she makes confession of her own demerit, and prays for a companion to him more deserving of his virtues, is interesting : and still more so that which precedes it between her and Sciolto ; which is, indeed, by far the best in the play. We should mistake, however, in attributing its effect to

our interest in Calista ; for the venerable good old man has by much the greatest share in it ; whose affection for his child, contending with his rigid sense of honour, forms a spectacle that draws at once our admiration and our love. Sciolto, indeed, is the most interesting, as well as most respectable person of the drama ; his situation, his character, and his feelings, equally inspire our reverence for his virtue, and our pity for his misfortunes.

“ If the character of Calista offend us by its fierceness, that of Altamont disgusts us by its insignificance. Of him we know little more than this, which is far from being enough, that he is an ardent admirer of Calista. We are told, indeed, by the other persons of the piece, that he is ‘ an excellent young man,’ and inherits all his father’s virtues. But these encomiums by his friends make him no favourite with the spectator, who knows nothing of his father, and is attached only by what he himself sees, and observes, and finds reason for ; not by what he hears related, or is desired to believe. Now, what of Altamont is presented, is boyish, silly, and extravagant ; we neither sympathize with his joy for the acquisition, nor in his despair for the loss, of a mistress who receives his adoration with such indifference, and yields him her hand with such unwillingness. We feel the meanness as well as indelicacy of his situation, and are tempted to despise him for accepting a bride on such mortifying conditions.

“ When love, as in the case of Altamont, is the only prominent part of a character, its object should be rendered worthy of its ardour. Neither for Altamont’s affection for Calista, nor Calista’s for Lothario, has the poet furnished such an apology. The first is mean, though it may be honest ; the last is nearly as contemptible, and much less pure ; here it is silly, there it is criminal.

“ Horatio’s character is of a better stamp : but he is not a principal in the action. At the same time, the behaviour of this ‘ far-famed friend of noble Altamont,’ is not in every instance just what we expect of him ; especially in the first meeting between him and that unfortunate youth, after the full discovery of Calista’s guilt : on which occasion, instead of considering the bitter disappointment his young friend had met with, and preventing him by an unsolicited forgiveness, which is what we look for from the calm and generous temper of Horatio ; he abuses and reviles him with all the sharpness of an enemy, and can hardly be won to forget his offence.

“ There is one other person of the drama, whom we had almost forgot to take notice of ; a lady too ; Lavinia, the spouse of Horatio ; a very deserving person doubtless, as well as her brother Altamont, but withal extremely insipid ; and so much the less allowed for, that she is quite unnecessary ; her presence serving only to introduce two dull scenes of conjugal endearment between her and husband.

“ The conduct of the piece, though by no means so exceptionable as the manners, is not without a fault. We may observe of many English plays, and some of these among the best in the language, Mr. Home’s Douglas, for example, that they are languid towards the conclusion, owing to the inability of the poet to suspend the unravelling of his story ; or, as the poet will tell us, owing to the arbitrary rule which prescribes, that a tragedy shall not consist of fewer acts than five ; to comply with which, he is obliged either to continue the story beyond its natural and proper term, or else to swell the piece with artificial scenes, that contribute little to heighten our interest, or to advance the action. The embarrassment of this rule has been felt by the author of *The Fair Penitent*. After the death of Lothario, which

happens as early as the beginning of the fourth act, he is evidently at a loss to fill up the remainder of the play, and not a little puzzled how to keep the heroine alive till the end of it. This was indeed no small difficulty; as it is not easy to imagine what should restrain so proud and violent a personage one moment from escaping despair and infamy, and setting herself at liberty, after 'the broad shame' of her discovery with Lothario. Mr. Rowe seems by no means successful in the attempt. Soon after Lothario's fall, we are informed that a tumult has arisen in consequence of it among the partizans of that young nobleman, and that Sciolto's palace is attacked. The old man goes forth to repel their violence: the event we are never told of; but we must suppose it favourable, as he afterwards appears in safety. Horatio is in like manner assaulted in the streets: but this scuffle produces not, more than the former, any consequence whatever; if it be not, that Lavinia comes forward to distress us with her alarms about the safety of her lord. We are next presented with the long superfluous scene of reconciliation between him and Altamont. Follows, in the beginning of the fifth act, the spectacle of Lothario's dead body, with the music, the book, the bones, and the black hangings; by what means so furnished out, or for what service intended, it is not easy to discover. And in the end, Sciolto, who had given orders to have his gates well guarded, and had summoned his friends to attend him in his palace, having, against all probability, stolen out alone and unattended, on some errand unknown to any body, receives his death by means which we have not seen prepared, and in a manner which we do not understand. It is this circumstance that determines Calista's resolution; for though there had before this been much talking about death, and a great deal of preparation for it, still she

had unaccountably delayed the execution of a purpose, which she had from the beginning prepared us to expect whenever her guilt should be discovered; and which the desperate and horrid circumstances attending the discovery should have confirmed and accelerated. Thus, in the middle of the fourth act, a new spring of movement is brought into play; and the action is afterwards forced on, not by the passions of the principal personages, which had till then advanced it, and which alone ought to do that duty, but by the party-zeal of, we know not who, Lothario's friends; a power which we may suppose, if we please, but which we feel ourselves under no manner of necessity to suppose. Further, the death of Sciolto is not well interwoven with that fresh thread, detached from the texture of the piece as it is, but figures as a mere accident; insomuch that we are almost equally surprized on being told of it, as if we were to hear that he had dropped down in a fit of apoplexy.

“ With all this, the play has beauties that must be relished by every reader of taste. It is particularly eminent for elegance and richness of expression throughout. The descriptions with which it abounds are equal to any in the language. And the subordinate degrees of all the passions, especially the amiable, are touched for the most part both with spirit and with delicacy. The high pathetic, however, is not any where to be met with in it, if we except one stroke, in the scene already taken notice of between Calista and her father. We must particularly remark the want of genuine pathos in Calista's noted soliloquy at the beginning of the fifth act, where that lady is by far too much mistress of herself, and discourses in a style very foreign to her circumstances: instead of being lost in the thoughts of her situation, she remarks on the scene, as a spec-

tator might, that here is ample room for meditation. She tries the book, and descants upon the vanity of its precepts: she listens to the music, and approves the style of it: she expatiates on the pageantry of the death's head and bones; while the corpse of the loved youth who had wrought all her troubles is noticed in fewer words than are bestowed on any of the other topics; and these words only an exclamation at the ghastliness of its appearance. This composure and unconcern are by no means what we look for from the ardent spirit of Calista, sitting at midnight by the dead body of her 'dear betrayer.' She had loved Lothario with passion; and her fondness for him had confessedly a little while ago full possession of her breast. Only a few hours have passed since he was slaughtered in her presence. His faults are now expiated in his blood. She is a woman, not a Cato; and she had hitherto been represented as of a violent temper, rather than firm: so that we now indulge in the full hope to hear the genuine voice of grief and despair uttering not a single word but what immediately relates to her situation, and is suggested by it. It is not enough that she tell us, the mind may here burst with thinking, and that she is full of anguish which no discipline can cure; nor that she feed the phrensy of her soul with solemn sounds, and invoke the infernal gods to match the horror around her. A thousand such fanciful exclamations express not truly any distress. They are not the language of anguish, which dwells, like every other strong feeling, steadily on its object, and is occupied with that alone, and not with talking of itself. It is the very griefs of Calista, the sources of pain opened afresh by the sight of Lothario, as he there lies,—compassion for his fate,—revived affection for his person,—the present scene compared with their stolen interview of love,—the desolation she has

spread around her,—her despair of relief;—these are the subjects we expect to see pursuing one another in her thoughts: and till these appear, say Calista what she may about her agonies, we are neither disposed to believe nor to pity them. Yours, &c.

“ THEATRICUS.”

To show that I take in good part the suggestion of my correspondent at the beginning of his letter, I will add to his observations on the tragedy in question a few lines, to inform him that I was one of the audience who attended its representation some evenings ago, and received that very high entertainment which the performance of Mrs. Siddons always affords. Amidst the defects which Theatricus very justly remarks in the character of Calista, there is, however, a variety of high and stormy passion, which gives scope to the astonishing powers of this incomparable actress. These she displayed so forcibly, that some who had not investigated the character so closely as my correspondent, thought ‘ she o’erstepp’d the modesty of nature in the force and whirlwind of her passion.’ But let it be remembered, that Calista is a woman haughty and impetuous in the highest degree, and that the defence of guilt is always loud in proportion as it is hollow. In this, indeed, lay the admirable art with which she played the scene with Horatio; she rose in violence as the accusation was pressed upon her, and met his reproof and admonition with the fierceness of resentment and of pride, struggling with the anguish of guilt and of shame. Nor did she fail to give the poet, as is usual with her, some merit not his own, by infusing into the latter part of the play that tenderness of which she knows so well

how to unlock the springs. In the last interview with her father particularly, and in her dying speech to Altamont, she conveyed this impression so strongly, that we quite forgot the blame which our justice should have laid upon Calista, and our tears flowed for her misfortunes with all the interest of compassion, and all the consciousness of virtue.

But the language of encomium is so familiar to this lady, that it were trite to continue it. In recalling her performance, I tried a much more difficult task, to remember some defect. One trifling error I imagined I discovered. In marking the sentiments of contempt and insolence, she sometimes used a voice, and assumed a countenance, rather of too familiar a kind. When she uttered the following lines,

- ‘ And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous’—
 ‘ Is this the famous friend of Altamont?
 — a tale-bearing officious fellow?’
 ‘ Who guiltless dies because her fool run mad.’—

And the evening before, in Lady Macbeth,—

- ‘ Was the Hope drunk
 In which you dress’d yourself?—
 Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*
 Like the old cat i’ the adage.’

Methought in her speaking of such passages, there was a tone and look more allied to the Comic than the Tragic Muse, and hardly dignified enough for the importance of the situation, or the high feeling of the moment in which they were pronounced. It was an observation of some of the great French actors upon Garrick, that he spoke admirably well the language of passion, but not quite as a hero would speak it. Though one might trace something of the costume of Paris in this remark, yet undoubtedly there is a form which passion puts on, different

in different situations. Perhaps, too, there is a certain deception in our ideas of what the station or character of the person should impress upon his feelings, which the very truth and genuine colour of nature may sometimes offend. We have all our prejudices, like Partridge, though they may not be altogether so simple. It is very seldom, however, that we have any room for a complaint of this sort. It is only in a Garrick or a Siddons that nature presses so close on us, that she 'galls our kibe.'

Z

No. 26. SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1785.

I HAVE observed, that the authors of former periodical publications have commonly given some account of their life and situation in the world. Hitherto, 'for certain good causes and considerations,' I have been very sparing in these particulars. Stepping the other day into a box in the play-house, I was very much entertained with overhearing part of a conversation between two young ladies. I found they had been talking about the LOUNGER; and at the time I chanced to come in, they were disputing whether the author was a married or an unmarried man. 'I don't trust much,' said one of the young ladies, 'to his own hint in a late paper; authors I know take liberties that way: but he certainly must be a bachelor; for had he been married, he would before now have told us something about his wife and children.' — 'No,' says the other, 'he has certainly a wife, and children too, I believe, otherwise he could not have

described domestic situations so well as he does; he could not—' Here she mentioned some of my papers in a style which it would not be proper for me to repeat. The two ladies at last agreed to refer their dispute to an elderly lady, Mrs. B., who sat by them. ' My dear,' said Mrs. B., addressing herself to the young lady next her, ' if he is not married, he certainly ought to be.'

I am sorry that for the present I must leave this matter in the same uncertainty in which Mrs. B. has left it; possibly at some other time I may clear up the point, and amuse my readers with some other incidents in my life.

Meanwhile it is to my present purpose to observe, that, whether a married man or a bachelor, there is nothing in either of these situations which can incapacitate me from carrying on my present undertaking. In the course of my observations, I have had occasion to remark, that there are Loungers in all situations; some with a wife and family at home, and others who, when they leave their house, may put the key in their pocket, all their friends and acquaintance being without doors.

I remember a story of two gentlemen who were very fond of the game of backgammon; and being both excellent players, and nearly a match for each other, seldom met but they fell to it with great keenness. One evening they encountered at a coffee-house, and continued playing during the whole course of the night. The saunterers in the coffee-room, who were numerous when they first began, had all dropped off. One man only continued to sit by them, and had his eye fixed the whole time with a steady look on the backgammon-table. A nice point in the game having occurred, and the players being unable to settle it, were likely to get into some heat. It was agreed to refer the dispute to the gen-

tleman looker-on. The appeal, therefore, being made to him, he told them he could not determine it, for he knew nothing at all about the game. — ‘What, sit here all night, and know nothing of the game!’—‘Yes! I have a wife at home.’

Though from this story, and from a variety of observations of my own, I have no doubt that there are many Loungers among the married men, which may be accounted for from a variety of reasons; yet, as far as I can discover, the number of Loungers among the bachelors greatly exceeds those among the other class. Whoever walks the streets of this populous city, will see a number of bachelor Loungers prowling wherever he goes.

At the very moment in which I write this, I see passing by the window of the little parlour where I sit, Captain N., a Lounger of this denomination. Thirty years ago, I am told, the Captain was one of the gayest and most fashionable men in town. He entered early into the army; but an indolent disposition, and a little parliamentary interest, which he had by accident acquired, induced him to give up all prospects of rising in his profession, and content himself with the office of deputy-governor of a garrison, with a tolerable though not large appointment.

The Captain's garrison not requiring his residence he fixed his habitation in this city, where he has since continued. He was then about thirty-five years of age, with a good appearance, good temper, good spirits, attentive to his dress, and circumspect in his conduct. The Captain sung a good song; and, when occasion required, could swallow a sufficient quantity of liquor. He had sense enough never to say any thing that was foolish, and understanding enough to make himself pass for having more understanding than he had. He took care ne-

ver to offend ; and, while he was always pleased with holding a second place in any company he was in, he never created envy or disquiet by aiming at the first. The Captain was no party-man, having made an observation, that there were as good dinners among the Whigs as among the Tories.

With these qualifications, about thirty years ago, Captain N. was a welcome guest at every table in town. He filled up a place with a most becoming propriety ; and while he never diminished the pleasure of any company, he most commonly added to its enjoyment. His mornings were spent in paying visits : and though he might now and then disturb the family-economy of a Mrs. Careful *, and interrupt her instructions to her daughters ; yet there were so many persons as idle as himself, that he could easily contrive so to bestow his visits as to have them received with a welcome face. These visits were sure to produce some future dinners, and these future dinners ended in as many suppers.

Thirty years have made a great change in poor N.'s situation. He is no longer the gay-looking fashionable man he was ; his legs are shrivelled ; his face bears upon it the marks of bumpers ; his voice is broken, and the whole man has the appearance of a superannuated beau.

The tables where he used to dine and to sup are no longer open to receive him. Death has removed some of his friends, change of residence others ; in some places his chair is occupied by younger men, and in others it is occupied by nobody at all. Poor N. dares no longer offer his hand to conduct a young lady through the crowd in an assembly-room, lest the lady should show a desire to be conducted by some younger beau. He is no longer invited to dine

* Vide No. 8.

with my Lady Rumpus, that he may attend her to the theatre, My Lady having bespoke some other attendant; and he is no longer *croupier* at Lord E.'s, his place being there filled up by Tom Toastwell.

In this situation, the Captain is frequently obliged to go home and dine by himself on a cold chicken; or he is forced to spend his evenings in the coffee-house, amidst the hubbub of waiters, and the hum of coffee-house politicians, over a bit of toasted cheese and a can of punch, because he is afraid of the solitariness and want of stir in his own home.

At a dancing-school ball, where I happened to be not long ago, I was struck with the solitary figure of Captain N. looking demure, and stuck up in a corner. It attracted my attention the more, from the circumstance of observing, not far from him, my friend Mr. H. This gentleman is a Lounger, like Mr. N., and with fewer abilities to support the character. He possesses, however, a good plain understanding, which nobody can despise, and nobody envies, and obtains the good will and regard of all his companions and acquaintance, by an honest openness of disposition and a social warmth of heart. He married early in life a lady agreeable in her person, though not a beauty; possessed of good understanding, though not a wit; and endowed with very amiable dispositions. By her he has a family of very fine children, for the purpose of whose education he now lives in town, and only visits his paternal estate now and then to superintend its management, in which he is reckoned very skilful. H. saunters like N., but he has that easy good-humoured look, that results from his being independent of the idlers around him; from whom, if he should tire of them, his house is open to receive him. His house is not splendid, but he contrives to make it hospitable;

and the happiness of the family-scene which his guests now and then witness, gives him a certain rank, a certain respectability in life, which neither the abilities nor the accommodating complaisance of N. could ever procure him. At that same ball I mentioned, it would have done one's heart good to have seen how Mr. H.'s eyes glistened, when he saw two of his daughters make a most elegant appearance in a cotillon, and heard every one around the place where he and Mrs. H. were seated, asking whose pretty children these were. He led them out of the room himself, and was particularly careful that they should be protected from the cold air in getting out. I went away at the same time; and we left poor N. in his corner, with the same grave face as ever, seemingly weary of being there, but afraid to go home.

After all, N.'s fate is a hard one; for on the whole he has many good qualities, which might have been put to a very good account. What is worst, he is now sensible of this himself. I knew not whether to smile or to cry, when, the other day, I heard him say, he was now growing old; but one comfort he had, that die when he would, he would not leave one sad heart behind him on that account.—‘I shall slip out of the world,’ said he, ‘without being missed.’

S

No. 27. SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1785.

*Maxima pars vatum, pater, et juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur specie recti.—* HOR. ARS POET. 24.

IN forming the minds and regulating the conduct of men, nothing seems to be of greater importance than a proper system of what may termed domestic morality ; the science of those relative duties, which do not apply only to particular situations, to large fortunes, to exalted rank, to extensive influence, but which constitute that part and character in life which almost every one is called to perform.

Of all above the lower ranks, of all who claim the station or the feelings of a gentleman, the knowledge of this science is either inculcated by family-precept and example, or is endeavoured to be instilled by reading. In the latter case, the works made use of for that purpose are either purely didactic, which speak the language of authoritative wisdom ; historical, which hold forth the example of past events to the judgement ; or they are of that sort which are calculated to mould the heart and the manners through the medium of the imagination. Of this last class, the principal are stories or novels, and theatrical compositions. On the subject of novels, I have in a former paper delivered a few general remarks, calculated to ascertain their moral tendency. In this I propose extending my consideration to dramatic writing ; and, as it is nearest to the novel, at least to that species which I principally considered in the paper alluded to, I shall begin with a similar examination of tragedy.

The engines which tragedy professes to use for

moral instruction are the passions. The father of dramatic criticism has told us, that tragedy 'purges the passions by exciting them:' a proposition, which, from its short apophthegmatical form, is subject to considerable obscurity. A modern writer, in his defence of tragedy as a moral exhibition, explains its meaning, by the analogy of the Spartan custom of making their slaves drunk, and showing them in that beastly state to their children, in order to inspire a detestation for the vice of intemperance. But if this is to furnish us with an illustration of Aristotle's assertion, I am afraid it will not aid the cause of tragedy as a school of morals. It was from the previous contempt of the rank and manners of the drunkard, that the Spartan boy was to form his estimate of drunkenness. The vice of a slave could hardly fail to disgust him. But had they shown him the vice itself, how loathsome and degrading soever in its own nature, in a person of superior respect and estimation, what would have been the consequence? The fairest answer may be drawn from the experience of those countries where freemen get drunk, where senators and leaders of armies are sometimes intoxicated. The youths who behold these examples the oftenest are not the least liable to follow them. I am afraid it is even so with tragedy. Scenes presenting passions and vices, round which the poet throws the veil of magnanimity, which he decorates with the pomp of verse, with the splendour of eloquence, familiarize the mind to their appearance, and take from it that natural disgust which the crimes, presented in their native form, would certainly excite. Cruelty, revenge, and murder, are often the attributes of the hero; for he must always be the hero on whom the principal stress of the action lies. What punishment awaits, or what misfortunes attend his crimes, is little

to the purpose; if the villain is the prominent figure of the piece, he will be the hero of the tragedy, as the robber, though he is about to be hanged, is the hero of the trial or the execution. But even of the nobler characters, does not the morality of sentiment often yield to the immorality of situation? Treachery is often the fruit of wisdom and of resolution; murder, an exertion of valour; and suicide, the resource of virtuous affliction. It will be remembered, that it is not so much from what the hero says, as from what he does, that an impression is drawn. The repentant lines which Cato speaks when he is dying are never regarded. It is the dagger only we remember, that dagger by which he escaped from chains, and purchased immortality.

But the leading passion of modern tragedy is one to which Aristotle could scarce have meant his rule to apply; because in ancient tragedy it was almost unknown. The passion I allude to is love. The manners and society of modern times necessarily led to this change in the drama. For the observation which some authors have made is perfectly just, that the sentiments of the stage will always be such as are flattering, rather than corrective of national manners and national failings; superstition in Greece, gallantry in France, freedom and courage in England. In every popular exhibition this must be the case. Even the sacredness and authority of the pulpit is not exempted from its influence. In polite chapels, preachers exhort to morality: in crowded churches of less fashionable people, they enlarge on doctrinal subjects, on faith and sanctification. But the very existence of the stage depends on that public opinion which is not to reform but to conciliate: and Dr. Johnson's expression is not the less true for its quaintness;

'They that live to please, must please to live.'

To this necessary conformity to the manners of the audience is owing the introduction of love into almost all our dramatic compositions ; and those, as might be expected, are most in favour with the young, where this passion is allowed the most extensive influence and the most unlimited power. It was this which, when it was the fashion for genteel people to pay attention to tragedies, drew such audiences to Lee's *Theodosius*, and to Dryden's *Anthony and Cleopatra*, where the length of the speeches, and the thinness of the incidents, would have been as tiresome to them as a sermon, had it not been for a tenderness and an extravagance of that passion, which every girl thought she could feel, and believed she could understand. The moral consequences of such a drama it is unnecessary to question. Even where this passion is purified and refined to its utmost degree, it may be fairly held, that every species of composition, whether narrative or dramatic, which places the only felicity of life in successful love, is unfavourable to the strength and purity of a young mind. It holds forth that single object to the ambition and pursuit of both sexes, and thus tends to enfeeble and repress every other exertion. This increases a source of weakness and corruption, which it is the business of a good instructor to correct and overcome, by setting before the minds of his pupils other objects, other attainments, of a nobler and less selfish kind. But in that violence, in that tyranny of dominion, with which love is invested in many of our tragedies, it overbears every virtue and every duty. The obligations of justice and of humanity sink before it. The king, the chief, the patriot, forgets his people, his followers, and his country ; while parents and children mention the dearest objects of natural attachment only to lead them in the triumph of their love.

It is the business of tragedy to exhibit the passions, that is, the weaknesses of men. Ancient tragedy showed them in a simple manner; virtue and vice were strongly and distinctly marked, wisdom and weakness were easily discriminated; and though vice might be sometimes palliated, and weakness excused, the spectator could always discover the character of each. But in the modern drama there is an uncertain sort of outline, a blended colouring, by which the distinction of these objects is frequently lost. The refinement of modern audiences calls for shades of character more delicate than those which the stage formerly exhibited; the consequence is, that the bounds of right and wrong are often so uncertainly marked as not to be easily distinguished; and if the powers of poetry, or the eloquence of sentiment, should be on the side of the latter, it will require a greater firmness of mind than youth or inexperience is master of to resist it.

Reason condemns every sort of weakness; but passion, enthusiasm, and sickly sensibility, have dignified certain weaknesses with the name of amiable; and the young, of whom some are susceptible, and others affect susceptibility, think it often an honour to be subject to their control. In tragedy, or tragic writing, they often find such characters for their imitation. Such characters being various, complicated, and fluctuating, are the properest for tragedy. The poets have not neglected to avail themselves of that circumstance; their dramas are filled with such characters, who shift the hue and colour of their minds, according to the change of situation or the variety of incident; or sometimes, whose minds, in the hands of the poet, produce that change, and create that variety. Wisdom and virtue, simple, uniform, and unchanging, only superior artists can draw, and superior spectators enjoy.

No. 28. SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1785.

CONTINUATION OF THE REMARKS UPON TRAGEDY.

THE high heroic virtue we see exemplified in tragedy, warms the imagination and swells the mind; but being distant from the ordinary feelings and exertions of life, has, I suspect, but little influence upon the conduct. On the contrary, it may be fairly doubted, whether this play of the fancy, in the walks of virtue and benevolence, does not lessen the exertion of those qualities in practice and reality. *Indocilis privata loqui*, said Lucan of Cæsar: so in some measure, he who is deeply conversant in the tragic phrase, in the swelling language of compassion, of generosity, and of love, finding no parallel in his common intercourse with mankind, will not so readily open his heart to the calls on his feeling, which the vulgar distresses of his fellow-creatures, or the ordinary relations of life, may occasion. In stage-misfortunes, in fancied sufferings, the drapery of the figure hides its form; and real distress coming in a homely and unornamented state, disgusts the eye which had poured its tears over the hero of tragic misery, or the martyr of romantic woe. Real calamity offends with its coarseness, and therefore is not produced on the scene, which exhibits in its stead the fantastic griefs of a delicate and high-wrought sensibility. Lillo, in his Fatal Discovery, presented extreme poverty as the distress of the scene; and the moral of his piece was to inculcate, that poverty was not to be shunned, nor wealth pursued, at the ex-

pense of honesty and virtue. A modern audience did not relish a distress so real, but gave their tears to the widow of St. Valori, who was mad for the loss of a husband killed twenty years before. From the same cause, *The Gamester*, one of the best and most moral of our latter tragedies, though successively represented by the greatest players, has never become popular. And even now the part of Mrs. Beverly, the first character of the first actress in the world, is performed to indifferent houses.

The tragic poet, in striving to distress his hero that he may move his audience, it is not his business to equalize the affliction to the evil that occasions it; the effect is what he is to exhibit, which he is to clothe in the flowing language of poetry, and the high colouring of imagination; and if the cause be not very disproportionate indeed, the reader, or the spectator, will not find fault with it. *Castalio*, in the *Orphan*, a play so grossly immoral, that it were unfair in me to quote it, except as illustrative of this single argument, is mad with anguish and with rage, because his wife's maid refuses him access to her apartment, according to the previous appointment they had made; and *Orosmane*, in *Zayre*, remains *immobile, et sa langue glacée*, because his bride begs him to defer their marriage for a day. Yet these were disappointments which the lover of *Otway*, and much more the hero of *Voltaire*, might surely have borne with greater fortitude.

If we are to apply all this in example, it seems to have a tendency to weaken our mind to our own sufferings, without opening it to the sufferings of others. The real evils which the dignity of the scene hides from our view, are those which we ought to pity in our neighbours; the fantastic and imaginary distresses which it exhibits, are those we are apt to indulge in ourselves. Here then tragedy

adds to the list of our calamities, without increasing the catalogue of our virtues.

As tragedy thus dignifies the distresses, so it elevates the actions, of its personages, their virtues, and their vices. But this removes virtue at a greater distance from us, and brings vice nearer; it exalts the first to a point beyond our imitation, and ennobles the latter to a degree above our abhorrence. Shakspeare, who generally discriminates strongly the good and ill qualities of his characters, has yet exhibited a Macbeth, a tyrant and a murderer, whom we are disposed rather to pity than to hate. 'Modern tragedy,' says a celebrated critic, 'has become more a school of virtue than the ancient, by being more the theatre of passion: an Othello, hurried by jealousy to murder his innocent wife; a Jaffier, ensnared by resentment and want, to engage in a conspiracy, and then stung with remorse and involved in ruin; a Siffredi, through the deceit which he employs for public-spirited ends, bringing destruction on all whom he loved: these are the examples which tragedy now displays, by means of which it inculcates on men the proper government of their passions.' I am afraid, if we appeal to the feelings of the audience at the conclusion of any of those pieces, we shall not find the effect to be what is here supposed. Othello we rather pity for his jealousy, than hate as a murderer. With Jaffier and his associates we are undoubtedly leagued against the rulers of Venice; and even the faith and tenderness of Belvidera hardly make us forgive her for betraying her secret. The sentiments of Siffredi, however wise and just, are disregarded where they impeach the dignity and supereminence of love. His deceit, indeed, is blamed, which is said to be the moral of the piece; but it is blamed because it hindered the union of Tancred and Sigismunda, which, from the very

beginning of the play, is the object in which the reader or spectator is interested. Reverse the situation, make it a contrivance to defeat the claim of the tyrant's daughter, to give the throne to Tancred, and to place Sigismunda there at his side, the audience would admire its ingenuity, and rejoice in its success.

In the mixture of a plot, and amidst the variety of situations, where weaknesses are flattered and passions indulged, at the same time that virtues are displayed and duties performed, one set of readers will enjoy the pleasure of the first, while those only who have less need to be instructed will seize the instruction of the latter. When Marcus dies for his country, the ladies in the side-boxes only consider his death as removing the bar to the marriage of Lucia with his brother Portius.

