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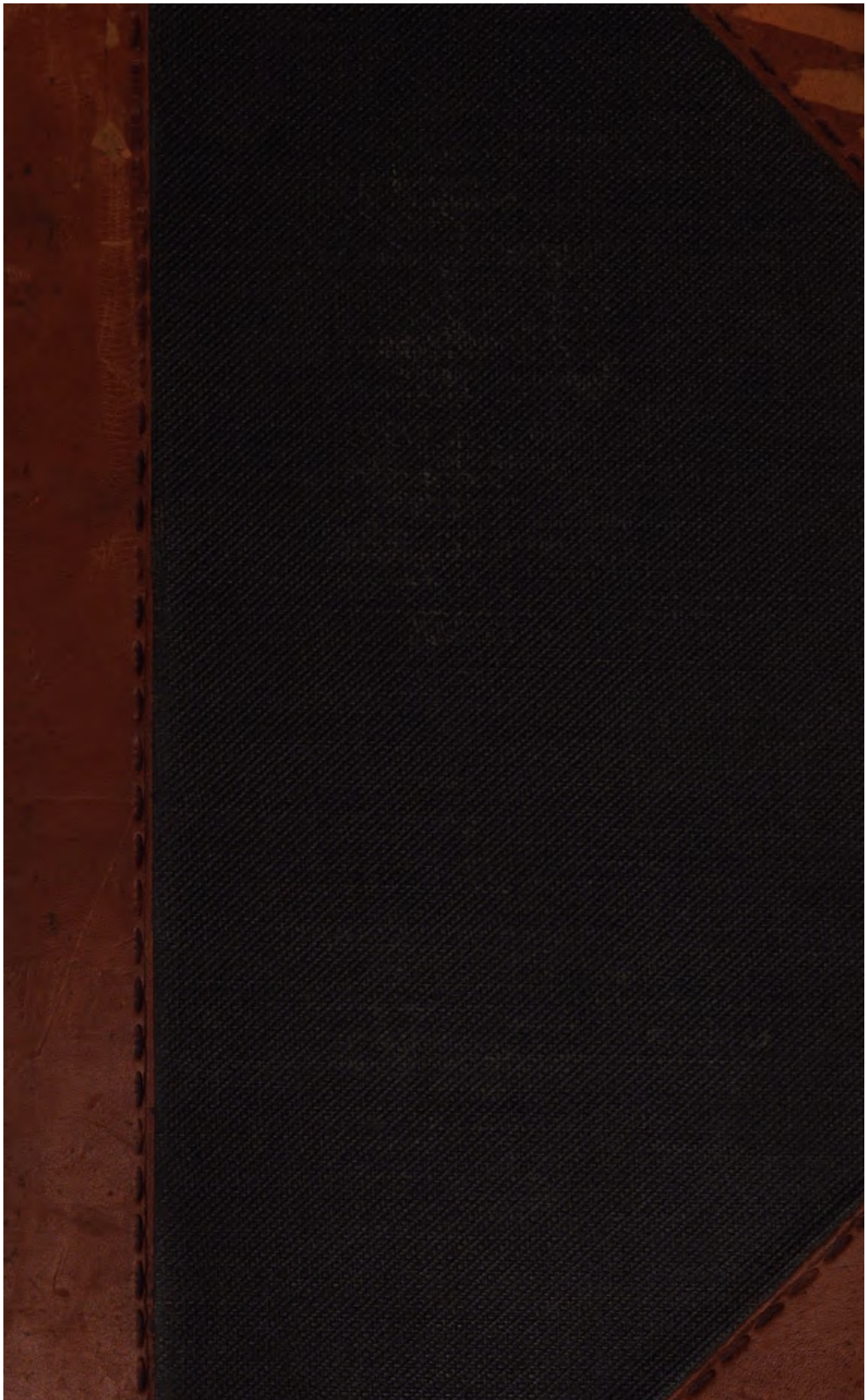
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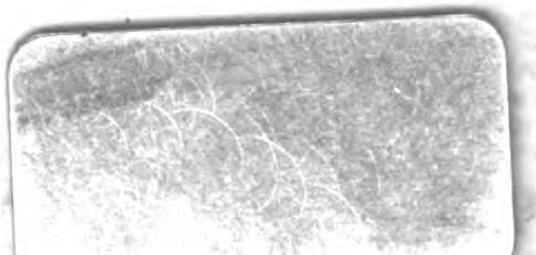


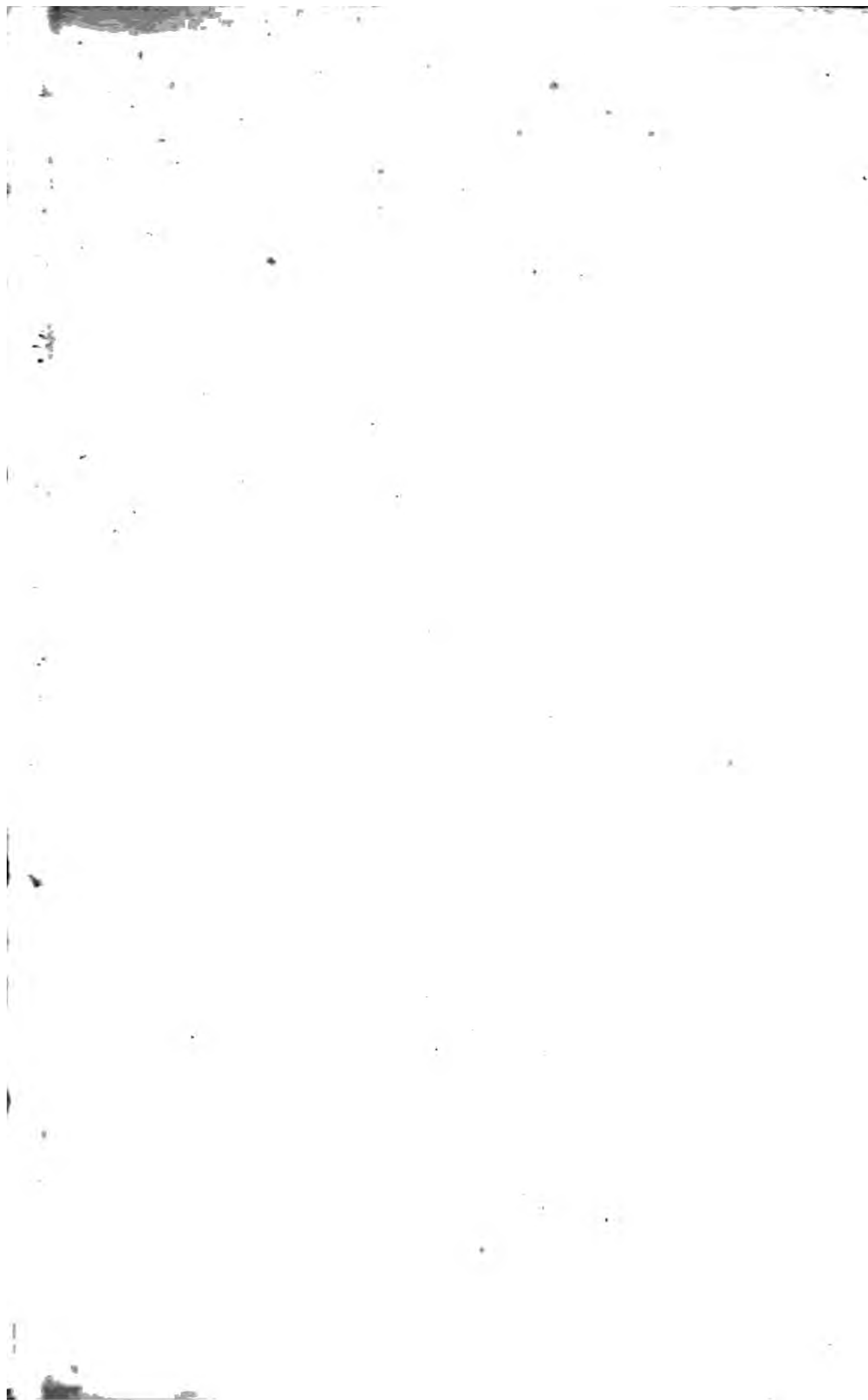
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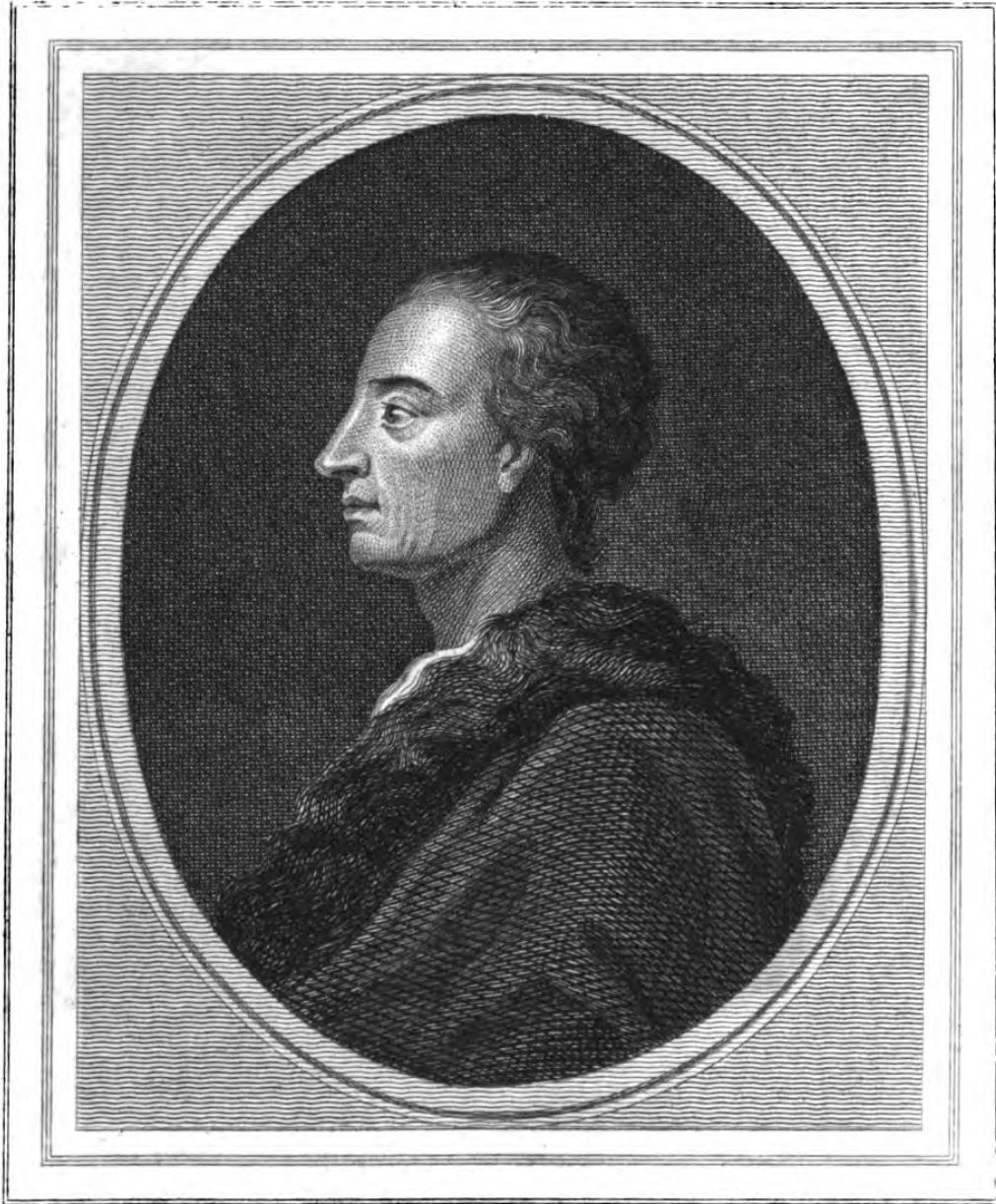


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ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

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THE
BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.

VOL. XIII.



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No. 1—54.

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HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

PREFACE

TO

THE GUARDIAN.

THE seventh volume of the Spectator, originally intended to be the last, was concluded Dec. 6, 1712, and the first paper of the Guardian made its appearance March 12, 1713. This work had been actually projected by Steele before the conclusion of the Spectator. In a letter to Pope, dated Nov. 12, 1712, he announces his intention in these words: "I desire you would let me know whether you are at leisure or not? I have a design which I shall open a month or two hence, with the assistance of the few like yourself. If your thoughts are unengaged, I shall explain myself further." To this, which indicates that Pope had previously assisted Steele, though of that assistance we have no direct proof, he answers, that he shall be very ready

and glad to contribute to any design that tends to the advantage of mankind, which, he adds, "I am sure, all yours do."*

It would appear that Steele undertook this work without any previous concert with his illustrious colleague, and that he pursued it for many weeks with vigour and assiduity, and with very little assistance from his friends, or from the letter-box.

To the character of Nestor Ironside, the Guardian, some objections have been offered. Dr. Johnson thinks, "it was too narrow and too serious: it might properly enough admit both the duties and decencies of life, but seemed not to include literary speculation, and was in some degree violated by merriment and burlesque. What had the Guardian of the *Lizards* to do with clubs of tall or of little men, with nests of ants, or with Strada's *Prolusions*?"

Dr. Johnson's opinions are so generally entitled to reverence, that it is not without reluctance I presume to object to this decision. It appears to have been written in an unlucky moment of caprice. To scrutinize the titles assumed by the Essayists, in this severe manner, would be to disfranchise the whole body, and probably no one would suffer more than the Rambler, a name which Dr. Warton has censured, and with as little reason. And what shall be said of names intrinsically so contemptible as Idler and Lounger? But

It were to consider too curiously to consider so.

* Steele's Letters to his Friends, vol. ii. pp. 338, 339.

The views of our Essayists in the choice of a name, have been either to select one that did not pledge them to any particular plan, or one that expressed humility, or promised little, and might afterwards excite an agreeable surprise by its unexpected fertility. Of the former class are the Spectator, World, Mirror: of the latter class are the Tatler, Rambler, Idler, Adventurer. The Connoisseur is a name of some danger, because of great promise; and the Guardian might perhaps have been liable to the same objection, if he had not tempered the austerity of the preceptor with the playfulness of the friend and companion, and partaken of the amusements of his pupils while he provided for their instruction. And with respect to his "literary speculations, as well as his merriment and burlesque," we may surely allow him some latitude, when we consider that the public at large was put under his guardianship, and that the demand for variety became consequently more extensive.

But those points are scarcely worth contesting. The Guardian was in effect a continuation of the Spectator, under another name. It was conducted on the same plan, and with the same laudable intentions, and in general was written by the same authors. It was published daily until Oct. 1, 1713, No. 175, when it was abruptly closed by Steele, in consequence of a quarrel between him and Tonson, the bookseller. Pope informs us that he stood engaged to his bookseller in articles of penalty for all the Guardians; and by desisting two days, and altering the title

of the paper to that of the Englishman was quit of the obligation; these papers, The Englishman, being printed for Buckley. Mr. Hughes gives the following account of this affair in a letter to Addison, dated Oct. 6, 1713; "I do not doubt but you know, by this time, that Mr. Steele has abruptly dropt the Guardian. He has this day published a paper called The Englishman, which begins with an answer to the Examiner, written with great boldness and spirit, and shows that his thoughts are at present on politics. Some of his friends are in pain about him, and are concerned that a paper should be discontinued, which might have been generally entertaining without engaging in party matters."

Addison could not be ignorant of Steele's conduct in this affair, as he had written some Guardians only a week before it closed; but the nature of Steele's bargain with Tonson is not sufficiently explained to enable us to form any judgement of it. As Steele got rid of it merely by ceasing to conduct the paper, or to write, the terms must have been very loosely worded. And why should Steele's conduct injure the paper, or stop its progress? Addison wrote above fifty Guardians "with powers truly comic, with nice discrimination of character, and accurate observation of natural or incidental deviations from propriety," and with such assistance, if Tonson had engaged him, the Guardian might have been continued, notwithstanding Steele's retirement. But it is useless to conjecture where we have so little information. It is certain that Steele's

plunge into politics was at this time violent, as, when in the following year the Spectator was revived, it does not appear that he took any share in it.

The abrupt change, however, which this writer made from Guardian to Englishman appears in a very unfavourable light: he might wish to get rid of his engagement, whatever it was, with Tonson, and he might wish to carry his politics to a new paper, in which politics might be in place; but unless there was something very unjust in Tonson's conduct, of which we have no information, he had no right to damnify Tonson's property by entitling his new paper, "The Englishman, *being the sequel of the Guardian*;" and declaring in his first paper, that he had "for valuable considerations purchased the lion*, desk, pen, ink, and paper, and all other goods of Nestor Ironside, Esq. who has thought fit to write no more himself but has given *me* full liberty to report any sage expressions or maxims which may tend to the instruction of mankind, and the service of his country." He then goes on to tell, with some humour, that Nestor advised him to turn patriot, &c. This paper extended to its 57th number, and being almost entirely of a political cast, has seldom been reprinted.