In tragedy, as in novel, which is sometimes a kind of tragedy, the author is obliged, in justification of weak characters, to elevate villanous ones, or to throw round their vices a bewitching address and captivating manners. Lovelace is made a character which the greater number of girls admire, in order to justify the seduction of Clarissa. Lothario, though very inferior, is something of the same cast, to mitigate the crime of Calista. The story would not be probable else;—granted: but in proportion to the art of the poet in rendering it probable, he heightens the immoral effect of which I complain.

As the incidents must be formed, so must the sentiments be introduced according to the character and condition of the person speaking them, not according to the laws of virtue or the dictates of prudence. To give them this propriety, they must often be apologies for vice and for fraud, or contain ridicule against virtue and honesty. It is not sufficient to answer, that if the person uttering them is pu-

nished in the course, or at the end of the play, the expiation is sufficiently made; if the sentiments at the time are shrewdly imagined and forcibly expressed, they will have a powerful effect on the mind, and leave impressions which the retribution of poetical justice will hardly be able to efface.

On poetical justice, indeed, I do not lay so much stress as some authors have done. I incline to be of the opinion of one of my predecessors, that we are frequently more roused to a love of virtue and a hatred of vice, when virtue is unfortunate and vice successful, than when each receives the recompense it merits. But I impute more to striking incidents, to the sentiments running through the tenor of a piece, than to the general impression of its *denouement*. Mons. d'Alembert says, that in any sort of spectacle which would leave the poet more at liberty than tragedies taken from history, in the opera, for example, the author would not easily be pardoned, for allowing vice to go unpunished. 'I remember to have seen,' continues he, 'a MS. opera of Atreus, where that monster perished by a thunderbolt, exclaiming, with a savage satisfaction,

*'Tonnez, Dieux impuissans !
Frappez ; je suis vengé !'*

'This would have made one of the happiest *denouements* that can well be imagined.' As to theatrical effect, I am quite of his opinion: but as to the moral, I cannot agree with him. The line which he quotes, brilliant, forcible, and bold, would have remained with the audience, not to recal the punishment of guilt, but to mark the pleasure of revenge.

But it is not only from the vices or imperfections of tragic characters that we are to fear the danger of familiarising the approach of evil, or encouraging the growth of error. Their very virtues, I fear, are often dangerous to form the principles, or draw the

imitation of their readers. Theirs are not so much the useful, the productive virtues, if I may be allowed the expression, of real life, as the shining and showy qualities which attract the applause, or flatter the vanity, of the unthinking. The extreme, the enthusiasm even of a laudable propensity, takes from its usefulness to others, and degenerates into a blind and headlong indulgence in the possessor. In the greatest part of modern tragedies, such are the qualities of the persons that are most in favour with the public. In what relates to passive excellence, prudence to avoid evils, or fortitude to bear them, are not the virtues of tragedy, conversant as it is with misfortune; it is proud to indulge in sorrow, to pour its tears without the control of reason, to die of disappointments which wisdom would have overcome. There is an era in the life of most young people, and those too the most amiable, where all this is their creed of excellence, generosity, and heroism, and that creed is drawn from romance and tragedy.

In the remarks which in this and two former papers I have made on Novel and on Tragedy, two of the most popular of all kinds of writing, I have ventured, in the hardihood of a moralist, rather beyond the usual caution of a periodical paper that wishes to conciliate the favour of the public. By those whose daily and favourite reading is crossed by my observations, I shall be asked, if I mean to proscribe every novel and every tragedy, or of what kind of each I am disposed to allow the perusal, and to what class of readers their perusal may be trusted. To such I would answer in general, that if I had influence enough to abridge the list of both species of reading, I believe neither morals nor taste would suffer by the restriction. I have pointed out the chief dangers to which I conceive the perusal of many such works is liable.

I am not, however, insensible of the value, perhaps, but too sensible of the power, of these productions of fancy and of genius. Nor am I so much a bigot to the opinions I have delivered as to deny that there are uses, noble uses, which such productions may serve, amidst the dangers to which they sometimes expose their readers. The region of exalted virtue, of dignified sentiment, into which they transport us, may have a considerable effect in changing the cold and unfeeling temperament of worldly minds; the indifferent and the selfish may be warmed and expanded by the fiction of distress, and the eloquence of feeling. In the present age, and among certain ranks, indifference and selfishness have become a sort of virtues, and fashion has sometimes taught the young to pride themselves on qualities so unnatural to them. To combat these 'giants of the rock,' romance and tragedy may be very usefully employed: and that race must have become worthless and degenerate indeed, whom their terrors shall fail to rouse, and their griefs to melt.

Nor, as an amusement, can the elegance of that which is drawn from the perusal of a well-written novel, or the representation of a well-composed tragedy, be disputed. It certainly is as much a nobler, as it is a more harmless employment of time, than its waste in frivolous dissipation, or its abuse in the vigils of play. But there is a certain sort of mind common in youth, and that too of the most amiable kind, tender, warm, and visionary, to which the walks of fancy and enthusiasm, of romantic love, of exaggerated sorrow, of trembling sensibility, are very unsafe. To readers of this complexion, the amusement which the works above mentioned afford, should, I think, be sparingly allowed, and judiciously chosen. In such bosoms, feeling or susceptibility must be often repressed or directed; to encourage it by prema-

ture or unnatural means, is certainly hurtful. They resemble some luxuriant soils which may be enriched beyond a wholesome fertility, till weeds are their only produce; weeds, the more to be regretted, as, in the language of a novelist himself, 'they grow in the soil from which virtue should have sprung.'

V

No. 29. SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1785.

THE advantages and use of Biography have of late been so often mentioned, and are now so universally allowed, that it is needless for any modern author to set them forth. That department of writing, however, has been of late years so much cultivated, that it has fared with biography as with every other art; it has lost much of its dignity in its commonness, and many lives have been presented to the public, from which little instruction or amusement could be drawn. Individuals have been traced in minute and ordinary actions, from which no consequences could arise, but to the private circle of their own families and friends, and in the detail of which we saw no passion excited, no character developed, nothing that should distinguish them from those common occurrences,

'Which dully took their course, and were forgotten.'

Yet there are few even of those comparatively insignificant lives, in which men of a serious and thinking cast do not feel a certain degree of interest. A pensive mind can trace, in seemingly trivial incidents and common situations, something to feed reflection and to foster thought; as the solitary naturalist culls the trodden weeds, and dis-

covers in their form and texture the principles of vegetative nature. The motive, too, of the relater often helps out the unimportance of his relation; and to the ingenuous and susceptible, there is a feeling not unpleasant in allowing for the partiality of gratitude, and the tediousness of him who recounts his obligations. The virtuous connections of life and of the heart it is always pleasing to trace, even though the objects are neither new nor striking. Like those familiar paintings that show the inside of cottages, and the exercise of village duties, such narrations come home to the bosoms of the worthy, who feel the relationship of virtue, and acknowledge her family wherever it is found. And perhaps there is a calmer and more placid delight in viewing her amidst these unimportant offices, than when we look up to her invested in the pomp of greatness and the pride of power.

I have been led to these reflections by an account, with which a correspondent has furnished me, of some particulars in the life of an individual, a native of this country, who died a few weeks ago in London, Mr. William Strahan, printer to his Majesty. His title to be recorded in a work of this sort my correspondent argues from a variety of considerations unnecessary to be repeated. One which applies particularly to the public office of the LOUNGER, I will take the liberty to mention. He was the author of a paper in the Mirror—a work in the train of which I am proud to walk, and am glad of an opportunity to plead my relation to it, by inserting the eloge, I take that word as custom has sanctified it, without adopting its abstract signification, of one of its writers.

Mr. Strahan was born at Edinburgh in the year 1715. His father, who had a small appointment in the customs, gave his son the education which every

lad of decent rank then received in a country where the avenues to learning were easy and open to men of the most moderate circumstances. After having passed through the tuition of a grammar-school, he was put apprentice to a printer ; and when a very young man, removed to a wider sphere in that line of business, and went to follow his trade in London. Sober, diligent, and attentive, while his emoluments were for some time very scanty, he contrived to live rather within than beyond his income ; and though he married early, and without such a provision as prudence might have looked for in the establishment of a family, he continued to thrive, and to better his circumstances. This he would often mention as an encouragement to early matrimony, and used to say, that he never had a child born that Providence did not send some increase of income to provide for the increase of his household. With sufficient vigour of mind, he had that happy flow of animal spirits, that is not easily discouraged by unpromising appearances. By him who can look with firmness upon difficulties, their conquest is already half achieved ; but the man on whose heart and spirits they lie heavy, will scarcely be able to bear up against their pressure. The forecast of timid, or the disgust of too delicate minds, are very unfortunate attendants for men of business, who, to be successful, must often push improbabilities, and bear with mortifications.

His abilities in his profession, accompanied with perfect integrity and unabating diligence, enabled him, after the first difficulties were overcome, to get on with rapid success : and he was one of the most flourishing men in the trade, when in the year 1770, he purchased a share of the patent for King's Printer, of Mr. Eyre, with whom he maintained the most cordial intimacy during all the rest of his life.

Besides the emoluments arising from this appointment, as well as from a very extensive private business, he now drew largely from a field which required some degree of speculative sagacity to cultivate; I mean that great literary property which he acquired by purchasing the copy-rights of some of the most celebrated authors of the time. In this his liberality kept equal pace with his prudence, and in some cases went perhaps rather beyond it. Never had such rewards been given to the labours of literary men, as now were received from him and his associates in those purchases of copy-rights from authors.

Having now attained the first great object of business, wealth, Mr. Strahan looked with a very allowable ambition on the stations of political rank and eminence. Politics had long occupied his active mind, which he had for many years pursued as his favourite amusement, by corresponding on that subject with some of the first characters of the age. Mr. Strahan's queries to Dr. Franklin, in the year 1769, respecting the discontents of the Americans, published in the London Chronicle of 28th July 1778, show the just conception he entertained of the important consequences of that dispute, and his anxiety as a good subject to investigate, at that early period, the proper means by which their grievances might be removed, and a permanent harmony restored between the two countries. In the year 1775, he was elected a member of Parliament for the borough of Malmsbury, in Wiltshire, with a very illustrious colleague, the Hon. C. J. Fox; and in the succeeding Parliament for Wotton-Basset, in the same county. In this station, applying himself with that industry which was natural to him, he attended the House with a scrupulous punctuality, and was an useful member. His

talents for business acquired the consideration to which they were entitled, and were not unnoticed by the minister.

In his political connections he was constant to the friends to whom he had first been attached. He was a steady supporter of that party who were turned out of administration in spring 1784, and lost his seat in the House of Commons by the dissolution of Parliament, with which that change was followed; a situation which he did not show any desire to resume on the return of the new Parliament.

One motive for his not wishing a seat in the present Parliament, was a feeling of some decline in his health, which had rather suffered from the long sittings and late hours with which the political warfare in the last had been attended. Though without any fixed disease, his strength was visibly declining; and though his spirits survived his strength, yet the vigour and activity of his mind were also considerably impaired. Both continued gradually to decline, till his death, which happened on Saturday the 9th July 1785, in the 71st year of his age.

Of riches acquired by industry, the disposal is often ruled by caprice, as if the owners wished to show their uncontrolled power over that wealth which their own exertions had attained, by a whimsical allotment of it after their death. In this, as in other particulars, Mr. Strahan's discretion and good sense were apparent: he bequeathed his fortune in the most rational manner; and of that portion which was not left to his wife and children, the distribution was equally prudent and benevolent. Like his predecessor in trade, the celebrated Mr. Bowyer, he left 1000*l.* to the Stationers' Company, of which he was a member, to be stocked, for the benefit of decayed booksellers and printers.

Endued with much natural sagacity, and an attentive observation of life, Mr. Strahan owed his rise to that station of opulence and respect which he attained, rather to his own talents and exertion, than to any accidental occurrence of favourable or fortunate circumstances. His mind, though not deeply tinctured with learning, was not uninformed by letters. From a habit of attention to style, he had acquired a considerable portion of critical acuteness in the discernment of its beauties and defects. In one branch of writing himself excelled, I mean the epistolary, in which he not only showed the precision and clearness of business, but possessed a neatness as well as fluency of expression which I have known few letter-writers to surpass. Letter-writing was one of his favourite amusements; and among his correspondents were men of such eminence and talents as well repaid his endeavours to entertain them. One of these, as we have before-mentioned, was the justly celebrated Dr. Franklin, originally a printer like Mr. Strahan, and his fellow-workman in early life in a printing-house in London, whose friendship and correspondence he continued to enjoy, notwithstanding the difference of their sentiments in political matters, which often afforded pleasantry, but never mixed any thing acrimonious in their letters. One of the latest he received from his illustrious and venerable friend, contained a humorous allegory of the state of politics in Britain, drawn from the profession of printing, of which, though the Doctor had quitted the exercise, he had not forgotten the terms.

There are stations of acquired greatness which make men proud to recall the lowness of that from which they rose. The native eminence of Franklin's mind was above concealing the humbleness of his origin. Those only who possess no intrinsic eleva-

tion are afraid to sully the honours to which accident has raised them, by the recollection of that obscurity whence they sprung.

Of this recollection Mr. Strahan was rather proud than ashamed; and I have heard those who were disposed to censure him, blame it as a kind of ostentation in which he was weak enough to indulge. But methinks 'tis to consider too curiously, to consider it so.' There is a kind of reputation which we may laudably desire, and justly enjoy; and he who is sincere enough to forego the pride of ancestry and of birth, may, without much imputation of vanity, assume the merit of his own elevation.

In that elevation, he neither triumphed over the inferiority of those he had left below him, nor forgot the equality in which they had formerly stood. Of their inferiority he did not even remind them, by the ostentation of grandeur, or the parade of wealth. In his house there was none of that saucy train, none of that state or finery, with which the illiberal delight to confound and to dazzle those who may have formerly seen them in less enviable circumstances. No man was more mindful of, or more solicitous to oblige, the acquaintance or companions of his early days. The advice which his experience, or the assistance which his purse could afford, he was ready to communicate; and at his table in London every gentleman found an easy introduction, and every old acquaintance a cordial welcome. This was not merely a virtue of hospitality, or a duty of benevolence with him: he felt it warmly as a sentiment; and that paper in the *Mirror* of which I mentioned him as the author, the letter from London in the ninety-fourth number, was, I am persuaded, a genuine picture of his feelings on the recollection of those scenes in which his youth had been spent, and of those companions with which it had been associated.

Such of them as still survive him will read the above short account of his life with interest and with pleasure. For others it may not be altogether devoid of entertainment or of use. If, among the middling and busy ranks of mankind, it can afford an encouragement to the industry of those who are beginning to climb into life, or furnish a lesson of moderation to those who have attained its height; if to the first it may recommend honest industry and sober diligence; if to the latter it may suggest the ties of ancient fellowship and early connection, which the pride of wealth or of station loses as much dignity as it foregoes satisfaction by refusing to acknowledge; if it shall cheer one hour of despondency or discontent to the young; if it shall save one frown of disdain or of refusal to the unfortunate; the higher and more refined class of my readers will forgive the familiarity of the example, and consider, that it is not from the biography of heroes or of statesmen that instances can be drawn to prompt the conduct of the bulk of mankind, or to excite the useful though less splendid virtues of private and domestic life.

Z

No. 30. SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1785.

“ TO THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ ALTHOUGH a stranger to your person, I have the honour of being pretty nearly allied to you. When you know who I am, I flatter myself you will not think yourself disgraced by the alliance, and that

you will permit me to claim kindred with you. Of this you may be assured, I would not do it, did I not entertain a favourable opinion of you, and having nothing to ask, you may consider my desire to be ranked among your friends as a mark of approbation. Know then, Sir, that the person who has now the honour to address you is a member of the Mirror Club.

“ Although long since dead as an author, you will readily believe that I am interested in the success of the LOUNGER. Persons placed in the same situations naturally feel a sympathetic sort of attachment for each other. When the LOUNGER was first advertised, I could not help recollecting the sensations I experienced when the publication of the Mirror was first announced in the papers; and when your introductory number appeared, I sent for it with an impatience and a solicitude, which I should not have felt in the same degree had I not once been in a situation similar to yours.

“ You, Sir, started with many advantages which we did not possess. The public are now taught to know, that it is possible to carry on a periodical work of this kind in Edinburgh; and that, if tolerably executed, it will be read, and will hold its place with other works of the same kind. But when we boldly gave the Mirror to the world, a very different notion prevailed. It was supposed that no such work could be conducted with any propriety on this side of the Tweed. Accordingly, the Mirror was received with the most perfect indifference in our own country; and during the publication, it was indebted for any little reputation it received in Scotland, to the notice that happened to be taken of it by some persons of rank and of taste in England. Nay, Sir, strange as you may think it, it is certainly true, that, narrow as Edinburgh is, there were men who consider

themselves as men of letters, who never read a number of it while it was going on.

“ But although in this and in many other respects the LOUNGER may possess advantages over the Mirror, there is one particular in which I am apt to believe, that we the members of the Mirror Club possessed an advantage over the author of the LOUNGER. You, Sir, if I mistake not, conduct your work single and alone, unconnected with any person whatever. We, Sir, were a society, consisting of a few friends closely united by long habits of intimacy. Not only, therefore, is your task much more arduous than ours, but, in the way of amusement, we certainly had the advantage of you. I can never forget the pleasure we enjoyed in meeting to read our papers in the Club. They were criticised with perfect freedom, but with the greatest good-humour. When any of us produced a paper, which, either from the style or manner of it, or from the nature of the subject seemed inadmissible, it was condemned without hesitation, and the author, putting it in his pocket, drank a bumper to its *manes*. We had stated meetings to receive the communications with which we were honoured, which afforded another source of amusement. This pleasure, however, was not without alloy. We were often, from particular circumstances, obliged to reject compositions of real merit; and what perhaps was equally distressing, we were sometimes obliged to abridge or to alter the papers which we published. Might I presume to give you an advice, it would be, to use this liberty as rarely as possible. We authors know, that there is a certain complacency, not to call it vanity, which a man feels for his own compositions, which makes him unwilling to submit them to the correction of he does not know whom, or to acquiesce in an alteration made he does not know why.

In justice, however, to our correspondents, I must add, that they continued to honour us with their favours, notwithstanding the liberties we took with their compositions, and although it was not in our power to explain the reasons which induced us to take those liberties.

“ But, Sir, one never ceasing fund of amusement to us, was communicating the observations we had occasion to hear, in different societies and different companies, upon the Mirror, and its supposed authors. The supercilious, who despised the paper because they did not know by whom it was written, talked of it as a catchpenny performance, carried on by a set of needy and obscure scribblers. Those who entertained a more favourable opinion of it, were apt to fall into an opposite mistake, and to suppose that the Mirror was the production of all the men of letters in Scotland. This last opinion is not yet entirely exploded, and perhaps has rather gained ground from the favourable reception of the Mirror since its publication in volumes. The last time I was in London I happened to step into Mr. Cadell’s shop, and while I was amusing myself in turning over the prints in Cook’s last voyage, Lord B—— came in, and taking up a volume of the Mirror, asked Mr. Cadell, who were the authors of it. Cadell, who did not suspect that I knew any more of the matter than the Great Mogul, answered, that he could not really mention particular names; but he believed that all the *litterati* of Scotland were concerned in it. Lord B—— walked off, satisfied that this was truly the case; and about a week after I heard him say at Lord M——’s levee, that he was well assured the Mirror was the joint production of all the men of letters in Scotland.

“ I will now, Sir, tell you in confidence, that, one of our number excepted, whose writings have long been

read with admiration and delight, and whose exquisite pencil every reader of taste and discernment must distinguish in the *Mirror*, there was not one of our club who ever published a single sentence, or in all likelihood ever would have done it, had it not been for the accidental publication of the *Mirror*.

“ But the most amusing part of the whole was, the application of the characters in the *Mirror* to real life : and I verily believe many a charitable lady and well-disposed gentleman read it with no other view than to find out characters which they might apply to their friends and acquaintances. I dined in a large company the day on which the first letter signed John Homespun was published. At table Lady —— asked if any body had seen the *Mirror* of that day. ‘ Yes,’ answered Mrs. ——, ‘ it is a charming paper, but there is a great lady in the west, that won’t be very fond of it. She is drawn to the life ; I knew her before I had read half the paper.’—‘ In the west ?’ replied Lady ——.’ ‘ In the south you mean. I agree with you, that the picture is well drawn ; and if you knew the Countess of —— as well as I have the honour to know her, you could not doubt that she is truly the original.’—‘ Pardon me, ladies,’ said a little sharp-looking man, in a northern accent, ‘ I believe you are both mistaken. I have read the paper, and I think the great lady so well pointed out in it, is neither from the west nor from the south, but from my country ; at least I am sure we have two or three very like the woman in the *Mirror*, who do no good to us small folks when we get among them, and are apt to turn the heads of our wives and our daughters ;—ay, and of our sons too,’ added he, with a significant nod. The ladies, however, would not yield their opinion ; and a dispute ensued, which was to me not a little amusing, as I knew that the author had no particular lady in view, either from the west or from the east, from the south or from the north.

“ One morning I called upon a lady, and found her reading No. 47 of the Mirror, a paper of mine. ‘ Well,’ said she, ‘ I know every person described here as well as if they had given us their names at full length.’ She then named some of her acquaintance, whose persons and characters were equally unknown to me, and even whose names I never heard mentioned before.

“ But the most dangerous application of this sort was that of the character of Sir Bobby Button. Of our forty-five members it may, without offence, be said that some of them are *manu quam linguâ promptiores*—readier at a blow than a word; and we were told, that they seriously intended to make the author of the Mirror speak out, and say, whether, in the modern language of parliament, he meant any thing personal. This intelligence produced some little uneasiness in our society; but we resolved to act with becoming dignity and spirit, had the respectable body of our representatives called upon us for an explanation.

“ Thus, in the hands of many, the Mirror, innocent and well intended as it was, became a vehicle of slander; and the envious, the splenetic, and the malicious, found an entertainment in it which never was intended for them. Be not you, Sir, discouraged by this. Go on boldly to correct our follies and our vices, by painting them truly as they are. To attain this purpose, I would advise you, in the words of the bloody Renault—‘ to spare neither age, nor sex, nor condition.’ But while I say this, I must add, that it is only the vices and the follies themselves which you are entitled to attack, and not the individuals who may be guilty of them. You, Sir, will not prostitute your paper, to make it the vehicle of slander or of censure against private characters: you will describe the general manners of the age, not those of

this or that private person. Hitherto you have not offended in this way ; and if you continue in the same proper course, I shall drink success to the LOUNGER at our next anniversary meeting ; for you must know, that our Club still meets once a-year on the day our first number was published. There it would do your heart good to hear us talk over the little anecdotes which gave us so much pleasure in the Mirror. I shall propose, Sir, that you be received as a guest at our anniversary next year, that you may see what sort of folks your predecessors were. There is one point in which I trust you will agree with us, and that is, in preferring good claret to port wine. Hoping to have the honour of drinking a glass of our favourite liquor with you,

“ I am, &c.

“ A MEMBER OF THE MIRROR CLUB.”

I feel myself much honoured by this mark of attention from one of my predecessors, and much flattered by his approbation. At the same time, I hesitated whether I ought or ought not to publish his letter. Indeed I am not at this moment perfectly clear in my own mind, whether he meant or wished that it should be published. It is written so much in the style of private confidence and friendship, that it seems not to have been intended for the public.— Besides, I was aware that the scoffers might be apt to smile at that air of importance with which ‘ we authors,’ even of periodical sheets, are apt to regard every thing which concerns ourselves and our works, and of which, it must be owned, there are some plain enough marks in this letter. Notwithstanding all this, I at length resolved to publish it, partly to gratify my own vanity, and partly because I could in no other shape return my acknowledgements to my correspondent for the notice with which he has

been so kind as to honour me. I have only to add, that I have long felt a strong desire to be personally acquainted with the members of the Mirror Club, and therefore I am much pleased with the hint given, in the close of the letter, of an invitation to attend their anniversary meeting.

R

No. 31. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1785.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes.

VIRG. GEORG. ii. 485.

ONE of the most natural, as well as one of the purest pleasures, arising from the effect of external objects on the mind, is the enjoyment of rural prospects and rural scenery. The ideas of health, contentment, peace, and innocence, are so interwoven with those of the country, that their connexion has become proverbial; and the pleasures arising from it are not only celebrated by those who have experienced their sweets, but they are frequently supposed by thousands to whom they never were known, and described by many by whom they have long been forgotten.

Of them, as of every other enjoyment, the value is enhanced by vicissitude; and long exclusion is one great ingredient in the delight of their attainment. Few have been so unfortunate as to have an opportunity of forming a full idea of that pleasure which a great state-criminal is said to have felt, when, on being taken from his dungeon, he saw the light, and breathed the open air, tho' but for that short space which conducted him to his scaffold. But it may in

some measure be conceived from the satisfaction which most men have at times experienced in changing the smoky atmosphere and close corrupted vapour of a crowded town, for the pure elastic breeze of a furze-hill, or the balmy perfume of a bean-field.

With such increased enjoyment do I now feel the pleasures of the country, after being, as Milton says, 'long in populous city pent.' A very pressing invitation from my friend Colonel Caustic prevailed over that indolence, which was always a part of my constitution, and which I feel advanced life nowise tend to diminish. Having one day missed half-a-dozen acquaintance, one after another, who, I was informed, had gone into the country, I came home in the evening, found a second letter from the Colonel, urging my visit, read part of Virgil's second Georgic, looked from my highest window on the sun just about to set amidst the golden clouds of a beautiful western sky, and, coming down stairs, ordered my man to pack up my portmanteau, and next morning set out for my friend's country-seat, whence I now address my readers.

To me, who am accustomed to be idle without being vacant, whose thoughts are rather wandering than busy, and whose fancy rather various than vivid, the soft and modest painting of nature in this beautiful retirement of my friend's is particularly suited. Here where I am seated at this moment, in a little shady arbour with a sloping lawn in front covered with some sheep that are resting in the noon-day heat, with their lambkins around them; with a grove of pines on the right hand, through which a scarcely stirring breeze is heard faintly to whisper; with a brook on the left, to the gurgle of which the willows on its side seem to listen in silence; this landscape, with a back ground of distant hills, on which one can discover the smoke of the shepherd's

fire, rising in large lazy volumes to a thinly-fleckered sky; all this forms a scene peaceful though enlivened, oblivious of care yet rich in thought, which soothes my indolence with a congenial quiet, yet dignifies it with the swellings of enthusiasm and the dreams of imagination.

On this subject of the enjoyment of rural contemplation, I was much pleased with some reflections lately sent me by a correspondent, who subscribes himself Eubulus. 'It is the great error of mankind,' says he, 'that, in the pursuit of happiness, they commonly seek for it in violent gratifications, in pleasures which are too intense in their degree to be of long duration, and of which even the frequent repetition blunts the capacity of enjoyment. There is no lesson more useful to mankind than that which teaches them, that the most rational happiness is averse to all turbulent emotions; that it is serene and moderate in its nature; that its ingredients are neither costly in the acquisition nor difficult in the attainment, but present themselves almost voluntarily to a well-ordered mind, and are open to every rank and condition of life, where absolute indigence is excluded.

'The intellectual pleasures have this peculiar and superlative advantage over those that are merely sensual, that the most delightful of the former require no appropriation of their objects in order to their enjoyment. The contemplative man, who is an admirer of the beauties of nature, has an ideal property in all its objects. He enjoys the hill, the vale, the stream, the wood, the garden, with a pleasure more exquisite, because more unallayed, than that of their actual possessor. To him each enjoyment is heightened by the sense of that unremitting bounty which furnishes it; nor is he dis-

quieted by the anxiety of maintaining a possession of which he cannot be deprived. How truly may he exclaim with the poet—

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny ;
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
 Through which Aurora shows her brightening face :
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve :
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace ;
 Of Fancy, Reason, Virtue, nought can me bereave.*

‘ To a mind of that happy conformation which the poet here describes, the sources of pleasure are infinite. Nature is not less delightful in her general impressions than when surveyed in detail; and to the former of these the verses above-quoted seem chiefly to refer. It is certain that we experience a high degree of pleasure in certain emotions excited by the general contemplation of nature, when the attention does not dwell minutely upon any of the objects that surround us. Sympathy, the most powerful principle in the human composition, has a strong effect in constituting the pleasure here alluded to. The stillness of the country, and the tranquillity of its scenes, have a sensible effect in calming the disorder of the passions, and inducing a temporary serenity of mind. By the same sympathy, the milder passions are excited, while the turbulent are laid asleep. That man must be of a hardened frame indeed, who can hear unmoved the song of the feathered tribes, when Spring calls forth ‘ all Nature's harmony,’ or who can behold, without a corresponding emotion of joy and of gratitude, the sprightliness of the young race of animals wantoning

* Thomson's Castle of Indolence.

in the exercise of their new powers, and invigorated by the benignity of the air and the luxuriancy of their pastures.'

My friend Colonel Caustic, though I will venture to say for him, that he is neither without the sensibility of mind, nor the emotions of pious gratitude, which my correspondent justly supposes the contemplation of the rural scene to excite, yet surveys it not with feelings of quite so placid a sort as in some other minds it will be apt to produce. Here, as every where else, he stamps on the surrounding objects somewhat of the particular impression of his character. That sentiment, which, like the genius of Socrates, perpetually attends him, the child of virtue and of philanthropy, nursed by spleen, though here it puts on a certain tenderness which it has not in town, and is rather disposed to complain than to censure, yet walks with him, not unemployed, through his woods and his fields, and throws on the finest of their beauties a tint of its own colouring, as the glass of the little instrument called a Claude Lorraine, dims the landscape which is viewed through it.