But another difficulty, not easily got over,

* The gilt lion's-head letter-box, used in the publication of the Guardian, and then placed in Button's coffee-house, was afterwards for many years at the Shakspeare tavern, in Covent-garden. The master of this tavern becoming a bankrupt, the lion's head was sold among his effects, Nov. 8, 1804, for 17*l.* 10*s.*

arises from the dedications and preface to the *Guardian*, when published in two volumes octavo, by Tonson, in 1714. The first volume is dedicated to General Cadogan, and the second to Mr. Pulteney, and the Annotators seem to have no doubt that Steele wrote these dedications; if so, he must have been in some degree reconciled to his bookseller. But as to the address or preface, entitled 'The Publisher to the Reader,' I think it extremely doubtful whether he had any hand in it. Addison's assistance is acknowledged in this singular way: "All those papers, which are distinguished by the mark of an hand, were written by a gentleman who has obliged the world with productions *too sublime to admit* that the author of them should receive any addition to his reputation, from such *loose occasional thoughts* as make up these little treatises. *For which reason*, his name shall be concealed." Can we suppose that this awkward compliment could be paid by a man who knew how to appreciate Addison's writings, and knew upon which of them his future fame was to rest? Would Steele have characterized Addison's papers as "loose occasional thoughts," unworthy of his *name*? And what were the *sublime* productions, the productions *too sublime to admit* of the mention of his *Guardians* in the same sentence?

The compliment paid to Pope, and the advertisement tacked to it, "that he is now translating Homer's *Iliad* by subscription," seems likewise to favour the conjecture that this preface was drawn up by Tonson, or by his in-

structions* ; and the last paragraph adds considerable weight to it. "There are some discourses of a less pleasing nature, which relate to the divisions among us, and such, lest any of these gentlemen should suffer from unjust suspicion, I must impute to the right author of them, who is *one* Mr. Steele, of Langunnor, in the county of Carmarthen, in South Wales!" Surely one can scarcely forbear smiling at this solemn attempt to throw Steele, who at this time was writing the *Englishman*, and notoriously plunging into every political contest in the metropolis, into the obscurity of a private gentleman "of Langunnor, in the County of Carmarthen, in South Wales."—On these grounds I have ventured to differ from the opinion of the Annotators and to attribute this preface to Tounson, or some person in his employment †.

But whatever circumstances attended the conclusion, it appears that Steele came prepared for the commencement of the *Guardian*, with more industry and richer stores than usual. He wrote a great many papers in succession with very little assistance from his contemporaries.

* Mr. Tickell is by some supposed to have written this article. Hutchinson's *History of Cumberland*, art. Tickell. He quotes 'The Editors' as his authority, meaning the Editors or Annotators on the *Guardian*, but I find them uniformly ascribing the preface to Steele.

† In the address to Mr. Congreve, prefixed to Addison's *Drummer*, Steele takes occasion to repeat the compliments he paid Addison on every occasion, and the frank acknowledgements he made of his assistance in the Prefaces to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, but takes no notice of this 'Publisher to the Reader,' which it is not improbable he would have thought himself obliged to do, if he had written it.

Addison, for what reason is not very obvious, except that he might now be looking to higher employment, does not make his appearance until No. 67, nor after that, except once, until No. 97, when he proceeds without interruption for twenty-seven numbers, during which time Steele's affairs are said to have been embarrassed. Steele's share amounts to seventy-one papers, in point of merit equal, if not superior, to his Spectators. Addison wrote fifty-one papers, and generally with his accustomed excellence, but it may perhaps be thought that there is a greater proportion of serious matter, and more frequent use made of the letter-box than was usual with this writer.

The contributors to this paper were not many, and of these few some have been already noticed as contributors to the Spectator. The first for quantity and value, was the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne, Dr. George Berkeley, a man uniformly so amiable as to be ranked among the first of human beings; a writer sometimes so absurd, that it has been doubted whether it was possible he could be serious in the principles he laid down. His actions manifested the warmest zeal for the interests of Christianity, while some of his writings seemed intended to assist the cause of infidelity. Yet the respect which all who knew Dr. Berkeley have felt for his excellent character, has rescued him in some measure from this imputation, and he will deservedly be handed down to posterity as an able champion of religion, although with a love of paradox, and somewhat of the pride of phi-

losophy, which his better sense could not restrain.

This eminent writer was born March 12, 1684, at Kilcrin, near Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny, in Ireland. At the age of fifteen he was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Dublin, and fellow of that college, June 9, 1707. The first proof he gave of his literary abilities was a little piece entitled 'Arithmetica absque Algebrâ aut Euclide demonstrata,' in which he discovers an early passion for the mathematics, and for metaphysical studies. His most celebrated works, 'The Theory of Vision,' and the 'Principles of Human Knowledge,' appeared in 1709 and 1710.

Of 'The Theory of Vision,' we are assured by one who well understood the subject*, that it does the greatest honour to the author's sagacity. It was the first attempt ever made to distinguish the immediate and natural objects of sight from the conclusions we have been accustomed from infancy to draw from them: a distinction from which the nature of vision has received great light, and by which many phenomena in optics, before looked upon as unaccountable, have been clearly and distinctly resolved. To 'The Principles of Human Knowledge,' and the 'Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous,' which may be considered as a defence of the 'Principles,' the same praise has not been given. In these he argues with uncommon subtlety and firmness against the existence of matter, an opinion

* Dr. Reid.

which has occasioned his being classed, by some writers, among sceptics. Hume very decidedly asserts, that his writings form the best lessons of scepticism, and Dr. Beattie also considers them as having a sceptical tendency. He adds, that if Berkeley's arguments be conclusive, it proves that to be false which every man must necessarily believe, every moment of his life, to be true, and that to be true which no man since the foundation of the world was ever capable of believing for a single moment. Berkeley's doctrine attacks the most incontestible dictates of common sense; and pretends to demonstrate that the clearest principles of human conviction, and those which have determined the judgement of men in all ages, and by which the judgement of all reasonable men must be determined, are certainly fallacious*.

The 'Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous' were published in 1713 in London, to which he now came over, and where the reputation of his writings made his company be generally courted by the learned and the great: at this time he wrote his *Guardians* for Sir Richard Steele. At the end of this year he went abroad with the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, who was appointed ambassador to the king of Sicily, and to the other Italian States, as his Lordship's chaplain and secretary. In August, 1714, he returned to England with

* Beattie's *Essay on Truth*. Berkeley's system is explained and confuted at great length in Dr. Reid's *Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man*, chap. 10 and 11. It is not necessary to dwell longer on the subject in this place.

Lord Peterborough, and as he had yet no preferment in the church, he accepted the office of travelling tutor to Mr. Ashe, son of Dr. St. George Ashe, bishop of Clogher. In this excursion he employed upwards of four years, and his curiosity led him to extend what is commonly called the grand Tour, to places less known, travelling over Apulia, Calabria, and the whole island of Sicily, but his journal of transactions in these places was unfortunately lost. On his way homeward, he drew up, at Lyons, a curious tract, 'De Motu,' which he sent to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, the subject being proposed by that assembly, and committed it to the press, shortly after his arrival in London in 1721; and about the same time, in consequence of the extensive miseries occasioned by the South Sea Scheme, he wrote 'An Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain.' After the publication of this pamphlet, he accompanied the Duke of Grafton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to that country, as one of his Grace's chaplains, and now took the degree of Bachelor and Doctor of Divinity, November 14, 1721*.

Although he had still no preferment in the church, a circumstance, considering the extent of his reputation, not easily accounted for, he received an accession to his slender finances from Swift's Vanessa, Mrs. Esther Vanhomrigh,

* This fact is denied by a writer in the *Gent. Mag.* vol. xlvi. p. 569. Our authority is chiefly the *Life* published by Dr. R. Berkeley, the Bishop's brother; and the same article enlarged in the *Biog. Brig.* 2d edit.

to whom Swift had introduced him on his first going to London in 1713. This lady, disgusted with Swift's continued neglect, left the whole of her fortune, about 8000*l.* to be equally divided between Mr. Marshall, a lawyer, and Dr. Berkeley; a bequest the more remarkable, as the latter had never seen her once from the time of his return to Ireland to her death.

His first ecclesiastical promotion took place in 1724, when the Duke of Grafton bestowed on him the Deanery of Derry, worth 1100*l.* *per annum*; and he now attempted to carry into execution what had long been forming in his benevolent mind, 'A scheme for converting the savage Americans to Christianity, by a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda.' In this proposal he was sincere and disinterested beyond the usual sacrifices of the benefactors of mankind. He offered to resign his opulent preferment, and to dedicate the remainder of his life to the instruction of the youth in America, on the moderate subsistence of 100*l.* only; and such was the force of his example, and perhaps of his eloquence, that three junior fellows of Trinity College offered to accompany him, and exchange all hopes of preferment at home for 40*l.* *per annum* in the Atlantic ocean. In his life are detailed, at length, the manly firmness, patience, and assiduity with which Dr. Berkeley prosecuted this plan, the loss he sustained in his fortune and expectations, and the ultimate causes of its failure, which are not very honourable to the parties concerned.

In 1732, after his return from this expedition, he published his 'Minute Philosopher,' a work which must ever rescue him from the suspicion of scepticism. In this he pursues the freethinker through the various gradations of atheist, libertine, enthusiast, scorner, critic, metaphysician, fatalist, and sceptic, and very successfully employs against him several new weapons drawn from his 'Theory of Vision.' In 1734, he was promoted to the bishoprick of Cloyne, to which he immediately repaired, and afterwards almost constantly resided, faithful in the discharge of every episcopal duty. His zeal for religion prompted him, about this time, to write 'The Analyst,' against the scepticism of Dr. Halley. In this work he demonstrated that mysteries in faith were unjustly objected to by mathematicians, who admitted much greater mysteries, and even falsehoods in science; of which he endeavoured to prove that the doctrine of fluxions furnished an eminent example. This produced a controversy of some length*.

From this time his publications were chiefly

* This part of Dr. Berkeley's life is related by all his Biographers with an unpardonable inattention to dates. It is stated, that our author wrote the *Analyst* in consequence of a communication of Addison respecting Dr. Garth's last illness. Now Garth and Addison died within six months of each other, in 1719, about fifteen years before Dr. Berkeley is said to have written the *Analyst*, in consequence of Addison's information respecting Dr. Garth's dying words. The Biographer's expression is, 'Addison had given the Bishop,' &c. who was not Bishop until 1734. But what is of more importance, it is not clear from Dr. Berkeley's Life, that he was in England in 1719, when Garth died, nor afterwards, before Addison's death.

upon occasional subjects, except his celebrated 'Treatise on Tar-water,' a medicine from which he had experienced relief in a case of nervous colic, and which he wished to recommend to more general use, in a pamphlet written with all his peculiarities of manner, and depth of research, entitled 'Siris, a chain of philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar-Water,' 1744. It is indeed a chain, says his biographer, which, like that of the poet, reaches from earth to heaven, conducting the reader, by an almost imperceptible gradation, from the phenomena of Tar-water, through the depths of the ancient philosophy, to the sublimest mystery of the Christian religion. It was printed a second time in 1747, and he added 'Farther Thoughts on Tar-water,' in 1752. The medicine became exceedingly popular, and continued so for a considerable time, but further experience has not confirmed its virtues, and it is now fallen into disuse.

In July, 1752, our aged prelate removed with his family to Oxford, in order to superintend the education of one of his sons, the late Dr. George Berkeley, Prebendary of Canterbury, &c., and wished to pass the remainder of his life in a place so well suited to his passion for learned retirement; but sensible at the same time of the impropriety of a bishop's non-residence, he endeavoured to exchange his high preferment for a canonry at Oxford. Failing of success in this, he requested permission to resign his bishoprick, but when the King heard who it was that had presented so

extraordinary a petition, he declared that 'he should die a bishop in spite of himself,' and gave him full liberty to reside where he pleased.

Of this indulgence, however, he was not long permitted to avail himself. On Sunday evening, Jan. 14, 1753, as he was sitting in the midst of his family, listening to the *lesson* in the Burial Service, 1 Cor. chap. xv., which his Lady was reading, and on which he was commenting *, he was seized with what the physicians termed a palsy of the heart, and instantly expired. The characters of few men have been handed down with so many testimonies of beauty and excellence: whatever may be thought of some of his writings, his intentions were unquestionably good, and the actions of his whole life were eminently liberal, virtuous, and disinterested. Bishop Atterbury declared on one occasion, that he did not think so much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, had been the portion of any but angels, until he saw Mr. Berkeley. It would not be easy to add to so high a panegyric, nor, if the whole of his character be considered, to take from it.

Dr. Berkeley's share in the Guardian has been ascertained, partly on the authority of his son, who claims Nos. 3, 27, 35, 39, 49, 55, 62, 70, 77, and 126, and partly on that of the Annotators, who add to these Nos. 83, 88, and

* Biog. Brit. vol. iii. *Corrigenda* prefixed to that vol. art. Berkeley.

89 *. The principal design of these papers is to explain and defend some branch of the evidences of Christianity against the freethinkers of the age, as they were somewhat improperly called, or to elucidate its peculiar doctrines in a popular manner. The style is therefore plain and perspicuous, and the arguments such as are easily comprehended and remembered. In Nos. 35. and 39. an humourous turn is given to the subject of freethinking, by a very ingenious device. With respect to No. 3, which was the first publication in opposition to Collins's superficial and illiberal 'Discourse on Freethinking,' there appears some difficulty in the assignment. It is positively claimed by the Bishop's son, as one of the ten papers his father wrote, but in Steele's Apology an extract is given from this paper, and it is said in the margin that Steele was the author. I know not how to reconcile these accounts; there is certainly nothing in it that Steele might not have written, and the express evidence of his Apology may be allowed to preponderate; on the other hand, the sentiments and manner of this paper seem connected by strong resemblance with Berkeley's general mode of treating the subject.

It is asserted by the Annotators, upon unquestionable authority, that Mr. Berkeley had a guinea and a dinner with Steele for every paper he furnished. This is the only circumstance

* No. 69 has been claimed for Dr. Berkeley, *Gent. Mag.* 1780, p. 125.

that has come to light respecting the pay of the assistants in any of these works. In the Spectator, it is probable that Addison and Steele were joint sharers or proprietors. In the case of the Guardian, as already noticed, there was a contract between Steele and Tonson, the nature of which has not been clearly explained.

It has already been observed that no inquiry into Pope's share in the Spectator has been successful; and we cannot certainly prove that he contributed any original article to that work; in the Guardian, however, we can with confidence assign to him eight papers which entitle him to very high praise as an Essayist. These are Nos. 4, 11, 40, 61, 78, 91, 92, and 173. No. 4. is a very ingenious attack on the flattery of dedications, which at this time were most absurdly fulsome, nor can the best of Pope's contemporaries be excused from the blame of the meanest adulation, which degrades the client without raising the patron. Steele had treated this subject in No. 177 of the Tatler, but if we examine his dedications we shall find here another instance of his principles being more correct than his practice. Dr. Johnson appears to have been the first who gave dignity to this species of composition.

Nos. 11, 91, and 92, are specimens of such elegant humour as we might expect from the author of the inimitable "Rape of the Lock;" and perhaps there are few satires in the language superior to the receipt for an Epic poem, in No. 78. In that part of the receipt which di-

rects the making of a *tempest*, the technicals of the poet and the apothecary are blended together with uncommon felicity. This paper was incorporated afterwards in the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus." No. 61, on cruelty to the brute creation, is one of those pleas for humanity which cannot be too highly praised, or too often read; the same subject has been ably and variously handled by succeeding Essayists, and it is hoped not without effect.—Pope's last paper, No. 173, on gardening, concludes with a list of evergreens, very much in the manner of Addison. This paper will be found somewhat altered in our Author's works, for what reason does not appear, for the alteration is by no means an improvement.

His paper on Pastoral, No. 40, requires more particular notice, from the singular nature of it, and the circumstances which attended it. In this he draws an ironical comparison between his own Pastorals and those of Philips, and it is "a composition," says Johnson, "of artifice, criticism, and literature, to which nothing equal will easily be found." It is indeed a trick of uncommon ingenuity, and although Addison perceived its drift at once, Steele was so completely deceived as to keep it back for some time lest Pope should be offended. It created, however, an irreparable breach of friendship between Philips and Pope.