I have not been able to convince him that the weather is not very much changed from what it was in his younger days, and he quotes many observations in support of the milder temperature of the air in those long past seasons. But his sister, a very respectable maiden lady, a few years younger than the Colonel, who keeps house for him, insists on the difference in stronger terms, and is surprised at my unbelief, even though it is confirmed by the register. Of her faith in this article she shows the sincerity by her practice in household matters, having, as she tells me, for these fifteen or sixteen years past, taken out the greens from the fireplaces at least a fortnight earlier than formerly, and

not uncarpetting the rooms, nor taking down the window-curtains, till near a month later than she was wont to do.

On the appearance of his own fields the Colonel does not say quite so much, the culture he has bestowed on them counteracting in that particular the natural deterioration ; but wherever nature has been left to herself, her productions, according to him, have grown more scanty. When we start a hare, or flush a partridge in our walks, the Colonel always tells me there is not one for ten in his grounds that he used to see formerly ; and he rather seemed to enjoy than condole with my want of sport, when I went yesterday a-fishing on the very same part of the river from which he informed me he was of old sure of catching a dish of trouts in an hour's time any day of the season. Nor was he quite well pleased with his man John's attempting to account for it, by his neighbour Lord Grubwell's having lately sent down a casting net for the use of his game-keeper.

On the subject of Lord Grubwell, however, in other matters, he is generally apt enough himself to expatiate. ' This man,' said he, ' whose father acquired the fortune, which afterwards procured the son his title, has started into the rank without the manners or the taste of a gentleman. The want of the first would only be felt those two or three times in the year when one is obliged to meet with him ; but the perversion of the latter, with a full purse to give it way, makes his neighbourhood a very unfortunate one. That rising ground on the left, which was formerly one of the finest green swells in the world, he has put yon vile Gothic tower on, as he calls it, and has planted half-a-dozen little carronades on the top of it, which it is a favourite amusement with him to fire on holidays and birth-

days, or when some respected visitor drinks tea there.'—'That will frighten your Dryads,' said I smiling.—'It often frightens my sister,' replied the Colonel; 'and I am weak enough to let it fret me. I can bear the man's nonsense, when it is not heard two miles off. That ugly dry gap in the bank opposite to us was the channel of a rill, of which he turned the course, to make a serpentine river for his Chinese bridge, which he had built without knowing where to find water for it. And from the little hills behind he has rooted out all the natural fringe of their birch and oak shrub-wood, to cover their tops with stiff circular plantations. Then his temples and statues, with their white plaster and paint, meet one's eye in every corner. I have been fain to run up that hedge, to screen me from all those impertinences, though it lost my favourite seat the best half of its prospect.'

But Colonel Caustic has other wrongs from the innovations of his neighbour, which he suffers without telling them. Lord Grubwell's improvements often trench on a feeling more tender than the Colonel's taste, though that is delicate enough. The scenes around him have those ties upon my friend which long acquaintance naturally gives them over a mind so susceptible as his. As the mythology of the ancients animated all nature, by giving a tutelary power to every wood and fountain, so he has peopled many of the objects in his view with the images of past events, of departed friends, of warm affections, of tender regrets; and he feels the change, or sometimes even the improvement, as a sacrilege that drives the deity from the place. This sentiment of memory is felt but very imperfectly in a town; in the country it retains all its force; and with Colonel Caustic it operates in the strongest manner possible. Here he

withdraws himself from an age which he thinks is in its decline, and finds in the world of remembrance that warmth of friendship, that purity of manners, that refinement of breeding, that elegance of form, that dignity of deportment, which charmed his youth. This is perhaps one cause of his severity, when at any time he mixes with mankind; 't is like leaving an enlightened company of friends, for the frivolous society of ordinary men, which often overcomes the temper of the best-natured people, and, if it does not sink them into sadness and silence, will generally make them 'humorous and peevish.'

Even the recollection of sufferings endears to such a mind as Caustic's the scene that recalls them. I observed, that wherever our stroll began, it commonly ended in a sombre walk, that led through a grove of beeches to a little sequestered dell. Here I remarked one tree fenced round in such a manner as showed a particular attention to its growth. I stopped as we passed, and looked on it with a face of inquiry. 'That tree,' said the Colonel, observing me, 'is about forty years old.'—He went on a few paces—'It was planted by a lady,' throwing his eye on the ground, and blushing, as I thought. 'It was planted ——' He walked some steps further, looked back, and sighed,—'She was then one of the finest women in the world!'

Z

No. 32. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1785.

I AM every day more and more disposed to congratulate myself on this visit to Colonel Caustic. Here I find him with all his good qualities brought forward, with all his failings thrown into the back

ground, which only serve, to carry the simile a little further, to give force and relief to the picture. I am now assured of what before I was willing to believe, that Caustic's spleen is of that sort which is the produce of the warmest philanthropy. As the admirer of painting is most offended with the scrawls of a dauber, as the enthusiast in music is most hurt with the discords of an ill-played instrument; so the lover of mankind, as his own sense of virtue has painted them, when he comes abroad into life, and sees what they really are, feels the disappointment in the severest manner; and he will often indulge in satire beyond the limits of discretion; while indifference or selfishness will be contented to take men as it finds them, and never allow itself to be disquieted with the soreness of disappointed benevolence or the warmth of indignant virtue.

I have likewise made an acquisition of no inconsiderable value in the acquaintance of Colonel Caustic's sister. His affection for her is of that genuine sort which was to be expected from the view of his character I have given. The first night of my being here, when Miss Caustic was to retire after supper, her brother rose, drew back the large arm-chair in which he sat at table with one hand, pulled the bell-string with the other, opened the parlour-door while she was making her courtesy to me, and then saluted her as she went out, and bid her good-night; and all this with a sort of tender ceremony which I felt then, and feel still, for it is a thing of custom with them, as one of the pleasantest pieces of good-breeding I had ever witnessed. 'My sister is an excellent woman,' said the Colonel, as he shut the door: 'and I don't like her the worse for having something of the primeval about her. You don't know how much I owe her. When I was a careless young fellow, living what we called a fashionable

life about town, thinking perhaps, like a puppy as I was, what sort of a coat I should wear, or what sort of a stocking would best show off my leg, or perhaps practising my salute before a glass, to enchant the ladies at a review, my sister Peggy, though several years younger, was here at home, nursing the declining age of one of the best of mothers, and managing every shilling not only of mine, but of theirs, to make up a sum for purchasing me a company. Since my mother's death, and my being settled here, her attentions have been all transferred to me; my companion in health, my nurse in sickness, with all those little domestic services which though they are cyphers in the general account, a man like me, whose home is so much to him, feels of infinite importance; and there is a manner of doing them, a quiet, unauthoritative, unbustling way of keeping things right, which is often more important than the things themselves. Then I am indebted to her for the tolerable terms I stand in with the world. When it grates harshly on me, and I am old, and apt perhaps to be a little cross at times, she contrives somehow to smooth matters between us; and the apology I would not allow from itself, I can hear from her, knowing, as I do, her worth and the affection she bears me. I were a brute to love her less than I do.

'There is something,' continued the Colonel, after a little pause, 'in the circumstance of sex, that mixes a degree of tenderness with our duty to a female, something that claims our protection and our service in a style so different from what the other demands from us;—the very same offices are performed so differently; 'tis like grasping a crab-tree, and touching a violet. Whenever I see a man treat a woman not as a woman should be treated, be it a chambermaid or a kitchen-wench, not to say a wife

or a sister, though I have seen such examples, let him be of what fashion or rank he may, or as polite at other times as he will, I am sure his politeness is not of the right breed. He may have been taught by a dancing-master, at court, or by travel ; but still his courtesy is not his own ; 'tis borrowed only, and not to be relied on.'

Miss Caustic, with all those domestic and household accomplishments which her brother commends, often shows that she has been skilled in more refined ones, though she has now laid them aside, like the dresses of her youth, as unsuitable to her age and situation. She can still talk of Music, of Poetry, of Plays, and of Novels ; and in conversation with younger people, listens to their discourse on those topics with an interest and a feeling that is particularly pleasing to them. Her own studies, however, are of a more serious cast. Besides those books of devotion which employ her private hours, she reads history for amusement, gardening and medicine by way of business : for she is the physician of the parish, and is thought by the country folks to be wonderfully skilful. Her brother often jokes her on the number and the wants of her patients. ' I do 'nt know, Sister,' said he t' other morning, ' what fees you get ; but your patients cost me a great deal of money. I have unfortunately but one recipe, and it is a specific for almost all their diseases.'—' I only ask now and then,' said she, ' the key of your cellar for them, Brother ; the key of your purse they will find for themselves. Yet why should not we be apothecaries that way ? Poverty is a disease too ; and if a little of my cordials, or your money can cheer the hearts of some who have no other malady——' ' It is well bestowed, Sister Peggy ; and so we 'll continue to practise, though we should now and then be cheated.'

‘ ’Tis one of the advantages of the country,’ said I, ‘ that you get within reach of a certain rank of men, often most virtuous and useful, whom in a town we have no opportunity of knowing at all.’— ‘ Why, yes,’ said Caustic ; ‘ but the misfortune is, that those who could do the most for them, seldom see them as they ought. I have heard that every body carries a certain atmosphere of its own along with it, which a change of air does not immediately remove. So there is a certain town-atmosphere which a great man brings with him into the country. He has two or three laced lacquies, and two or three attendants without wages, through whom he sees and hears, and does every thing ; and Poverty, Industry, and Nature, get no nearer than the great gate of his court-yard.’— ‘ ’T is but too true,’ said his sister. ‘ I have several pensioners who come with heavy hearts from Lord Grubwell’s door, though they were once, they say, tenants or workmen of his own, or, as some of them pretend, relations of his grandfather.’— ‘ That ’s the very reason,’ continued the Colonel ; ‘ why will they put the man in mind of his father and grandfather ! The fellows deserve a horse-pond for their impertinence.’— ‘ Nay, but in truth,’ replied Miss Caustic, ‘ My Lord knows nothing of the matter. He carries so much of the town’s atmosphere, as you call it, about him. He does not rise till eleven, nor breakfast till twelve. Then he has his steward with him for one hour, his architect for another, his layer out of ground for a third. After this he sometimes gallops out for a little exercise, or plays at billiards within doors ; dines at a table of twenty covers ; sits very late at his bottle ; plays cards, except when My Lady chooses dancing, till midnight ; and they seldom part till sunrise.’— ‘ And so ends,’ said the Colonel,

‘your Idyllium on my Lord Grubwell’s rural occupations.’

We heard the tread of a horse in the court, and presently John entered with a card in his hand; which his master no sooner threw his eyes on, than he said, ‘But you need not describe, Sister; our friend may see, if he inclines it. That card, I could tell the chaplain’s fold at a mile’s distance, is my Lord’s annual invitation to dinner. Is it not, John?’—‘It is my Lord Grubwell’s servant, Sir,’ said John. His master read the card: ‘And as he understands the Colonel has at present a friend from town with him, he requests that he would present that gentleman his Lordship’s compliments, and entreat the honour of his company also.’—‘Here is another card, Sir, for Miss Caustic.’—‘Yes, yes, she always gets a counterpart.’—‘But I sha’n’t go,’ said his sister; Her Ladyship has young ladies enow to make fools of; an old woman is not worth the trouble.’—‘Why then you must say so,’ answered her brother; for the chaplain has a note here at the bottom, that an answer is requested. I suppose your great folks now-a-days contract with their *maitre d’ hotel* by the head; and so they save half-a-crown, when one do n’t set down one’s name for a cover.’—‘But spite of the half-crown you must go,’ said the Colonel to me; ‘you will find food for moralizing; and I shall like my own dinner the better. So return an answer accordingly, Sister; and do you hear, John, give My Lord’s servant a slice of cold beef and a tankard of beer in the mean time. It is possible he is fed upon contract too; and for such patients, I believe, Sister Peggy, Dr. Buchan’s Domestic Medicine recommends cold beef and a tankard.’

Z

NO. 33. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1785.

I MENTIONED in my last paper, that my friend Colonel Caustic and I had accepted an invitation to dine with his neighbour Lord Grubwell. Of that dinner I am now to take the liberty of giving some account to my readers. It is one advantage of that habit of observation, which, as a thinking Lounger, I have acquired, that from most entertainments I can carry something more than the mere dinner away. I remember an old acquaintance of mine, a jolly carbuncle-faced fellow, who used to give an account of a company by the single circumstance of the liquor they could swallow. At such a dinner was one man of three bottles, four of two, six of a bottle and a half, and so on; and as for himself, he kept a sort of journal of what he had pouched, as he called it, at every place to which he had been invited during a whole winter. My reckoning is of another sort; I have sometimes carried off from a dinner, one, two, or three characters, swallowed half-a-dozen anecdotes, and tasted eight or ten insipid things, that were not worth the swallowing. I have one advantage over my old friend; I can digest what, in his phrase, I have pouched, without a headach.

When we sat down to dinner at Lord Grubwell's, I found that the table was occupied in some sort by two different parties, one of which belonged to my Lord, and the other to my Lady. At the upper end of my Lord's sat Mr. Placid, a man agreeable by profession, who has no corner in his mind, no prominence in his feelings, and like certain chymical liquors, has the property of coalescing with every

thing. He dines with every body that gives a dinner, has seventeen cards for the seven days of the week, cuts up a fowl, tells a story, and hears a story told, with the best grace of any man in the world. Mr. Placid had been brought by my Lord, but seemed inclined to desert to my Lady, or rather to side with both, having a smile on the right cheek for the one, and a simper on the left for the other.

Lord Grubwell being a patron of the fine arts, had at his board-end, besides the layer out of his grounds, a discarded fiddler from the opera-house, who allowed that Handel could compose a tolerable chorus ; a painter, who had made what he called fancy-portraits of all the family, who talked a great deal about Correggio ; a gentleman on one hand of him, who seemed an adept in cookery ; and a little blear-eyed man on the other, who was a connoisseur in wine. On horse-flesh, hunting, shooting, cricket, and cock-fighting, we had occasional dissertations, from several young gentleman at both sides of his end of the table, who, though not directly of his establishment, seemed, from what occurred in conversation, to be pretty constantly in waiting.

Of my Lady's division, the most conspicuous person was a gentleman who sat next her, Sir John——, who seemed to enjoy the office of her *cicisbeo*, or *cavaliere servente*, as nearly as the custom of this country allows. There was, however, one little difference between him and the Italian cavaliere, that he did not seem so solicitous to serve as to admire the lady, the little attentions being rather directed from her to him. Even his admiration was rather understood than expressed. The gentleman, indeed, to borrow a phrase from the grammarians, appeared to be altogether of the passive mood, and to consider every exertion as vulgar and unbecoming. He spoke mincingly, looked something more delicate

than man ; had the finest teeth, the whitest hand, and sent a perfume around him at every motion. He had travelled, quoted Italy very often, and called this a tramontane country, in which, if it were not for one or two fine women, there would be no possibility of existing.

Besides this male attendant, Lady Grubwell had several female intimates, who seemed to have profited extremely by her patronage and instructions, who had learned to talk on all town subjects with such ease and confidence, that one could never have supposed they had been bred in the country, and had, as Colonel Caustic informed me, only lost their bashfulness about three weeks before. One or two of them, I could see, were in a professed and particular manner imitators of my Lady, used all her phrases, aped all her gestures, and had their dress made so exactly after her pattern, that the Colonel told me a blunt country-gentleman, who dined there one rainy day, and afterwards passed the night at his house, thought they had got wet to the skin in their way, and had been refitted from her Ladyship's wardrobe. 'But he was mistaken,' said the Colonel ; 'they only borrowed a little of her complexion.'

The painter had made a picture, of which he was very proud, of my Lady attended by a group of those young friends, in the character of Diana, surrounded by her nymphs, surprized by Actæon. My Lady, when she was showing it to me, made me take notice how very like my Lord, Actæon was. Sir John, who leaned over her shoulder, put on as broad a smile as his good-breeding would allow, and said it was one of the most monstrous clever things he had ever heard her Ladyship say.

Of my Lord's party there were some young men, brothers and cousins of my Lady's nymphs, who

showed the same laudable desire of imitating him, as their kinswomen did of copying her. But each end of the table made now and then interchanges with the other: some of the most promising of my Lord's followers were favoured with the countenance and regard of her Ladyship; while, on the other hand, some of her nymphs drew the particular attention of Actæon, and seemed, like those in the picture, willing to hide his Diana from him. Amidst those different, combined, or mingled parties, I could not help admiring the dexterity of Placid, who contrived to divide himself among them with wonderful address. To the landscape-gardener he talked of clumps and swells; he spoke of harmony to the musician, of colouring to the painter, of hats and feathers to the young ladies, and even conciliated the elevated and unbending baronet, by appeals to him about the key at Marseilles, the Corso at Rome, and the gallery of Florence. He was once only a little unfortunate in a reference to Colonel Caustic, which he meant as a compliment to my Lady,—‘how much more elegant the dress of the ladies was now-a-days than formerly when they remembered it!’ Placid is but very little turned of fifty.

Caustic and I were nearly ‘mutes and audience to this act.’ The Colonel, indeed, now and then threw in a word or two of that *dolce piccante*, that sweet and sharp sort in which his politeness contrives to convey his satire. I thought I could discover that the company stood somewhat in awe of him; and even My Lady endeavoured to gain his good-will by a very marked attention. She begged leave to drink his sister's health in a particular manner after dinner, and regretted exceedingly not being favoured with her company. ‘She hardly ever stirs abroad, my Lady,’ answered the Colonel; ‘besides’, looking slyly at some of Her Ladyship's female friends, ‘she

is not young, nor, am I afraid, bashful enough for one of Diana's virgins.'

When we returned home in the evening, Caustic began to moralize on the scene of the day, 'We were talking,' said he to me, 'the other morning, when you took up a volume of Cook's Voyages, of the advantages and disadvantages arising to newly-discovered countries from our communication with them; of the wants we show them along with the conveniences of life, the diseases we communicate along with the arts we teach. I can trace a striking analogy between this and the visit of Lord and Lady Grubwell to the savages here, as I am told they often call us. Instead of the plain wholesome fare, the sober manners, the filial, the parental, the family-virtues, which some of our households possessed, these great people will inculcate extravagance, dissipation, and neglect of every relative duty; and then in point of breeding and behaviour, we shall have petulance and inattention instead of bashful civility, because it is the fashion with fine folks to be easy; and rusticity shall be set off with impudence, like a grogram waistcoat with tinsel-binding, that only makes its coarseness more disgusting.'

'But you must set them right, my good Sir,' I replied, 'in these particulars. You must tell your neighbours, who may be apt, from some spurious examples, to suppose that every thing contrary to the natural ideas of politeness is polite, that in such an opinion they are perfectly mistaken. Such a caricature is indeed, as in all other imitations, the easiest to be imitated; but it is not the real portraiture and likeness of a high-bred man or woman. As good dancing is like a more dignified sort of walk, and as the best dress hangs the easiest on the shape; so the highest good-breeding, and the most highly polished fashion, is the nearest to nature, but to na-

ture in its best state, to that *belle nature* which works of taste, and a person of fashion is a work of taste, in every department require. It is the same in morals as in demeanour; a real man of fashion has a certain *retenue*, a degree of moderation in every thing, and will not be more wicked or dissipated than there is occasion for; you must therefore signify to that young man who sat near me at Lord Grubwell's, who swore immoderately, was rude to the chaplain, and told us some things of himself for which he ought to have been hanged, that he will not have the honour of going to the devil in the very best company'.

'Were I to turn preacher,' answered the Colonel, 'I would not read your homily. It might be as you say in former times; but in my late excursion to your city, I cannot say I could discover, even in the first company, the high polish you talk of. There was nature, indeed, such as one may suppose her in places which I have long since forgotten; but as for her beauty or grace, I could perceive but little of it. The world has been often called a theatre; now the theatre of your fashionable world seems to me to have lost the best part of its audience; it is all either the yawn of the side boxes, or the roar of the upper gallery. There is no pit, as I remember the pit; none of that mixture of good-breeding, discernment, taste, and feeling, which constitutes an audience, such as a first-rate performer would wish to act his part to. For the simile of the theatre will still hold in this further particular, that a man, to be perfectly well-bred, must have a certain respect and value for his audience, otherwise his exertions will generally be either coarse or feeble. Though, indeed, a perfectly well-bred man will feel that respect even for himself; and were he in a room alone,' said Caustic, taking an involuntary step or two, till he got oppo-

site to a mirror that hangs at the upper end of his parlour, 'would blush to find himself in a mean or ungraceful attitude, or to indulge a thought gross, illiberal, or ungentlemanlike.'—'You smile,' said Miss Caustic to me; 'but I have often told my brother, that he is a very Oroondates on that score; and your Edinburgh people may be very well bred, without coming up to his standard.'—'Nay, but,' said I, 'were I even to give Edinburgh up, it would not affect my position. Edinburgh is but a copy of a larger metropolis; and in every copy the defect I mentioned is apt to take place; and of all qualities I know, this of fashion and good-breeding is the most delicate, the most evanescent, if I may be allowed so pedantic a phrase. 'Tis like the flavour of certain liquors, which it is hardly possible to preserve in the removal of them.'—'Oh! now I understand you,' said Caustic, smiling in his turn; 'like Harrogate water, for example, which, I am told, has spirit at the spring; but when brought hither, I find it, under favour, to have nothing but stink and ill taste remaining.'

I

No. 34. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1785.

THAT we often make the misery, as well as 'the happiness we do not find,' is a truth which moralists have frequently remarked, and which can hardly be too often repeated. 'Tis one of those specific maxims which apply to every character and to every situation, and which, therefore, in different modes of

expression, almost every wise man has endeavoured to enforce and illustrate. Without going so far as the Stoics would have us, we may venture to assert, that there is scarce any state of calamity in which a firm and a virtuous mind will not create to itself consolation and relief; nor any absolute degree of prosperity and success in which a naturally discontented spirit will not find cause of disappointment and disgust.

But in such extremes of situation it is the lot of few to be placed. Of the bulk of mankind the life is passed amidst scenes of no very eventful sort, amidst ordinary engagements and ordinary cares. But of these, perhaps, still more than of the others, the good or evil is in a great measure regulated by the temper and disposition of him to whom they fall out; like metals in coin, it is not alone their intrinsic nature, but also that impression which they receive from us, that creates their value. It must be material, therefore, in the art of happiness, to possess the power of stamping satisfaction on the enjoyments which Providence has put into our hands.

I have been led into these reflections from meeting lately with two old acquaintances, from whom I had, by various accidents, been a long while separated, but whose dispositions our early intimacy had perfectly unfolded to me, and the circumstances of whose lives I have since had occasion to learn.

When at school, Clitander was the pride of his parents and the boast of our master. There was no acquirement to which his genius was not equal; and though he was sometimes deficient in application, yet whenever he chose he outshone every competitor.

Eudocius was a lad of very inferior talents. He was frequently the object of Clitander's ridicule, but he bore it with an indifference that very soon disarmed his adversary; and his constant obligingness

and good-humour made all his class-fellows his friends.

Clitander was born the heir of a very large estate, which coming to the possession of at an early age, he set out on his travels, and continued abroad for a considerable number of years. In the accomplishments of the man, he was equally successful as he had been in the attainments of the boy, and attracted particular notice in the different places of his residence on the continent, as a young man from whom the highest expectations might reasonably be formed. But it was remarked by some intelligent observers, that he rather acquired than relished those accomplishments, and learned to judge more than to admire whatever was beautiful in nature or excellent in art. At times he seemed, like other youthful possessors of ample fortunes, disposed to enjoy the means of pleasure which his situation enabled him to command. At other times, he talked with indifference or contempt both of those pleasures themselves, and of the companions with whom they had been shared. He remained longer abroad than is customary, as his friends said, to make himself master of whatever might be useful to his country or ornamental to himself; but in fact, he remained where he was, as I have heard himself confess, from an indifference about whither he should go; because, as he frankly said, he thought he should find the same fools at Rome as at Paris, at Naples as at Rome. In going through Hungary, he visited the quicksilver mines, where the miserable workmen, pent up for life, hear of the light of the sun, as of the beauties of another world. One of those, as Clitander and his party came up to him, was leaning on his mattock, under one of the dismal lamps that unfold the horrors of the place, eating the morsel of brown bread that is allowed them. 'What wretched fare!'

said one of the company. ' But he seems to enjoy it !' replied Clitander.

When he returned to England, he was surrounded by the young and the gay, who allured him to pleasure ; and by more respectable characters, who invited him to business and ambition. With both societies he often mixed, but could scarcely be said to associate ; to both he lent himself, as it were, for the time ; but became the property of neither, and seemed equally dissatisfied with both.

When I saw him lately he was at his paternal seat, one of the finest places in one of the finest parts of the country. To my admiration of its improvements he assented with the coolness of a spectator who had often looked on them ; yet I found that he had planned most of them himself. In the neighbourhood I found him respected but not popular ; and even when I was told stories of his beneficence, of which there were many, they were told as deeds in which he was to be imitated rather than beloved. His hospitality was uncommonly extensive ; but his neighbours partook of it rather as a duty than a pleasure. And though at table he said more witty and more lively things than all his guests put together, yet every body remarked how dull the dinner had been.

At his house I found Eudocius, who flew to embrace me, and to tell me his history since we parted. He told it rather more in detail than was necessary ; but I thanked him for his minuteness, because it had the air of believing me interested in the tale. Eudocius was now almost as rich as Clitander ; but his fortune was of his own acquisition. In the line of commerce, to which he had been bred, he had been highly successful. Industry, the most untainted uprightiness, and that sort of claim which a happy disposition had upon every good man he met, had

procured him such advantages, that in a few years he found himself possessed of wealth beyond his most sanguine expectations, and, as he modestly said, much beyond his merits; but he did himself injustice; he had all the merit which enjoying it thankfully, and using it well, could give.—At his house, to which I afterwards attended him, most things were good, and Eudocius honestly praised them all. He had a group of his neighbours assembled, all of whom were happy; but those who came from visiting Clitander were always the happiest. In his garden and grounds there were some beauties which Eudocius showed you with much satisfaction; there were many deformities which he did not observe himself; if any other remarked them, he was happy they were discovered, and took a memorandum for mending them next year. His tenants and cottagers were contented and comfortable, or at least in situations that ought to make them so. If any of them came with complaints to Eudocius, he referred them to his steward, but with injunctions to treat them indulgently; and when the steward sometimes told him he had been imposed on, he said he would not trust the man again; but repeated a favourite phrase of his, which he had learnt from somebody, but adopted from pure good-nature, ‘that he might be cheated of his money, but should not of his temper.’ In this, as in every thing else, it was not easy to vex him, while, on the other hand, he was made happy at very little expense; he laughed at dull jokes, was pleased with bad pictures, praised dull books, and patronized very inferior artists—not always from an absolute ignorance in these things, though his taste, it must be owned, was none of the most acute, but because it was his way to be pleased, and that he liked to see people pleased around him.

It was not so with Clitander. Wanting that enthusiasm, that happy deception, which leads warmer and, indeed, inferior minds through life, he examined with too critical, perhaps too just, an eye, its pleasures, its ambition, its love, its friendship, and found them empty and unsatisfying. Eudocius was the happy spectator of an indifferently played comedy; but Clitander had got behind the scenes, and saw the actors with all their wants and imperfections. Clitander, however, never shows the sourness or the melancholy of a misanthrope. He is not interested enough in mankind to be angry, nor is the world worth his being sad for. Thus he not only wants the actual pleasures of life, but even that sort of enjoyment which results from its sorrows.

Miserum te judico, quòd nunquam fueris miser. SENECA.

The only satisfaction he seems to feel, is that sort of detection which his ability enables him to make of the emptiness of the world's pleasures, the hypocrisy of its affected virtues, the false estimation of its knowledge, the ridiculousness of its pretended importance. Hence he is often a man of humour and of wit, and plays with both with the appearance of gaiety and mirth. But this gaiety is not happiness. Such a detection may clothe one's face in smiles, but it cannot make glad the heart. In the gaiety of Clitander, however excited, there is little enjoyment. Clitander undervalues his audience, and never delivers himself up to them with that happy cheerfulness with which Eudocius tells his old stories, and every one laughs without knowing why.

In the apathy of a dull man, nobody is interested, and we consign him to its influence without reflection and without regret. But when one considers how much is lost to the world by the indifference

of Clitander, one cannot help lamenting that unfortunate perversion of talents, by which they are not only deprived of their value, but made instruments of ill fortune ; which, if I may be allowed the expression, disappoints the bounty of Heaven, both to its possessor himself, and to those around him, whom it ought to have enriched.

V

No. 35. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1785.

AMONG the apologies for irregularity and dissipation, none are of more pernicious tendency than those which are drawn from the good qualities with which that irregularity and dissipation are supposed to be generally accompanied. The warmth and openness of noble minds, it is said, are apt to lead them into extravagances which the cold and the unfeeling can easily criticise, and may plausibly condemn. But in the same minds reside the virtues of magnanimity, disinterestedness, benevolence, and friendship, in a degree to which the tame and the selfish, who boast of the prudence and propriety of their conduct, can never aspire. The first resemble a luxuriant tree, which, amidst its wild and wandering shoots, is yet productive of the richest fruit ; the others, like a dry and barren stock, put forth a few regular but stunted branches, which require no pruning indeed, but from which no profit is to be reaped.

It might be worth while to inquire into the justice of this account, to the truth of which the young and

the gay are apt implicitly to assent ; but the young and the gay have too much vivacity to reason, and as little inclination as leisure for inquiry : yet some of them who knew Flavillus, may listen for a moment while I tell them his history. 'Tis the last time they will be troubled with his name or his misfortunes !

He was the heir of an estate which was once reckoned very considerable. It descended to him burdened with a good deal of debt, and with a variety of encumbrances ; but still Flavillus was held to have succeeded to a great possession, his nominal rent-roll being a large one. At an early period of life, he entered into the army ; but he soon quitted a profession where, in point of wealth, the prospects were not alluring ; and where, in point of station, he had not patience to wait for the usual steps of advancement. Flavillus, both while he was in the army, and after he quitted it, was accounted one of the most agreeable and most accomplished men that was any where to be met with. Nor was this reputation undeserved. Having had a complete university education, he had all the learning of a philosopher, without any of that pedantry which often attends it ; and having mixed a good deal in the world, he had all the ease of a man of fashion, without any of that flippancy which mere men of fashion are apt to acquire. Flavillus, from those qualities, became the darling of society. His company was universally courted ; and it was considered as a high recommendation to any party of pleasure, that he was to be one of the number. Possessed of an indolence which unfitted him for business, having quitted the army, the only profession he ever had the least inclination to cultivate, and too negligent to think of retrieving the encumbrances on his estate by economy and schemes of prudence,

he gave himself completely up to the pleasures of society, and allowed himself to be captivated by the popularity which his manners secured him, and by the general good-will with which he was constantly received.

It is easy to conjecture the effects of such a course of life on the circumstances of Flavillus. The debts and encumbrances on his estate were allowed to remain, and the expense he was led into added much to their amount. At first Flavillus felt a good deal of uneasiness on this ground ; he made some feeble efforts to retrench his expense, and to mix less in expensive society : to dress more plainly, to give up public places, to go no more to taverns, to lose no more money at play. But these better resolutions sunk under his love of pleasure, and his temptations to habitual indulgence. He became at length afraid to think of his circumstances ; and the very despair which that occasioned made him plunge more deeply into dissipation. Painfully conscious as he was of much misspent time and misspent fortune, he durst not look into the account of either.

The deeper, however, he plunged into dissipation, the fonder of him did his companions become. The circle of his acquaintance, indeed, came to be in some measure changed. At an early period of life, his company was select ; at a later period he became less nice about his friends ; but still Flavillus was accounted one of the finest fellows in the world. His bottle-companions were ever loud in his praise, at the midnight riot his name was never mentioned without the highest panegyric, without the warmest professions of friendship, confirmed by the most sacred oaths, and accompanied with the most endearing expressions of delight. Amidst the vociferations of merriment, and the jollity of debauch, to have list-

ened to the sounds which then were uttered, one would have thought that the Goddess of Friendship herself had descended upon earth, and was animating the voices of the companions of Flavillus.

With all this Flavillus was far from being happy. Superior to the companions he now lived with, he could not always avoid reflecting on the nothingness of his situation; and though he was afraid to think upon it, he could not help at times foreseeing that the means of his extravagance must draw to a close. His spirit on some occasions rose within him, and he formed unavailing plans to relieve his situation and act worthy of himself; but he had proceeded too far to be able easily to retract; he had sunk in his own esteem, and, what was worse, was accustomed to feel that he had done so. In this state he remained for some time, the voice of reason and of right becoming more and more feeble, and the influence of present gratification strengthening with every fresh indulgence.

Matters, however, at length came to a crisis. Upon applying to his man of business, who had, without effect, made repeated remonstrances against his expensive course of life he was told that there was no more money to be had—that his creditors, who had already had much patience, were now become too clamorous to be any longer flattered or amused; in short, he was informed, in plain language, that without discharging his debts a gaol must be the consequence.

Flavillus's mind was no longer what it had been. At a former period, had he foreseen such an event, it is hard to say what would have been the consequence. Now he stooped to the misery of his situation. The very night before he received this decisive intelligence he had been engaged in a debauch,

which lasted from dinner till morning; he had parted with his companions amidst the loudest exclamations of social joy and social affection; the next night they had resolved to repeat their bliss and reiterate their enjoyment. At this second meeting, Flavillus ventured to mention his situation. I will spare my readers an account of the mortifying indifference with which his story was received. Flavillus found that from those friends whom he had frequently heard boast of the warmth and generosity of their souls, when compared with the meaner and colder minds of the dull, the plodding, and the sober; from those men with whom he used to set the table in a roar; with whom he had a thousand times come under the most sacred bonds of attachment, and who had a thousand times sworn they could not live without him!—from all of them was he obliged to receive, in different terms, the same mortifying reply, that they could not afford him the smallest relief or assistance.

A gentleman, whom I shall here call Marcus, who had known Flavillus in his younger days, who knew his good qualities, his accomplishments, so worthy of a better fate, who had often mourned over him, but who, from indignation at the dissipated course he had followed, had avoided his company, heard accidentally of this incident in his life. In the most delicate manner in the world, without his so much as knowing from whom the relief came, he was relieved, and, by this gentleman's bounty, was freed from the impending horrors of a gaol.

But Flavillus, though ruined by dissipation, had not yet fully attained either its apathy or its meanness. The generosity of Marcus, though it relieved his present distress, showed him at once the station he had lost, and that to which he was reduced. His

body, which his former course of life had enfeebled, was too weak to support the agitation of his mind. He retired to a little country-village, where he might equally avoid the neglect of those companions by whom his former follies had been shared, and the reproach or the pity of those by whom they had been censured or shunned. Here he lived on a small pension which the same benevolent interposition procured him, till a lingering nervous disorder put a period to his sufferings.

It was but a few weeks ago I assisted at his funeral. There I saw one or two of his former associates who had taken the trouble to attend, who, after a few inquiries after the cause of his death, and a few common-place regrets, that so agreeable and good-hearted a fellow should have been so unfortunate, made an appointment for a supper in the evening. Marcus put a plain stone over his grave. I never look on it without the mortifying reflection, with how many virtues it might have been inscribed, without lamenting that so excellent natural abilities as those of Flavillus, so much improved by education, and so susceptible of further improvement, should have been lost to every worthy and valuable purpose; lost in a course of frivolous or criminal dissipation, amidst companions without attachment or friendship, amidst pleasures that afforded so little real happiness or enjoyment.

P

No. 36. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1785.

Divitias operosiores.

HOR. OD. iii. l. ult.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ IT is but very lately that I became acquainted with your paper, our family only having taken it in last week for the first time, when it was recommended to my brother by Lady Betty Lampon, who happened to be on a visit in our country. Her Ladyship said it was a dear sweet satirical paper, and that one found all one’s acquaintance in it. And sure enough I found some of my acquaintance in it, for I am the only reader among us, and so I shall tell Mr. John Homespun when I meet him. Only think of a man come to his years to go to put himself and his neighbours into print in the manner he has done. But I dare to say it is all out of spite and envy at our having grown so suddenly rich, by my brother’s good fortune in India; and to be sure, Sir, things are changed with us from what I remember; and yet perhaps we are not so much to be envied neither, if all were known. Do tell me, Sir, how we shall manage to be as happy as people suppose our good fortune must have made us.

“ But perhaps, Sir, it is not the fashion, as my sister-in-law and Mons. de Sabot says, to be happy.—Lord, Sir, I had forgot you don’t know Mons. de Sabot! But really my head is not so clear as it used to be. I will try to tell you things in their order.—My bro-

ther, who, as Mr. Homespun has informed you, is returned home with a great fortune, is determined to live as becomes it, and sent down a ship-load of blacks in laced liveries, the servants in this country not being handy about fine things; though, to tell you the truth, some of the Blackamoors don't give themselves much trouble about their work, and two of them never do a turn except playing on the French horn, and sometimes making punch, when it is wanted particularly nice.

“ Besides these, there came down in two chaises, my brother's own *valet-de-sham*, my sister's own maid, a man-cook who has two of the *negers* under him, and Mons. de Sabot, whom my brother wrote to me, he had hired for a butler; but, when he came, he told us he was *maitre dotelle*, and had been so to the Earl of C——, the Duke of N——, and two German princes. So, to be sure, we were almost afraid to speak to him, till we found he was as affable and obliging as could be, and told us every thing we ought to do to be fashionable, and like the great folks of London and Paris. Mons. de Sabot is acquainted with every one of them.

“ But then, Sir, it is so troublesome an affair to be fashionable; and so my father and mother, and the rest of us, who have never been abroad, find. We used to be as cheerful a family as any in the country; and at our dinners and suppers, if we had not fine things, we had pure good appetites, and, after the table was uncovered, used to be as merry as grigs at cross-purposes, questions and commands, or what's my thought like? But now we must not talk loud, nor laugh, nor walk fast, nor play at romping games; and we must sit quiet during a long dinner of two courses and a dessert, and drink wine and water, and never touch our meat but with our fork, and

pick our teeth after dinner, and dabble in cold water, and Lord knows how many other things: which Mons. de Sabot says every body *comi fo* does. And such a thing he tells me, for I am a sort of favourite and scholar of his, is *comi fo* in the first course, and such a thing in the second; and this in the entries, and that in the removes. *Comi fo*, it seems, means vastly fine in his language, though we country-folks, if we durst own it, find the *comi fo* things often very ill tasted, and now and then a little stinking. But we shall learn to like them monstrously by-and bye, as Mons. de Sabot assures us.

“ My father is hardest of us all to be taught to do what he ought; and he cursed *comi fo* once or twice to Mons. de Sabot’s face. But my brother and my sister-in-law are doing all that they can to wean him from his old customs, that he mayn’t affront himself before company. He fought hard for his pipe and his spit-box; but my sister-in-law would not suffer the new window-curtains and chair-covers to be put up till he had given over both. And, what do you think, Sir, the old gentleman was caught yesterday by my brother and a young baronet of his acquaintance, who went into the stables to look at one of my brother’s stud, as they call it, smoking his pipe in one of the empty stalls. And I heard Sir Harry Driver give an account of it to my sister-in-law when they came in to supper, and how, as he said, ‘ he had tallyho’d old Squaretoes, as he slunk from his kennel.’

“ My brother, you must know, has a mind to be a parliament-man, and so he invites all the country, high and low, to eat and drink with him; and sometimes I have been sadly out of countenance, and so have we all, when some of his old acquaintance, have told long stories of things which happened to them for-

merly, though ten to one my brother does not remember a syllable of them. As t'other day, when our school-master's son Samuel put him in mind of their going together to Edinburgh for the first time, and how they had but one pair of silk stockings between them, and my brother had them on in the morning to see a gentleman who was first cousin to an East-India Director, and Sam got them in the evening to visit the Principal of the college; and all this before Sir Harry Driver, Lord Squanderfield, and Lady Betty Lampoon.

“ Then my brother is turned an improver, which every body says is an excellent way of laying out his money, and is so public-spirited!—and the planner who has come to give directions about it tells us, that in a few years hence he will get five pounds for every five shillings he lays out now in that way. In the mean time, however, it gives him a sad deal of trouble; when every thing is resolved upon to-day, 'tis a chance but it is all turned topsy-turvy to-morrow; for his voters, as they call the gentlemen on my brother's side of the question, who come to visit us, have every one their own opinion, and are always giving him advice how to do things for the best. One told him lately he should level such a piece of ground which is in sight of the bow-window in the drawing-room; another, a few mornings after, blamed this first adviser for want of taste, and said he would give 500 guineas for such a knoll in the very spot where they had levelled it; and so they are building rocks there, and planting them as fast as they can. He pulled down a piece of an old church that stood in the way of what they call the approach to the house; and presently a gentleman from England told him a ruin was the very thing wanted in that place,—and so the old church must

be built up a-new. Lord Squanderfield advised him to make a piece of water in the garden; and they had almost finished it, when Lady Betty convinced him that in summer it would be a puddle, as she termed it, that would stink him out of his house, and fly-blow every bit of meat at his table.

“Lady Betty has been very useful to my sister-in-law, too, about the choice of the furniture, though that likewise has been a troublesome job, owing to bad advice in the beginning. We had got sofas and stuffed chairs in the drawing-room, which my lady has made her change for cabrioles; and the damask-beds she has persuaded her are not in the least fit for a country-house; and so they are all taken down, and chintzes put up in their place.

“In the same ship with the blacks, my brother brought down a great collection of pictures which were purchased for him at a sale in London, and are worth, I am told, Lord knows how much, though he got them, as he assures us for an old song; and yet several of them I have heard cost some hundreds of pounds. But this, between ourselves, is the most plaguy of all his fineries. Would you believe it, Sir, he is obliged to be two or three hours every morning in the gallery, with a little book in his hand, like a poor school-boy, getting by heart the names and the stories of all the men and women that are painted there, that he may have his lesson pat for the company that are to walk and admire the paintings till dinner is served up. And yet after all, he is sometimes mistaken about them, as last Thursday he told a gentleman that was looking at the pictures, that the half-naked woman above the chimney-piece was done for one Caroline Marrot, I suppose from the picture of some Miss no better than she should be; whereas the gentleman, Mr. Gusto, declared

it was as like Widow Renny as one egg is like another.

“I could tell you a great deal more of embarrassments and vexations in the enjoyment of our good fortune ; but I am sure I must have wearied you by my scribble-scrabble account of what I have told. It will be sufficient to show you that Mr. Homespun has not so much cause for envy as from his letter I presume he feels against us, and will, I hope, also procure a little of your good counsel how to make a *comi fo* life somewhat more comfortable to the greatest part of our family, and in particular to your humble servant,

“ MARJORY MUSHROOM.”

Z

No. 37. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1785.

THE mythology of the ancients has given rise to many an elegant allusion, and adorned many a beautiful description.

In a book published lately at Paris, containing an account of the principal gems in the cabinet of the Duke of Orleans, is the following excellent illustration of the pleasing effects of the popular religion of antiquity.

‘ The delightful fictions built on their religious system,’ says the author of this work, ‘ have peopled and animated all nature, and made a solemn temple of the vast universe. Those flowers, whose varied and shining beauty we so much admire, are the tears of Aurora. It is the breath of Zephyrus which gently

agitates the leaves. The soft murmurs of the waters are the sighs of the Naiads. A god impels the winds. A god pours out the rivers. Grapes are the gift of Bacchus. Ceres presides over the harvest. Orchards are the care of Pomona. Does a shepherd sound his reed on the summit of a mountain, it is Pan, who, with his pastoral pipe, returns the amorous lay. When the sportman's horn rouses the attentive ear, it is Diana armed with her bow and quiver, more nimble than the stag she pursues, who takes the diversion of the chase. The Sun is a god, who, riding on a car of fire, diffuses his light through the world. The Stars are so many divinities, who measure with their golden beams the regular process of time. The Moon presides over the silence of the night, and consoles the world for the absence of her brother. Neptune reigns in the seas, surrounded by the Nereids, who dance to the joyous shells of the Tritons. In the highest heavens is seated Jupiter, the father and master of men and gods : under his feet roll the thunders formed by the Cyclops in the cavern of Lemnos ; his smile rejoices nature, and his nod shakes the foundation of Olympus. Surrounding the throne of their sovereign, the other divinities quaff the nectar from a cup presented to them by the young and beautiful Hebe. In the middle of the bright circle shines with distinguished lustre the unrivalled beauty of Venus, alone adorned with a splendid girdle, on which the Graces and Sports for ever play ; and in her hand is a smiling boy, whose power is universally acknowledged by heaven and earth.'

It is impossible to read this elegant passage without feeling something of that delusion it describes ; and the reader who is conversant in the classics will at once call to his recollection many of those animated descriptions and pleasing allusions with which those admirable works so much abound.

For my own part, however, while I must always remember, with a pleasing sort of gratitude, the delight which I have received from the poets of Greece and of Rome ; and while I recollect, with a species of enthusiasm, that rapture I first received from the animated accounts of nature with which their works are adorned ; I cannot help sometimes thinking, that the taste which they have produced in modern times, that fondness of imitation they have given birth to, has in some respects hurt the works of the moderns, and, instead of improving, helped to spoil many an exertion of genius. The mythological allusions of the ancients were grafted on the popular opinions of the country ; as such to a reader of the times they were natural ; the mind easily acknowledged their justice, and something like an implicit belief attended their perusal. Even when they are perused by a modern, in the writings of the ancients, he acquires some portion of this belief. The same ductility of imagination which creates our sympathy and interest in the passions and feelings of an Achilles and an Æneas, though they lived in a distant region, and a period long since past, makes us enter into their religious creed, and the effects thereby produced. Our reason is for a time suspended ; and we can for a moment suppose Minerva to descend from heaven to assist a Grecian hero, or Æolus to inflate the winds at the suit of Juno, to overwhelm in the billows the unfortunate son of a rival goddess.

But those animated and personified descriptions, however natural in an ancient author, and however they may interest even a modern reader by the same sympathy which engages us in the fate of a hero who died a thousand years ago, have now ceased to be natural. When used by a modern writer, they do not proceed from an animated mind, impressed and governed by the belief of his countrymen, but are

the effect of a mere copy, the feeble offspring of a cold and servile imitation.

Whether it has proceeded from this cause I know not ; but, while I feel the most pleasing delusion from the mythological fictions of the ancient authors, I have always felt something very much the reverse from the same fictions when appearing in the works of the moderns. The scenes which nature lays before us, and the actions of those men who are placed in interesting situations, when well described and naturally represented, must ever be delightful ; but when in a modern author I see nature left as it were behind, and borrowed description and allusion made use of, I have ever found my mind, instead of being gratified, cheated of that pleasure which it wished to enjoy. The delusion in which I was fond to indulge has been removed, and fanciful conceit has usurped the place of nature.

Another bad consequence of this servile imitation of the ancients, of this borrowing what was natural in them, but which is no longer so in us, has been to prevent modern authors from studying nature as it is, from attempting to draw it as it really appears ; and, instead of giving genuine descriptions, it leads them to give those only which are false and artificial.

Every reader acquainted with our modern authors will easily recall a variety of passages to illustrate these remarks.

To take an instance from the works of an author who does the highest honour to this country, what can be more absurd than the following lines as a description of Windsor Forest ?

See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the jovial reaper's hand.

This is surely not a description of Windsor Forest.

In like manner, the description in the same poem, of Thames shedding tears for Cowley's death, must surpass all modern credulity; and of an equally unnatural kind is the transformation of Lodona, the daughter of Father Thames.

In the Pastorals of the same author, what strange effects are produced by the mourning of a shepherd boy along the side of the Thames!

There while he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

The same shepherd thus describes the effects of his numbers:

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds my song.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples; the descriptive poems of the moderns are full of them.

One author deserves to be excepted, an author who has been justly deemed an original, and whose character of originality is in a great measure owing to his having painted nature as it is, and laid aside the mythological allusions of antiquity.—Thomson, in his Seasons, may be styled the great poet of Nature. In that poem he has described the whole varied year, and the different scenes which its variations produce.

'This author,' says a distinguished critic, 'is entitled to one praise of the highest kind; his mode of thinking and of expressing his thoughts, is original. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius; he looks round on nature and on life with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet; the eye that distinguishes, in every thing presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and

with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute. The reader of the Seasons wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson expresses.'

Great part of this high praise appears to me to have arisen from what has been observed, of Thomson's having studied nature, and painted it as it is. Hardly, and with very few exceptions, will he be found endeavouring to adorn or heighten his descriptions with the religious fictions of antiquity.

As this author has drawn his pictures of nature from nature itself, so the nearer we bring his pictures to the originals from which he draws, the more will we admire them; the nearer our examination is, the more will our mind be filled and kindled with those sentiments which his descriptions produce. They resemble those striking likenesses, those highly finished portraits, which we examine by the side of the persons who sit for them. I am never more delighted with Thomson's Winter, the best of his Seasons, than when I read it in the month of December, and listen to the 'savage howl of the blast,' and see the 'sky saddened with the gather'd storm.'

A

No. 38. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1785.

I HAPPENED, a few evenings ago, to have an appointment with a friend of mine, a gentleman of the law, which some particular business prevented him from keeping with his usual punctuality. While I waited for him in his study, I took down from one of his

shelves a book at random, to amuse myself with, till he should come in. In my character of Lounger, I have learned never to put back a book because its subject promises to be a dull one. Though this was a law folio, therefore, I sat down contentedly to peruse it; having often experienced, that, in books where I looked for the least entertainment, I have unexpectedly met with the most. So it happened in this law-treatise; where, on the chapter of Marriage, which chanced to turn up to me, I found the nice distinctions and subtleties of legal investigation so illuminated with a variety of interesting cases, that I shall certainly recommend the book, and particularly the above-mentioned chapter of it, to all my young friends who are engaged in the study of that dry and intricate science. I am persuaded their imaginations will not be less exercised than their judgments, in following the learned author through the numerous pointed illustrations which he gives of the doctrines there laid down. Of those doctrines the abstract seems to be, that though certain smaller deceptions are not sufficient for setting aside a matrimonial engagement; yet a very high degree of deceit made use of by one of the parties to influence and inveigle the other, will render the marriage void and null *ab initio*, as if no such contract had ever been made.

I was deeply engaged in those speculations, when my friend cut them short by entering the room; and, as his time is precious, we had no leisure to follow them together; though I had much inclination to have asked his assistance in clearing up some legal doubts which the author's reasoning had created in my mind. When I got home at night, the subject recurred to my memory; but, beside a warm fire in a cold evening, even the thoughts of marriage will not keep a man awake. I insensibly fell asleep

in my chair, when a dream took up, as is generally the case, the thread of my waking thoughts, and pursued it in the following whimsical manner.

Methought I was carried into a great hall, which in its gloom, its antique ornaments, and its dustiness, resembled some of our courts of justice, at the further end of which was seated, in the dress and with the *insignia* of a judge, the learned and worthy author of the treatise above-mentioned. By one of the attendants of the court I was informed, that his office was a sort of chancellorship of matrimony, with the power of confirming or annulling all marriages, as in equity and good conscience should seem to him proper; that this was one of the days appointed for hearings; and that the parties, complainants and respondents, were waiting without, ready to be called in to state their complaints and defences. I, who am a bachelor, which I believe I formerly hinted to my readers, felicitated myself on this happy opportunity of instruction and entertainment, and sat down on one of the benches, to hear with attention the different causes that should be argued.

The first person who came to the bar was a man of rather an ungracious appearance, and a countenance not at all expressive of good-humour. He exhibited his complaint, and prayed for a dissolution of his marriage on the head of deception in his wife's temper; who, as he informed the judge, had made herself appear before marriage one of the sweetest and most engaging young women in the world—that during her virgin-state she had never been seen, at least by the complainant, with a single frown on her brow, and was the very life and soul of every company she was in; but that she had not been married a week, when he discovered that she was, saving the court's presence, a very devil incarnate; that scarce

a day passed in which she did not abuse himself, ill-treat his friends, and whip all the children round; and that he was obliged to change his servants every half-year, except one old cross devil of a cook-maid, whom she kept to vex and plague him. The lady, being called upon for her defence, denied any deception by which the marriage had been brought about, or could now be annulled; for that all her acquaintance could testify how good-natured she was when she was not contradicted; and that before marriage her husband had never contradicted her. She likewise pleaded recrimination in bar of his complaint; and offered to prove that he himself was one of the most cross-tempered men in the world. The judge dismissed the complaint; but recommended to the parties, since they seemed equally dissatisfied, to separate by mutual consent. The husband seemed inclined to adopt this proposition; but the lady rejected it; and, flinging out of court with a toss-up of one side of her hoop, said, she had more spirit than to indulge him in that. The husband growled something, which I could not hear, and followed her.

The second complainant was dressed in a very shabby coat, and had a very indecent length of beard on his face. He prayed a dissolution of his marriage, from a gross deception in point of his wife's person and appearance. He was, he said, chiefly induced to the match, from the beauty of her face and the elegance of her figure, which first had made her his toast, then his mistress, and lastly his wife: that for some little time after his marriage, this deception was perfectly kept up: that in a few months, however, he began to be sensible of it; and, after her becoming pregnant of her first child, it was apparent to every body: that, subsequent to that period, his wife totally neglected all attention

to her shape and complexion ; and had ever since been so perfect a slattern as to have forfeited all pretensions to those qualities, on the faith of which he had married her. The lady made no appearance, which some one in court suggested was owing to its being so early an hour, as she seldom rose till twelve, and never was dressed till three. Indeed, upon some question of the judge, it came out, that the husband had never seen her before marriage at an earlier hour, and seldom even then, but at great dinners, private balls, and public assemblies. His Lordship delayed the further consideration of the cause till another day, recommending to the gentleman, when he appeared there again, to show the respect due to the court, by having his beard shaved, and putting on a clean shirt.

The third prosecutor was an elderly gentleman with a wrinkled face, and a body seemingly very infirm, who came forward to the bar by the help of a staff, or rather crutch. He represented to the court that he had married a few years before, after having lived a bachelor till he was turned of sixty, a young, innocent girl, as he imagined, who had been bred up, at her father's house in the country, in perfect ignorance of the town, its expenses and amusements, who knew only how to knit, work fringes, and border an apron, to assist at making of a pudding, and constructing a gooseberry-pie ; whose greatest expense was a silk gown once in two years, with a calico of her own making for morning wear ; and whose highest pleasure consisted in dancing at a country wedding, or a Christmas gambol. But that, not long after she was married, she contrived to have him bring her to town, where she spent as much money in one month as it had cost her father to keep her all her life before ; and actually wore, at this moment, a cap and feathers, the price of which

would have clothed her for a whole year in the country: that she was scarcely ever at home, except when she had asked a dozen fine people to dinner or supper, and was seldom in bed till three in the morning: that she would not suffer any of his former companions to approach her, but kept company only with dissipated young people of the other sex, or extravagant and giddy women of her own. And, therefore, from all those circumstances, showing the highest degree of deception under which he had been inveigled to marry, he prayed a dissolution of the matrimonial engagement, dropping some hints, at the same time, that the young lady might do very well for a younger and a gayer husband, and that he would come down handsomely, to make her worth another man's taking. To this complaint, it was answered on the part of the lady, that there was no sort of deception in the case; that she had all along declared she did not care a farthing for her intended husband, but on the contrary hated and abhorred him: that he had bribed her parents, who had partly frightened and partly cajoled her into the match, by the offer of large settlements, and the flattering prospect of being the wife of a very rich man; so that, in the very nature of the contract, she gave up her person to her said husband in exchange for the enjoyment of such pleasures as his fortune could enable her to command for the present, and the hopes of what a large jointure might procure for the future: that, therefore, all the finery, amusements, and expense, which he complained of, were only parts of the first clause of the agreement; and that whatever vexation or uneasiness her conduct might create to him, were but justifiable means of fulfilling the accomplishment of the second. The Chancellor delivered his opinion in favour of the respondent; but proposed, in

compassion to the husband, which, however, the worthy judge declared his conduct had little merited, that they should compromise matters, by the lady's renouncing her right to the man, on being immediately vested in her jointure. The lady was deliberating on this proposal, when her lord declared himself in the negative; and clearing his voice with a hem, hobbled out of court in a step somewhat firmer than that in which he entered, saying, Nobody could tell which of them might have the benefit of survivorship.

The next case was pretty similar to the foregoing, except that the plaintiff was the wife, and the defendant her husband; an old lady of three-score *versus* a young stout fellow of five-and-twenty. She alleged, that when a virgin she had been made to believe he loved her to desperation; but had discovered, the very day of the wedding, that he was only enamoured of twenty thousand pounds she happened to possess in the Long Annuities. The husband denied the charge of deceiving her; for that she knew, from the beginning of their acquaintance, that he wished to marry the Long Annuities, which he said, smiling, he would endeavour to make shorter. The lady on this lost temper. 'Do you dare to say so, Sir?' she exclaimed; 'you, whom I saved from a gaol; you, who, before I took compassion on you, had not a coat to your back, nor a dinner to your belly? Do you dare to look in my face, and say you did not deceive me?'—'Madam,' replied the spark, with an easy impudent air, 'do you venture to show that face and to say so?' On this she broke out into such a violent passion, and was so vehement in her outcries, that the noise awakened me.—'Twas but a dream,' said I, starting from my chair;—'and yet—'tis as well I am a bachelor.'

No. 39. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1785.

*A Judge is just, a Chancellor juster still,
A Gownman learned, a Bishop what you will,
Wise, if a Minister, &c.*

POPE.

It is an old, and has been a frequent observation, that men of genius seldom succeed in the common business of life. I have no where, however, found it so happily illustrated, as by a question of Swift's, in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke ;—' Did you never,' says he, ' observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife ? Did you ever know the knife fail to go the right way ? whereas, if he had used a razor or a pen-knife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet.'

The very idea of genius and of fine parts, implies that they should be rare and uncommon. The ordinary course of society, therefore, has not been left to depend upon them ; but it has been wisely ordered, that the business of life, almost in all its departments, should admit of being carried on by such men, and with such talents, as are every day to be met with.