As Pope excelled in prose, as well as in poetry, and possessed a rich fund of humour, it is to be regretted that he contributed so little to those valuable works which were now putting

vice and folly out of countenance. But one reason appears to have been, that, like some other writers, he was afraid to *commit himself* in the Guardian, lest he should be known to assist Steele, whose passion for politics made a connexion with him at this time not very agreeable, especially to one whose connexions lay among men of opposite principles. In a letter to Addison, Pope expresses his sorrow to find it had "taken air" that he had any hand in these papers, because he wrote so very few as neither to deserve the credit of such a report with some people, nor the disrepute of it with others. "An honest Jacobite," he adds, "spoke to me the sense, or nonsense, of the weak part of his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me that I writ with Steele, though upon never so indifferent subjects." In a subsequent part of this letter, he gives a curious specimen of confidence and secrecy among authors and publishers. "I can't imagine whence it comes to pass that the few Guardians I have written are so generally known for mine; that in particular which you mention I never discovered to any man *but the publisher*, till very lately; yet almost every body told me of it."—"As to his (Steele's) taking a more politic turn, I cannot any way enter into that secret, nor have I been let into it, any more than into the rest of his politics. Though it is said, he will take into these papers also several subjects of the politer kind, as before: but I assure you, as to myself, I have quite done with them for the future. The little I have done, and the

great respect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has rendered me a suspected Whig to some of the violent; but (as old Dryden said before me) 'tis not the violent I desire to please." *

No. 149, a very ingenious paper on dress, is ascribed to Gay, the Poet, on the authority of 'The Publisher to the Reader;' yet the Annotators observe, that it has been reprinted as Pope's, in the latter editions of Pope's works, but is not to be found in Warburton's edition, in octavo, 1751. Common as this topic had become with the Essayists, there is much novelty in this paper, and more serious truth than the lovers of dress will perhaps discover, or allow. Gay knew something of dress, for he had been apprenticed to a silk-mercier, but "how long he continued behind the counter, or with what degree of softness and dexterity he received and accommodated the ladies, as he probably took no delight in telling it, is not known." † The introductory paragraph to Pope's *Obsequium Catholicum* is ascribed to Gay, I know not upon what authority. The 'Publisher' goes further, and ascribes the whole letter to him, which however has been always printed in Pope's works. The Annotators think that it might have been the joint production of Pope and Gay, communicated in Gay's hand-writing, with which it can hardly be supposed that Steele was unacquaint-

* Letters to and from Mr. Addison, Letter 13, Pope's Works, Edit. 1766, vol. vii. Pope's character for humour would have been sufficiently established if he had written no more than the letter to Lord Burlington, in that volume, in which he gives a dialogue with Lintot, the Bookseller.

† Johnson's Life of Gay.

ed. But this opinion is founded on the assumption that Steele wrote the 'Publisher to the Reader,' which from this circumstance alone, seems a little improbable.

A short letter entitled 'More roarings of the Lion,' is supposed to have been written by Mr. Lawrence Eusden, of Cambridge, who has a poetical version in No. 127, and another in No. 164. This gentleman was afterwards Poet Laureat, but is not allowed to hold a very high rank among the favourites of the Muses.

No. 36, a very ingenious defence of punning, is assigned on the authority of Dr. Zachary Pearce, bishop of Rochester, to Dr. Thomas Birch, Chancellor of Worcester, and Prebendary of that Cathedral. Of this gentleman I know of no memoirs that are extant.*

The translation of the parting discourse of Cyrus to his friends, and a letter on the conduct of the Pharisees, are attributed on good authority to Dr. William Wotton, a writer of considerable learning, and prodigious memory. Mr. Nichols has given some memoirs of him in that elaborate and useful collection of biographical matter, 'The Anecdotes of Bowyer.'

No. 130, on the speculative and active classes of mankind, was written by the Rev. Deane Bartelett. Steele, in his Apology, quotes two passages from it, with the following marginal note:—"This most reasonable and amiable light in which the clergy are here placed comes from that modest and good man the Rev. Mr.

* In Nash's Worcestershire he is called William Birch, with the date 1719 appended.

Bartelett.”—Mr. Bartelett was of Merton College, where he took his degree of M.A. July 5, 1693. Steele was of the same college, and there probably became acquainted with him.

The papers contributed to the *Guardian* by Budgell and Hughes, have been already noticed in the Preface to the *Spectator*. Dr. Z. Pearce was the author of the humorous letter in No. 121, signed *Ned Mum*.

No. 125, on the spring, which at least merits the epithet ‘pretty,’ is assigned to Mr. Thomas Tickell, a writer who has been supposed to contribute much more to the *Spectators* and *Guardians* that can now be traced to his pen. But such was his connexion with the illustrious author of these works, that the outlines of his life have a fair claim on our attention.

Thomas Tickell, the son of the Rev. Richard Tickell, was born in 1686 at Bridekirk in Cumberland, of which his father was Vicar. He was a member of Queen’s College, Oxford; in 1710, he was chosen to a fellowship, which he vacated in 1726 by marriage. During this long period he had never taken orders, and held his fellowship by a dispensation from the Crown. His inclination appears to have been to engage in public life, and he obtained the friendship and patronage of Addison by the poetical interest of some elegant verses in the praise of the opera of *Rosamond*, verses so excellent that Pope did not disdain to borrow from them when he wrote in praise of Addison*.

* The historian of Cumberland says, that if a family tradition may be credited, there was a connexion between the family of Ad-

To prepare the public for the favourable issue of a negociation with France, he wrote the 'Prospect of Peace,' a poem which Addison commended in the Spectator: and Tickell's next poem, the 'Royal Progress,' very inferior to the former, was inserted, as has been already noticed, in No. 620 of the same work. The most remarkable incident, however, in his life and what embroiled him in a dispute with his contemporaries, was a translation of the first book of the Iliad. This Pope, and Pope's friends, reported to be an invidious attack on his translation, then ready for publication, and that it was not written by Tickell, but by Addison. The biographers of Pope and Addison have examined into the truth of these assertions with minute attention, and have in general formed a conclusion in favour of Addison. Dr. Johnson transcribes Pope's story, without deciding one way or other. The assertions of rival poets are generally strong, and perhaps we shall be safest in supposing that Addison assisted Tickell, and would not have been sorry if he had succeeded. Mr. Watts, the printer, assured a friend of Mr. Nichols, that "the translation of the first book of the Iliad was in Tickell's hand-writing, but much corrected and interlined by Addison."*

dison and that of Tickell. There was moreover a striking congeniality of manners, temper, talents, and principles between them. Addison was modest and mild, a scholar, a gentleman, a poet, and a Christian; and so was Tickell: Addison also was a *Whig*, and Tickell, as Swift used to call him, *Whigissimus*. Hutchinson's Cumberland, vol. ii. pp. 247, 248.

* Nichols' Select Collection of Poems, vol. iv. p. 316. In this

When the Hanover succession was disputed, Tickell wrote the 'Letter to Avignon,' which in Dr. Johnson's opinion stands high among party poems; it expresses "contempt without coarseness, and superiority without insolence," qualities in general so badly managed by party poets, that on this account alone it ought to be frequently read.

When Addison went to Ireland as secretary to the Earl of Sunderland, he took Tickell with him, and employed him in public business, and when he rose to be Secretary of State for Great Britain, he appointed him his Under Secretary, against the advice and pleasure of Steele, who appears to have entertained an unfavourable opinion of his temper, and even of his honour*. These suspicions Addison is said to have communicated to Tickell, the consequence of which afterwards broke out openly in Tickell's Life of Addison, and Steele's dedication of the Drummer. The friendship, however, between Addison and Tickell remained unabated, and when Addison died, he left him the charge of publishing his works, with a solemn recommendation to the patronage of Craggs, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State. Some singular circumstances attended this publication, which are thus related by Pope in a letter to Atterbury:—"Addison's works came to my hands yesterday. I cannot but think it a very odd set of incidents, that the book should be dedicated by

Collection are two Poems, "not in Tickell's works," one in vol. v. of very considerable length, entitled 'Oxford.'

* Cibber's Life of Tickell.

a dead man, Addison, to a dead man, Craggs, and even that the new patron, Lord Warwick, to whom Tickell chose to inscribe his verses, should be dead also before they were published. Had I been in the Editor's place I should have been a little apprehensive for myself, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it."

To this work Tickell prefixed an elegy on the author, the excellence of which seems to be universally acknowledged. Dr. Johnson has selected the third and fourth paragraphs as pre-eminent, to which may perhaps be added some lines in the second. The merit of the whole, however, has never been surpassed. He seems to say no more than grief inspires, and his grief and his reflections are those of every man who has lost a friend.

This edition comprises all Addison's works in prose and verse, and is printed in a very splendid form in four quarto volumes, ornamented with a fine portrait of Addison by Vertue, after Kneller, and with some beautiful head-pieces, principally from designs by Sir James Thornhill. Some papers of the *Tatler* have been in the Annotators' edition ascribed to Addison, which are not to be found in Tickell's edition, and he has by a mistake reprinted No. 500 of the *Spectator*, which was Steele's. He has on the other hand omitted No. 328, the substituted paper, which was written by Addison.

About the year 1725, Tickell was made Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland, a place of great honour, in which he continued until

1740, when he died, April 23, at Bath. Of his personal character we have little information: he is said to have been a man of gay conversation, at least a temperate lover of wine and company, and in his domestic relations without censure. It may be added, that he was in one respect at least a man of great modesty. He suppressed his share in the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, for which no other motive can fairly be assigned, and this he did so successfully, that it is not easy to determine any one paper to be his. Of those which have been attributed to him, upon conjecture, he had no reason to be ashamed; yet it frequently happens that men in advanced and serious life do not look upon their juvenile productions with complacency. If this apology is unsatisfactory, let it be supposed, on the other hand, that he became vain, and thought them beneath him*.

It may not be unentertaining now to take a cursory view of the principal periodical papers which accompanied or succeeded those on which the opinion of the public has bestowed classical fame. A complete enumeration would be diffi-

* We have not been able to learn what family he left, if any; his widow, we have heard, was living not many years ago. Richard Tickell, Esq. a (late) Commissioner of the Stamps, and author of the humorous pamphlet, called "*Anticipation*," as well as of several ingenious poetical productions, is certainly of our poet's family; but there is some reason to think he is a descendant of his brother, Richard Tickell, Esq. who married in "Whitehaven." Hutchinson, *ubi supra*. Subsequent information assures me that the late Richard Tickell was the son of Richard Tickell, Esq. who died at Windsor in 1793, and was the son of Addison's friend. Richard, the author of *Anticipation*, died in the same year a few months after his father.

cult: many of them attracted so little notice, as to fall still-born from the press; others acquired temporary fame, and are now forgotten; and a few are yet occasionally read or consulted by those who are curious to trace the opinions or manners of the times.

In this sketch, we shall first follow those writers whose success in the *Tatler*, &c. seemed to justify their subsequent attempts to guide public opinion in literature, manners, or politics.

Mr. Hughes, after communicating to Addison the conclusion of the *Guardian* by Steele, which we have already quoted from his letter, goes on in the same to inform Addison, that he had sketched the plan of a new paper. In this he *supposes* a society of learned men, of various characters, who meet together to carry on a conversation on all kinds of subjects, and who empower their Secretary to draw up any of their discourses, or publish any of their writings, under the title of *Register*. “By this means,” he adds, “I think the town might be sometimes entertained with dialogue, which will be a new way of writing, either related or set down in form, under the names of different speakers; and sometimes with essays, or with discourses in the person of the writer of the paper.”—Addison, in his answer, after acknowledging that he had read the specimen with pleasure, and approved the title of *Register*, says, “To tell you truly, I have been so taken up with thoughts of that nature for these two or three years last past, that I must now take some time *pour me delasser*, and lay in fuel for a future work. In

the mean time, I should be glad if you would set such a project on foot; for I know nobody else capable of succeeding in it, and turning it to the good of mankind, since my friend has laid it down. I am in a thousand troubles for poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself; but he has sent me word, that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I can give him, in this particular, will have no weight with him*.

In this Addison proved a true prophet: *Poor Dick* did go on with *The Englishman*, until he was expelled the House of Commons†, where he then had a seat for Stockbridge, for some libellous paragraphs in that paper, and in a pamphlet entitled ‘*The Crisis*.’ This event produced his ‘*Apology*,’ a very masterly composition, and altogether perhaps superior to any of his writings. It is necessary, however, to refer the reader to what has been advanced in the Preface to the *Tatler* respecting his share in ‘*The Crisis*,’ which, there is now reason to think, was sketched, if not entirely written, by Mr. William Moore, a lawyer, and a coadjutor in the *Englishman*.

This scheme between Hughes and Addison was not carried into execution; Steele continued the *Englishman* until it reached the fifty-sixth number. He then published a paper, or rather pamphlet, entitled, ‘*The Englishman*;

* Duncombe’s Letters, vol. i. pp. 78, 79, 80, 81. Edit. 1772.

† Sir Robert Walpole, let it be remembered, made an able speech in defence of Steele on this occasion. See Coxe’s Memoirs of Sir R. Walpole, p. 43, vol. i. 4to.

being the close of a paper so called, with an epistle concerning the Whigs, Tories, and new Converts. By Richard Steele, Esq.* The whole were then reprinted in a handsome volume octavo, which does not appear to have had more than a temporary sale.

To the Englishman, 'The Lover' immediately succeeded, in which Steele returns again to domestic life and manners. The first paper appeared Feb. 25, 1714, and the last May 27, of the same year, making in all forty papers. Two of these, Nos. 10 and 39, were written by Addison, and reprinted accordingly in his works. No. 10, on an extravagant fondness for china-ware, is not inferior in richness of humour to the best of his Spectators. The quotation from Epictetus is a masterly stroke. No. 39 is intended as a recommendation of Budgell's translation of Theophrastus.

Before the Lover was finished, our indefatigable Essayist published 'The Reader', in opposition to the Examiner. This reached only the ninth number. The Lover and Reader were frequently reprinted. His next attempt was entitled 'The Towntalk', in a series of letters to a lady in the country: it consisted also of nine numbers, printed weekly, in quarto, and sold by R. Burleigh, in Amen Corner, at the price of threepence each number. It is conjectured that they were a series of genuine letters, written by Steele to his lady, then in the country,

* This does not appear to have been printed in folio, as the other papers were, at least it is not in the folio copy obligingly lent to me by Mr. Nichols.

and that they were afterwards altered and enlarged for public use. They are generally amusing; but the first is highly exceptionable on account of its indelicacy, a fault for which Steele is not often to blame. Pope did him justice when he said, "he had a real love of virtue." The first number of the *Towntalk* was published Dec. 17, 1714, and the last, Feb. 13, 1715-16. Three papers, entitled the *Tea-table*, were published by Steele in February, 1715-16, of which no further account has been transmitted. It is evident that none of the last-mentioned papers were eminently successful, although some of them have great merit, and amply deserve the handsome form in which they have lately been published.*

Steele's next appearance as an Essayist was in 'The Plebeian,' No. 1, March 14, 1718-19. Four numbers of this have been reprinted in Mr. Nichols's edition. The whole relate to the Peerage Bill, and deserve notice principally on account of the quarrel which they produced between Addison and Steele. Of this unfortunate affair Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Addison*, has given the following particulars:

"In 1718-19, a controversy was agitated, with great vehemence, between those friends of long continuance, Addison and Steele. It may be asked, in the language of Homer, what power or what cause could set them at variance? The subject of their dispute was of great importance.

* By Mr. Nichols in 1789, 2 vols. cr. octavo, enriched with valuable annotations, to which I have been much indebted, and with a very ingenious preface to the *Lover*.

The Earl of Sunderland proposed an Act, called the Peerage Bill, by which the number of Peers should be fixed, and the King restrained from any new creation of nobility, unless when an old family should be extinct. To this the lords would naturally agree; and the King, who was yet little acquainted with his own prerogative, and, as is now well known, almost indifferent to the possession of the crown, had been persuaded to consent. The only difficulty was found among the commons, who were not likely to approve the perpetual exclusion of themselves and their posterity. The bill therefore was eagerly opposed, and among others by Sir Robert Walpole, whose speech was published. The lords might think their dignity diminished by improper advancements, and particularly by the introduction of twelve new peers at once, to produce a majority of Tories in the last reign; an act of authority violent enough, yet certainly legal, and by no means to be compared with that contempt of national right with which, some time afterwards, by the instigation of Whigism, the commons, chosen by the people for three years, chose themselves for seven. But whatever might be the disposition of the lords, the people had no wish to increase their power. The tendency of the bill, as Steele observed in a letter to the Earl of Oxford, was to introduce an aristocracy; for a majority in the House of Lords, so limited, would have been despotic and irresistible. To prevent this subversion of the ancient establishment, Steele, whose pen readily seconded his political pas-

sions, endeavoured to alarm the nation by a pamphlet called the Plebeian. To this an answer was published by Addison, under the title of the Old Whig, in which it is not discovered that Steele was then known to be the advocate of the commons. Steele replied by a second Plebeian, and, whether by ignorance or by courtesy, confined himself to his question, without any personal notice of his opponent. Nothing hitherto was committed against the laws of friendship, or proprieties of decency; but controvertists cannot long retain their kindness for each other. The Old Whig answered the Plebeian, and could not forbear some contempt of '*Little Dicky, whose trade it was to write pamphlets.*' *Dicky*, however, did not lose his settled veneration for his friend; but contented himself with quoting some lines of Cato, which were at once detection and reproof. The bill was laid aside during that session; and Addison died before the next, in which its commitment was rejected by two hundred sixty-five to one hundred seventy-seven. Every reader surely must regret that these two illustrious friends, after so many years past in confidence and endearment, in unity of interest, conformity of opinion, and fellowship of study, should finally part in acrimonious opposition. Such a controversy was *Bellum plusquam civile*, as Lucan expresses it. Why could not faction find other advocates? But among the uncertainties of the human state, we are doomed to number the instability of friendship."