The unexperienced and the vulgar are apt to judge of talents from the success with which they are attended ; to estimate the difficulty of situations from their supposed importance, or from the attention which they draw, and the rank which they confer in society.

With them, the lawyer or the physician who has obtained high reputation, or arrived at high practice, is concluded to possess more than ordinary talents for his profession ; and if a person has com-

manded an army or a fleet with success : if he has figured in either house of Parliament ; if he has made himself of importance to government, and filled a high department in the state ; the public set no bounds to their admiration, and every one concludes the genius and talents of such a man to be of the highest magnitude.

When we resist, however, the glare of success, and the impression of public opinion, and call experience to our aid in the examination of particular instances, we shall find not only that all these situations have been attained, but that they have been filled, with credit to the possessors, and satisfaction to the public, by men whose talents and whose virtues were nowise extraordinary. Nay, perhaps, on a closer investigation, we shall be convinced, that such persons owed to the mediocrity of their talents, and the defects or weaknesses of their character, that elevation which to many has appeared the attainment of genius and the reward of virtue.

Lelius possessed uncommon talents. He derived from nature a correct judgement, a sound and penetrating understanding ; and his natural endowments were cultivated by a liberal education, an early acquaintance with the best writers, and a familiar intercourse with men of genius and of letters. There were few branches of public or of national business, respecting which he was not possessed of ample information. His views with regard to them were always liberal, generally profound, and seldom failed of being just and well founded.

As a speaker, Lelius seldom addressed himself to the passions or the fancy of his audience. He had, however, an easy and unembarrassed elocution, a sufficient command of language to communicate his views with clearness and perspicuity. His style, though simple and unadorned, was pure and correct ;

and his manner, though plain, was forcible and manly. He had obtained a seat in the House of Commons, at a time of life when his reputation for knowledge was generally established, when his talents were in their fullest vigour ; and if at any time he offered his sentiments, he never failed of being listened to with attention, or of finding them received with that respect to which they were so well entitled.

The talents of Lelius, however, were of a kind which very seldom disposed him to make that effort. Accustomed to investigate with accuracy, to view his subject in every possible light, and to see the force of every difficulty which presented itself, he was not easily satisfied with the extent of his information, nor convinced of the justice of his opinions ; and men of more limited views and shallower understandings, but of bolder or of rasher spirits, were generally allowed to carry away the reputation of that knowledge, and of those talents, the extent of which would not allow Lelius to display them.

Cornelius had obtained an education equally liberal, and had the same opportunities to improve himself by books and conversation ; nor were his knowledge and information less extensive than those of Lelius. He was not perhaps altogether his equal in acuteness of understanding or strength of judgment ; but, if he fell short in these, he no less surpassed him in a brilliancy of fancy and vigour of imagination, improved by an early acquaintance with whatever is beautiful or sublime in the classical productions of ancient or of modern times.

Full of sentiment and of feeling, enlivened by fancy, enriched by imagery, and often flowing in a style of the most classic beauty, the eloquence of Cornelius could not fail to command attention, and to be listened to with pleasure.

But, while his knowledge and his eloquence gained to Cornelius the reputation of an accomplished scholar and a fine speaker, his ideas were often too refined, and his views too loose for business. His eloquence lost its power of persuasion, from an idea that it was calculated to dazzle rather than to inform; and though he often spoke with applause, and sometimes with success, it never procured him the reputation of a man of business, nor raised him to any considerable share of public trust or public power. If it had, we should in all probability have seen how widely that fancy and imagination, by which Cornelius was so well qualified to display supposed advantages or blemishes in the measures and the conduct of others, differ from that cool judgement and those plain talents which are fit to direct men in the choice of their own.

Claudius had neither the profound knowledge of Lelius, nor the genius and imagination of Cornelius, and he had received an education much less liberal than that of either.

Claudius, however, with little knowledge, no fineness of genius, and a taste altogether uncultivated, had derived from nature a quickness of parts and readiness of apprehension, which, for the common purposes of life, are of inestimable advantage. The reach of his understanding, and the range of his ideas were limited; but it was an understanding of that kind which within these limits discerned its object with clearness, and formed its opinions on all occasions with celerity and decision.

Claudius's eloquence could neither compare in purity or correctness with that of Lelius, nor in eloquence and beauty with that of Cornelius. The same cast of mind, however, which gave to Claudius a quickness in forming his opinions, gave him a readiness in calling up and bringing together those views

and arguments which seemed fitted to support them, as well as a facility of clothing his ideas in language, which, though generally incorrect, and seldom elegant, was always clear, and derived from the sanguine and ardent mind of the speaker a certain degree of warmth and force, the effects of which, in a popular assembly, are often found superior to the justest reasoning and the most finished eloquence.

If the speeches of Claudius were less beautiful than those of Cornelius, they seldomer wandered from the subject; and they were not only better adapted to their object, but had more the appearance of plainness and sincerity. Though they afforded less pleasure, they had a stronger tendency to convince; and had often credit for more solidity, not from their greater weight of argument, but from a want of those ornaments by which the arguments of Cornelius were accompanied. If he thought with less precision, and had less knowledge of his subject than Lelius, he never hesitated, like him, amidst the labour of illustration, or with an anxiousness for perspicuity, but pressed forward on his hearers with a boldness which they often mistook for proof, and a confidence that passed for demonstration.

The same turn of mind which ensured the success of Claudius as a speaker, not only obtained him a higher reputation, but in reality conferred upon him a greater capacity for the conduct of public business, for the ordinary detail of which his plain good sense was more adapted, than the lively fancy and fine genius of Cornelius; for such business his bold and decisive temper was better fitted, than that understanding which in Lelius was attended with an indecision, and an undetermined anxiety, which the hurry of business and the course of affairs will not admit of.

On a review of these characters, therefore, while

we respect the superior understanding of Lelius, and admire the fine genius and accomplishments of Cornelius, we at the same time see that they were less fitted for the conduct of affairs, and the bustle of life, than the active, though less profound understanding, and the sound, though less brilliant and less cultivated talents of Claudius ; we easily perceive why these not only did, but why they were likely, and indeed entitled to confer superior success in the attainment of those objects at which they had chosen to aspire.

Such examples, I believe, almost every period would afford, if of every period we were able to collect the history from impartial and unbiassed testimony. Were the characters of those who have attained stations of eminence always drawn by well-informed or faithful relators, whose views were not dazzled by grandeur, or their praise secured by patronage, we should find the elevation of such men ascribable to talents of a much lower rank than those lofty attributes with which their panegyrists invest them ! And could the unsuccessful find historians their relations would frequently convince us, that, independently of the numberless accidents which disturb the course of society, and disappoint the best-founded hopes and most probable means of success, even in those departments of life where genius and talents may be supposed most necessary, men are as apt to fail from too large as from too small a share of those envied endowments.

And if we take into the account that dignity of soul, often the attendant of high talents, which places them above the accommodating compliances of inferior minds ; or the effect of those delicate feelings from which the man of genius will often find himself hurt by incidents to which common spirits can easily submit ; we shall discover many additional

sources of that disappointment which he is apt to meet with, and be still more satisfied, that superior talents and fine genius are instruments too finely tempered for the common drudgery of life, and were not meant to reap their reward from the successful pursuit of business or ambition.

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No. 40. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1785.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ IN the works of your predecessors, as well as in every other book of didactic wisdom, much stress is laid on the advantages of a cultivated education, of an early acquaintance with the celebrated authors of antiquity. From Cicero downwards, and indeed much more anciently than Cicero, the benefits of learning have been enumerated, which is held forth as the surest road to respect, to advancement, and to happiness.

“ There was a time, Mr. LOUNGER, when this was my own opinion ; and, seconded by the wishes of my parents, I early applied myself to every branch of learning which their circumstances, rather narrow ones, could set within my reach. As I was intended for the church, I received an academical education suited to that profession ; and acquired besides a considerable knowledge, as was generally allowed, in different departments of science not absolutely requisite to the situation of a clergyman. For the acquisition of these I was indebted to the generous assistance of a gentleman whose godson I happened to be. He used to say, that a clergyman in this country should know

something more than divinity ; that he must be the physician, the geographer, and the naturalist, of his parish : and accordingly, to the scanty allowance of my father, he made an addition equal to the procuring me an opportunity of acquiring the different branches of knowledge connected with those studies.

By the favour of the same gentleman, I lately procured a recommendation to a friend of his, a Baronet in my native county, who has in his gift the presentation to a considerable living, of which the present incumbent is in such a valetudinary state, as makes his surviving long a matter of very little probability. To this recommendation a very favourable answer was received, expressive of the great regard which the Baronet and his family bore to the gentleman who patronised me, and accompanied with what we thought a very fortunate piece of condescension and politeness, an invitation for me to spend a week or two at the Baronet's country-seat during the autumn vacation. Of this I need not say how happy we were to accept. My family rejoiced at the introduction which I was about to procure to the notice and complacency of a great man's house, and considered it as the return which they had always hoped for all their trouble and expense about my education. My own pride was not silent on the subject. I looked on this visit as an opportunity afforded me of displaying the talents with which I flattered myself I was endowed, and the knowledge I had been at such pains to attain.

When I arrived at the Baronet's, I found him and his lady a good deal disappointed with my appearance and address, which I now first perceived to want something which was essential to good company. I felt an awkwardness, which my want of mixing with the world had occasioned, and an embarrassment which all my knowledge did not enable me to over-

come. For these, however, Sir John and Lady F—— felt rather compassion than displeasure, and delivered me over to the *valet-de-chambre*, to make me somewhat smarter, as they called it, by having my hair more modishly dressed, and the cut of my coat altered ; an improvement which I rather felt as an indignity, than acknowledged as a favour. These preliminaries being adjusted, I was suffered to come into company, where I expected to make up for the deficiency of my exterior, by displaying the powers of my mind and the extent of my knowledge. But I discovered, to my infinite mortification, that my former studies had been altogether misapplied, and that in my present situation they availed me nothing. My knowledge of the learned languages, of classical authors, of the history, the philosophy, and the poetry of the ancients, I met with no occasion to introduce, and no hearers to understand ; but it was found that I could neither carve, play whist, sing a catch, or make up one in a country-dance. A young lady, a visitor of the family, who was said to be a great reader, tried me with the enigmas of the *Lady's Magazine*, and declared me impracticably dull. Geography, astronomy, or natural history, Sir John and his companions neither understood nor cared for ; but some of them reminded the Baronet, in my presence, of a clergyman they had met with in one of their excursions, a man of the most complete education, who was allowed to be the best bowler in the county, a dead shot, rode like the devil, these were the gentleman's words, and was a sure hand at finding a hare.

If these qualities are not very clerical, they may however be deemed innocent ; but I find, from the discourse of the family, that some other things are required of Sir John's parson, which it would not

be so easy for a good conscience to comply with. He must now and then drink a couple of bottles, when the company chooses to be frolicsome ; he must wink at certain indecencies in language and irregularities in behaviour ; and once, when Sir John had sat rather longer than usual after dinner, he told me that a clergyman, to be an honest fellow, must have nothing of religion about him.

“ In the seclusion of a college, I may perhaps have over-rated the usefulness of science, and the value of intellectual endowments ; my pride of scholarship, therefore, I should be willing to overcome, since I find that learning confers so little estimation in the world : but as, on the score of qualifications, I am incapable of what is desired, and, in the article of indulgences, will never submit to what is expected, is it not my duty, Mr. LOUNGER, to resign my pretensions to the living which was promised me ; though I dread the reproaches of my parents, whom the prospect of having me so soon provided for had made happy ; though I fear to offend my benefactor who recommended me to Sir John, and at the same time assured me that he was one of the best sort of men he knew ; yet surely to purchase patronage and favour by such arts is unworthy, to ensure them by such compliances is criminal.

“ I am, &c.

“ MODESTUS.”

In the course of my late excursion to the country, I have seen some instances of the evil complained of by my correspondent, which equally surprised and grieved me. The proprietor of a country-parish, if he has the true pride and feeling of his station, will consider himself as a kind of sovereign of the domain ; bound like all other sovereigns, as much for his own sake as for theirs, to promote the in-

terests and happiness of his people. So much of both depend on the choice of their pastor, that perhaps there is no appointment, which he has the power of making, more material to the prosperity and good order of his estate. The advantages of rational religion, or the evils which arise from its abuse, which are often the effects of a proper or improper nomination of a clergyman, form a character of the people of a district not more important to their morals and eternal interests, than to their temporal welfare and prosperity.

I was very much pleased, in my late visit at Colonel Caustic's, with the appearance and deportment of the clergyman of his parish, who was a frequent visitor of my friend's and his sister's. The Colonel, after drawing his character in a very favourable way, concluded with telling me, that he had seen something of the world, having officiated in the early part of his life as the chaplain of a regiment. To this circumstance, I confess, I was inclined to impute some of the Colonel's predilection in his favour; but a little acquaintance with him convinced me, that he had done the good man no more than justice in his eulogium. There was something of a placid dignity in his aspect; of a politeness, not of form but of sentiment, in his manner; of a mildness, undebased by flattery, in his conversation, equally pleasing and respectable. He had now no family, as Miss Caustic informed me, having had the misfortune to lose his wife, and two children she had brought him, a good many years ago. But his parishioners are his family, said she. His look indeed was parental, with something above the cares, but not the charities, of this world; and over a cast of seriousness, and perhaps melancholy, that seemed to be reserved for himself, there was an easy cheerfulness, and now and then a gaiety,

that spoke to the innocent pleasures of life a language of kindness and indulgence.

'Tis the religion of a gentleman,' said Colonel Caustic—'Tis the religion of a philosopher,' said I.—'Tis something more useful than either,' said his sister. 'Did you know his labours, as I have sometimes occasion to do!—the composer of differences; the promoter of peace and of contentment; the encourager of industry, sobriety, and all the virtues that make the lower ranks prosperous and happy. He gives to religion a certain graciousness which allures to its service, yet in his own conduct he takes less indulgence than many that preach its terrors. The duties of his function are his pleasures, and his doctrine is, that every man will experience the same thing, if he brings his mind fairly to the trial: that to fill our station well is in every station to be happy.'

'The great and the wealthy, I have heard the good man say,' continued the excellent sister of my friend, 'to whom refinement and fancy open a thousand sources of delight, do not make the proper allowance for the inferior rank of men. That rank has scarce any exercise of mind or imagination but one, and that one is religion; we are not to wonder if it sometimes wanders into the gloom of superstition, or the wilds of enthusiasm. To keep this principle warm but pure, to teach it as the Gospel has taught it, 'the mother of good works,' as encouraging, not excusing, our duties, the guide at the same time, and the sweetener of life; to dispense this sacred treasure as the balm of distress, the cordial of disease, the conqueror of death! These are the privileges which I enjoy, which I hope I have used for the good of my people: they have hitherto shed satisfaction on my life, and I trust will smooth its close!'

'Tis the religion of a Christian!' said Miss
Caustic.

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No. 41. SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1785.

Pandere res altâ terrâ et caligine mersas. VIRG. ÆN vi. 267.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ THOUGH the present age is undoubtedly possessed of a great deal of knowledge and science of which former periods could not boast, yet it must, on the other hand, be allowed, that we are apt to plume ourselves upon our acquirements fully as much as we are entitled to. We pretend a superiority over ancient times, not only on account of the discoveries we have made, but of the prejudices we have overcome, and smile with a contemptuous self-importance on the easy faith of our ancestors.

“ Of this latter sort is the credit which almost every modern takes for a total disbelief of spirits, apparitions, and witches. Not a school boy now-a-days who does not laugh at the existence of witchcraft and sorcery; and, if he has ever heard of the statute-book, he silences every argument, by the quotation of the Act of Parliament which repealed the ancient laws by which those crimes were punishable, and thus expressed the sense of the legislature that no such crimes existed.

“ Yet it is certain, that many of the wisest and best-informed among our forefathers had a firm belief in the existence of witchcraft and sorcery, and

one of the most learned of our monarchs actually wrote a treatise on this subject. To this some of the less assuming of our modern sceptics answer, that though, at the time of passing the old laws now repealed, and of writing that royal and learned treatise above-mentioned, such a diabolical art and mystery might really and truly prevail; yet now, in the eighteenth century, it is no longer practised, and that witchcraft, conjuration, and sorcery, are entirely abolished and unknown.

“ I, for my part, have more reverence for the penetration of our forefathers, than to suppose they could have been deceived as to what happened in their own time; and further, I am not ashamed to confess my belief that even yet there exists such an art as that of witchcraft; nor do I despair of bringing over my readers to this opinion, if they will listen with candour to the proofs I propose in this paper to bring in support of it.

“ I conceive the fairest way of doing this to be, to cite, from the best authority among the old writers, the appearances they particularly remarked, and the facts they specifically set forth of the practice of this unchristian and diabolical art in their time; and then to appeal to the experience and observation of every unprejudiced person, whether such appearances and facts are not at this day frequently and commonly seen and known. If this be allowed, it may, I think, fairly be presumed, that the same causes produce the same effects, that these extraordinary phænomena are now, as formerly, the effect of unnatural means, to wit, of witchcraft, sorcery, or conjuration.

“ The treatise of King James I should certainly choose as the highest authority on this subject, were it not, from its dialogistic form, rather diffuse, and not easily compressible into the short limits of your

paper. I shall therefore extract, from another writer, a contemporary of that wise and learned monarch, a more brief account of the different sorts of witchcraft, which, however, is chiefly taken from, and in most particulars entirely agrees with, the dialogues of the King on that subject.

‘ I think it good,’ says that writer, ‘ in this place to set down the divers sorts and classes of those unlawful and accursed dealers in witchcraft, conjuration, enchantment, and sorcery, on whom the late wise and wholesome law (*anno secundo, vulgò primo, Jacob. cap. 12.*) doth specially attach.

1. ‘ There are who, moulding images of persons on whom they mean to practise, and making up the same to something of human similitude, with wax, paint, hair, and other materials, do stick into the same, scissors, long pins, and other piercing weapons, and at the last laying the same before a strong fire, as the wax of the image melteth away, so doth the flesh of the poor wight whom it representeth, which was at first tortured and torn as with the woundings of such sharp instruments as aforesaid, burn and consume with strange pains and pinings.

2. ‘ Others there be, exceeding rife in Lapland, Finland, and other wild parts of the world, who at their nightly meetings, by incantations and uncouth form of words, calling the arch fiend to their aid, and being sometimes armed with charms and amulets of strange shape and divers colours, these withered and devilish hags do raise storms, tempests, and angry appearances of the sky, to the wreck of many goodly ships, and rich merchandise.

3. ‘ A third kind is of those who being more stirred with the greed of lucre, than pricked on, as the two last-mentioned sorts, with anger and revenge, do, by compact with the devil, procure to themselves much wealth in gold, silver, and pre-

ious stones, which they find in chests, caskets, and other places, into which no man could put the same by any natural means. But herein oft-times is manifest the notable deceit of the great father of lies, that the said gold and other precious things shall, in a short space, be turned again into stones, dross or other unvalued substances, whereof Satan, as may be conjectured, did first by his power and art make and fashion the same.

4. ' There is likewise to be noted a power which such wizards and sorcerers do possess, of transporting themselves invisibly, so that no man knoweth whence they came, nor whither they go, and of entering houses, though the same be barred against them in all manner of usual passage and access, disquieting and affraying the inhabitants thereof, though generally, as our Royal Master well observeth in his most learned Dialogue on Demonologie, book iii. chap. 1., when those wizards or spirits, for their kind and species seemeth not well determined, haunt certain houses that are dwelt in, it is a sure token of grosse ignorance, or of some grosse and slanderous sinnes amongst the inhabitants thereof.'

“ Now, to bring examples of the various kinds of witchcraft similar to the above, which still continue to be practised in modern times. Is not Miss —, to whose health I have drank so many bumpers, plainly a witch of the first class? Does she not make up an image like a human one, with wax, otherwise pomatum, and paint, as is sometimes alleged, hair and other materials, stick into the same scissors, long pins, and other piercing weapons, and which causeth those on whom she intends to practise, to burn and consume with strange pains and pinings? I must further observe here, that my author on this part of his subject differs from his Royal Master on the

question, ‘ Whether it is lawful, by the help of another witch, to cure the disease that is casten on by the craft of the first?’ which question the King had answered in the negative; but this later writer argues for the lawfulness of that mode of cure. Our modern bewitched accordingly seem almost universally to agree in the latter opinion.

“ The nightly meetings of the older species of witch, mentioned by the above author in the second place, have surely come within the knowledge of most of my readers. In the inner room of some very great ladies’ houses, on what is called, by a phrase probably borrowed from this very act of witchcraft, a rout-night, are not certain magical sounds and incantations used? Is not the arch fiend frequently called on by name? Are there not, on a table, sometimes in a little caldron, amulets to be seen of strange shapes and divers colours? Are there not storms raised, and angry appearances? Undoubtedly all those circumstances are known to exist. That, however, no innocent person may suffer from my accusation, and that the Lord of any such great Lady may not, like the good Duke of Gloucester of old, suffer for the witchcraft of his wife, I must in justice add that the husbands of these ladies are in general no conjurors.

“ Of the third kind of those unlawful dealers with the devil, there is no want of examples among us. Do we not see men every day, who by compact with the devil, for we know not of any natural means by which they could accomplish it, procure to themselves much wealth, gold, silver, and precious stones? Is not Mr. —, who was a few years ago worth nothing, but who now keeps his chariot, entertains people of the first fashion, gives the most sumptuous entertainments, and drinks the highest priced wines; in short, vies in expense with men of the greatest

fortunes, evidently a conjuror of this class? As to the transmutation of this gold and other precious materials into their former state of dross, and other things of no value, I leave that point of similitude to the evidence of those gentlemen's creditors.

“As to the species described in the fourth section of the learned author above quoted, I see in most houses of fashionable resort wizards of a description resembling those who possess the power of invisible transportation mentioned by this writer; men whose descent nobody knows, of whom no one can tell whence they came, and who themselves confess their ignorance whither they shall go; who talk of intimacies with people of most distinguished rank, both at home and abroad, and give hints of having been in the most private recesses of palaces and hotels, who must undoubtedly have been carried thither by some supernatural power, and who, according to the testimony of people who are known to have been in some of those places at the time, must have actually been there in an invisible state. Is it not also commonly a token, as our author phrases it, “of grosse ignorance and slanderous sinne” in the inhabitants of the houses where such wizards or spirits do for the most part haunt? Do not many of them get into such houses though the doors are barred against them, and all manner of usual access is denied? And is not the cure of such a plague exactly the same in these days as in the time of King James, “by prayer to God used in the house,” or “by the inhabitants thereof purging themselves, by amendment of life, from such sinnes as have procured the extraordinary plague of those evil spirits haunting the same?”

“I think I have now fully evinced the truth of the proposition with which I set out. I shall only add one other instance, of which I think, Sir, you are particularly qualified to attest the truth. An author

of a periodical paper, who knows the minds of the ladies better than themselves ; who reads characters as a physician reads diseases, by merely looking on the faces of his patients ; who can prognosticate the change of manners, the rise of fashions, the downfall of wits, and the decay of beauties—if such a man is not a conjuror, he is absolutely good for nothing.

“ I am”, &c.

“ ANTIQUO-MODERNUS.”

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No. 42. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1785

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ I WAS much pleased with the mention made by your friend Colonel Caustic, of our poet Hamilton, of Bangour. I have always regarded him as holding a distinguished rank among the fine writers of his age, and as having done signal credit to the genius of his country. Yet his works do not appear to me to be so well known, nor to be held in such high esteem, as they deserve. Permit me, therefore, to recommend them to your readers.

“ The poems of Hamilton display regular design, just sentiments, fanciful invention, pleasing sensibility, elegant diction, and smooth versification. His genius was aided by taste, and his taste was improved by knowledge. He was not only well acquainted with the most elegant modern writers, but with those of antiquity. Of these remarks, his poem en-

titled *Contemplation, or The Triumph of Love*, affords sufficient illustration.

“ The design of this poem is regular. The poet displays in it the struggles, relapses, recoveries, and final discomfiture of a mind striving with an obstinate and habituated passion. It has, in the language of the critics, a beginning, a middle, and an end. It exhibits an action in its rise, progress, and termination. The poet represents himself as wishing to withdraw his thoughts from inferior subjects, and fix them on such as he holds better suited to a rational, and still more to a philosophical spirit. He must be aided in this high exercise by *Contemplation*, and the assistance of this august personage must be duly solicited. Accordingly, the poem opens with a fine address to the “ *Voice divine!*” the power of Poetry ;

Go forth, invoked, O *Voice divine!*
And issue from thy sacred shrine ;
Go, search each solitude around
Where *Contemplation* may be found, &c.

But *Contemplation* must not only be duly solicited, but properly received and attended ; and therefore a company of various but suitable associates are invited :

Bring *Faith*, endued with eagle eyes,
That joins this earth to distant skies, &c.—
Devotion high above that soars,
And sings exulting, and adores, &c.—
Last, to crown all, with these be join'd
The decent nun, fair *Peace of Mind*,
Whom *Innocence*, ere yet betrayed,
Bore young in *Eden's* happy shade ;
Resign'd, contented, meek, and mild,
Of blameless mother, blameless child.

“ In like manner, such passions as are adverse to *Contemplation* are very properly prohibited ; and in this catalogue are included, among others, *Superstition*, *Zeal*, *Hyprocrisy*, *Malice*, and all inhuman

affections. The poet seems chiefly solicitous to prohibit Love. Of him and his intrusion he appears particularly apprehensive. Yet in the confidence of his present mode, he would disguise his apprehensions, and treats this formidable adversary, not only with defiance, but with contempt.

But chiefly Love, Love, far off fly,
 Nor interrupt my privacy.
 'Tis not for thee, capricious power,
 Weak tyrant of a feverish hour,
 Fickle, and ever in extremes,
 My radiant day of reason beams ;
 And sober Contemplation's ear
 Disdains thy syren tongue to hear.
 Speed thee on changeful wings away
 To where thy willing slaves obey.
 Go, herd amongst thy wonted train,
 The false, th' inconstant, and the vain ;
 Thou hast no subject here : begone ! —
 Contemplation comes anon.

“ The action proceeds. The poet attends to solemn objects ; engages in important inquiries ; considers the diversified condition of human life ; dwells on the ample provision made by nature for human happiness ; dwells on the happiness of social affections ; is thus led imperceptibly to think of love ; mentions Monimia, and relapses.

Ah me ! What, helpless, have I said ?
 Unhappy, by myself betray'd !
 I deem'd, but ah ! I deem'd in vain,
 From the dear image to refrain, &c.

“ He makes another effort, but with equal success ; he makes another, and another ; he will exalt his mind by acts of devotion, or plunge into the gloom of melancholy. But the influences of the predominant passion still return to the charge, and restore their object ; on the heights of devotion, or in the shades of melancholy, he still meets with Monimia. Such

is the progress of the poem; and in the conclusion, we have an interesting view of the poet, yielding to his adversary, but striving to be resigned.

Pass but some fleeting moments o'er,
This rebel heart shall beat no more, &c.

“The justness of the poet’s sentiments is next to be mentioned. He illustrates the power of habituated passion over reason and reflection. Further, he illustrates, that, though the attention be engaged with objects of the most opposite kind to that of the reigning passion, yet still it returns. He shows, too, that this happens, notwithstanding the most determined resolutions and purposes to the contrary. All this he does not formally, but by ingenious and indirect insinuation. He also illustrates a curious process in the conduct of our intellectual powers, when under the dominion of strong emotion. He shows the manner by which prevailing passions influence our thoughts in the association of ideas: that they do not throw their objects upon the mind abruptly, or without coherence, but proceed by a regular progress: for that how different soever ideas or objects may be from one another, the prevailing or habituated passion renders the mind acute in discerning among them common qualities, or circumstances of agreement or correspondence, otherwise latent or not obvious: that these common qualities are dexterously used by the mind, as uniting links, or means of transition; and that thus, not incoherently, but by the natural connection most commonly of resemblance, the ruling passion brings its own object to the fore ground and into perfect view. Thus our poet, in the progress of his action, has recourse to friendship. He dwells on the happiness that connection bestows: he wishes for a faithful friend; his imagination figures such a person;

In whose soft and gentle breast
His weary soul may take her rest :

and then, by easy transition, invests this friend with
a female form, with the form of Monimia :

Grant Heaven, if Heaven means bliss for me,
Monimia such and long may be.

“ In like manner, having recourse to devotion, in
a spirit of rational piety, he solicits the aid of Hea-
ven to render him virtuous. He personifies virtue :
places her in a triumphal car, attended by a suitable
train ; one of her attendants, a female distinguished
by high pre-eminence, must also be distinguished
by superior beauty, must resemble the fairest of
human beings, must resemble Monimia :

While chief in beauty as in place,
She charms with dear Monimia's grace.
Monimia still, here once again !
O, fatal name ! O, dubious train, &c.
Far off the glorious rapture flown,
Monimia rages here alone.
In vain, Love's fugitive, I try
From the commanding power to fly, &c.—
Why didst thou, cruel Love, again
Thus drag me back to earth and pain ?
Well hoped I, Love, thou would'st retire
Before the bless'd Jessean lyre—
Devotion's harp would charm to rest
The evil spirit in my breast.
But the deaf adder still disdains
To listen to the chaunter's strains.