We cannot doubt that this unhappy contest

aggravated the regret which Steele felt for Addison's death, and it is certain that he afterwards resented nothing so warmly as the supposition that he had lost any part of that reverence and affection with which he always contemplated the genius and virtues of his illustrious friend. Of this we have at least one decided proof in his "Address to Mr. Congreve," prefixed to Addison's *Comedy of the Drummer*.

After this we find another attempt of the patriotic kind by Steele, entitled "The Spinster", in defence of the woollen manufactures, of which one number only was published. But he admitted no permanent relaxation from writing Essays; and on Saturday, Jan. 2, 1719-20, commenced "The Theatre", by *Sir John Edgar*, which was continued every Tuesday and Saturday, price two-pence. Of this paper Bishop Rundle says, with truth, that "it is written in the spirit of the Old Tatlers," and adds, that the demand for them was so great, that even Steele's fiercest enemies bought them up, and enjoyed the author, while they persecuted the man. The affairs of the theatre are the principal subjects of this paper, as may be conjectured from its title. It is curious also as including a considerable portion of his private history. But notwithstanding the avidity with which it was bought up, it was concluded April 5, 1720, when it had reached the twenty-eighth number. With these Mr. Nichols has republished, as a foil, *The Anti-Theatre*, by *Sir John Falstaffe*, in fifteen numbers*. And

* In two vols. cr. octavo, 1791, comprising many scarce pieces written by, or concerning Steele, and illustrated by valuable notes.

here, at length, ended Steele's labours as an Essayist.

Towards the conclusion of the *Tatler*, Addison published five numbers of a paper called *The Whig Examiner*, "in which," says the great critic so often quoted "is employed all the force of gay malevolence and humorous satire." "Every reader," he adds, "of every party, since personal malice is past, and the papers which once inflamed the nation are read only as effusions of wit, must wish for more *Whig Examiners*; for on no occasion was the genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and on none did the superiority of his powers more evidently appear."

The Freeholder, by the same writer, and undertaken in defence of the established government at a very critical period, appeared first on Dec. 23, 1715, and was continued every Friday and Monday, until the rising of parliament, when the last paper, No. 55, was published, June 29, 1716. The author endeavours to guard against a common trick in that age, by the following conclusion, "If any writer shall do this paper so much honor, as to inscribe the title of it to others which may be published upon the laying down of this work; the whole praise or dispraise of such a performance, will belong to some other author: this fifty-fifth being the last paper that will come from the hand of the *Freeholder*."

In the *Freeholder*, as the ground the author took was strong, though disputed, we have much display of powerful argument, as well as humour. The *Tory Fox-hunter* has always been

admired, but some will probably join with Dr. Johnson in censuring that part of the *Pretender's Journal*, in which one topic of ridicule is his poverty, while others, on consulting the passage, and considering it in connexion with what precedes and follows, will discover only a very harmless piece of pleasantry*. Steele's opinion of the *Freeholder* strongly marks the difference between the political cast of himself and Addison. He thought the humour of the *Freeholder* too nice and gentle for such noisy times; and is reported to have said that the ministry made use of a lute, when they should have called for a trumpet†.

The most considerable of the periodical papers that were contemporary with those of Addison and Steele, is the *Examiner*, which appears to have been of great political consequence, although, to use the expression of one of its authors, it is now "down among the dead men." This paper was begun, conducted, and supported by the ministry of the four last years of Queen Anne. The first number is dated August 3, 1710, and the last, or what is supposed by the Annotator, to whom I am indebted for the history of this paper, to be the last, is dated July 26, 1714. The authors were, Swift, who wrote thirty-three papers, republished in his works,

* "*Anno regni quarto*—he ordered the Lord High Treasurer to pay off the debts of the crown, which had been contracted since his accession to the throne; particularly a milk-score of three years standing." *Freeholder*, No. 36.

† Johnson's *Life of Addison*.

Mr. Secretary St. John, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Prior, Dr. Freind, Mrs. Manley, Dr. William King, who is said to have been the ostensible author, before it devolved on Swift, whose first paper is the fourteenth, and Mr. Oldisworth. It was set up in opposition to the *Tatler*, in consequence of some political articles which Steele wrote, or of which he was contented to bear the blame; but the plan of the two papers was essentially different, and the public has long since decided in favour of the *Tatler*.

The *Tory-Examiner*, for such it was of Swift, produced the *Whig-Examiner* of Addison, which reached only to the fifth number, and gave way to the *Medley*, the first number of which appeared Oct. 5, 1710. This was conducted upon the same political principles with the *Whig-Examiner*, but with more violence, and less ability. The principal author was Arthur Maynwaring, Esq., a gentleman of fortune, and political consequence, to whom Steele dedicated the first volume of the *Tatler*. His assistants in this work were, Clements, Secretary to the Earl of Peterborough, Dr. Kennet, afterwards bishop of Peterborough, Mr. Anthony Henley, and Steele, who wrote part of No. 23.—No. 45, the last paper, is dated Aug. 6, 1711.

During the publication of the *Tatler*, among other puny efforts to gain popularity and profit, by an imitation of that plan, appeared a periodical work, entitled “*The Visions of Sir Heister Ryley: with other Entertainments*. Consisting of two hundred Discourses and Letters, repre-

senting by way of Image and Description, the characters of Virtue, Beauty, Affection, Love, and Passion, &c. &c.” Whether Ryley was a real or fictitious name does not appear. It was printed in the quarto size. No. 1 is dated Aug. 21, 1710, and No. 80, the last in the copy now before me, Feb. 21, 1710-11. Each number is divided into two or three speculations, dated from different places, in imitation of the Tatler, and this unfortunately is the only instance in which that work has been imitated. The whole is a miserable collection of commonplace remarks, such as would not now be tolerated in the most illiterate of our periodical publications.

‘The Lay-Monk’ was a paper undertaken by Sir Richard Blackmore, not for fame or profit, he says, but that he might have the satisfaction of accomplishing a design for the public good. He had offered his assistance to Addison, and to Hughes, and when they declined it, he resolved, by the aid of another friend, to publish a paper three times a week, and “to own that he had some hand in it.” The first of these papers was published Nov. 16, 1713, and the last Feb. 1713-14. Mr. Hughes, when it was once begun, was induced to be a contributor, and acknowledges, in one letter, the third, sixth, and ninth papers, and in another, he says that the character of *Ned Freeman*, and all the Friday’s papers were his. It met with no great success; yet Hughes thinks it began to grow upon the town, and might have been continued with moderate success, if Sir Richard had not been

weary, and dropped it*. Who the *other friend*, mentioned by Sir Richard, was, does not appear. The plan is not altogether unlike that which Hughes sketches to Addison; the supposition being that some literary men, whose characters are described, had retired to a house in the country, to enjoy philosophical leisure, and resolved to instruct the public, by communicating their disquisitions and amusements. Such a plan, however, was not very happy, as it obviously could not embrace common life and manners, and the town probably would not have suffered the instructions of country gentlemen. It reached to the fortieth paper, and was republished in one volume, with the title of the 'Lay-Monastery, being a sequel to the Spectators,' which, as was the opinion then, had been finally concluded with No. 555, the last of the seventh volume.

"This period," says Theobald, "may well be called the age of counsellors, when every Blockhead, who could write his own name, attempted to inform and amuse the public;" "Close on the heels," as he expresses it, "of the inimitable Spectator," this author began, in *Mist's Journal*, a newspaper of the day, a paper, entitled 'The Censor,' the first number of which is dated April 11, 1715. In this he rather unluckily assumed the name of Johnson, a descendant of Ben Jonson, and pretended to have inherited "a considerable portion of his spirit." It continued, but with many intermis-

* Duncombe's Letters, vol. 1, pp. 82, 101, edit. 1772.

sions, to June 1, 1717, in all ninety-six papers; afterwards printed in three volumes, 12mo. It has since, not altogether undeservedly, sunk into oblivion.

A paper of very considerable merit was undertaken by Ambrose Philips, in the year 1718, and continued for some time with spirit and success, entitled 'The Freethinker.' The first paper is dated, March 24, 1718, and the last, Sept. 28, 1719, in all one hundred and fifty-nine papers, many of which are distinguished for taste and humour. Philips's coadjutors were indeed men of acknowledged talents; Boulter, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, and Philips's great patron, was one: many of the best papers are said to have been written by the Rev. George Stubbs, rector of Gunville, in Dorsetshire. Dr. Pearce, the late bishop of Rochester, wrote at least one very beautiful paper (No. 114.). The other contributors were the Right Hon. Richard West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Rev. Gilbert Burnett, and the Rev. Henry Steevens. This Burnett, if I mistake not, was vicar of Coggeshall, Essex, and minister of St. James's, Clerkenwell*. The Freethinker was afterwards printed in three volumes, 12mo, and has undergone at least two impressions.

Having mentioned 'Mist's Journal,' it may be necessary to add, that it was the first paper written against the government, after the accession

* Welsted contributed some poetical pieces to the Freethinker. See Nichols's Life of Welsted, prefixed to his works, p. 22, Oct. 1787.

of the present royal family. Its object of opposition was the protestant succession. The printer was Mr. Nathaniel Mist, of Great Carter Lane, who, for a libel in one of the papers, was obliged to take refuge at Boulogne. He is said to have been permitted afterwards to return home on condition of not meddling any longer with politics. He then carried on the trade of wine-merchant until his death in 1737.

This Journal was followed, and nearly under the same management, by 'Fog's Journal,' which is said to have been very popular. Lord Chesterfield wrote at least three papers in it. A selection of the best papers was published in two volumes octavo, in 1732*. The first of these is dated Sept. 28, 1728, and the last Dec. 25, 1731, but the paper was continued long after this, the date of Lord Chesterfield's first contribution being Jan. 17, 1736, and his last, April 10th of that year. I suspect it was concluded soon after, and succeeded by another paper, written by the opposition, called

'Common Sense,' the first number of which, dated Feb. 5, 1737, was written by Lord Chesterfield, who wrote also Nos. 3, 4, 14, 16, 19, 25, 30, 32, 33, 37, 51, 54, 57, 89, 93, and 103. His Lordship's contributions to these papers were mostly on subjects of morals or manners, and some of them are equal, if not superior, to the most admired of his periodical compositions. Lord Lyttleton was also a writer in this paper.

* There had previously appeared a selection from Mist's Journal, printed about 1722.

A late writer in the Gentleman's Magazine has conjectured that Dr. Johnson wrote in this paper; but No. 32, which is quoted in proof, was certainly the production of Lord Chesterfield. Mr. Molloy was the most constant writer.

'The True Briton' began to be published about the time of Atterbury's plot. The first number bears date June 3, 1723, and the 74th or last, Feb. 17, 1723-4. The whole were written by the wretched Duke of Wharton. Its libellous tendency incurred a prosecution, to escape which the printers and publishers fled to the continent. The Duke republished a part of it in volumes.

'The Craftsman,' long a paper of great celebrity for its political influence, and the disturbance it gave to Sir Robert Walpole's ministry, was conducted by Mr. Amhurst, a man of considerable ability, but loose and unprincipled. He was assisted in this undertaking by Lord Bolingbroke, and Mr. Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, Daniel Pulteney, his relation, and probably by the other leaders of opposition. The first paper is dated Dec. 5, 1726. In its republished state it fills fourteen volumes, but is now little read. Ten or twelve thousand of this paper are said to have been sold in a day. Amhurst had before this written a witty but scurrilous paper, called *Terræ-Filius*, which began in 1721, and consists of fifty numbers. For this he was expelled from the University of Oxford.

'Cato's Letters' began to be published in 1720, and were reprinted in four volumes, 12mo, under the title of "Cato's Letters, or Essays on

Liberty, civil or religious, and other important subjects." This work was written by Gordon and Trenchard, and must have been very acceptable to the public taste, as it passed through four editions before the year 1737. The same authors were concerned in another paper, entitled the 'Independent Whig,' in opposition to the principles and practices of what was called the High Church party; it consisted of fifty-three papers, began Jan. 20, 1719-20, and concluded Jan. 4, 1720-1. It has been reprinted at least once.

'The Universal Spectator' was a newspaper published weekly, with an Essay prefixed to each paper, "by Henry Stonecastle, of Northumberland, Esq." From the year 1730 to 1741, or perhaps longer. That learned and indefatigable historian and antiquary, Oldys, is said to have been the author of some of these papers; one John Kelly, a dramatic poet, is mentioned as another writer, and the author of Sir John Hawkins's Life in the Biographical Dictionary asserts that Sir John, when a very young man, was an occasional contributor. These papers were collected and published in four volumes, 1747; there is some vivacity and humour, and much knowledge of life and manners in many of them; the plan, at least, was evidently that of the original Spectators.

'The Champion' was more of a political cast, in hostility to Sir R. Walpole, although not without a considerable mixture of papers on subjects of wit and humour. The advertisement to the copy now before me, (2 vols. 12mo, third

edition) informs us, that there were four writers concerned in it, the principal of whom were Fielding and Ralph. Fielding's papers, if I mistake not, are those marked with a C. or an L. The first number is dated Nov. 15, 1739, and the last, June 17, 1740. Fielding was also concerned in a paper, entitled 'The True Patriot,' begun Nov. 5, 1745, in opposition to the designs of the Pretender and his friends. Some of these papers are very deservedly reprinted in his works.

'The Old Whig, or Consistent Protestant,' was written chiefly by dissenters, and on dissenting principles. The first paper is dated March 13, 1735, and the last, March 13, 1737-8. It was afterwards published by subscription, in two volumes, octavo. Dr. Chandler was the author of about fifty of the papers; and the late Rev. Micaiah Towgood wrote three of them.

'Old England, or the Constitutional Journal, by *Jeffery Broadbottom*, of Covent Garden, Esq.' was another of that numerous class of papers, set up in opposition to the ministry of the times. The first paper, dated Feb. 1743, was written by Lord Chesterfield. Its object was to pull down the ministers who succeeded Sir Robert Walpole, or the Newcastle party, who had gained over Mr. Pulteney and Lord Carteret. The third paper is also attributed to Lord Chesterfield by Mr. Maty, but Ralph and Guthrie are said to have been the principal writers.

'The Free Briton' was one of the few papers established by government to repel the frequent attacks made upon them. It was published un-

der the direction of Sir Robert Walpole, and written principally by William Arnall, who was bred an attorney, but commenced party-writer when under twenty. He is said to have received for *Free Britons*, and other writings, in four years, above ten thousand pounds. There is a short article respecting him in the *Biographical Dictionary*, taken chiefly from the notes on the *Dunciad*.

‘The *Daily Gazetteer*’ was a title given very properly, as Mr. Maty thinks, to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash which had been before dispersed in several journals, and circulated at the public expense of the nation. The authors were obscure men, though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from statesmen, courtiers, bishops, deans, and doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with money; others with places or benefices from an hundred to a thousand pounds a year*. By an account now before me, it appears that the ministry paid to their writers, from 1731 to 1741 the sum of 50,077*l.* 18*s.* Of this, Arnall above mentioned, received about 11,000*l.* and Walthoe, the publisher and printer of the *Daily Courant*, above 28,000*l.*

‘The *Memoirs of the Grub-Street Society*’ was a humorous and very miscellaneous paper, begun Thursday, Jan. 8. 1730, and continued about three years. What were esteemed the best pieces, both in prose and verse, were published afterwards in two volumes, 12mo. *Ba-*

* Maty’s *Miscellaneous Works of Lord Chesterfield*.

vius and *Mævius*, the assumed names of the authors, were Dr. Russell, a physician, and Dr. John Martin, afterwards professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge.

To these may be added the following: 'The London Journal,' which was older than the *Craftsman*, and in opposition to it. 'The Weekly Register,' *circa* 1730-1, or topics of literature and manners; 'The British Journal' begun Jan. 1731, on the same subjects: 'The Daily Courant,' 'Read's Journal.' 'The Templar,' begun Feb. 1731: (he calls himself a nephew to the *Spectator's* Templar); 'The Fool,' by William Horseley; 'The Prompter,' by Aaron Hill, *circa* 1734-5. Of all these, specimens may be seen in the early volumes of that very curious and valuable repository, the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

This list of the papers which succeeded the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*, although perhaps far from complete, may yet show that the long space which intervened between the *Guardian* and the *Rambler*, which is the next work of classical merit, was filled up with many attempts of the periodical kind to instruct or to amuse, to inflame or to pacify the minds of the Public, according to the various views of the writers, or rather of those by whom they were employed; and it may also show that the importance of this mode of communication was now universally acknowledged. It is indeed to be regretted that manners and morals, although evidently the great object of the *Spectator*, and what rendered that paper a profitable as well as honourable concern, were frequently forgot in the tumult

of parties, civil and religious, and that the time again returned when "nothing was conveyed to the people" in the commodious manner of Essay, "but controversy relating to the church or state, of which they taught many to talk whom they could not teach to judge."