The whole poem illustrates the difficulty and neces-
sity of governing our thoughts no less than our
passions.

“ In enumerating the most remarkable qualities
in Hamilton's poetical works, besides regularity of
design, and justness of thought or sentiment, I men-
tioned fanciful invention ; and of this particular, I
shall, in like manner, offer some illustration.

“Fanciful invention is, in truth, the quality that, of all others, distinguishes, and is chiefly characteristic of poetical composition. The beauties of design, sentiment, and language, belong to every kind of fine writing : but invention alone creates the poet, and is a term nearly of the same signification with poetical genius. A poet is said to have more or less genius according to his powers of fancy or invention. That Hamilton possesses a considerable portion of this talent, is manifest in many of his compositions, and particularly so in his ‘Contemplation.’ This appears evident from some passages already quoted. But, though our poet possesses powers of invention, he is not endowed with all the powers of invention, nor with those of every kind. His genius seems qualified for describing some beautiful scenes and objects of external nature, and for delineating, with the embellishments of allegory, some passions and affections of the human mind.

“Still, however, his imagination is employed among beautiful and engaging, rather than among awful and magnificent, images ; and even when he presents us with dignified objects, he is more grave than lofty, more solemn than sublime, as in the following passage :

Now see—the spreading gates unfold—
 Display’d the sacred leaves of gold.
 Let me with holy awe repair
 To the solemn house of pray’r ;
 And as I go, O thou my heart,
 Forget each low and earthly part.
 Religion enter in my breast,
 A mild and venerable guest !
 Put off, in contemplation drown’d,
 Each thought impure in holy ground ;
 And cautious tread, with awful fear,
 The courts of heaven ;—for God is here.
 Now my grateful voice I raise,
 Ye angels, swell a mortal’s praise,
 To charm with your own harmony
 The ear of Him who sits on high.

“ It was also said, that our poet possessed pleasing sensibility. It is not asserted that he displays those vehement tumults and ecstasies of passion, that belong to the higher kinds of lyric and dramatic composition. He is not shaken with excessive rage, nor melted with overwhelming sorrow; yet, when he treats of grave or affecting subjects, he expresses a plaintive and engaging softness. He is never violent and abrupt, and is more tender than pathetic. Perhaps the ‘ Braes of Yarrow,’ one of the finest ballads ever written, may put in a claim to superior distinction. But even with this exception, I should think our poet more remarkable for engaging tenderness, than for deep and affecting pathos. Of this his epitaph, beginning with ‘ Could this fair marble,’ affords illustration.

“ In like manner, when he expresses joyful sentiments, or describes scenes and objects of festivity, which he does very often, he displays good humour and easy cheerfulness, rather than the transports of mirth or the brilliancy of wit. In one of the best of his poems addressed to Lady Mary Montgomery, he adorns sprightliness of thought, graceful ease, and good-humour, with corresponding language and numbers. In this performance a number of female characters are described in the liveliest manner, characterized with judgement, and distinguished with acute discernment. Thus, in the following indirect description, we have the dignity of female excellence :

—Heavenly Charlotte, form divine,
Love’s universal kingdom’s thine :
Anointed Queen ! all unconfined
Thine is the homage of mankind.

“ In another passage we have a fine picture of the gentler and livelier graces :

In everlasting blushes seen,
Such Pringle shines, of sprightly mien :

To her the power of love imparts,
 Rich gift ! the soft successful arts,
 That best the lover's fires provoke,
 The lively step, the mirthful joke ;
 The speaking glance, the am'rous wile,
 The sportful laugh, the winning smile ;
 Her soul, awak'ning every grace,
 Is all abroad upon her face ;
 In bloom of youth still to survive,
 All charms are there, and all alive.

“ Elsewhere we have a melodious beauty :

Artist divine ! to her belong,
 The heavenly lay, and magic song, &c.
 Whene'er she speaks, the joy of all,
 Soft the silver accents fall, &c.

“ The transitions in this poem are peculiarly happy. Such are the following :

Strike again the golden lyre,
 Let Hume the notes of joy inspire, &c.—
 But who is she, the general gaze
 Of sighing crowds, the world's amaze,
 Who looks forth as the blushing morn,
 On mountains of the east new born ? &c.—
 Fair is the lily, sweet the rose,
 That in thy cheek, O Drummond, glows, &c.

“ I have dwelt so long, and I could not avoid it, on the preceding particulars, that I have not left myself room for illustrations of our poet's language and versification. I observed, in general, that these were elegant and melodious ; and so every reader of genuine taste will feel them. They are not, however, unexceptionable ; and if in another letter I should give further illustration of our author's poetical character, I shall hold myself bound, not only to mention some excellences, but also some blemishes, in his verse and diction.

“ I am,” &c.

“ PHILOMUSOS.”

I have given the above letter, which I received some time ago from an unknown correspondent, to my readers, from a belief that they will feel themselves interested in the works of a poet, who not only was born and resided in Scotland, but whose pencil was particularly employed in delineating the eminent characters of both sexes in our native country at the time in which he lived. It will not, methinks, require the enthusiasm of a *laudator temporis acti*, like Colonel Caustic, to receive a peculiar satisfaction in tracing the virtues and the beauty of a former age, in the verses of one who appears to have so warmly caught the spirit of the first, to have so warmly felt the power of the latter. Nor may it be altogether without a moral use, to see in the poetical record of a former period, the manners of our own country in times of less luxury, but not perhaps of less refinement; when Fashion seems to have conferred superiorities fully as intrinsic as any she can boast at present; to have added dignity of sentiment to pride of birth, and to have invested superior beauty with superior grace and higher accomplishments.

Z

No. 43. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1785.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER .

“ SIR,

“ AT the age of thirty-five I succeeded, by the death of a near relation, to a considerable land estate. Upon this event I resolved to fix my residence at the family mansion-house. I was very little acquainted with that part of the country where it was situated ; but I was told it was in an uncommonly good neighbourhood ; and that I should be particularly fortunate in having it in my power to enjoy an excellent society. I found a tolerable library of old books, to which I added a pretty extensive collection of modern ones : from the perusal of them, from the attention which I proposed to give to the culture of a part of my estate which I meant to farm myself, and from the enjoyment which I expected to reap from the company and conversation of my good neighbours, I was in hopes that my life would slide on in a very agreeable manner.

“ Being naturally of an easy temper, and desirous of being on good terms with every one around me, as soon as I came to fix my abode, I made it a principal object to get acquainted with my neighbours, and to establish a familiar intercourse between us. Our first visits were rather formal and distant ; but this gradually wore off, and our correspondence became frequent and repeated. Their invitations to me were numerous ; and I did not fail to ask them in return. I endeavoured to make my welcome as

warm as theirs, and to treat them with the same marks of hospitality which I received.

“ But, Sir, I now find that what I expected would have been one of the blessings of my situation, has become one of its greatest misfortunes. My neighbours, having once found the way to my house, are now scarce ever out of it. When they are idle in the mornings, which is almost always the case, they direct their ride or their walk my way, and pay a friendly visit to their neighbour Dalton. I am by this means interrupted in my attention to my farm, and have not time left to give the necessary orders. It is vain to think of making use of my library : when I sit down to read, I am disturbed before I get the length of a few pages, and am obliged to break off in the midst of an interesting story, or an instructive piece of reasoning. I cannot deny myself, or order my servants to tell I am not at home. This is one of your privileges in town : but in the country, if one's horses are in the stable, or one's chaise in the coach-house, one is of necessity bound to receive all intruders. In this manner are my mornings constantly lost, and I am not allowed to have a single half hour to myself.

“ This, however, is one of the slightest of my distresses ; the morning intrusions are nothing to the more formal visitations of the afternoons. Hardly a day passes without my being obliged to have a great dinner for the reception of my neighbours : and when they are not with me, good neighbourhood, I am told, requires I should be with them, and give them my visitations in return. Even of the very best company, where the very best conversation takes place, a man is apt, at least I have felt this in myself, sometimes to tire, and to wish for the indulgence of that listlessness, that sort of dreaming indolence, which you, Sir, are so well acquainted

with, and which can only be had alone. But to be constantly exposed to be in a crowd, a crowd selected from no other circumstance than from their residing within ten miles of you ;—the keeper of an inn is not, in point of company, in a worse situation.

“ But the merely being obliged to spend my mornings in the way I have described, and my afternoons in a constant crowd of promiscuous company, is not the only evil I have to complain of. The manner in which I am obliged to spend it in that company is still more disagreeable. Hospitality in this part of the country does not consist solely in keeping an open house, and receiving all your neighbours for many miles round ; but one must fill them drunk, and get drunk with them one’s self. Having no fund of conversation with which they can entertain their landlord or each other, they are obliged to have recourse to their glass to make up for every other want, and deficiency of matter is supplied by repeated bumpers. It is a favourite maxim here, that conversation spoils good company : and this maxim is most invariably followed in practice, unless noise and vociferation, after the swallowing of more than one bottle, can be called conversation. Without injustice, it may be said of most of my neighbours, that when sober they are silent, and when not sober, it were better they remained silent. I have frequently made efforts to check the riot and intemperance of my guests, and to withhold the bottle from them, when I have thought they have drunk fully as much as was good for them ; but I have always found myself unable to do it. I should hate to be called a stingy fellow ; and I know, if I were to establish sobriety, I should be called stingy. When I cannot keep my guests sober, I sometimes try to escape the glass, and to be sober myself : but, when I do this, I find some of them look upon me with an evil eye,

as if I meant to be a spy upon the unguarded moments of my guests—others laugh at me for giving myself airs, as they call it ; and I cannot bear to be laughed at.

“ But riot and drunkenness are not all the ills I have to submit to. After we have drunk oceans of liquor, cards are commonly proposed ; and gambling and drunkenness, though very unfit companions, are joined together. We do not play for a very deep stake, but still we play for something considerable. I do not like to lose, and yet it is equally disagreeable to win. I am commonly pretty lucky ; and, in a run of luck, often suffer a good deal in gaining their guineas from people who I know well cannot afford to lose them. It is a mortifying spectacle to see those who are frequently together, and seem to be the greatest friends when the bottle is going round, after they have drunk as much as they can hold, sit down to pilfer one another of sums which they cannot easily pay, and which, in their sober moments, they will feel the distress of paying.

“ Sometimes to avoid play, I counterfeit sleepiness, and escape to bed. But this does not break up the party ;—they are only left more at their liberty ; and the morning is far advanced before matters are brought to a conclusion. The evil consequences of this to my domestic economy are obvious. My family is disturbed with noise during the whole night, and my servants are prevented from going to bed. My house is thus rendered a scene of confusion, and every household concern is neglected. I wish to get up betimes in the morning, and to have breakfast at an early hour : but this cannot be accomplished : for when I ring for John to bring up the tea-kettle, I am told he has not been above an hour in bed.

“ The corruption of the higher orders of the family I find is spreading among the lower. Going into

the servants' hall one night at a late hour, when I had escaped from the gambling-party in the drawing-room, I found the whole servants engaged at *brag*. I could hardly be angry at them; they were only doing on a smaller scale what was a-doing on a larger above stairs; and being forced to sit up all night, they were obliged to fill up their time with something.

“ I have thus, Sir, laid before you some of the distresses of my situation, all of which seem to proceed from my having a good neighbourhood. I have frequently resolved to exert myself manfully to put a stop to these grievances, to quarrel with all my neighbours, and to tell them, that for the future I am to lock up my doors, and neither to give nor receive their visits. But my resolution has hitherto failed me. One of the comforts I expected to have received from living in the country, was, that I might live undisturbed; that the easiness of my temper should not be broke in upon; and that I should have no occasion for vigorous exertion. Desirous of being on a good footing with every body, and unable to bear either the censure or the derision of others, I have not been able, nor do I believe I ever shall be able to summon up as much resolution as to expose myself to the scorn or to the hatred of those around me.

“ In this situation it has occurred to me, that if you think proper to publish this letter, it may possibly, without my taking any stronger measure, have a good effect; it may perhaps afford a hint to my neighbours, which may relieve me in some measure, without any further stir of mine. But if this shall not happen, and if my grievances shall still continue, I find I shall be obliged, however unwillingly, to give up my habitation in the country, and to take a house in town, in order that I may sometimes

enjoy the pleasures of solitude and retirement, and escape the evils of a good neighbourhood.

“ I am,” &c.

“ GEORGE DALTON.”

—shire, Oct. 1785.

S

No. 44. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1785.

“ TO THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE observed, that the greatest part of your correspondents have given you a detail of grievances and complaints. In disclosing their misfortunes, they have no doubt conveyed to your readers some useful lessons, for avoiding those errors of conduct which in general have been the cause of them ; but the picture of happiness may often prove as instructive as that of calamity or distress ; and, in that view, while I gratify my own feelings by the following narrative, I flatter myself it may not be unprofitable to others.

“ My father, Sir, inherited an estate in one of the northern counties of this kingdom, a property once considerable, and which had been in his family for some generations ; but which, during his life and that of my grandfather, had, from a certain easiness of temper, bordering upon improvidence, and their humane endeavours to assist their needy relations, been so greatly reduced, that at my father’s death it was necessary to bring the estate to sale for the payment of his debts. A trifling reversion remained for the support of my mother, myself, and an only sister ; and with this slender provision we betook

ourselves to a small farm-house, which my mother rented from the new possessor of our paternal lands.

“ Here, by her uncommon industry, and the exertions of a spirit superior to her misfortunes, she maintained her little household decently and respectably, while she gained the esteem and admiration of the whole neighbourhood. My sister, who was some years younger than myself, was accustomed almost from infancy to bear her part in the management of the family. My mother had taught us reading, writing, and the first rudiments of arithmetic ; and the clergyman of the parish was at pains to instruct me in the elements of the Greek and Latin languages, of which, in a few years, I obtained a competent knowledge. This worthy man, whose name was Johnson, had been the friend and companion of my father from their earliest infancy, and thus considered himself as bound by duty to be a guardian and parent to his children. He had himself an only daughter, of equal age with my sister, and whom, in those days of childhood and innocence, I regarded alike with the affection of a brother. But on this first period of my life, though the recollection is delightful, I forbear to enlarge.

“ I had now attained my fifteenth year, and it became necessary to think of some profession by which I might make my way in the world. My inclination led me to the study of medicine, which I had prosecuted for some time with great assiduity, when a near relation of my mother's, who warmly interested himself in our welfare, procured for me the commission of a surgeon's mate on board an Indiaman. The ship to which I belonged was to sail within a fortnight after I received intelligence of my appointment. My mother prepared for me a stock of linens, and other necessaries, to which she added a purse with fifteen guineas. The worthy Mr. John-

son gave me a pocket-bible, with his blessing. My sister, and his daughter Emma, gave me their tears; for that was all they had to bestow: but from the tears of the latter I felt an emotion of tenderness beyond what even the affection of a brother could produce. I had unconsciously nourished an attachment of which this parting first taught me the force, but which, at the same time, it obliged me to stifle and conceal.

“ After a voyage of six months, our ship arrived in the Ganges. During my stay at Calcutta, I was fortunate enough to recommend myself to a countryman of my own, then high in the council; by whose interest, with my captain’s leave, I obtained an appointment of surgeon to a small settlement of the Company’s, which boarded on the territory of the Nabob of ——. Various, Sir, are the methods of acquiring wealth in India. Of these the obvious and apparent are so well known, that they need not be mentioned: the more mysterious courses to affluence, as I never was solicitous myself to unravel, so I am not well qualified to explain. It is enough for me to say, that, with a good conscience, and during a twelve years’ exercise of a profession serviceable to my fellow-creatures, I acquired what to me appeared a competency. In short, Sir, being now possessed of a fortune of 25,000*l.* I began to think of returning to my native country. I had, from time to time, during the last years of my stay in India, remitted such sums to my mother as I judged might enable her to exchange her toilsome and parsimonious mode of life for ease and comfort; but she wrote to me, that industry was now become familiar, and even agreeable; that she could not relish the bread of idleness; and that it was sufficient happiness for her and for my sister to be assured of my health and prosperity. By the

last opportunity that preceded my leaving India, I had acquainted my mother of my intention of returning home in the following spring. This intention I put in execution ; and bringing with me the best part of my fortune, landed in safety on the coast of Britain, after an absence of thirteen years and a half.

“ A few days’ travelling brought me once more to the spot of my nativity. I stopped in the afternoon within a few miles of the place, and wrote the following billet :

‘ Jack Truman sends the bearer, his servant, to acquaint his dearest mother and sister, that he is within a day’s journey of Brookland Farm, and proposes, by God’s blessing, to be with them this evening.’

“ This note was meant to give them time to prepare for our meeting ; but I had not patience to wait my man’s return, and set out a few minutes after him. I need not describe the emotions I felt at sight of my native fields, the recollection of which, distance of place and length of time had rather endeared than impaired. I had little leisure to indulge the remembrance ; my mother and sister, equally impatient with myself, had come out to watch the road by which I was to arrive. Our meeting was such as might be expected from affection, heightened by the anxieties of absence ; our joy such as prosperity can give to those to whom prosperity has not always been known, to those whom prosperity enables to make others happy.

“ You will easily figure, Sir, those topics, which, after so long an absence, would naturally be the subject of our conversation. One of the first inquiries I made was about the worthy Mr. Johnson and his amiable daughter. My mother informed me that this good man was then in the last stage of a painful

disease under which he had languished above three years, and which his constitution could not thus long have resisted but for the tender care and dutiful attention of his daughter Emma ; that this affectionate child had, as was thought from that motive alone, rejected several advantageous offers of marriage. To this my sister added, that she was one of the loveliest and most accomplished of women.

“ On my way to the farm, I had remarked the ruinous appearance of the mansion house, which had been the seat of my forefathers. My mother informed me, that the gentleman who purchased the estate from our family had been some years dead ; and that his son, by a course of extravagance, had so embarrassed his fortune, that it was thought he would soon be obliged to sell the greatest part of his landed property. An opportunity thus presenting itself of recovering my paternal estate, I determined to offer immediately to become the purchaser, and flattered myself with the prospect, I hope it was an honest pride, of re-establishing our ancient family in the domain of their ancestors.

“ The first visit I paid to Mr. Johnson led me to form schemes of a nature yet more delightful to my imagination. Long absence, and the bustle of an active life, had lulled asleep without extinguishing that affection with which his lovely daughter had inspired me in my early years. The sight of the beautiful Emma revived that passion in its utmost force, and convinced me that she was the arbitress of my future happiness or misery. I thought I perceived in the tender confusion, the diffidence and modesty of her demeanor, and in the simplicity of a heart untaught to disguise its emotions, that I was far from being indifferent to her ; nor was I deceived in this flattering idea. Her father’s dissolution was fast approaching. He survived my re-

turn but a few months ; and the last act of his public duty was the union of our hands.

“ Five years have elapsed since that event ; and I hope, Sir, you will not think my narrative tedious, if I give a short sketch of the manner in which I have passed that happy period.

“ The transaction for the purchase of our estate was attended with very little difficulty ; and the restoration of the family to its ancient territories was celebrated by all the tenants and cottagers with high festivity, and every mark of heart-felt satisfaction. I began immediately to repair the desolated mansion-house ; and having myself some taste in architecture, contrived to render it a most commodious habitation, without injuring the antiquity of its appearance, which I venerated. The apartments were repaired in the modern fashion ; and the elegance of my Emma’s taste displayed itself in their furniture and decorations. In a few particulars I indulged perhaps a little caprice. The wide-extended chimney of the hall, which its late proprietor had contracted to the modern scale, and decorated with Dutch porcelain, I enlarged once more to its original dimensions. It was a venerable monument of ancient hospitality. My grandfather’s oaken chair was found mouldering in a garret. It was restored to its place. The top of a square tower I fitted up into a library, lighted by a large Gothic window with leaden casements, from whence by day I command a beautiful landscape of the country, and by night can explore the Heavens with my telescope ; and here in my favourite studies of philosophy, general physics, and classical literature, of which I have a pretty numerous collection of the best authors, I pass many delightful hours. In another part of the building I have a small laboratory for chemical experiments, and

the composition of medicines. Those researches to which I was formerly led by my profession, still furnish me with an amusing, and even an useful employment; for while Providence blesses me with health, I will always be the poor man's physician.

“ As I am rather unwilling to occupy myself with practical husbandry, a science which, without a peculiar bent and inclination, I have always thought was not rashly to be engaged in, I limit my rustic employments to planting and gardening. The fields which surround my house owe their principal beauties to nature. The upland and barren spots I have covered with wood, which in a few years will afford both beauty and shelter. Assisted by my Emma's judgement, I have laid out a large garden, which promises soon to furnish me with a profusion of the most delicate fruits. A fine trouting stream washes its border. My hills pasture my mutton, and supply my game; of which the first is excellent, and the last is plentiful.

“ Soon after our establishment at the mansion-house, my mother and sister quitted their habitation, and became members of our family. The farm, which had become a very profitable subject, has been transferred to an old domestic who had remained attached to the family in all the changes of its fortune, and who merited that reward of his services and fidelity. My mother, whose active mind would languish if deprived of an object of exertion, has now found another occupation not less suited to her taste, and yet more pleasing in its nature. My Emma has brought me three children; two charming girls, and a stout healthy boy. These she has suckled herself, a part of the duty of a mother which she finds too agreeable to be relinquished to a hireling. The two eldest are now in charge to their grandmother, who has un-

dertaken for them the same office she performed to myself; and in this the good woman flatters herself with a renewal of her years. My sister was wont for some time to share in the same occupation: but I don't know how, her disposition seems a good deal changed of late. Instead of her work, she has taken to reading poetry; and borrows a good deal of time from her cares of the dairy, to bestow it on her books and her toilet. It is true, my neighbour Hearty's son Tom is a scholar, and when he comes here with his family, and they are very frequent visitors of ours, my sister and he seem very solicitous to please each other; a circumstance I am not at all sorry to observe. Tom is a very worthy young man, and my sister an excellent girl: she has one quality to which Tom is a stranger; I have taken care that she shall be entitled to 1500*l.* on the day of her marriage.

“Such, Mr. LOUNGER, is my manner of life; and as I perceive from some of your late papers, that you can contrive to pass a few weeks in the country, without discontinuing to amuse the town, if you will do me the honour of a visit, I promise you the best bed in my house, a bottle of my best wine, and the best welcome I can give.

“I am, Sir, yours, &c.

“JOHN TRUMAN.”

I feel myself honoured by my friend Mr. Truman's correspondence, and sensibly interested in the simple story of his worthy family. His example may serve to inculcate one lesson of importance:—That moderation in point of wealth is productive of the greatest comfort and the purest felicity. Had Mr. Truman returned from India with the enormous fortune of some other Asiatic adventurers, he would probably have been much less happy than he is,

even without considering the means by which it is possible such a fortune might have been acquired. In the possession of such overgrown wealth, however attained, there is generally more ostentation than pleasure, more pride than enjoyment. I can but guess at the feelings which accompany it, when reaped from desolated provinces, when covered with the blood of slaughtered myriads.

Z

No. 45. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1785.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ PERHAPS it is vanity in me to suppose that you have been expecting to hear from me, and it is possible, from my first account of myself, may have supposed that there were very melancholy reasons for my silence. But I am, Sir, thank God, returned to my native country in no worse condition with respect to health, than when I left it. As to peace and happiness, I can't say; my wife thinks her health much the better for our expedition.

“ Perhaps, Sir, I may in time learn to be reconciled to noise and disturbance, and forget my old habits of quiet and care of my health, which my dear deceased friend Dr. Doddipoll had taught me. And yet I do not find that my journey has reconciled me much to the change, though I have had some practice in the way of bustle and adventure, as you will find from a short account of our excursion.

“ As the motive of our journey was professedly the re-establishment of my health, I had reason to imagine that it would be conducted in the manner best suited for that purpose. I had made out a little Pharmacopœia of things necessary to be taken along with us on the road; but would you believe it, Sir, our new family physician declared them altogether unnecessary, and our whole medicine-chest was made up of one phial, containing two drachms of spirit of hartshorn, and a bottle holding about as many pounds of French brandy. But my wife found room in the carriage for her favourite maid, her Spanish lap-dog, and three band-boxes. Her monkey, who arrived just before we set out, she was with difficulty prevailed on to leave behind under the care of the housekeeper; an acquaintance, indeed, who met us a few miles out of town on the road to England, rode up to my wife’s side of the carriage, said he supposed Mr. Dy-soon was following, and pointing to the corner where I was stuck up among the band-boxes, told her he was glad to find she had taken little master jackoo along with her.

“ Though Harrowgate was the place of our destination, yet my wife, who was general of this expedition, thought it might be proper to stop at one of the more private watering-places in Cumberland, to initiate us as it were into that sort of life: as young recruits, I am told, are taught to stand their own fire by first flashing their muskets in the pan. We accordingly made a halt at one of those places, with the intention of staying some weeks; but we were very soon tired of it, as the society was by no means genteel enough for my wife to mix in with any degree of satisfaction.

“ The only people she would allow us to consort were with the family of Sir David Dumplin, with a London merchant, who had been knighted for his

emience in commerce, who had arrived a few days before us with his lady and three daughters, and a captain in the army, who had come hither to recover the fatigues he had suffered during the siege of Gibraltar, and whom Mrs. Dy-soon took great delight in hearing recount his adventures. We amused ourselves during our stay by making the other members of the party ridiculous, though they did not want for jokes against us too. They called me and my wife 'Death and Sin;' the first I could understand from my feebleness and bad health; but how they applied the second, neither the captain nor I could ever comprehend;—they had several jests equally low and unjust against the family of Sir David Dumplin, who they pretended was only a sugar-boiler in Wapping, and had been knighted on occasion of some city address. Sir David himself, to do him justice, behaved in a very civil manner to every body, and, except sometimes when he snored after dinner, never gave the smallest offence to the rest of the company; and as for me, I was always, both in mind and body, inclined to peace and quietness. But Lady Dumplin and her daughters, with my Angelica and the captain, were constantly at war with the other end of the table, which was divided into two hostile and irreconcilable provinces. Their differences might, indeed, have proceeded very disagreeable lengths, had we not contrived to erect a sort of barrier against hostilities, by placing between them Sir David Dumplin on one side, and a Mrs. Dough, wife of a rich baker of Liverpool, on the other, who was naturally of as placid a disposition as Sir David, and had the advantage of being deaf into the bargain. By this politic interposition, the peace was tolerably well preserved; but as the opposite party, the ungentleels, increased daily by new arrivals, and ours, the gen-

teels, got no accession that we were disposed to allow of, the place became at last so disagreeable, and the laugh so much louder against than for us, that we were obliged to leave it a good deal sooner than we intended, and set off for Harrowgate, in company with our allies, the Dumplin family. The captain found it convenient to remain, having previously deserted from us, on some difference with one of the young ladies, and made his peace with the opposite side, through the mediation of the good-natured Mrs. Dough, with whom, from being used to speak at the siege of Gibraltar I suppose, he contrived frequently to carry on a conversation.

“ To Harrowgate our gentility attended us ; but it was a little unfortunate in not being universally acknowledged. There were some London people of fashion there, who had seen Sir D. Dumplin before, and such as had never seen us did not immediately perceive in Mrs. Dy-soon’s face and manner that she had so much good blood in her veins as did actually flow there. This, however, as she was perfectly conscious of it herself, produced numberless bickerings, and at last obliged us to leave the first house we had lodged at, where I had got an excellent quiet apartment, and go to another, where we were much worse accomodated, but where Lady Dumplin and the Hon. Mrs. Dy-soon were the first quality of the set. Here she very fortunately supplied the loss of our Gibraltar captain, by getting acquainted with an Irish gentleman, Colonel O’Shannon, a relation of ours, our ancestors, as the colonel and Mrs. Dy-soon discovered, having intermarried about the year 1300. The colonel still preserved the kindness of a cousin, attended my wife wherever she went, and made us immediately intimate with all the company in the house. But the kindness had very near proved fatal to me. Between

the bustle of his numerous introductions, the parties he formed for us at home, and the jaunts he made us take to see every thing that was to be seen in the neighbourhood, my poor nerves were perfectly overcome : and though my wife was always telling me it was all for my good, I should have certainly died in their hands, had they not at last discovered, that my wife's seeing the sights, and taking the exercise would be as much for the benefit of my health, as if I drove about and visited every thing in my own person ; and so I verily believe it might, Mr. LOUNGER, had I been fortunate enough to be left to enjoy quiet, and take care of my health alone. But as my ill stars would have it, I was generally left to the care of a lady, with whom, from her having the same sort of nervous complaints with myself, I had contracted an intimacy, the dowager of an old gentleman, who had, like me, married his wife for a nurse, and who left her after a life of happiness, as she used to tell me, of eighteen months, in possession of his whole fortune. But then her nerves, she said, had been so shattered by his death, that she could find no enjoyment in any thing in this world. The disorder in her nerves, however, was of a kind extremely different from mine. None of that weakness and relaxation which I had experienced from a child ; hers, the physicians said, was an extreme tension and irritability. She kept, it seems, a female attendant, who was of the greatest use to her in this complaint : but that attendant had died just before her arrival at Harrowgate, and in this unfortunate interval my acquaintance with her began : so she bestowed all her tension and irritability on me. It makes me quake when I think of her, Mr. LOUNGER ! and yet, though you will call it very silly, I could not for the life of me shake her off. She had become, I don't know how, a sort of cicis-

bea to me by the common consent of our house, and I could not get rid of her without a degree of exertion that my weak constitution was unequal to. But her constitution, as she told us, was always the better for exertion. She exerted it on me with a vengeance. I often thought of the simile of the vulgar people we had left at our last watering-place. Mrs. Rasp would have completed Milton's trio to a hair.