Of the works now enumerated, by far the greater part are of this description; and although there are some valuable papers on general and useful topics to be here and there discovered, yet they are so encumbered in the volumes of angry politics and long-forgotten contests, that they have suffered the common lot of those who associate with bad company. With respect to their general merit as compositions, if the public be allowed the decisive judge of what is addressed to its collective capacity, we may gather what that decision long has been, by the difficulty with which we recover the dates or even the names of many papers which once proudly "strutted and fretted their hour" on the stage of political contest, and are now known not to the common, but to the curious reader, and are to be found not in shops, but in ancient repositories, in which no place either of honour or distinction is allotted to them.



The following extract from the scarce pamphlet mentioned in the Preface to the Tatler, and supposed to have been written by Gay, may throw some light on the rivals of the Tatler.

"The expiration of Bickerstaff's Lucubra-

tions was attended with much the same consequences as the death of Melibœus's ox in Virgil; as the latter engendered swarms of bees, the former immediately produced whole swarms of little satirical scribblers.

“ One of these authors called himself the Growler; and assured us, that, to make amends for Mr. Steele's silence, he was resolved to *growl* at us weekly, as long as we should think fit to give him any encouragement. Another gentleman, with more modesty, calls his paper the Whisperer; and a third, to please the ladies, christened his the Tell-Tale.

“ At the same time came out several Tatlers; each of which, with equal truth and wit, assured us that he was the genuine Isaac Bickerstaff.

“ It may be observed, that when the Squire laid down his pen, though he could not but foresee that several scribblers would soon snatch it up, which he might, one would think, easily have prevented, he scorned to take any further care about it, but left the field fairly open to any worthy successor. Immediately some of our wits were for forming themselves into a club, headed by one Mr. Harrison, and trying how they could ‘shoot in this bow of Ulysses’; but soon found that this sort of writing requires so fine and particular a manner of thinking, with so exact a knowledge of the world, as must make them utterly despair of success.

“ They seemed indeed at first to think, that what was only the garnish of the former Tatlers was that which recommended them, and not

those substantial entertainments which they every where abound in.

“Accordingly they were continually talking of their *Maid, Night-cap, Spectacles, and Charles Lillie*. However there were now and then some faint endeavours at Humour, and *sparks* of Wit, which the Town, for want of better entertainment was content to hunt after, through an heap of impertinences : but even those are at present become wholly invisible, and quite swallowed up in the *blaze of the Spectator*.”

THE
GUARDIAN.

ORIGINAL DEDICATION TO VOL. I.

TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CADOGAN.

SIR,

IN the character of Guardian, it behoves me to do honour to such as have deserved well of Society, and laid out worthy and manly qualities in the service of the public. No man has more eminently distinguished himself this way, than Mr. Cadogan: with a contempt of pleasure, rest, and ease, when called to the duties of your glorious profession, you have lived in a familiarity with dangers, and with a strict eye upon the final purpose of the attempt, have wholly disregarded what should befall yourself in the prosecution of it: thus has life risen to you, as fast as you resigned it, and every new hour, for having so frankly lent the preceding moments to the cause of justice and of liberty, has come home to you, improved with honour: This happy distinction, which is so very peculiar to you, with the addition of in-

dustry, vigilance, patience of labour, thirst, and hunger, in common with the meanest soldier, has made your present fortune unenvied. For the public always reaped greater advantage from the example of successful merit, than the deserving man himself can possibly be possessed of; your country knows how eminently you excel in the several parts of military skill, whether in assigning the encampment, accommodating the troops, leading to the charge, or pursuing the enemy: the retreat being the only part of the profession which has not fallen within the experience of those, who learned their warfare under the Duke of Marlborough. But the true and honest purpose of this epistle is to desire a place in your friendship, without pretending to add any thing to your reputation, who, by your own gallant actions, have acquired that your name through all ages shall be read with honour, wherever mention shall be made of that illustrious captain.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

THE GUARDIAN.

ORIGINAL DEDICATION TO VOL. II.

TO MR. PULTENEY*.

SIR,

THE greatest honour of human life, is to live well with men of merit ; and I hope you will pardon me the vanity of publishing, by this means, my happiness in being able to name you among my friends. The conversation of a gentleman, that has a refined taste of letters, and a disposition in which those letters found nothing to correct, but very much to exert, is a good fortune too uncommon to be enjoyed in silence. In others, the greatest business of learning is to weed the soil ; in you, it had nothing else to do, but to bring forth fruit. Affability, complacency, and generosity of heart, which are natural to you, wanted nothing from literature, but to refine and direct the application of them. After I have boasted I had some share in your familiarity, I know not how to do you the justice of celebrating you for the choice of an elegant and worthy acquaintance, with whom you live in the happy communication of generous sentiments, which contribute, not only to your own mutual entertainment and improvement, but to the honour and service of your country. Zeal for the public good is the characteristic of a man of honour and a gentleman, and must take place of pleasures, profits, and all other private gratifications. Whoever wants this motive, is an open enemy, or an inglorious neuter to mankind, in proportion to the

* Afterwards Earl of Bath.

misapplied advantages with which nature and fortune have blessed him. But you have a soul animated with nobler views, and know that the distinction of wealth and plenteous circumstances, is a tax upon an honest mind, to endeavour, as much as the occurrences of life will give him leave, to guard the properties of others, and be vigilant for the good of his fellow-subjects.

This generous inclination, no man possesses in a warmer degree than yourself; which, that Heaven would reward with long possession of that reputation into which you have made so early an entrance, the reputation of a man of sense, a good citizen, an agreeable companion, a disinterested friend, and an unbiassed patriot, is the hearty prayer of,

SIR,


Your most obliged,

and most obedient,

humble servant,

THE GUARDIAN.

THE
PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

It is a justice which Mr. Ironside owes gentlemen who have sent him their assistances from time to time, in the carrying on of this Work, to acknowledge that obligation, though at the same time he himself dwindles into the character of a meer publisher, by making the acknowledgment. But whether a man does it out of justice or gratitude, or any other virtuous reason or not, it is also a prudential act to take no more upon a man than he can bear. Too large a credit has made many a bankrupt, but taking even less than a man can answer with ease, is a sure fund for extending it whenever his occasions require. All those Papers which are distinguished by the mark of a  were written by a gentleman who has obliged the world with productions too sublime to admit that the Author of them should receive any addition to his reputation, from such loose occasional thoughts as make up these little treatises. For which which reason his name shall be concealed. Those which are marked with a Star, were composed by Mr. Budgell. That upon Dedications, with the Epistle of an Author to Himself, The Club of little Men, The Receipt to make an Epic Poem, The Paper of the Gardens of Alcinous, and the Catalogue of Greens, that against Barbarity to Animals,

and some others, have Mr. Pope for their Author. Now I mention this gentleman, I take this opportunity, out of the affection I have for his person, and respect to his merit, to let the world know, that he is now translating Homer's Iliad by subscription. He has given good proof of his ability for the work, and the men of greatest wit and learning of this nation, of all parties, are, according to their different abilities, zealous encouragers, or solicitors for the work.

But to my present purpose. The Letter from Gnatho of the Cures performed by Flattery, and that of comparing Dress to Criticism, are Mr. Gay's. Mr. Martin, Mr. Philips, Mr. Tickell, Mr. Carey, Mr. Eusden, Mr. Ince, and Mr. Hughes, have obliged the town with entertaining Discourses in these Volumes; and Mr. Berkeley, of Trinity College in Dublin, has embellished them with many excellent arguments in honour of religion and virtue. Mr. Parnell will, I hope, forgive me that without his leave I mention, that I have seen his hand on the like occasion. There are some Discourses of a less pleasing nature which relate to the divisions amongst us, and such, lest any of these gentlemen should suffer from unjust suspicion, I must impute to the right Author of them, who is one Mr. Steele, of Langunor, in the county of Carmarthen, in South Wales.

THE
GUARDIAN.

No. 1. THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1713.

—*Ille quem requiris.*

MART. EP. i. l. I.

He, whom you seek.

THERE is no passion so universal, however diversified or disguised under different forms and appearances, as the vanity of being known to the rest of mankind, and communicating a man's parts, virtues, or qualifications, to the world: this is so strong upon men of great genius, that they have a restless fondness for satisfying the world in the mistakes they might possibly be under, with relation even to their physiognomy. Mr. Airs, that excellent penman, has taken care to affix his own image opposite to the title-page of his learned treatise, wherein he instructs the youth of this nation to arrive at a flourishing hand. The author of *The Key to Interest*, both simple and compound, containing practical rules plainly expressed

in words at length for all rates of interest and times of payment for what time soever, makes up to us the misfortune of his living at Chester, by following the example of the above-mentioned Airs, and, coming up to town, over against his title-page, in a very becoming periwig, and a flowing robe or mantle, enclosed in a circle of foliages; below his portraiture, for our further satisfaction as to the age of that useful writer, is subscribed "*Johannes Ward de civitat. Cestriæ, ætat. suæ 58. An. Dom. 1706.*" The serene aspect of these writers, joined with the great encouragement I observe is given to another, or what is indeed to be suspected, in which he indulges himself, confirmed me in the notion I have of the prevalence of ambition this way. The author whom I hint at shall be nameless, but his countenance is communicated to the public in several views and aspects drawn by the most eminent painters, and forwarded by engravers, artists by way of mezzo-tinto, etchers, and the like*. There was, I remember, some years ago, one John Gale, a fellow that played upon a pipe, and diverted the multitude by dancing in a ring they made about him, whose face became generally known, and the artists employed their skill in delineating his features, because every man was a judge of the similitude of them. There is little else, than what this John Gale arrived at, in the advantages men enjoy from common fame; yet do I fear it has always a part in moving us to exert ourselves in such things, as ought to derive their beginnings from nobler considerations. But I think it is no great matter to the public what is the incentive which makes men bestow time in their service, provided there be any

* Dr. Sacheverell, who was highly honoured in this way, being placed in effigy on handkerchiefs, fans, urinals, &c.

thing useful in what they produce ; I shall proceed, therefore, to give an account of my intended labours, not without some hope of having my vanity, at the end of them, indulged in the sort above mentioned.

I should not have assumed the title of Guardian, had I not maturely considered, that the qualities necessary for doing the duties of that character proceed from the integrity of the mind, more than the excellence of the understanding. The former of these qualifications it is in the power of every man to arrive at ; and the more he endeavours that way, the less will he want the advantages of the latter ; to be faithful, to be honest, to be just, is what you will demand in the choice of your Guardian ; or if you find added to this, that he is pleasant, ingenious, and agreeable, there will overflow satisfactions which make for the ornament, if not so immediately to the use of your life. As to the diverting part of this paper, by what assistance I shall be capacitated for that, as well as what proofs I have given of my behaviour as to integrity in former life, will appear from my history to be delivered in ensuing discourses. The main purpose of the work shall be, to protect the modest, the industrious ; to celebrate the wise, the valiant ; to encourage the good, the pious ; to confront the impudent, the idle ; to condemn the vain, the cowardly ; and to disappoint the wicked and profane. This work cannot be carried on but by preserving a strict regard, not only to the duties, but civilities, of life, with the utmost impartiality towards things and persons. The unjust application of the advantages of breeding and fortune, is the source of all calamity both public and private ; the correction, therefore, or rather admonition, of a Guardian, in all the occurrences of a various being, if given with a benevolent spirit, would certainly be of general service.

In order to contribute as far as I am able to it, I shall publish in respective papers whatever I think may conduce to the advancement of the conversation of gentlemen, the improvement of ladies, the wealth of traders, and the encouragement of artificers. The circumstance relating to those who excel in mechanics, shall be considered with particular application. It is not to be immediately conceived by such as have not turned themselves to reflections of that kind, that Providence, to enforce and endear the necessity of social life, has given one man's hands to another man's head, and the carpenter, the smith, the joiner, are as immediately necessary to the mathematician, as my amanuensis will be to me, to write much fairer than I can myself. I am so well convinced of this truth, that I shall have a particular regard to mechanics; and, to show my honour for them, I shall place at their head the painter. This gentleman is, as to the execution of his work, a mechanic; but as to his conception, his spirit, and design, he is hardly below even the poet, in liberal art. It will be from these considerations useful to make the world see, the affinity between all works which are beneficial to mankind is much nearer, than the illiberal arrogance of scholars will at all times allow. But I am from experience convinced of the importance of mechanic heads, and shall therefore take them all into my care, from Rowley, who is improving the globes of the earth and heavens, in Fleet-street, to Bat. Pigeon,* the hair-cutter in the Strand.

But it will be objected upon what pretensions I take upon me to put in for the *prochain ami*, or nearest friend of all the world. How my head is

* A shop was kept under this name, till very lately, almost opposite Arundel-street.

accomplished for this employment towards the public, from the long exercise of it in a private capacity, will appear by reading me the two or three next days with diligence and attention. There is no other paper in being which tends to this purpose. They are most of them histories, or advices of public transactions; but as those representations affect the passions of my readers, I shall sometimes take care, the day after a foreign mail, to give them an account of what it has brought. The parties amongst us are too violent to make it possible to pass them by without observation. As to these matters, I shall be impartial, though I cannot be neuter: I am, with relation to the government of the church, a tory, with regard to the state, a whig.

The charge of intelligence, the pain in compiling and digesting my thoughts in proper style, and the like, oblige me to value my paper a halfpenny above all other half-sheets.* And all persons who have any thing to communicate to me, are desired to direct their letters, postage-paid, to Nestor Ironside, esq. at Mr. Tonson's, in the Strand. I declare before-hand, that I will at no time be conversed with any other way than by letter: for as I am an ancient man, I shall find enough to do to give orders proper for their service, to whom I am, by will of their parents, Guardian, though I take that to be too narrow a scene for me to pass my whole life in. But I have got my Wards so well off my hands, and they are so able to act for themselves, that I have little to do but give a hint, and all that I desire to be amended is altered accordingly.

My design upon the whole is no less than to make the pulpit, the bar, and the stage, all act in concert

* Price two-pence. Guard. in Folio.

in the care of piety, justice, and virtue ; for I am past all the regards of this life, and have nothing to manage with any person or party, but to deliver myself as becomes an old man with one foot in the grave, and one who thinks he is passing to eternity. All sorrows which can arrive at me are comprehended in the sense of guilt and pain ; if I can keep clear of these two evils, I shall not be apprehensive of any other. Ambition, lust, envy, and revenge, are excrescences of the mind, which I have cut off long ago : but as they are excrescences which do not only deform, but also torment those on whom they grow, I shall do all I can to persuade all others to take the same measures for their cure which I have.

No. 2. FRIDAY, MARCH. 13, 1713.

THE readiest way to proceed in my great undertaking, is to explain who I am myself that promise to give the town a daily half-sheet : I shall therefore enter into my own history, without losing any time in preamble. I was born in the year 1642, at a lone house within half a mile of the town of Brentford, in the county of Middlesex ; my parents were of ability to bestow upon me a liberal education, and of an humour to think that a great happiness even in a fortune which was but just enough to keep

me above want. In my sixteenth year I was admitted a commoner of Magdalen-hall in Oxford. It was one great advantage, among many more, which men educated at our universities do usually enjoy above others, that they often contract friendships there, which are of service to them in all the parts of their future life. This good fortune happened to me; for during the time of my being an under-graduate, I became intimately acquainted with Mr. Ambrose Lizard, who was a fellow-commoner of the neighbouring college. I have the honour to be well known to Mr. Josiah Pullen*, of our hall above mentioned; and attribute the florid old age I now enjoy to my constant morning walks up Hedington-hill, in his cheerful company. If the gentleman be still living, I hereby give him my humble service. But as I was going to say, I contracted in my early youth an intimate friendship with young Mr. Lizard, of Northamptonshire. He was sent for a little before he was of bachelor's standing, to be married to Mrs. Jane Lizard, an heiress, whose father would have it so for the sake of the name. Mr. Ambrose knew nothing of it till he came to Lizard-hall, on the Saturday night, saw the young lady at dinner the next day, and was married, by order of his father Sir Ambrose, between eleven and twelve the Tuesday following. Some years after, when my friend came to be Sir Ambrose himself, and finding upon proof of her, that he had lighted upon a good wife, he gave the curate who joined their hands the patronage of Welt, not far off Wellingborough†. My friend was married in the year 62, and every year following, for eighteen years together, I left the college, except that year wherein I was chosen fellow of Lincoln, and

* See Wood's Athenæ Oxon. Vol. II. p. 215. edit. 1691.

† This is a mixture of truth and fiction! A.

sojourned at Sir Ambrose's for the months of June, July, and August. I remember very well, that it was on the 4th of July, in the year 1674, that I was reading in an arbour to my friend, and stopt of a sudden, observing he did not attend. 'Lay by your book,' said he, 'and let us take a turn in the grass-walk, for I have something to say to you.' After a silence for about forty yards, walking both of us with our eyes downward, one big to hear, the other to speak, a matter of great importance, Sir Ambrose expressed himself to this effect: 'My good friend,' said he, 'you may have observed that from the first moment I was in your company at Mr. Willis's chambers at University college, I ever after sought and courted you: that inclination towards you has improved from similitude of manners, if I may so say, when I tell you I have not observed in any man a greater candour and simplicity of mind than in yourself. You are a man that are not inclined to launch into the world, but prefer security and ease in a collegiate or single life, to going into the cares which necessarily attend a public character, or that of a master of a family. You see within, my son Marmaduke, my only child; I have a thousand anxieties upon me concerning him, the greater part of which I would transfer to you, and when I do so, I would make it in plain English worth your while.' He would not let me speak, but proceeded to inform me, that he had laid the whole scheme of his affairs upon that foundation. As soon as we went into the house, he gave me a bill upon his goldsmith* in London, of two thousand pounds, and told me with that he had purchased me, with all the talents I was master of, to be of his family, to educate his son, and to do all that should ever lie in my power for the service of him

* A banker was called a goldsmith in 1713.

and his to my life's end, according to such powers, trusts, and instructions, as I should hereafter receive.

The reader will here make many speeches for me, and without doubt suppose I told my friend he had retained me with a fortune to do that which I should have thought myself obliged to by friendship: but, as he was a prudent man, and acted upon rules of life, which were least liable to the variation of humour, time, or season, I was contented to be obliged by him his own way: and believed I should never enter into any alliance which should divert me from pursuing the interests of his family, of which I should hereafter understand myself a member. Sir Ambrose told me, he should lay no injunction upon me, which should be inconsistent with any inclination I might have hereafter to change my condition. All he meant was, in general, to insure his family from that pest of great estates, the mercenary men of business who act for them, and in a few years become creditors to their masters in greater sums than half the income of their lands amounts to, though it is visible all which gave rise to their wealth was a slight salary, for turning all the rest, both estate and credit of that estate, to the use of their principals. To this purpose we had a very long conference that evening, the chief point of which was, that his only child Marmaduke was from that hour under my care, and I was engaged to turn all my thoughts to the service of the child in particular, and all the concerns of the family in general. My most excellent friend was so well satisfied with my behaviour, that he made me his executor, and guardian to his son. My own conduct during that time, and my manner of educating his son Marmaduke to manhood, and the interest I had in him to the time of his death, also with my present conduct towards the numerous descendants of my old friend, will make, possibly, a series of his-

tory of common life, as useful as the relations of the more pompous passages in the lives of princes and statesmen. The widow of Sir Ambrose, and the no less worthy relict of Sir Marmaduke, are both living at this time.

I am to let the reader know, that his chief entertainment will arise from what passes at the tea-table of my Lady Lizard. That lady is now in the forty-sixth year of her age, was married in the beginning of her sixteenth, is blessed with a numerous offspring of each sex, no less than four sons and five daughters. She was the mother of this large family before she arrived at her thirtieth year; about which time she lost her husband Sir Marmaduke Lizard, a gentleman of great virtue and generosity. He left behind him an improved paternal estate of six thousand pounds a year to his eldest son, and one year's revenue in ready money as a portion to each younger child. My lady's Christian name is Aspasia; and as it may give a certain dignity to our style to mention her by that name, we beg leave at discretion to say Lady Lizard or Aspasia, according to the matter we shall treat of. When she shall be consulting about her cash, her rents, her household affairs, we will use the more familiar name; and when she is employed in the forming the minds and sentiments of her children, exerting herself in the acts of charity, or speaking of matters of religion or piety, for the elevation of style we will use the word Aspasia. Aspasia is a lady of great understanding and noble spirit. She has passed several years in widowhood, with that abstinent enjoyment of life, which has done honour to her deceased husband, and devolved reputation upon her children. As she has both sons and daughters marriageable, she is visited by many on that account, but by many more for her own merit. As there is no circumstance in human life,

which may not directly or indirectly concern a woman thus related, there will be abundant matter offer itself from passages in this family, to supply my readers with diverting, and, perhaps, useful notices for their conduct in all the incidents of human life. Placing money on mortgages, in the funds, upon bottomry, and almost all other ways of improving the fortune of a family, are practised by my Lady Lizard with the best skill and advice.

The members of this family, their cares, passions, interests, and diversions, shall be represented from time to time, as news from the tea-table of so accomplished a woman as the intelligent and discreet Lady Lizard.

No. 3. SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1713.

*Quicquid est illud, quod sentit, quod sapit, quod vult, quod viget,
cæleste et divinum est, ob eamque rem æternum sit necesse est.*

CICERO.

Whatever that be, which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine, and, upon that account, must necessarily be eternal.

I AM diverted from the account I was giving the town of my particular concerns, by casting my eye upon a treatise, which I could not overlook without an inexcusable negligence, and want of concern for all the civil, as well as religious interests of mankind. This piece has for its title, A Discourse of Free-thinking, occasioned by the rise and growth of a Sect called Free-thinkers*. The author very methodically enters upon his argument, and says, 'By free-thinking, I mean the use of the understanding in endeavouring to find out the meaning of any proposition whatsoever, in considering the nature of the evidence for or against, and in judging of it according to the seeming force or weakness of the evidence.' As soon as he has delivered this definition, from which one would expect he did not design to show a particular inclination for or against any thing before he had considered it, he gives up all title to the character of a free-thinker, with the most apparent prejudice against a body of men, whom of all other a good man would be most careful not to

* By Anthony Collins.

violate, I mean men in holy orders. Persons who have devoted themselves to the service of God, are venerable to all who fear him ; and it is a certain characteristic of a dissolute and ungoverned mind, to rail or speak disrespectfully of them in general. It is certain, that in so great a crowd of men, some will intrude, who are of tempers very unbecoming their function : but because ambition and avarice are sometimes lodged in that bosom, which ought to be the dwelling of sanctity and devotion, must this unreasonable author vilify the whole order ? He has not taken the least care to disguise his being an enemy to the persons against whom he writes, nor any where granted that the institution of religious men to serve at the altar, and instruct such who are not as wise as himself, is at all necessary or desirable ; but proceeds, without the least apology, to undermine their credit, and frustrate their labours : whatever clergymen, in disputes against each other, have unguardedly uttered, is here recorded in such a manner as to affect religion itself, by wresting concessions to its disadvantage, from its own teachers. If this be true, as sure any man that reads the discourse must allow it is ; and if religion is the strongest tie of human society ; in what manner are we to treat this our common enemy, who promotes the growth of such a sect as he calls free-thinkers ? He that should burn a house, and justify the action by asserting he is a free agent, would be more excusable than this author in uttering what he has from the right of a free-thinker. But there are a set of dry, joyless, dull fellows, who want capacities and talents to make a figure amongst mankind, upon benevolent and generous principles, that think to surmount their own natural meanness, by laying offences in the way of such as make it their endeavour to excel upon the received maxims and honest arts

of life. If it were possible to laugh at so melancholy an affair as what hazards salvation, it would be no unpleasant inquiry to ask what satisfactions they reap, what extraordinary gratification of sense, or what delicious libertinism this sect of free-thinkers enjoy, after getting loose of the laws which confine the passions of other men? Would it not be a matter of mirth to find, after all, that the heads of this growing sect are sober wretches, who prate whole evenings over coffee, and have not themselves fire enough to be any further debauchees, than merely in principle? These sages of iniquity are, it seems, themselves only speculatively wicked, and are contented that all the abandoned young men of the age, are kept safe from reflection, by dabbling in their rhapsodies, without tasting the pleasures for which their doctrines leave them unaccountable. Thus do heavy mortals only gratify a dry pride of heart, give up the interests of another world, without enlarging their gratifications in this: but it is certain there are a sort of men that can puzzle truth, that cannot enjoy the satisfaction of it. This same free-thinker is a creature unacquainted with the emotions which possess great minds when they are turned for religion, and it is apparent that he is untouched with any such sensation as the rapture of devotion. Whatever one of these scorers may think, they certainly want parts to be devout; and a sense of piety towards Heaven, as well as the sense of any thing else, is lively and warm in proportion to the faculties of the head and heart. This gentleman may be assured he has not a taste for what he pretends to decry, and the poor man is certainly more a blockhead than an atheist. I must repeat, that he wants capacity to relish what true piety is; and he is as capable of writing an heroic poem, as making a fervent prayer. When men are thus low and narrow in

their apprehensions of things, and at the same time vain, they are naturally led to think every thing they do not understand, not to be understood. Their contradiction to what is urged by others, is a necessary consequence of their incapacity to receive it. The atheistical fellows who appeared the last age did not serve the devil for nought, but revelled in excesses suitable to their principles; while in these unhappy days mischief is done for mischief's sake. These free-thinkers, who lead the lives of recluse students, for no other purpose but to disturb the sentiments of other men, put me in mind of the monstrous recreation of those late wild youths, who, without provocation, had a wantonness in stabbing and defacing those they met with. When such writers as this, who has no spirit but that of malice, pretend to inform the age, mohocks and cut-throats may well set up for wits and men of pleasure.

It will be perhaps expected, that I should produce some instances of the ill intention of this free-thinker, to support the treatment I here give him. In his 52d page he says—

“Secondly, The priests throughout the world differ about scriptures, and the authority of scriptures. The Bramins have a book of scripture called the shaster. The Persees have their zundavastaw. The Bonzes of China have books written by the disciples of Fo-he, whom they call the ‘God and Saviour of the world, who was born to teach the way of salvation, and to give satisfaction for all men’s sins.’ The Talapoins of Siam have a book of scripture written by Sommonocodom, who, the Siamese say, was ‘born of a virgin, and was the God expected by the universe.’ The Dervises have their alcoran.”

I believe there is no one will dispute the author’s great impartiality in setting down the accounts of

these different religions. And I think it is pretty evident he delivers the matter with an air which betrays that the history of 'one born of a virgin' has as much authority with him from St. Sommonocodom as from St. Matthew. Thus he treats revelation. Then as to philosophy, he tells you, p. 136, 'Cicero produces this as an instance of a probable opinion, that they who study philosophy do not believe there are any Gods;' and then, from consideration of various notions, he affirms, Tully concludes, 'that there can be nothing after death.'"

As to what he misrepresents of Tully, the short sentence on the head of this paper is enough to oppose; but who can have patience to reflect upon the assemblage of impostures, among which our author places the religion of his country? As for my part, I cannot see any possible interpretation to give this work, but a design to subvert and ridicule the authority of scripture. The peace and tranquillity of the nation, and regards even above those, are so much concerned in this matter, that it is difficult to express sufficient sorrow for the offender, or indignation against him. But if ever man deserved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of *A Discourse of Free-thinking*.

No. 4. MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1713.

It matters not how false or forced,
So the best things be said o'th'worst ;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow's drawn to th'head,
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at : So shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep.

HUDIBRAS.

THOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confessed and absolved in that single word Custom ; yet there are some, which, as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of dedications, which is of so much the worse consequence, as it is generally used by people of politeness, and whom a learned education, for the most part, ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of praise, is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the learned ; but also the better sort, must, by this means, lose some part at least of that desire of fame, which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving : nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms to express it, but what have been already used, and

rendered suspected by flatterers. Even truth itself, in a dedication, is like an honest man in a disguise, or vizor-mask, and will appear a cheat by being dressed so like one. Though the merit of the person is beyond dispute, I see no reason that because one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent and throw praises in his face. 'Tis just the reverse of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a person was advanced to triumph for his services. As they hired people to rail at him in that circumstance, to make him as humble as they could, we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reason obliged to thank him for his picture in a dedication, than to thank a painter for that on a sign-post, except it be a less injury to touch the most sacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I should think nothing justified me in this point, but the patron's permission beforehand, that I should draw him, as like as I could; whereas most authors proceed in this affair just as a dauber I have heard of, who, not being able to draw portraits after the life, was used to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my notion of the thing in a word: to say more to a man than one thinks, with a prospect of interest, is dishonest; and without it, foolish. And whoever has had success in such an undertaking, must of necessity, at once, think himself, in his heart, a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have sometimes been entertained with considering dedications in no very common light. By observing what qualities our writers think it will be most pleasing to others to compliment them with, one

may form some judgement which are most so to themselves; and, in consequence, what sort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few dedications but will give us cause to wonder how such things came to be said at all, or how they were said to such persons? I have known a hero complimented upon the decent majesty and state he assumed after victory, and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condescension to inferiors. This would have seemed very strange to me, but that I happened to know the authors. He who made the first compliment was a lofty gentleman, whose air and gait discovered when he had published a new book; and the other tiddled every night with the fellows who laboured at the press while his own writings were working off. It is observable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that here, as elsewhere, they far exceed us in any strain or rant. As beauty is the thing that sex are piqued upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated style than is used by the men. They adore in the same manner as they would be adored. So when the authoress of a famous modern romance* begs a young nobleman's permission to pay him her 'kneeling adorations,' I am far from censuring the expression, as some critics would do, as deficient in grammar or sense; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that posture are what a lady might expect herself, and my wonder immediately ceases. These, when they flatter most, do but as they would be done unto: for as none are so much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readiest to cast them upon their neighbours; so it is certain none are so guilty of flattery to others, as those who most ardently desire it themselves.

What led me into these thoughts was a dedication

* Mrs. Manley, authoress of the *Memoirs from the New Atalantis*.

I happened upon this morning. The reader must understand that I treat the least instances or remains of ingenuity with respect, in what places soever found, or under whatever circumstances of disadvantage. From this love to letters I have been so happy in my searches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repositories of learning in the lining of bandboxes. I look upon these pasteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the same veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whose walls preserve divers inscriptions and names, which are no where else to be found in the world. This morning, when one of the lady Lizard's daughters was looking over some hoods and ribands, brought by her tire-woman, with great care and diligence, I employed no less in examining the box which contained them ; it was lined with certain scenes of a tragedy, written, as appeared by part of the title there extant, by one of the fair sex. What was most legible was the dedication ; which, by reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by those gothic ornaments of flourishes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader, as follows :—

*** ' Though it is a kind of profanation to approach your grace with so poor an offering, yet when I reflect how acceptable a sacrifice of first-fruits was to Heaven, in the earliest and purest ages of religion, that they were honoured with solemn feasts, and consecrated to altars by a divine command, *** upon that consideration, as an argument of particular zeal, I dedicate ***. It is impossible to behold you without adoring ; yet dazzled and awed by the glory that surrounds you, men feel a sacred power, that refines their

flames, and renders them pure as those we ought to offer to the Deity. *** The shrine is worthy the divinity that inhabits it. In your grace we see what woman was before she fell, how nearly allied to the purity and perfection of angels. And WE ADORE AND BLESS THE GLORIOUS WORK !

Undoubtedly these, and other periods of this most pious dedication, could not but convince the duchess of what the eloquent authoress assures her at the end, that she was her servant with most ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new sort of style, not yet taken notice of by the critics, which is above the sublime, and may be called the celestial ; that is, when the most sacred phrases appropriated to the honour of the Deity are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this lady, to be the inventor, or, at least, the first producer of a new kind of dedication, very different from hers and most others, since it has not a word but what the author religiously thinks in it. It may serve for almost any book, either prose or verse, that has been, is, or shall be published, and might run in this manner.

“ THE AUTHOR TO HIMSELF.

“ MOST HONOURED SIR,

“ THESE labours, upon many considerations, so properly belong to none as to you. First, as it was your most earnest desire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public. Then as I am secure, from that constant indulgence you have ever shown to all which is mine, that no man will so readily take them into protection, or so zealously defend them. Moreover, there is none can so soon discover the beauties ; and there are some parts, which it is possible few besides yourself are capable of under-

standing. Sir, the honour, affection, and value, I have for you are beyond expression ; as great, I am sure, or greater, than any man else can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to discover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them ; and doubt not but those persons are actuated purely by a spirit of malice or envy, the inseparable attendants on shining merit and parts, such as I have always esteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of violence to modesty, to say this to you in public ; but you may believe me, it is no more than I have a thousand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulse of my soul, there is no subject I could launch into with more pleasure than your panegyric. But since something is due to modesty, let me conclude, by telling you, that there is nothing so much I desire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happiness of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you some real service ; but till then, can only assure you, that I shall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive,

“ Dearest SIR,
“ your affectionate friend, and
“ the greatest of your admirers.”

No. 5. TUESDAY, MARCH 17, 1713.