“I was very thankful when the end of the season made me rid of her, though it did not restore me to home or to quiet. Mrs. Dy-soon, on looking over the road-book, perceived what a mere step it was from Harrowgate to London, and calculated how much expense was saved by going to the metropolis now, when we were more than half of the way from Edinburgh. In this idea she was much encouraged by her cousin, Col. O'Shannon, as well as by Lady Dumplin, and half-a dozen other ladies who had come from the capital, at whose houses she was to be most agreeably entertained if she went thither. It was in vain that I urged my health, and the danger of a long journey; the journey would do me good, and London was 200 miles south, which gave it a great advantage, in point of climate, to delicate people like me. So out we set the day after our friends the Dumplins, who were to travel faster, as, indeed, I am not able to make long journeys, and kindly undertook to procure lodgings, and have them ready for our reception.

“But their services in that way were anticipated by our good friend Colonel O'Shannon. who travelled faster than any of us, as he generally makes his journeys in the stage-coach for the sake of company, and sometimes even takes a stage or two on the outside to enjoy the air and the prospect. We found on our arrival that he had provided us with a lodging

in the house of a country-woman of his, a milliner in the Hay-market, who, he told us, had been reduced by misfortunes to keep a shop, though she was descended from the great O'Neil, and could claim kindred with himself, and most of the noble families in Europe. She was very useful to my wife in letting her know the fashions; and with her assistance, Mrs. Dy-son contrived to fill I don't know how many band-boxes and trunks, which, however, luckily for me, grew to such a magnitude, as to require half a ship's room to convey them; and so they were sent down to Scotland by sea. As for the colonel, he was indefatigable in his attentions, and breakfasted, dined, and supped with us almost every day. Indeed, we were the more dependent on his company, as we were disappointed in getting into any other during our five or six weeks' stay in town. We never could find any of our Harrowgate acquaintance at home; even the Dumplin family we saw but for two short morning calls at our lodgings; Sir David, indeed, muttered something about our eating a bit of mutton with him; but Lady Dumplin said she was sorry to say that that would be very ill-convenient at their present house, which they were just about changing for one in Bedford-square, where she hoped for the honour of our company at her first rout, which was to be held the 5th of Jan. next. They told us the town was quite empty at the season when we were there; but I am sure there was noise and bustle enough of all conscience; carts rumbling, coaches rattling, criers bawling, and bells ringing, from morning to night, and sometimes, as my poor head felt, all night too. My wife, however, luckily found it very dull, otherwise we should not probably have left it so soon as we did, though not before it had cost us some hundreds of guineas to find out that there was nothing

in it worth seeing. Colonel O'Shannon carried us to some sights such as they were ; he showed us the Tower, St. Paul's, Bedlam, and the three Bridges ; took us to the city Pantheon, the Dog and Duck, and the Swearing-house at Highgate. As for genteel company, he regretted exceedingly that almost all his acquaintance were in the country ; but promised that when we came again he would introduce us to a director of the Bank, a lord of the Treasury, and the master-general of the Ordnance, which last, he assured us, had a very particular friendship for him ; but, in his absence, he made us acquainted with a young gentleman, who, he said, was one of that great man's first favourites, and a secretary in his office ; an appointment which the colonel had procured for him. My wife was very solicitous to cultivate Mr. M'Phelim's acquaintance, on account of two nephews of her's who are in the army, to whom the colonel and he have promised their interest ; and we have the greater reason to rely on their friendship, as the colonel and his friend did us the honour of accepting a loan of 200*l.* from me, which Mr. M'Phelim wanted, to make up a sum in the absence of the master-general of the Ordnance, on their joint security.

“ Not long after this transaction we left London, and I found it some comfort, after all my distresses and disturbances, to find myself again safe and sound in my native country. Not that I am free of the disquiet of my journey ; it rings in my ears still in the narration of my wife, who has such talents for description, that if I had not witnessed the circumstances, I should have supposed Sir D. Dumplin to be a Knight of the Garter, Colonel O'Shannon a Lieutenant-general, and his friend Mr. M'Phelim a Privy-counsellor. She makes all our acquaintance take notice how much better I am for Harrowgate,

though, in fact, I never drank a drop of the water ; and, except the company of Mrs. Rasp, took no sort of drug whatever. I must confess, however, that I am no worse on the whole, and am not near so much afraid of dying as before I was married. I am, &c.

“ JEREMIAH DY-SOON.”

J

No. 46. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1785.

MY readers may have observed that the office of the LOUNGER has of late been almost a sinecure, his correspondents having saved him the trouble of composition. The paper of to-day is also a communication, which, from the sex and accomplishments of the author, as well as the flattering manner in which she expresses herself, gratifies my vanity, as much as my indolence.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ THE genteel but pointed irony with which you mention the follies of our sex, and the pains you take, in your admired Essays, for our instruction and improvement, will, I make no doubt, have some influence on the minds of those who are thoughtless, but not dissipated ; and who, though hurried down the stream of pleasure, are not yet enough hardened to disregard the admonitions of virtue,

“ Among young people of this description, many ladies may be led to the attainment of mental accomplishments, in hopes of recommending themselves to the notice of the other sex ; who, from their superior education and more solid judgement, would, one might presume, be more guided by the dictates of good sense, than led by the blind caprices of fashion. But methinks, Sir. it would not be altogether fair to mislead your inexperienced female readers with such fallacious hopes. Tell them as much as you please of the internal rewards that belong to virtue ; that to embellish, in early life, their minds with taste, and to enlighten their understandings with some degree of knowledge, will prove to them an inexhaustible source of delight in the lonely hours of solitude, and procure veneration and respect to their declining years: but let them know, that, on the fine fellows who, in our days, deign to mingle in the female world, such accomplishments will have as much influence, as the harmonious compositions of Handel on the deaf pupils of Mr. Braidwood.

“ To be distinguished by your sex, is more or less the wish of every female heart. To solicit that distinction, fancy is put to the torture to dress out the votaries of fashion : and, to deserve it, the more judicious endeavour to adorn their minds with knowledge, taste, and sentiment. Which of these most frequently attain their end, you, Sir, who frequent the circles of the great and gay, can be at no loss to determine.

“ As I was early taught to mark the characters, and make reflections on the events that passed before me in life, short as that life has been, and few and simple as have been its tranquil scenes, perhaps a sketch of it may not be altogether unworthy your perusal.

“ I am the daughter of a clergyman, whose virtues

adorn humanity, and whose character in every respect does honour to his profession. A long attachment had subsisted between him and my mother, before the pride of her relations, who piqued themselves on their high descent, would consent to her being made happy for ever by an union with one whom those relations considered as her inferior: but the constancy of their affection at length subdued every obstacle; and their life has ever since been one continued scene of domestic felicity. As I was their only child, my education was the prime object of their attention. To procure me the more elegant accomplishments, they appropriated the savings of their economy; while, with the tenderest solicitude, they themselves endeavoured to form my manners, to cultivate my understanding, and to cherish the virtues of my heart.

“The friendly terms on which we lived with the patron of our parish, whose lady took a particular liking to me, gave me frequent opportunities of mixing with polite company. The natural gaiety of my temper, and steady sincerity of my heart, gained me the good will of all my companions; with some of whom I early contracted the most tender friendship, — a friendship which has increased with our increasing years, and received strength from every incident of pain or pleasure that has befallen us in life.

“By the gentlemen, I found myself almost invariably treated according to their ideas of my rank, and consequence. Of all the numbers who came to Castle — excepting an old naval officer, many traits of whose character, though cast in somewhat of a rougher mould, bore a strong resemblance to that of your worthy friend Colonel Caustic, I do not remember to have met with one who thought it possible the daughter of a country parson could be as well informed upon any subject as the heiress

of a baronet ; and after I have, by Lady ——'s desire, played on her forte piano some of the finest concertos of Bach and Abel to an unlistening audience, I have heard the same gentlemen applaud, with every mark of rapture, the fashionable Miss Fanny Flirter rattling over some insipid fragment of a new opera tune.

“ At the earnest solicitation of a sister of my father's married to a respectable merchant in the capital, I one winter spent a few months with her in town. I had here a more ample opportunity of observing that universal passion for what is called style in life, than I had hitherto met with. The notice taken of me by our patroness Lady ——, who always passed the winter in the metropolis, and to whose parties, either at home or at public places, I had a general invitation, made me esteemed quite the ton by the set of men who visited my uncle. I was often distressed by their civilities, and put out of countenance by their eagerness to show me attention ; while by the gentlemen in her Ladyship's suite I was considered of no more importance than any other piece of furniture in the drawing-room ; but, like yourself, Sir, though silent, I was not always idle ; and, while unthought of, and unspoke to, made such remarks on the scene before me, as I hope will be of service to me through life.

“ From Edinburgh, at the request of my mother's relations, I went to the county of —— . These great relations had taken no notice of her since her marriage, but now received me in the most cordial manner. I was immediately introduced by them to their acquaintances in a genteel and populous neighbourhood, and was every where received with the respect due to the ally, and, what is more, the very probable heiress of an ancient and wealthy family. Wherever I appeared, I was loaded with caresses.

A gentleman of the first distinction engaged me for his partner at an election-ball, which happened soon after my arrival in the country : and the attention paid me by him, and a few others of equal rank, soon brought me completely into fashion. I was now discovered to possess qualifications which no one before had ever thought of imputing to me. My former friends had indeed sometimes complimented me with the appellation of a lively sensible enough sort of girl ; but now, to all the charms of elegance in manner, I added those of the most brilliant wit ; and though it was allowed I could not, strictly speaking, be termed handsome, yet my features spoke such animation, and my eyes beamed with so much sensibility, that beauty herself would have had but little chance beside me. Was it any wonder that every latent spark of vanity in my heart should have been kindled, on thus finding myself a distinguished figure in a scene of higher life than any I had yet witnessed ? I was, alas ! but too soon intoxicated with the adulation I received ; and with the most poignant regret I took leave of people who, I thought, had discovered such just discernment of merit, although it was to return to the fond arms of my beloved parents.

“ The flattering scenes I had left had made too deep impression to be easily erased. I found the amusements of my former life had become insipid, its employments irksome and fatiguing ; and as our great neighbours were now in London, I had little opportunity of diverting my chagrin by any change of company. It was even with difficulty I was prevailed on to accompany my most intimate friend to the county-assembly, as I knew I should there find myself in a very different situation to that in which I figured at the balls in —. But what was my delight, on soon seeing enter the assembly-room, along

with a family of the first rank, two of my most intimate acquaintances in that loved county ! As both the gentlemen had there honoured me with their particular attention, my heart beat with rapture at the idea of what delight they must receive from this unexpected interview. But I soon found these gentlemen wisely considered that I now moved in a different sphere. They avoided seeming to observe me as long as possible ; and when at length obliged to do it, passed their compliments with a certain careless air, which may not improperly be styled a well-bred sort of incivility. A moment's reflection on this little striking incident restored me to my senses ; and I returned home with the most cheerful alacrity, as to the certain asylum of happiness and tranquillity.

“ In a little time after I had thus recovered from the delirium of flattery and folly, our society received a considerable acquisition in our acquaintance with Dorilas. This gentleman, who had lately come to the country in pursuit of health and rural amusements, was first noticed by my father for his regular attendance at church ; and by the politeness of his manners, and solidity of his conversation, soon recommended himself to his particular regard. He appeared to be one of those favourites of nature, whom she has endowed with her best gifts, a good understanding and a benevolent heart. His mind seemed enlightened by science, enlarged by a knowledge of the world, and, we were told, had been softened by the correcting hand of misfortune. He came frequently to the parsonage-house, to which he had at all times a general invitation, and where he was ever welcomed by the unaffected kindness of plain, but genuine hospitality. As Dorilas seemed to pique himself on his retirement from the more dissipated scenes of life, he always appeared pleased with our rural simplicity ;

but no sooner did Dorilas get intimately acquainted with the families of higher rank, and found himself established in a circle of greater style, than he omitted his visits at the parsonage-house, and even mentioned its inhabitants with that sort of contemptuous ridicule, which, though it may be a very fashionable *manière de parler*, gives a deeper wound to the feelings than the envenomed sting of calumny can inflict. We were all hurt at being thus disappointed in a character of which we had formed so high an idea; and when on a visit to my friend at the county-town, I accidentally met with Dorilas, I found it impossible to conceal the resentment with which his conduct had inspired me. But when I saw his surprise at the apparent coldness of my manner, I began to reflect, that should we be mistaken or misinformed, I might, by my seeming caprice, have done an injury to feelings perhaps no less delicately susceptible of it than my own. I therefore resolved to acquaint him with what we had heard, and frankly to tell him our opinion of his behaviour; but in the only opportunity that ever after offered, I was so embarrassed by the stately distance of his manner, and the difficulty of introducing the subject with becoming delicacy and spirit, that I found it impossible to fulfil my intention. The little conversation that passed only served him with a pretence to put an entire end to our acquaintance; and, in six months after, Dorilas set out on a gay party to the German Spa, without deigning to inquire even for my father.

“Such is the incense offered at the shrine of Fashion, not only by the vain and giddy, but even by the sentimental and judicious! and such the attentions people who shine not in that brilliant sphere may expect to meet with in the world! But happy, thrice happy they, according to the wise maxims of

my venerable parent, who are endowed with that true greatness of mind, which can look down with equal indifference on the soothing praise of flattery, or the scornful sneer of pride ; who, independent of the favour of the fickle, and the regards of the inconstant, derive a happiness from the humble consciousness of superior virtue, that infinitely transcends all which the world can bestow.

“ Afraid of having already too long trespassed on your patience, I now hasten to conclude, with assuring you how much I am

“ Your admiring reader,
“ ALMERIA.”

No. 47. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1785.

HERODOTUS tells us, that Amasis, King of Egypt, established a law, commanding, that every Egyptian should annually declare, before the governor of the province, by what means he maintained himself ; which if he omitted to do, or if, on such examination, he gave not a satisfactory account of his way of living, he should be punished with death.

Happening to meet with this passage one night lately, it suggested some ideas as to the wisdom of such an institution, and I amused myself for half an hour before I went to bed with reflecting on the effects it might have, if introduced into this island. These thoughts recurred in my sleep, and produced a dream, of which I shall endeavour to give some account, after premising that, when I awaked in the morning, it was some time before I could with certainty determine whether my imagination had trans-

ported me to Egypt, or if the objects it had presented to my view in my sleep were the consequence of the promulgation of a similar law in our country.

Upon the appointed day, I fancied that I accompanied the whole inhabitants of the province to the palace of the governor. On our arrival we were shown into a hall of vast extent, at one end of which, on something like a throne, sat the governor, surrounded by clerks, whose business it was to take down the account which every person in his turn should give. Silence being proclaimed, we were directed to approach the throne one by one, in a certain order, to give an account of our way of living, and to say by what means each of us maintained himself. This summons appeared the more awful for this reason, that the law of Amasis, like many other good institutions, had been allowed to go into disuse, and, after being neglected for ages, was now revived on account of some recent enormities, which called forth the attention of government. I fancied too, that the law was so far altered, that, instead of death in all cases, the governor was authorised to inflict such punishment upon delinquents as their offences should seem to merit.

The first whose lot it was to answer the awful question, was a handsome young man clothed in a garment of bright scarlet embroidered with gold. He approached the throne with an assured countenance, and, with a look of self-approbation, informed the governor, that he lived by the most honourable of all professions : that his sole business was to kill and destroy his own species, to butcher men who had never injured him, whom perhaps he had never seen before, or for whom he entertained the highest esteem and regard. ' For doing this,' said he, ' my country gives me a daily allowance, on which I live with ease and comfort.'

At this account I observed a momentary blush to cross the face of the governor. He dismissed the young man with a look in which I could discern marks of dissatisfaction, not with the individual before his eyes, but with those absurd and unjust measures of government which were supposed to make such institutions necessary.

The officer was succeeded by a young man still more gaily dressed. As he approached the throne, I could perceive in his countenance marks of anxiety and apprehension, which he seemed desirous to conceal by an appearance of ease and indifference. When the usual questions were put to him, he hesitated for some time; but at length was obliged to declare that he was the son of an honest and industrious tradesman; that, despising the occupation of his father, he left his house, and removed to Memphis, where, by the splendor of his appearance, he contrived to get into the society of persons of high distinction; and that he supported the expense of this mode of life, by playing with those persons for large sums of money at games, in which, by much labour and constant attention, he had attained a superior degree of excellence. The governor having heard him to an end, sentenced the unfortunate youth to be sent back to the house of his father, to assist him in his labour. The father, who was present in the hall, at the same time received orders to keep his son in close confinement, till he had acquired a habit of application, and a sufficient degree of skill in the business to which he was now to apply himself.

He was followed by a person not unlike him in manner and appearance, though somewhat more advanced in years. The account this person gave of himself was nearly in these words: 'I was born to an independent fortune, to which I succeeded at the age of eighteen by the death of my father. From

that moment, my sole object was the enjoyment of my fortune, of which I thought I should never be able to see an end. I joined in every party of pleasure, and indulged in every species of expensive dissipation. At the end of seven years, I found my fortune gone, and the only comfort that remained for me was, that I had spent it in a manner suitable to my rank, and in the society of the first and noblest persons in Egypt. Happily for me, those great persons conceived that it would be unbecoming to expose one who had passed so many hours in their company, to poverty and want; at the same time they justly considered, that it might degrade a person who could boast of once having been their equal and companion, to subsist on the bounty of private individuals. They therefore humbly besought our mighty sovereign, to bestow upon me an office at once honourable and lucrative. To this request he was pleased to lend a favourable ear. The emoluments of my office are considerable; but I am obliged to give a portion of them to a creature who performs the duties of it, and upon the remainder I can still afford to live in luxury not much inferior to that of my former opulence.—Upon hearing this account, the governor inquired into the character of the deputy, and finding he was a worthy and respectable citizen, who had long done the business of a laborious and an important office for the small pittance allowed him by the gentleman before him, he pronounced a sentence which to me appeared highly equitable. He ordered, that the deputy should in future draw the whole emoluments, paying only to the principal the same allowance which formerly the deputy had received.

The next person who approached the throne, addressed the governor with an unembarrassed and a steady countenance in the following words: ‘ By

some fortunate circumstances,' said he, ' I was early in life introduced into the society of many persons of the first distinction. At their tables I acquired a taste for good living, which I came to consider as the first of all enjoyments ; but possessing no fortune, this passion might have proved a curse instead of a blessing, had I not happily discovered a method of gratifying it, at once easy and agreeable. By my intercourse with the great, I soon discovered that it was in my power to give, in return for the dainties of their table, something which to them was more precious, while it cost me nothing. At the board of Sethos, I harangue in praise of learning and learned men, well knowing that, amidst all his opulence and splendor, the chief ambition of Sethos is to be considered as a man of letters. At the elegant repasts of Osoroth, I join him in declaiming against the luxury of modern times ; while each of his company, with equal solicitude, looks around for some new delicacy to provoke a satiated appetite. At the house of the rich Susennes, whose vanity lies in the splendor of his entertainments, and in the excellence of his table, I openly praise every dish that is served up, and tell Susennes, that his wine of Persia is the finest in the world, and that his gardens produce fruits of unrivalled excellence. In this vocation or calling of mine, as it may be termed, there is one circumstance which, it must be confessed, is sometimes a little unpleasant. When at the table of one great friend I happen to deliver sentiments and opinions diametrically opposite to those I had supported the day before at another place, a pert visitor may be so rude as to remark this sudden change, or by a broad grin to show that it has not passed unobserved. But nevertheless,' continued he, ' I contrive to live happily, and to enjoy all the advantages of

a great fortune, without the trouble and embarrassment of it.'—'Live then,' said the governor, with a look of ineffable contempt, 'if you can submit to live on such terms.'

Upon the removal of this gentleman, there appeared a tall, thin, meagre figure, which stalked up with wonderful dignity to the presence of the governor, and thus addressed him: 'I am the representative of the noblest and most ancient family in Egypt. My forefathers were the companions of the victories of Sesostris and Semiramis. It is true, that, owing to the princely generosity of my great ancestors, I am at present obliged to honour some wealthy inhabitants of this province, so far as to receive from them the means of subsistence. Emboldened, perhaps, by this circumstance, one of those persons lately presumed to ask my daughter in marriage, telling me that their hearts had long been united by every tie of the most tender affection. But I drove the vile plebeian from my presence; and had I not been prevented, would have sacrificed him to my just indignation.'

At the close of this narrative, the governor hesitated for a moment, and then ordered the guards to conduct this noble personage to the hospital set apart for the reception of lunatics.

A gentleman, whose train and whose appearance bespoke his consequence, now approached the throne, with a look and manner polished at the same time and assured. 'I presume,' said he to the governor, 'you are not unacquainted with the name of Zoroës. In that council which the wisdom of our sovereign has established for the government of his Ethiopian dominions, I hold a distinguished place; a situation which I owe to my own talents, having neither the influence of hereditary wealth, nor the pride of illustrious ancestry, to

support me. But in the college of the priests at Memphis, I was early taught qualities by which to compensate the want of those advantages ; penetration to discover the weaknesses, and pliancy to conciliate the affections, of men. In that seminary likewise I acquired a power of eloquence to lead the passions, a subtlety of argument to confound the judgement. Endowed with such accomplishments, I obtained a seat in that council, which by the superiority of my talents I have since been enabled to guide. Amidst the divisions with which that council has been agitated, amidst the factions with which our province has been torn, the art of Zoroës has drawn from those divisions and those factions his power and his emoluments : he has wielded to his purposes the furious zeal of the multitude, and the jarring interests of their leaders ; and has risen, by his command over the fluctuating opinions of mankind, to rank, to office, and to wealth.'—The governor looked sternly at him, and his face reddened with indignation : ' I am not indeed,' said he, ' a stranger to the name of Zoroës ; I have heard of such a man, who lives on the mischiefs of faction, who foments divisions that he may increase his own consequence, and creates parties that he may guide them in the blindness of their course ; who sows public contention that he may reap private advantage, and thrives amidst the storms that wreck the peace of his country.'—He gave the signal to the guards, who hurried Zoroës to his fate. His punishment was cruel, but somewhat analogous to his character and his crimes. He was exposed in an island of the Nile to the crocodiles that inhabit it.

After witnessing this disagreeable exercise of justice, it was with pleasure I beheld a beautiful female, dressed with equal elegance and splendor,

tripping towards the throne, and seemingly pleased with the admiration of the surrounding multitude. In a sweet accent, though with a manner rather infantine, she informed the governor, that some months ago she had married a man of fourscore, who had nothing to recommend him but his immense wealth, of which she previously stipulated, that she should have the absolute disposal. ' You see,' said she, ' the use I make of it. These jewels are esteemed the finest in the province ; and I hope soon to possess a set still more precious.' The governor, without hearing more of her prattle, pronounced a sentence which I confess I thought somewhat severe. He ordered her to be stripped of all her costly ornaments, and to be sent home in a plain garment to the house of her husband, with instructions, that, during the remainder of his days, she should be constrained to live constantly with him, and permitted to see no other company whatever.

While I was commiserating the hard fate of the fair unfortunate, the crier pronounced my own name in a deep and hollow tone of voice. This alarmed me so much, that I awaked in no small consternation, and was very well pleased to find myself quietly in my own bed in the good town of Edinburgh. Of all men living, a Lounger must ever be the most puzzled to give an account of his life, conversation, and mode of living ; and therefore, however wise the law of Amasis may be, I fairly own that I was happy to find I was not subject to it.

M

No. 48. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1785.

Discipulus est prioris posterior dies.

SEN.

THE Lounger having now 'rounded one revolving year,' may consider himself as an acquaintance of some standing with his readers, and, at this period of gratulations, may venture to pay them the compliments of the season with the freedom of intimacy and the cordiality of friendship. In the life of a periodical Essayist, a twelvemonth is a considerable age. That part of the world in which his subject lies, he has then had an opportunity of viewing in all its different situations; he has seen it in the hurry of business, in the heyday of amusement, in the quiet of the country; and he now attends it in its course of Christmas festivity and holiday merriment.

Yet I know not how it is, that amidst the gratulations and festivity of this returning season, I am sometimes disposed to hear the one, and partake the other, with a certain seriousness of mind not well suited to the vacancy of the time; to look on the jollity around me with an eye of thought, and to impress, in my imagination, a tone of melancholy on the voices that wish me many happy years.

As men advance in life, the great divisions of time may indeed furnish matter for serious reflection, as he who counts the money he has spent, naturally thinks of how much a smaller sum he has left behind. Yet, for my own part, it is less from anxiety about what remains of time, than from the remembrance of that which is gone, that I am led into this 'mood of pensiveness.' In my hours of thoughtful indo-

lence, I am not apt to conjure up phantoms of the future; 'tis with a milder sort of melancholy that I sometimes indulge in recalling the shades of the past. To this perhaps the Lounger's manner and habits of life naturally incline him. To him leisure gives frequent occasion to review his time, and to compare his thoughts. By the Lounger a few ideas, natural and congenial to his mind, are traced through all their connexions; while the man of professional industry and active pursuit has many that press upon him in succession, and are quickly dismissed. He who lives in a crowd gains an extensive acquaintance but little intimacy; the man who possesses but a few friends, enjoys them much, and thinks of them often.

Time mellows ideas as it mellows wine. Things in themselves indifferent acquire a certain tenderness in recollection; and the scenes of our youth, though remarkable neither for elegance nor feeling, rise up to our memory dignified at the same time and endeared. As countrymen in a distant land acknowledge one another as friends, so objects, to which, when present, we gave but little attention, are nourished in distant remembrance with a cordial regard. If in their own nature of a tender kind, the ties which they had on the heart are drawn still closer, and we recal them with an enthusiasm of feeling which the same objects of the immediate time are unable to excite. The ghosts of our departed affections are seen through that softening medium, which, though it dims their brightness, does not impair their attraction; like the shade of Dido appearing to Æneas,

—Agnovitque per umbram

Obscuram; qualem primo qui surgere mense

Aut videt, aut vidisse putat per nubila lunam;

Demisit lacrymas, dulcique affatus amore est. ÆN. vi. 452.

The hum of a little tune, to which in our infancy we have often listened ; the course of a brook which in our childhood we have frequently traced ; the ruins of an ancient building which we remember almost entire ; these remembrances sweep over the mind with an enchanting power of tenderness and melancholy, at whose bidding the pleasures, the business, the ambition of the present moment fade and disappear.

Our finer feelings are generally not more grateful to the fancy than moral to the mind. Of this tender power which remembrance has over us, several uses might be made ; this divinity of memory, did we worship it aright, might lend its aid to our happiness as well as to our virtue.

An amiable and ingenious philosopher has remarked, that in castle-building no man is a villain*. In like manner it may perhaps be pronounced that every man is virtuous in recollection ; he rests with peculiar satisfaction on the remembrance of such actions as are most congenial to the better parts of his nature, on such pleasures as were innocent, on such designs as were laudable. It were well, if, amidst the ardour of pursuit, or the hopes of gratification, we sometimes considered that the present will be future, as well as that the future will be present, that we anticipated reflection as well as enjoyment. Not only in those greater and more important concerns, which are what Shakspeare calls, ' stuff o' the conscience,' but in the lesser and more trivial offices of life, we should be more apt to conduct ourselves aright, did we think that we were one day to read the drama in which we now perform, and that of ourselves, and the other personages of the scene, we were to judge with a critical severity.

* Dr. Reid, in his ' *Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man.*'

This indulgence of memory, this review of time, would blunt the angry and discordant passions that often prey on our own quiet as well as on the peace of others. Scarce any man is so hard of heart as to feel himself an enemy over the grave of his foe ; and the remembrance of contests, however just, with those who are now no more, comes across an ingenuous mind with a sort of self-accusation. The progress of time, though it may not have swept our adversaries from the earth, will probably have placed both them and us in circumstances such as to allay, if not to extinguish, our resentment. Prosperity to us, or misfortunes to them, may have soothed our anger into quiet, or softened it to pity. The lessons of Time may have taught us, what Wisdom or Prudence once preached to us in vain, that the object of our contention was not worth the struggle of the contest, that we mistook the value of the prize, or did injustice to the motives of our competitors ; or perhaps we have altered those sentiments in which we were formerly so warm, and forsaken those tenets we were once so positive to maintain. The hand of Time, imperceptible in its touch, steals the colour from our opinions ; and like those who look on faded pictures, we wonder at having formerly been struck with their force.