Laudantur simili prole puerperæ.

HOR. CAR. iv. 5. 23.

The mother's virtues in the daughters shine.

I HAVE, in my second paper, mentioned the family into which I was retained by the friend of my youth ; and given the reader to understand, that my obligations to it are such as might well naturalize me into the interests of it. They have, indeed, had their deserved effect ; and if it were possible for a man who has never entered into the state of marriage to know the instincts of a kind father to an honourable and numerous house, I may say I have done it. I do not know but my regards, in some considerations, have been more useful than those of a father ; and as I wanted all that tenderness, which is the bias of inclination in men towards their own offspring, I have had a greater command of reason when I was to judge of what concerned my wards, and consequently was not prompted, by my partiality and fondness towards their persons, to transgress against their interests.

As the female part of a family is the more constant and immediate object of care and protection, and the more liable to misfortune or dishonour, as being in themselves more sensible of the former, and from custom and opinion for less offences more ex-

posed to the latter ; I shall begin with the more delicate part of my guardianship, the women of the family of Lizard. The ancient and religious lady, the dowager of my friend Sir Ambrose, has for some time estranged herself from conversation, and admits only of the visits of her own family. The observation, that old people remember best those things which entered into their thoughts when their memories were in their full strength and vigour, is very remarkably exemplified in this good lady and myself when we are in conversation ; I choose indeed to go thither, to divert any anxiety or weariness which at any time I find grow upon me from any present business or care. It is said, that a little mirth and diversion are what recreate the spirits upon those occasions : but there is a kind of sorrow from which I draw a consolation that strengthens my faculties, and enlarges my mind beyond any thing that can flow from merriment. When we meet, we soon get over any occurrence which passed the day before, and are in a moment hurried back to those days which only we call good ones ; the passages of the times when we were in fashion, with the countenances, behaviour, and jollity, so much, forsooth, above what any appear in now, are present to our imaginations, and almost to our very eyes. This conversation revives to us the memory of a friend, that was more than a brother to me ; of a husband, that was dearer than life to her : discourses about that dear and worthy man generally send her to her closet, and me to the despatch of some necessary business, which, regards the remains, I would say the numerous descendants of my generous friend. I am got, I know not how, out of what I was going to say of this lady ; which was, that she is far gone towards a better world ; and I mention her, only with respect to this, as she is

the object of veneration to those who are derived from her: whose behaviour towards her may be an example to others, and make the generality of young people apprehend, that when the ancient are past all offices of life, it is then the young are to exert themselves in their most laudable duties towards them.

The widow of Sir Marmaduke is to be considered in a very different view. My lady is not in the shining bloom of life, but at those years, wherein the gratifications of an ample fortune, those of pomp and equipage, of being much esteemed, much visited, and generally admired, are usually more strongly pursued than in younger days. In this condition she might very well add the pleasures of courtship, and the grateful persecution of being followed by a crowd of lovers; but she is an excellent mother and great economist; which considerations, joined with the pleasure of living her own way, preserve her against the intrusion of love. I will not say that my lady has not a secret vanity in being still a fine woman, and neglecting those addresses, to which perhaps we in part owe her constancy in that her neglect.

Her daughter Jane, her eldest child of that sex, is in the twenty-third year of her age, a lady who forms herself after the pattern of her mother; but in my judgement, as she happens to be extremely like her, she sometimes makes her court unskilfully, in affecting that likeness in her very mien, which gives the mother an uneasy sense, that Mrs. Jane really is what her parent has a mind to continue to be; but it is possible I am too observing in this particular, and this might be overlooked in them both, in respect to greater circumstances: for Mrs. Jane is the right hand of her mother; it is her study and constant endeavour to assist her in the management of her household, to keep all idle whispers from her, and discourage them be-

fore they can come at her from any other hand ; to enforce every thing that makes for the merit of her brothers and sisters towards her, as well as the diligence and cheerfulness of her servants. It is by Mrs. Jane's management, that the whole family is governed, neither by love nor fear, but a certain reverence which is composed of both. Mrs. Jane is what one would call a perfect good young woman ; but neither strict piety, diligence in domestic affairs, or any other avocation, have preserved her against love, which she bears to a young gentleman of great expectation but small fortune ; at the same time, that men of very great estates ask her of her mother. My lady tells her that prudence must [not] give way to passion : so that Mrs. Jane, if I cannot accommodate the matter, must conquer more than one passion, and, out of prudence, banish the man she loves, and marry the man she hates.

The next daughter is Mrs. Annabella, who has a very lively wit, a great deal of good sense, is very pretty, but gives me much trouble for her from a certain dishonest cunning I know in her ; she can seem blind and careless, and full of herself only, and entertain with twenty affected vanities, whilst she is observing all the company, laying up store for ridicule : and in a word, is selfish and interested under all the agreeable qualities in the world. Alas, what shall I do with this girl !

Mrs. Cornelia passes her time very much in reading, and that with so great an attention, that it gives her the air of a student, and has an ill effect upon her, as she is a fine young woman ; the giddy part of the sex will have it she is in love ; none will allow that she affects so much being alone, but for want of particular company. I have railed at romances before her, for fear of her falling into those deep studies :

she has fallen in with my humour that way for the time, but I know not how, my imprudent prohibition has, it seems, only excited her curiosity: and I am afraid she is better read than I know of, for she said of a glass of water in which she was going to wash her hands after dinner, dipping her fingers with a pretty lovely air, 'It is crystalline.' I shall examine further, and wait for clearer proofs.

Mrs. Betty is, I cannot by what means or methods imagine, grown mightily acquainted with what passes in the town; she knows all that matter of my lord such-a-one's leading my lady such-a-one out from the play; she is prodigiously acquainted, all of a sudden, with the world, and asked her sister Jane the other day in an argument, 'Dear sister, how should you know any thing, that hear nothing but what we do in our own family?' I do not much like her maid.

Mrs. Mary, the youngest daughter, whom they rally and call Mrs. Ironside, because I have named her the Sparkler, is the very quintessence of good-nature and generosity; she is the perfect picture of her grandfather; and if one can imagine all good qualities which adorn human life become feminine, the seeds, nay, the blossom of them are apparent in Mrs. Mary. It is a weakness I cannot get over, for how ridiculous is a regard to the bodily perfections of a man who is dead, but I cannot resist my partiality to this child, for being so like her grandfather; how often have I turned from her, to hide the melting of my heart when she has been talking to me! I am sure the child has no skill in it, for artifice could not dwell under that visage; but if I am absent a day from the family, she is sure to be at my lodging the next morning to know what is the matter.

At the head of these children, who have very plentiful fortunes, provided they marry with mine and

their mother's consent, is my lady Lizard; who, you cannot doubt, is very well visited. Sir William Oger, and his son almost at age, are frequently at our house on a double consideration. The knight is willing, for so he very gallantly expresses himself, to marry the mother, or he will consent, whether that be so or not, that his son Oliver shall take any one of the daughters Noll likes best.

Mr. Rigburt of the same country, who gives in his estate much larger, and his family more ancient, offers to deal with us for two daughters.

Sir Harry Pandolf has writ word from his seat in the country, that he also is much inclined to an alliance with the Lizards, which he has declared in the following letter to my lady; she showed me it this morning.

‘ MADAM,

‘ I HAVE heard your daughters very well spoken of: and though I have very great offers in my own neighbourhood, and heard the small-pox is very rife at London, I will send my eldest son to see them, provided that by your ladyship's answer, and your liking of the rent-roll which I send herewith, your ladyship assures me he shall have one of them, for I do not think to have my son refused by any woman; and so, Madam, I conclude,

‘ Your most humble servant,

‘ HENRY PANDOLF.’

No. 6. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1713.

I HAVE despatched my young women, and the town has them among them; it is necessary for the elucidation of my future discourses, which I desire may be denominated, as they are the precepts of a Guardian, Mr. Ironside's Precautions; I say it is, after what has been already declared, in the next place necessary to give an account of the males, of this worthy family, whose annals I am writing. The affairs of women being chiefly domestic, and not made up of so many circumstances as the duties of men are, I fear I cannot despatch the account of the males under my care, in so few words as I did the explanation which regarded my women.

Sir Harry Lizard, of the county of Northampton, son and heir of the late Sir Marmaduke, is now entered upon the twenty-sixth year of his age, and is now at his seat in the country.

The estate at present in his hands is above three thousand a year after payment of taxes, and all necessary charges whatsoever. He is a man of good understanding, but not at all what is usually called a man of shining parts. His virtues are much greater than his accomplishments, as to his conversation. But when you come to consider his conduct with relation to his manners and fortune, it would be a very great injury not to allow him [to be] a very fine gentleman. It has been carefully provided in his education, that he

should be very ready at calculations. This gives him a quick alarm inwardly upon all undertakings; and in a much shorter time than is usual with men who are not versed in business, he is master of the question before him, and can instantly inform himself, with great exactness, in the matter of profit or loss that shall arise from any thing proposed to him. The same capacity, joined to an honest nature, makes him very just to other men, as well as to himself. His payments are very punctual, and I dare answer he never did, or ever will, undertake any piece of building, or any ornamental improvement of his house, garden, park or lands, before the money is in his own pocket, wherewith he is to pay for such undertaking. He is too good to purchase labourers or artificers, as by this means he certainly could, at an under rate; but he has, by this means, what I think he deserves from his superior prudence, the choice of all who are most knowing and able to serve him. With his ready money, the builder, mason, and carpenter, are enabled to make their market of gentlemen in his neighbourhood, who inconsiderately employ them; and often pay their undertakers by sale of some of their land: whereas, were the lands on which those improvements are made, sold to the artificers, the buildings would be rated as lumber in the purchase. Sir Harry has for ever a year's income, to extend his charity, serve his pleasures, or regale his friends. His servants, his cattle, his goods, speak their master a rich man. Those about his person, as his bailiff, the groom of his chamber, and his butler, have a cheerful, not a gay air: the servants below them seem to live in plenty, but not in wantonness. As Sir Harry is a young man, and of an active disposition, his best figure is on horseback. But before I speak of that, I should acquaint you, that during his infancy all

the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood were welcome to a part of the house, which was called the school ; where, at the charge of the family, there was a grammar-master, a plain sober man, maintained, with a salary, besides his diet, of fifty pounds a year, to instruct all such children of gentlemen or lower people, as would partake of his education. As they grew up, they were allowed to ride out with him upon his horses. There were always ten or twelve for the saddle in readiness to attend him and his favourites, in the choice of whom he showed a good disposition, and distributed his kindness among them, by turns, with great good-nature. All horses, both for the saddle and swift draught, were very well bitted, and a skilful rider, with a riding-house, wherein he, the riding master, commanded, had it in orders to teach any gentleman's son of the county that would please to learn that exercise. We found our account in this proceeding, as well in real profit, as in esteem and power in the country ; for as the whole shire is now possessed by gentlemen, who owe Sir Harry a part of education, which they all value themselves upon, their horsemanship ; they prefer his horses to all others, and it is 10 *per cent.* in the price of a steed, which appears to come out of his riding-house.

By this means it is, that Sir Harry, as I was going to say, makes the best figure on horseback, for his usual hours of being in the field are well known ; and at those seasons the neighbouring gentlemen, his friends and school-fellows, take a pleasure in giving him their company, with their servants well-behaved, and horses well commanded.

I cannot enough applaud Sir Harry for a particular care in his horses. He not only bitts all which are ridden, but also all which are for the coach or swift draught, for grace adds mightily to the price of strength ; and he finds his account in it at all mar-

kets, more especially for the coach or troop horses, of which that county produces the most strong and ostentatious. To keep up a breed for any use whatever, he gives plates for the best performing horse in every way in which that animal can be serviceable. There is such a prize for him that trots best, such for the best walker, such for the best galloper, such for the best pacer : then for him who draws most in such a time to such a place, then to him that carries best such a load on his back. He delights in this, and has an admirable fancy in the dress of the riders ; some admired country girl is to hold the prize, her lovers to trot, and not to mend their pace into a gallop, when they are out-trotted by a rival ; some known country wit to come upon the best pacer ; these and the like little joyful arts, gain him the love of all who do not know his worth, and the esteem of all who do. Sir Harry is no friend to the race-horse ; he is of opinion it is inhuman, that animals should be put upon their utmost strength and mettle for our diversion only. However, not to be particular, he puts in for the queen's plate every year, with orders to his rider never to win or be distanced ; and, like a good country gentlemen, says, it is a fault in all ministries that they encourage no kind of horses but those which are swift.

As I write lives, I dwell upon small matters, being of opinion with Plutarch, that little circumstances show the real man better than things of greater moment. But good economy is the characteristic of the Lizards. I remember a circumstance about six years ago, that gave me hopes he would one time or other make a figure in parliament ; for he is a landed man, and considers his interest, though he is such, to be impaired or promoted according to the state of trade. When he was but twenty years old, I took an opportunity in his presence, to ask an intelligent wool-

len-draper, what he gave for his shop, [at] the corner of Change-alley? The shop is, I believe, fourteen feet long, and eight broad. I was answered, Ninety pounds a year. I took no notice, but the thought descended into the breast of Sir Harry, and I saw on his table the next morning a computation of the value of land in an island, consisting of so many miles, with so many good ports; the value of each part of the said island, as it lay to such ports, and produced such commodities. The whole of his working was to know why so few yards near the Change, was so much better than so many acres in Northamptonshire: and what those acres in Northamptonshire would be worth were there no trade at all in this island.

It makes my heart ache, when I think of this young man, and consider upon what plain maxims, and in what ordinary methods men of estate may do good wherever they are seated; that so many should be what they are! It is certain, that the arts which purchase wealth or fame, will maintain them; and I attribute the splendour and long continuance of this family, to the felicity of having the genius of the founder of it run through all his male line. Old Sir Harry, the great-grandfather of this gentleman, has written in his own hand upon all the deeds, which he ever signed, in the humour of that sententious age, this sentence, 'There are four good mothers, of whom are often born four unhappy daughters; truth begets hatred, happiness pride, security danger, and familiarity contempt.'

No. 7. THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1712-13.

— *Properat cursu*
Vita citato. —

SENEC. TRAG.

With speedy step life posts away.

I THIS morning did myself the honour to visit lady Lizard, and took my chair at the tea-table, at the upper end of which that graceful woman, with her daughters about her, appeared to me with greater dignity than ever any figure, either of Venus attended by the Graces, Diana with her nymphs, or any other celestial who owes her being to poetry.

The discourse we had there, none being present but our own family, consisted of private matters, which tended to the establishment of these young ladies in the world. My lady, I observed, had a mind to make mention of the proposal to Mrs. Jane, of which she is very fond, and I as much avoided, as being equally against it; but it is by no means proper the young ladies should observe we ever dissent; therefore I turned the discourse, by saying, 'it was time enough to think of marrying a young lady, who was but three and twenty, ten years hence.' The whole table was alarmed at the assertion, and the Sparkler scalded her fingers, by leaning suddenly forward to look in my face: but my business at present, was to make my court to the mother; therefore, without regarding the resentment in the looks of the children, 'Madam,'

said I, ' there is a petulant and hasty manner practised in this age, in hurrying away the life of woman, and confining the grace and principal action of it to those years wherein reason and discretion are most feeble, humour and passion most powerful. From the time a young woman of quality has first appeared in the drawing-room, raised a whisper and curiosity of the men about her, had her health drunk in gay companies, and been distinguished at public assemblies: I say, madam, if within three or four years of her first appearance in town, she is not disposed of, her beauty is grown familiar, her eyes are disarmed, and we seldom after hear her mentioned but with indifference. What doubles my grief on this occasion is, that the more discreetly the lady behaves herself, the sooner is her glory extinguished. Now, Madam, if merit had a greater weight in our thoughts, when we form to ourselves agreeable characters of women, men would think, in making their choices, of such as would take care of, as well as supply children for, the nursery. It was not thus in the illustrious days of good queen Elizabeth. I was this morning turning over a folio, called, *The Complete Ambassador*, consisting chiefly of letters from Lord Burleigh, Earl of Leicester, and Sir Thomas Smith. Sir Thomas writes a letter to Sir Francis Walsingham, full of learned gallantry, wherein you may observe he promises himself the French king's brother, who, it seems, was but a cold lover, would be quickened by seeing the queen in person, who was then in the thirty-ninth year of her age. A certain sobriety in thoughts, words, and action, which was the praise of that age, kept the fire of love alive; and it burnt so equally, that it warmed and preserved, without tormenting and

consuming our beings. The letter I mentioned is as follows :

“ To the Right Worshipful Mr. FRANCIS WALSHINGHAM, Ambassador, resident in France.