Though it is wisely ordered by Providence, that we should not pause in the pursuits of life to think of its shortness, or undervalue every attainment from the uncertainty of its duration when attained ; yet such a consideration may fairly enough mitigate a blameable eagerness in the chase, or a blameable depression from its disappointment. I was very well pleased with the philosophy of an old soldier, whom I once met with in the environs of London, leaning on a crutch, and rather accepting than soliciting the aid of the charitable. He told me,

not without some importunity on my part, the hardships and the dangers he had encountered ; the number of his campaigns, the obstinacy of his engagements, the length of his sieges ; ‘ yet I failed in getting Chelsea,’ said he, ‘ because I was rendered incapable of the service in consequence of a rheumatism contracted in a winter-encampment ; and, more than all that, because my wife, somehow or other, had disoblged my commanding officer. But I forget and forgive, as the saying is ; and, thanks to such as your Honour, I can make shift to live. It is true, I have seen others get halberts, ay, and commissions too, that were not better men than myself ; but that don’t signify. It will be all the same a hundred years hence.’ Without all the happy Stoicism of the soldier, we may often sooth the pangs of envy, and the pinings of discontent, by the consideration of that period, when they shall cease to disquiet, when time shall have unplumed the pageantry of grandeur, narrowed the domains of wealth, and withered the arm of power.

Nor will this philosophy of time convey a less important lesson to the successful than to the unfortunate. It will moderate the luxurious indulgence of the rich, and restrain the wanton or useless exertions of the powerful. Every one who can look back on a moderately long life, will remember a succession of envied possessors of wealth and influence, whose luxury a thousand flatterers were wishing to share, whose favour a crowd of dependants were striving to obtain. Let those who now occupy their place attend to the effects of that wealth enjoyed, of those favours bestowed. Let them cast up the sum of pleasure which was produced by the one, of gratitude or self-satisfaction procured by the other. If there are any whom elevation has made giddy, or power rendered insolent, let them think how long

that elevation can endure, how far that power can extend ; let them consider in how short a space the influence of their predecessors has ceased to be felt, how soon their appointments have made room for the appointments of others ; how few of their dependants and favourites survive, and of those few how very small a part acknowledge their benefactor. If some of the actions of such eminent persons there are which the world still remembers with approbation and individuals own with gratitude ; they are probably such as, in this review of the past, it will be useful for their successors to observe and to imitate. Those have obtained a victory over time, which is the noblest excitement and animation to virtue ; that honest fame of which the consciousness gives its highest enjoyment to the present, which the future can neither reproach nor overcome.

Z

No. 49. SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1786.

No subject tends to throw more light on the history of mankind, or their progress in the different situations of society, than their public amusements, or the state of those arts which contribute to their entertainment.

Comedy, which consists in the dramatic representation of human characters in a ridiculous point of view, makes a distinguished figure among the amusements of mankind. The following reflections are thrown together on the history of Comedy, as they may afford some useful observations on the progress of manners and of arts, as well as intro-

duce a continuation of the remarks I formerly made on the moral effects of the drama.

The first and original method in which Ridicule exercised itself in dramatic representation appears to have consisted, not so much in giving a view of the character of the person to be exhibited on the stage, as in representing a particular individual in a ludicrous situation. To point out the feelings of the character—to represent the turn of mind—to display the humour or internal features of the man, was not so much the object, as to bring the person himself on the stage, and to raise ridicule in the audience, by making him commit some action absurd, droll, out of place, or inconsistent. A man respected for dignity, and in a reputable situation, is brought upon the stage, not to exhibit his dignity as false and affected, not to represent the real or internal feelings of his mind, or to point out those features by which his assumed character may be exposed, but merely with a view to make him commit some absurd or mean action, inconsistent with the gravity and respectable tenor of his usual conduct.

Such is the exhibition of Aristophanes's Socrates. No history of human character is given, no display of the character of Socrates in particular; nor is any principle or feature of his mind represented. The author confines himself singly to making Socrates do things upon the stage unworthy of himself, or of his character; and the audience is entertained with the contrast, is amused with this performance of mean or little actions by a man of a grave and serious deportment. The ridicule in this case does not give a view of the character, but is confined to the joke arising from the action performed, compared with that of the man who performs it. Socrates is not made ridiculous by doing what is like, but what is unlike, himself.

This observation needs not be confined to the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, but may be further extended, and appears indeed to comprehend the general characteristic of all early comedies, written or represented before people have arrived at a great degree of refinement.

It is not difficult to assign the reason for this being the general characteristic of early comedies.

Men in an early age are not reasoners.—The bulk of the people at least are not accustomed to make general conclusions and reflections on human character. They would not therefore be amused by general exhibitions of character, by comedies which represented actions as displaying only the internal features and original causes of human conduct. Such an exhibition would not be adapted to their taste, or the state of their minds. The rude representation of a particular person, who does actions absurd in themselves, or absurd in him to perform, is the only thing which can produce their laughter, or afford them a comic entertainment.

Men in an early age, who have not made much progress in refinement, will receive a peculiar pleasure in seeing the character of an individual, of a person known to themselves, exhibited on the stage; whereas, when men advance in refinement, they will come to feel uneasy at this representation of real characters; their delicacy will be shocked at the exhibition of so coarse an entertainment, and something of a purer kind will be substituted in its room.—Hence what was called the middle comedy was substituted among the Greeks in place of the old. The middle comedy was less coarse than the old, because the old represented real persons on the stage, under their real names; in the middle, feigned names were given to the real persons: but this improvement soon gave way to a much higher one, the new comedy,

where both real names and real living persons were banished from the stage.

Should it be said that at the time Aristophanes wrote, the Greeks were in a state of great advancement, were a learned and intelligent people; and that therefore Aristophanes should not be given as an example of a comic author in an early and unrefined period; it may be observed, that though the Greeks were certainly in the time of Aristophanes a very wise people, and possessed of the most eloquent and philosophical writers, yet at that time the Athenians were remarkably deficient in delicacy and politeness. Perhaps in so violent and turbulent a democracy as that of Athens, the people, amidst the acrimony of debate and rude contests of ambition, remain long in a state of barbarism as to manners. This has been observed, and endeavoured to be accounted for by several ingenious authors; one* of whom indeed cites, as an instance of it, this very circumstance of the amusement which the Athenians found in the lowest species of comedy. "They were so little judges," says he, "of propriety in wit and humour, as to relish the low ribaldry of an Aristophanes, at a period when they were entertained with the sublime eloquence of a Demosthenes, with the pathetic compositions of an Euripides or a Sophocles."

As the body of the people, however, advance in refinement or delicacy, this ancient species of comedy, as it did among the Greeks, will come to give disgust instead of entertainment.

Comic authors will then betake themselves to a different species of writing; and the next step seems to be, instead of the exhibition of a particular person, to give the history of some general passion, affection, or principle of the human mind. The bulk of men who frequent public places of amusement,

* Miller on the Origin of the distinction of Ranks.

have then attained such a degree of improvement, by experience and reflection, as to relish a general representation of the history of the human heart in trying and interesting scenes; and hence views of characters in those situations will be relished and understood.

When this species of writing, however, first begins, the representations of character that are given will be confined to the more general views of the human mind, acting under the influence of some one leading principle. The nice features of that principle, the small deviations to which it is subject, its various combinations with other principles, or its discriminations arising from peculiar circumstances of situation or of habit, will not be attended to or held out to view. Before men go into particulars, they must be well acquainted with what is general; before they consider the nice, they must be intimate with the gross, features.

Hence our early but improved writers, not only of comedy, but of every species of writing which represents characters, give only general representations. The ambitious, the envious, the avaricious man, is represented under the dominion of his guiding principle, but the nicer features of the principle are not delineated.—Theophrastus wrote at a period of less delicacy, and when minute proprieties were less attended to, than La Bruyere; the characters therefore of the first are more general and less nice than of the latter.

Of all writers, indeed, the French seem to have paid most attention to the small and minute views of character, and to the different proprieties of life and manners. Living in an age of refinement and politeness, under a monarchical government, where the agreeable are the qualities which conduce to advancement, the elegant and commendatory virtues are

chiefly cultivated. A new species of morals, unknown and unattended to among the ancients, the term for which *petites morales* cannot even be translated into our language, has been introduced, and become a principal object both in conduct and philosophy. Hence the nice perception which French authors have of all the delicate discriminations of character; hence their observance of all the deviations from what is becoming; and hence their talent of describing and representing all the proprieties and improprieties of human conduct. The English writers in general may be possessed of more metaphysical profoundness; but they have not the same lively talent at describing manners, nor the same delicate observation of the different tints and colourings in which they appear.

At the same time it may be observed, that even in Britain some authors have appeared, who have excelled in giving minute pictures of manners, and of the nice features of character. Of these Addison and Sterne may be mentioned as holding a distinguished place.

This is the last improvement which arises in the representation of human characters; when not only their general features, under certain great classes, are exhibited, but when writers descend to, and are able at the same time to point out, the smaller discriminations into which those general classes subdivide themselves, and appear in different men. When characters are represented in this manner, the writing of comedy is at its perfection; and as the moderns seem to have possessed more of this talent than the ancients, so the comedies of the former seem to excel those of the latter. The ancient comedies contain only the general characters of men and manners, young rakes, old men, parasites, lovers, slaves; but every old man is the same, every young rake is like

every other rake ; their pursuits are without distinction ; and their slaves have no other discrimination, than that the one half of them are old, faithful, trusty servants, and the other half, lying, plotting, witty rascals.

It may, however, be observed, that this species of writing, in which the moderns have so greatly excelled, is much exposed to corruption and abuse. While the ancient manner of drawing characters is defective, by being too general, there is danger lest this other species become faulty, by being too particular. Men attentive to represent the minute lines, may neglect the more important ; and, instead of representing a character which belongs to human kind, they may come to represent only those particular characters which distinguish individuals. Instead of comedies of nature, they may give comedies of manners, fleeting, volatile, uncertain, and as impossible to be reduced to rule as the flimsy modes of fashion. Thus, according to the phrase, that extremes always agree, it may happen that the last improvement in comedy may degenerate into that very abuse for which the rudest and most ancient may be censured. Particular persons may come to be represented on the stage instead of general characters. Something of this kind was some time ago introduced on the English stage ; though it may be observed, that this mode of writing owed its success more to the mimic qualities of its author, than to its being approved of by the taste of the audience.

But this is not the only thing to be feared from men's giving minute attention to the smaller parts of character ; there is also a danger of its having an improper effect on their own character and conduct. When their attention is chiefly bestowed on the little parts of conduct, they may come to neglect or overlook the greater. Manner may be put in the place

of substance; and what is frivolous may be preferred to what is manly. As this species of corruption may be considered as the greatest in literary composition, so it is most certainly the greatest in morals. When what is trifling only is regarded, there never can be any splendid exertions of genius; there never can be any real greatness of character. All sublime and manly efforts will be at an end; all noble exertions in the field, and all genuine eloquence in the senate, will be extinguished. Our battles will be bloodless, and, in our speeches, prettiness will be preferred to simplicity and force. 'Tis the leading object in a late series of Letters on Education, to represent the manner of doing a thing as preferable to the thing itself; to point out the frivolous and exterior accomplishments, the graces, as a surer road to advancement, than truth, integrity, or a spirit of independence; than the possession of the greatest knowledge, or the exertion of the most illustrious talents.

A

No. 50. SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1786.

'TRAGEDY', according to the ancient definition quoted in a former paper, 'purges the passions by exciting them.' Comedy wishes to purge vices and follies by ridicule. In a corrupt age, reason is so weak as to be obliged to call in such allies to her assistance: let her beware that they do not, like the Saxon auxiliaries of our ancestors, usurp the government which they were called to defend.

In the earliest periods of life, ridicule is naturally employed against reason and propriety.—The child who obeys its mother, who is afraid of its governess, who will not be concerned in little plots to deceive both, is laughed at by its bolder and less scrupulous companions. At every age, reason and duty are grave and serious things, in which ridicule finds a contrast that renders her attack more easy, and her sallies more poignant.

The refinement of polished times, as was observed in the foregoing number, does not allow them to find amusement in that gross ridicule which provokes the laughter of a ruder people. But from this very source their subjects of comedy are often of a dangerous kind. They trench upon sacred ground: I mean not as to religion, but in morals; they paint those nicer shades of ridicule which are of an equivocal sort between virtue and vice, and often give the spectator leave to laugh, according to his own humour, either at the first or the latter.

In the *Ecole des Femmes*—and I shall hardly be reckoned unfair when I make the reference to *Moliere*—most of the maxims which Arnolphe makes Agnes read, are really good moral precepts, which a prudent wife would do well to follow, for her own sake as well as her husband's. There is just as much prudery and suspicion thrown into them, as to allow those who would wish to be less guarded than a good wife ought to be, to hold them in derision.

The *George Dandin* of the same author has been already criticised in this moral view by a very able writer. But he has not attended, say its defenders, to the proper moral of the piece; which is to correct a very common sort of weakness as well as of injustice, in old men of low birth and great wealth, who purchase alliance with decayed nobility, and are vain enough to imagine, that a wife, bought

from her necessities, or from the necessities of her family, is to love and respect the husband who has purchased her. But besides that this corrective is applied to the party who may be the weakest, but is certainly the least wicked of the two, such examples conveyed through the medium of Comedy, are always more readily applied to those whom they may mislead, than to those whom they may reform. The images which comedy presents, and the ridicule it excites, being almost always exaggerated, their resemblance to real life is only acknowledged by those whose weaknesses they flatter, whose passions they excuse. They who use the example of the scene for an apology, can easily twist it into that form; they who wish to escape its correction, easily discover the difference between the scenic situation and theirs. The George Dandin, and the Cocu Imaginaire of real life, neither meet with Lubins nor Pictures to abuse them; but the girl who thinks herself entitled to be the Angelique of the piece, will find no difficulty in discovering her good man to be a Dandin; she who wishes her husband to be blind, will never forget the prudent advice of Sganarelle:

‘ Quand vous verriez tout, ne croyez jamais rien.’

Harpagon is held up to detestation by Moliere, for the correction of the old, the avaricious, the usurer, whom the world proscribes, whom his children must hate for his criminal parsimony. Alas! misers and usurers neither read nor see comedies; but the young and the thoughtless are taught to call prudence and economy covetousness and avarice, to be dissipated and extravagant out of pure virtue.

In the cheats of Scapin, the audience is always on the side of the rogue against the poor deluded

and abused old man. It is so in all comic scenes of the kind, from the slaves of Terence down to the valets of Moliere and Regnard. Ask any wise and discreet mother of a family, if she would allow her children to associate with the party-coloured gentlemen below stairs; she will tell you that it is of all things what she is at pains to avoid; because in their society her children would learn low manners, habits of cunning, of trick, and of falsehood. Yet you bring them into such company in the comedies of the virtuous Moliere, where, if the valets are more clever and witty than those of ordinary life, they are only the more expert and agreeable rogues. We do not bring them into such society, you say; we only exhibit it to their view. But you show them people of equal rank with themselves mixed with that society, profiting by those rogueries, applauding the invention which gives them birth. If the drama is to have any effect at all, its operation in this case must be unfavourable to truth and to virtue.

In tragedy, this effect does not require exhibition to give it force; on the contrary, it is perhaps in the reading that it fastens most strongly on young and susceptible minds. The softer feelings, to which it addresses itself, are more accessible in solitude and silence than in society. It is otherwise with comedy, ridicule operating more powerfully in company and in a crowd. There is besides no hero of a player equal to the hero of a tragedy; but the handsome figure, the showy garb, the assured countenance, the unembarrassed address, the easy negligence, of many a comedian, is fully equal to the character he is to represent. The fine gentleman of real life is a sort of comic actor. When we consider how much imitation, how much art, how much affectation, go to make up his part, we

shall not wonder, if even those who have often seen such exhibitions, should sometimes mistake the player who personates for the character personated; but the young and the inexperienced naturally transfer the brilliancy of the character to his mimic representative. This gives a double force to the dialogue of the piece, and affords, in the person of a pretty fellow of a player, a very winning apology for whatever is exceptionable in the character he performs.

In the observations I formerly made on the moral effects of Tragedy, I took notice of the consequences resulting from the almost uniform introduction of love, as the ruling motive of tragic action. To this objection comedy is equally liable; but there is an additional circumstance in which it is still more objectionable than the other department of the drama. As love is the principal action, marriage is the constant end of comedy. But the marriage of comedy, is generally of that sort which holds forth the worst example to the young; not an union the result of tried attachment, of sober preference, sanctified by virtue and by prudence. These are the matches which comedy ridicules. Her marriages are the frolics of the moment, made on the acquaintance of a day, or of some casual encounter. In many comedies, amidst the difficulties of accomplishing the marriage on which the intrigue of the piece turns, and in the course of which its incidents are displayed, the restraints of parents and guardians are introduced only to be despised and out-witted; age, wisdom, experience, every thing which a well-educated young person should respect and venerate, is made a jest of; pertness, impudence, falsehood, and dishonesty, triumph and laugh; the audience triumphs and laughs along with them; and it is not till within a few sentences

of the conclusion, that the voice of morality is uttered, not heard. The interest of the play is then over, the company is arranging its departure; and if any one listens, 'tis but to observe how dull and common-place these reflections are. Virtue is thus doubly degraded, both when she speaks and when she is silent.

The purity of the British comedy in modern times, has been often contrasted with the drama of our forefathers, in those days of licentiousness and immorality when Wycherly and Congreve wrote for the rakes and libertines of a profligate court. I forbear to cite, in contradiction to this, the ribaldry with which, for some time past, our stage has been infested, in the form of Comic Operas and Burlettas, by which the laugh and the applause of Sadler's Wells and Bartholomew Fair have been drawn from the audiences of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane. But I must observe, that in this comparative estimate no account has been taken of a kind of licentiousness in which some of our latest comedies have indulged, still more dangerous than the indelicacy of the last century: those sometimes violated decency, but these attack principle; those might put modesty to the blush, or contaminate the purity of innocence; but these shake the very foundations of morality, and would harden the mind against the sense of virtue.

It is somewhat remarkable, that the French stage, formerly so proud of its *bienseance*, should have nearly at the same period with that of England, assumed the like pernicious licentiousness. Figaro, though a less witty, is as immoral a play as the School for Scandal.

Dramas of this pernicious sort arose upon the fashionable ridicule against what was called Sentimental comedy, which it had become customary to

decry, as subverting the very intention of that department of the stage, and usurping a name, from which the gravity of its precepts, and the seriousness of its incidents, should have excluded it. This judgement, however, seems to be founded neither on the critical definition of Comedy, nor on the practice of its writers in those periods when it had attained its highest reputation. Menander and Terence wrote Comedies of Sentiment; nor does it seem easy to represent even follies naturally, without sometimes bringing before us the serious evils which they may produce, and the reflections which arise on their consequences. Morality may no doubt be trite, and sentiment dull in the hands of authors of little genius; but profligacy and libertinism will as often be silly as wicked, though, in the impudence with which they unfold themselves, there is frequently an air of smartness which passes for wit, and of assurance which looks like vivacity. The counterfeits, however, are not always detected at that time of life which is less afraid of being thought dissipated than dull, and by that rank which holds regularity and sobriety among the plebeian virtues. The people, indeed, are always true to virtue, and open to the impressions of virtuous sentiment. With the people, the comedies in which these are developed still remain favourites; and corruption must have stretched its empire far indeed, when the applauses shall cease with which they are received.

No. 51. SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1786.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ I WAS much pleased with one of your late papers, published on the last day of last year, in which you suggested several uses that might be made of a recollection of past events, and of a proper consideration of the power of Time.

“ The neglect of the improvement of time is an evil of which every moralist has complained, on which therefore it were presumption in me to attempt to enlarge. But without repeating what has been so often and so well said on its waste or its abuse, permit me to take notice of that forgetfulness of its progress, which affects the conduct and deportment of so many in the different relations of life. In matters of serious concern, we cannot violate the rights of time without rendering ourselves unhappy ; in objects of smaller importance, we cannot withdraw from its jurisdiction without making ourselves ridiculous. Its progress, however, is unfortunately very apt to be unnoticed by ourselves, to whom its daily motion is gradual and imperceptible ; but by others it will hardly fail to be marked, and they will expect a behaviour suitable to the character it should stamp upon us.

“ How often do the old forget the period at which they are arrived, and keep up a behaviour suitable, or perhaps only excusable in that which they have long ago passed? We see every day sexagenary beaux, and gray-haired rakes, who mix with the gay

and the dissipated of the present time, and pride themselves on the want of that thought and seriousness which years alone, if not wisdom, should have taught them. This is the pitiful ambition of the weak and the profligate, who, unable to attain the respect due to virtue, or the credit of usefulness, wish to show the vigour of their minds, and the soundness of their constitutions, at a late period of life, by supporting a character of folly or licentiousness. But they should be told, that they generally fail in their object, contemptible as it is; the world only allows them credit for an attempt at follies, for an affectation of vice. ‘What a fine wicked old dog your father is!’ said a young fellow, in my hearing, at the door of a tavern a few nights ago. ‘Why, yes,’ replied his companion, with a tone of *sang froid*, ‘he would if he could.’

“In the other sex, I confess I feel myself more inclined to make allowance for those rebels against time, who wish to extend the period of youth beyond its natural duration. The empire of beauty is a distinction so flattering, and its resignation makes so mortifying a change in the state of its possessor, that I am not much surprised if she, who has once enjoyed it, tries every art to prolong her reign. This indulgence, however, is only due to those who have no other part to perform, no other character to support. She who is a wife or a mother, has other objects to which her attention may be turned, from which her respectability may be drawn. I cannot, therefore, easily pardon those whom we see at public places, the rivals of their daughters, with the airy gait, the flaunting dress, and the playful giggle of fifteen. As to those elderly ladies who continue to haunt the scenes of their early amusements, who sometimes exhibit themselves there in all the gay colours of youth and fashion, like those unnatural

fruit-trees that blossom in December, I am disposed rather to pity than to blame them. In thus attending the triumphs of beauty, they may be of the same use with the monitor who followed the Roman heroes in their triumphal processions, to put them in mind, amidst the shouts of the people, and the parade of conquest, that for all their glory, they were still but men.

“ But the progress of time is as often anticipated as it is forgotten, and youth usurps the privileges of age as frequently as age would retain the privileges of youth. At no period, perhaps, was this prematurity of behaviour more conspicuous than at present. We have boys discoursing politics, arguing metaphysics, and supporting infidelity, at an age little beyond that when they used to be playing at *taw* and *leap-frog*. Nor are these the most hurtful of their pretensions. In vice, as in self-importance, they contrive to get beyond ‘ the ignorant present time ;’ and, at the years of boyishness, to be perfect men in licentiousness and debauchery. It is much the same with the young people of the female world. Girls, who formerly used to be found in the nursery, are now brought forward to all the prerogatives of womanhood. To figure at public places, to be galanted at public walks, to laugh and talk loud at both, to have all the airs, and all the ease of a fine lady, are now the acquirements of misses, who, in my younger days, Mr. LOUNGER, were working their samplers, learning white seam, or were allowed to spoil a mince-pie, by way of an exercise in pastry: and it is no uncommon thing, now-a-days, to see in the corner of a ball-room at midnight, leaning on the arm of her partner, and now and then answering some of his speeches with a rap of her fan, the same ungrown girl, who, not a great many years

ago, would have curtsey'd to the company, kissed Papa and Mama, and gone to bed supperless between eight and nine in the evening. In both sexes, the 'ingenuous pudor,' the becoming modesty and reserve, which were formerly the most pleasing characteristics of youth, seem now to be exploded: they have forgot to blush; and the present rule of manners is such, that their parents do not blush for them. I confess, Sir, it is not without some indignation that I frequently see fathers and mothers smiling with complacency and pride on their children, for saying and doing things for which, in my time, they would have been turned out of the room.—But I am an old man, apt perhaps to complain and be peevish. That I may not incur the other charge of the poet, the garrulity of age, I beg leave to conclude, by assuring you that I am, Sir, your admirer and humble servant,

“ SENEX.”

After the severity of Senex's reprehension of the present times, on which he certainly has not looked with a favourable eye, it may be a relief to my readers, to read a letter of a lighter sort, received from another correspondent, from whom the same paper to which Senex refers has drawn the following proposal.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ I HAD the honour of reading your paper for the New-year, setting forth the natural reflections to which that returning period should give rise, and the moral uses of the recollection of past events. I am one, Sir, not much given to serious reflections, yet

I acknowledge the use of remembrance, provided it does not go back an unreasonable time, and takes in only a certain set of events. I have long been an attendant and admirer of the fashionable world ; and do not indeed think it worth my while to carry my philosophy down to the lower orders of the people. Of the fashionable world, I presume, I need not inform you, Sir, that the New-year does not begin at the 1st of January ; it used to be computed from the 18th ; but this year, from some particular incidents, it is not, I believe, intended that it should begin so early. About the beginning of February, people will think of dating the commencement of the New-year, and may perhaps indulge the propensity you suppose, to recollect the events of the old. Of this, persons of fashion have the greater need, that their years suffer an interruption unknown to the natural ; they exist, merely in a state of oblivion, in the country, for five or six months of summer and autumn, and may, therefore, be very well supposed to forget the transactions of the last year, which ended so long a while before the present began. I would propose, Sir, to help their memories by a sort of moral memorandum-book, which I doubt not, as you are a philosopher and moralist, will meet with your approbation. My memorandum-book, however, will consist chiefly of things which they must remember to forget. I subjoin a few of the proposed memoranda, by which you may judge of the utility of the whole.

“ In the first place, then people of fashion will please to

— forget nature as much as possible.

Such of them as have not had the advantage of keeping in practice the rules of a polite education, during the summer-months, at some of the watering-

places, will have been apt to let the rusticity of nature creep upon them. They may have learned several bad habits, which they must now by all means forget; such as, laughing at a merry, or crying at a moving tale; being themselves happy with happiness, or sad with sorrow; being pleased with the attentions of others, or pleasing others by their attentions; in short, a great many sincerities which might do well enough in the country, but which, like other natural productions, the winter always kills, among people of fashion, in a town.

“ They will, secondly, remember to

— forget their country-acquaintance.

They may have received or bestowed many rural civilities, which it would be very improper to recollect here, and may meet with bows and curtesies from very odd or very good sort of people, for the terms are nearly synonymous, which they are to return only with a broad stare of surprise at the freedom used with them. If they have been so rusticated as not to find courage for that, the thing may be accomplished by forgetting their eye-sight; for which purpose they may resume their opera-glasses, which it is probable have lain quietly in their drawers since their departure from town.

“ It is a memorandum similar to the above to put them in mind that married persons of both sexes are to

— forget their Husbands, Wives, and Children.

There is a manifest indecorum, or rather perhaps indecency, in the remembrance of such connexions, of which no truly polite person will ever be guilty.

“ A direction somewhat akin to this is that of

— forgetting their Fortunes.

of which the remembrance, when it interferes with the demands of pleasure, or of gaiety, is one of the most vulgar and mechanical things in the world. It will at any rate, be time enough to indulge it at the end of the season, when they may possibly be put in mind of it by other people. As they are, indeed, uniformly to shun all plebeian qualities, it is indispensable for them to

—forget their Modesty.

A proper confidence in ourselves is one of the truest marks of having lived among persons of condition. Neither knowledge, genius, valour, nor virtue can bestow it; 'tis so purely the gift of fashion and fashionable society, that the want of it is an absolute disqualification for the privileges which attend them.

Under this head of mental endowments, I may suggest the propriety of

—forgetting their Religion.

It is possible that in the country they may have given way to some vulgar prejudices, which it were highly improper to retain in town. It may not be amiss, however to inform them, in this place, what they might otherwise have scrupled to believe, that the Church has of late become a place of fashionable resort in Edinburgh; and what is still more odd, that fine people actually attend to the sermon. The eloquence of some of our preachers, like the dagger of Macbeth, has 'murdered sleep' there; for which reason, it will not be so convenient as formerly, to go thither after a late supper, or a long party at whist, the night before.

“ In point of external qualities, the ladies are to

—forget their Complexions.

In the morning they are to be much paler, and in the evening much more blooming, than they were in the country. If other people remember them from the one period to the other, there is no help for it;—as things go now, it does not much signify. Very fine ladies may sometimes forget to dress at all: it will show ease, and a certain contempt for their company, to which people of high fashion are entitled.

“ On the subject of dress, I may add, by way of caution, that the ladies would do well

—not to forget themselves.

I don't mean this in the common acceptance of the phrase, which it may be sometimes very proper and convenient to do. What I mean is simply to put them in mind, that a lady in town, in the modern dress, takes up so much more room than she does in the country, that very serious consequences might ensue from her not attending to the space which she necessarily occupies. An acquaintance of mine, who is somewhat of an antiquarian, observed to me, what an opinion our great-grand-children might be led to form of the size of the ladies' heads towards the close of the 18th century, if any of the fashionable hats should happen to be preserved in the cabinets of the curious. But, in reply, I desired him to take notice, that they would be set right as to the dimensions of the race by examining the walking-sticks of the men, which are just as much below the medium standard, as the hats of the other sex are beyond it. By the hats, they might conjecture us to be bred of Patagonians; by the sticks they would conclude us to be a generation of Laplanders.

“ But I find I am wandering from my subject. I must put myself in mind, that it is time to conclude

this hasty scrawl, by having the honour to subscribe myself, with all possible consideration and respect,

“ SIR,

“ Your most obedient and

“ most devoted humble servant,

V

“ MEMORY MODISH.”

END OF VOL. XXX.