“ SIR,

“ I AM sorry that so good a matter should, upon so nice a point, be deferred. We may say that the lover will do little, if he will not take the pains once to see his love ; but she must first say yea, before he see her, or she him ; twenty ways might be devised why he might come over and be welcome, and possibly do more in an hour than he may in two years. *Cupido ille qui vincit omnia, in oculis insidet, et ex oculis ejaculatur, et in oculis utriusque videndo non solum, ut ait poëta, fœmina virum, sed vir fœminam ;* ‘ That powerful being Cupid, who conquers all things, resides in the eyes, he sends out all his darts from the eyes : by throwing glances at the eyes, according to the poet, not only the woman captivates the man, but also the man the woman.’ What force, I pray you, can hearsay, and ‘ I think, and I trust,’ do in comparison of that *cùm præsens præsentem tuetur et alloquitur, et, furore forsitan amoris ductus, amplectitur,* when they face to face see and converse with each other, and the lover in an ecstasy not to be commanded, snatches an embrace, and saith to himself, and openly that she may hear, *Teneone te mea, an etiamnum somno volunt fœminæ videri cogi ad id quod maximum cupiunt ?* ‘ Are you in my arms, my fair one, or do we both dream, and will women even in their sleep seem forced to what they most desire ?’ If we be cold, it is our part, besides the person, the sex requireth it. Why are you cold ? Is it not a young man’s part to be bold, courageous, and to adventure ?

If he should have, he should have but *honorificam repulsam* ; even a repulse here is glorious : the worst that can be said of him is but as of Phaëton, *Quam si non tenuit magnis tamen excidit ausis* : ‘ though he could not command the chariot of the sun, his fall from it was illustrious.’ So far as I conceive, *Hæc est sola nostra anchora, hæc jacenda est nobis alea* ; ‘ this is our only anchor, this die must be thrown.’ In our instability, *Unum momentum est uno momento perfectum factum, ac dictum stabilitatem facere potest* ; ‘ one lucky moment would crown and fix all.’ This, or else nothing is to be looked for but continual dalliance and doubtfulness, so far as I can see.

“ From Killingworth,
Aug. 22, 1572.”

“ Your assured friend,
“ THOMAS SMITH.”

Though my lady was in very good humour, upon the insinuation that, according to the Elizabeth scheme, she was but just advanced above the character of a girl ; I found the rest of the company as much disheartened, that they were still but mere girls. I went on, therefore, to attribute the immature marriages which are solemnized in our days to the impotency of the men, which made it impossible for young ladies to remain virgins so long as they wished, from their own inclinations, and the freedom of a single life.

There is no time of our life, under what character soever, in which men can wholly divest themselves of an ambition to be in the favour of women. Cardan *, a grave philosopher and physician, confesses, in one of his chapters, that though he had suffered poverty, repulses, calumnies, and a long series of

* The account of Cardan given here, cannot be reconciled to the truth of his character, which was, from the most authentic accounts of it, a very bad one.

afflictions, he never was thoroughly dejected, and impatient of life itself, but under a calamity which he suffered from the beginning of his twenty-first, to the end of his thirtieth year. He tells us, that the raillery he suffered from others, and the contempt which he had of himself, were afflictions beyond expression. I mention this only as an argument extorted from this good and grave man, to support my opinion of the irresistible power of women. He adds, in the same chapter, that there are ten thousand afflictions and disasters attend the passion itself; that an idle word, imprudently repeated by a fair woman, and vast expenses to support her folly and vanity, every day reduce men to poverty and death; but he makes them of little consideration to the miserable and insignificant condition of being incapable of their favour.

I make no manner of difficulty of professing I am not surprised that the author has expressed himself after this manner, with relation to love: the heroic chastity so frequently professed by humourists of the fair sex, generally ends in an unworthy choice, after having overlooked overtures to their advantage. It is for this reason that I would endeavour to direct, and not pretend to eradicate, the inclinations of the sexes to each other. Daily experience shows us, that the most rude rustic grows humane as soon as he is inspired by this passion; it gives a new grace to our manners, a new dignity to our minds, a new visage to our persons. Whether we are inclined to liberal arts, to arms, or address in our exercise, our improvement is hastened by a particular object whom we would please. Cheerfulness, gentleness, fortitude, liberality, magnificence, and all the virtues which adorn men, which inspire heroes, are most conspicuous in lovers. I speak of love as when such as are in this company, are the objects of it, who

can bestow upon their husbands, if they follow their excellent mother, all its joys, without any of its anxieties.

No. 8. FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1712-13.

—*Animum rege.*—

HOR. EPIST. i. 2. 62.

Govern the mind.

A GUARDIAN cannot bestow his time in any office more suitable to his character, than in representing the disasters to which we are exposed by the irregularity of our passions. I think I speak of this matter in a way not yet taken notice of, when I observe that they make men do things unworthy of those very passions. I shall illustrate this by a story I have lately read in the Royal Commentaries of Peru, wherein you behold an oppressor, a most contemptible creature after his power is at an end; and a person he oppressed so wholly intent upon revenge till he had obtained it, that in the pursuit of it he utterly neglected his own safety; but when that motive of revenge was at an end, returned to a sense of danger, in such a manner as to be unable to lay hold of occasions which offered themselves for certain security, and expose himself from fear, to apparent hazard. The motives which I speak of are not, indeed, so much to be called passions, as ill habits, arising from passions, such as pride and revenge, which are improvements of our infirmities,

and are, methinks, but scorn and anger regularly conducted. But to my story.

Licenciado Esquivel, governor of the city Potocsi, commanded 200 men to march out of that garrison towards the kingdom of Tucuman, with strict orders to use no Indians in carrying their baggage, and placed himself at a convenient station without the gates, to observe how his orders were put in execution; he found they were wholly neglected, and that Indians were laden with the baggage of the Spaniards, but thought fit to let them march by till the last rank of all came up, out of which he seized one man called Aguire, who had two Indians laden with his goods. Within few days after he was taken in arrest, he was sentenced to receive 200 stripes. Aguire represented by his friends, that he was the brother of a gentleman, who had in his country an estate, with vassalage of Indians, and hoped his birth would exempt him from a punishment of so much indignity. Licenciado persisted in the kind of punishment he had already pronounced; upon which Aguire petitioned that it might be altered to one that he should not survive: and, though a gentleman, and from that quality not liable to suffer so ignominious a death, humbly besought his excellency that he might be hanged. But though Licenciado appeared all his life, before he came into power, a person of an easy and tractable disposition, he was so changed by his office, that these applications from the unfortunate Aguire did but the more gratify his insolence; and during the very time of their mediation for the prisoner, he insulted them also by commanding with a haughty tone, that his orders should be executed that very instant. This, as it is usual on such occasions, made the whole town flock together; but the principal inhabitants, abhorring the severity of Licenciado, and pitying a gentleman in the con-

dition of Aguire, went in a body, and besought the governor to suspend, if not remit, the punishment. Their importunities prevailed on him to defer the execution for eight days ; but when they came to the prison with his warrant, they found Aguire already brought forth, stripped, and mounted on an ass, which is the posture wherein the basest criminals are whipped in that city. His friends cried out, ‘ Take him off, take him off,’ and proclaimed their order for suspending his punishment ; but the youth, when he heard that it was only put off for eight days, rejected the favour, and said, ‘ All my endeavours have been to keep myself from mounting this beast, and from the shame of being seen naked ; but since things are come thus far, let the sentence proceed, which will be less than the fears and apprehensions I shall have in these eight days ensuing : besides, I shall not need to give further trouble to my friends for intercession on my behalf, which is as likely to be ineffectual as what hath already passed.’ After he had said this, the ass was whipped forward, and Aguire ran the gantlet according to the sentence. The calm manner with which he resigned himself, when he found his disgrace must be, and the scorn of dallying with it under a suspension of a few days, which mercy was but another form of the governor’s cruelty, made it visible that he took comfort in some secret resolution to avenge the affront.

After this indignity, Aguire could not be persuaded, though the inhabitants of Potocsi often importuned him from the spirit they saw in him, to go upon any military undertaking, but excused himself with a modest sadness in his countenance, saying, ‘ that after such a shame as his was, death must be his only remedy and consolation, which he would endeavour to obtain as soon as possible.’

Under this melancholy he remained in Peru, till

the time in which the office of Esquivel expired ; after which, like a desperate man, he pursued and followed him, watching an opportunity to kill him, and wipe off the shame of the late affront. Esquivel, being informed of this desperate resolution by his friends, endeavoured to avoid his enemy, and took a journey of three or four hundred leagues from him, supposing that Aguire would not pursue him at such a distance ; but Esquivel's flight did but increase Aguire's speed in following. The first journey which Esquivel took, was to the city of Los Reyes, being three hundred and twenty leagues distant ; but in less than fifteen days Aguire was there with him ; whereupon Esquivel took another flight, as far as to the city of Quito, being four hundred leagues distant from Los Reyes ; but in a little more than twenty days Aguire was again with him ; which being intimated to Esquivel, he took another leap as far as Cozco, which is five hundred leagues from Quito ; but in a few days after he arrived there, came also Aguire, travelling all the way on foot, without shoes or stockings, saying, ' that it became not the condition of a whipt rascal to travel on horseback, or appear amongst men.' In this manner did Aguire haunt and pursue Esquivel for three years and four months ; who being now tired and wearied with so many long and tedious journeys, resolved to fix his abode at Cozco, where he believed that Aguire would scarce adventure to attempt any thing against him, for fear of the judge who governed that city, who was a severe man, impartial and inflexible in all his proceedings ; and accordingly took a lodging in the middle of the street of the great church, where he lived with great care and caution, wearing a coat of mail under his upper coat, and went always armed with his sword and dagger, which are weapons not agreeable to his profession. However Aguire

followed hither also, and having in vain dogged him from place to place, day after day, he resolved to make the attempt upon him in his own house, which he entered, and wandered from room to room, till at last he came into his study, where Licenciado lay on a couch asleep. Aguire stabbed him with his dagger with great tranquillity, and very leisurely wounded him in other parts of the body, which were not covered with his coat of mail. He went out of the house in safety; but as his resentment was sated, he now began to reflect upon the inexorable temper of the governor of the place. Under this apprehension he had not composure enough to fly to a sanctuary, which was near the place where he committed the fact; but ran into the street, frantic and distracted, proclaiming himself a criminal, by crying out, 'Hide me, hide me!'

The wretched fate and poor behaviour of Licenciado, in flying his country to avoid the same person whom he had before treated with so much insolence, and the high resentment of a man so inconsiderable as Aguire, when much injured, are good admonitions to little spirits in exalted stations, to take care how they treat brave men in low condition.

No. 9. SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1712-13.

In tantas brevi creverant opes, seu maritimis seu terrestribus fructibus, seu multitudinis incremento, seu sanctitate disciplinæ.

LIV.

They rose in a short time to that pitch of wealth and grandeur, by means of an extensive commerce both by sea and land, by an increase of the people, and by the reverence of their laws and discipline.

MANY of the subjects of my papers will consist of such things as I have gathered from the conversation, or learned from the conduct of a gentleman, who has been very conversant in our family, by name Mr. Charwell*. This person was formerly a merchant in this city, who, by exact economy, great frugality, and very fortunate adventures, was about twenty years since, and the fortieth year of his age, arrived to the estate which we usually call a plum†. This was a sum so much beyond his first ambition, that he then resolved to retire from the town, and the business of it together. Accordingly he laid out one half of his money upon the purchase of a nobleman's estate, not many miles distant from the country seat

* The person here alluded to under the name of Mr. Charwell, is said to have been the charitable Edward Colston of Bristol, member of Parliament for that city, who died unmarried in October 1721, about the close of his 85th year, 'without decay in his understanding, without labour or sorrow.'

† 100,000*l.*

of my Lady Lizard. From this neighbourhood our first acquaintance began, and has ever since been continued with equal application on both sides. Mr. Charwell visits very few gentlemen in the country; his most frequent airings in the summer-time are visits to my Lady Lizard. And if ever his affairs bring him to town during the winter, as soon as these are despatched, he is sure to dine at her house, or to make one at her tea-table, to take her commands for the country.

I shall hardly be able to give an account how this gentleman has employed the twenty years since he made the purchase I have mentioned, without first describing the conditions of the estate.

The estate, then, consisted of a good large old house, a park of 2000 acres, 8000 acres more of land divided into farms. The land not barren, but the country very thin of people, and these the only consumers of the wheat and barley that grew upon the premises. A river running by the house, which was in the centre of the estate, but the same not navigable, and the rendering it navigable had been opposed by the generality of the whole country. The roads excessive bad, and no possibility of getting off the tenant's corn, but at such a price of carriage as would exceed the whole value when it came to market. The underwoods all destroyed, to lay the country open to my lord's pleasures; but there was indeed the less want of this fuel, there being some large coal-pits in the estate, within two miles of the house, and such a plenty of coals* as was sufficient for whole counties. But then the want of water-carriage made these also a mere drug, and almost every man's for fetch-

* The scene is ill-chosen, for the country yields none; in Northamptonshire the inhabitants are supplied with coals from other counties.

ing. Many timber-trees were still standing only for want of chapmen, very little being used for building in a country so thin of people, and those at greater distance being in no likelihood of buying penny-worths, if they must be at the charge of land-carriage. Yet every tree was valued at a much greater price than would be given for it in the place; so was every acre of land in the park; and as for the tenants, they were all racked to extremity, and almost every one of them beggars. All these things Mr. Charwell knew very well, yet was not discouraged from going on with his purchase.

But in the first place, he resolved that a hundred in family should not ruin him, as it had done his predecessor. Therefore pretending to dislike the situation of the old house, he made choice of another at a mile distance, higher up the river, at a corner of the park, where, at the expense of 4 or 5000*l.* and all the ornaments of the old house, he built a new one, with all convenient offices more suitable to his revenues, yet not much larger than my lord's dog-kennel, and a great deal less than his lordship's stables.

The next thing was to reduce his park. He took down a great many pales, and with these enclosed only 200 acres of it near adjoining to his new house. The rest he converted to breeding cattle, which yielded greater profit.

The tenants began now to be very much dissatisfied with the loss of my lord's family, which had been a constant market for great quantities of their corn; and with the disparking so much land, by which provisions were likely to be increased in so dispeopled a country. They were afraid they must be obliged themselves to consume the whole product of their farms, and that they should be soon

undone by the economy and frugality of this gentleman.

Mr. Charwell was sensible their fears were but too just; and that, if neither their goods could be carried off to distant markets, nor the markets brought home to their goods, his tenants must run away from their farms. He had no hopes of making the river navigable, which was a point that could not be obtained by all the interest of his predecessor, and was, therefore, not likely to be yielded up to a man who was not yet known in the country. All that was left for him was to bring the market home to his tenants, which was the very thing he intended before he ventured upon his purchase. He had even then projected in his thoughts the plan of a great town just below the old house; he, therefore, presently set himself about the execution of his project.

The thing has succeeded to his wish. In the space of twenty years, he is so fortunate as to see 1000 new houses upon his estate, and at least 5000 new people, men, women, and children, inhabitants of those houses, who are comfortably subsisted by their own labour, without charge to Mr. Charwell, and to the great profit of his tenants.

It cannot be imagined that such a body of people can be subsisted at less than 5*l.* per head, or 25,000*l.* per annum, the greatest part of which sum is annually expended for provisions among the farmers of the next adjacent lands. And as the tenants of Mr. Charwell are nearest of all others to the market, they have the best prices for their goods by all that is saved in the carriage.

But some provisions are of that nature, that they will not bear a much longer carriage than from the

extreme parts of his lands ; and I think I have been told, that for the single article of milk, at a pint every day for every house, his tenants take from this town not much less than 500*l.* per annum.

The soil of all kinds, which is made every year by the consumption of so great a town, I have heard has been valued at 200*l.* per annum. If this be true, the estate of Mr. Charwell is so much improved in this very article, since all this is carried out upon his lands by the back-carriage of those very carts which were loaden by his tenants with provisions and other necessaries for the people.

A hundred thousand bushels of coal are necessary to supply so great a multitude with yearly fuel. And as these are taken out of the coal-pits of Mr. Charwell, he receives a penny for every bushel ; so that this very article is an addition of 400*l.* per annum to his revenues. And as the town and people are every year increasing, the revenues in the above-mentioned, and many other articles, are increasing in proportion.

There is now no longer any want of the family of the predecessor. The consumption of 5000 people is greater than can be made by any fifty of the greatest families in Great Britain. The tenants stand in no need of distant markets, to take off the product of their farms. The people so near their own doors are already more than they are able to supply ; and what is wanting at home for this purpose is supplied from places at greater distance, at whatsoever price of carriage.

All the farmers every where near the river are now, in their turn, for an act of parliament to make it navigable, that they may have an easy carriage for their corn to so good a market. The

tenants of Mr. Charwell, that they may have the whole market to themselves, are almost the only persons against it. But they will not be long able to oppose it: their leases are near expiring: and as they are grown very rich, there are many other persons ready to take their farms at more than double the present rents, even though the river should be made navigable, and distant people let in to sell their provisions together with these farmers.

As for Mr. Charwell himself, he is in no manner of pain lest his lands should fall in their value by the cheap carriage of provisions from distant places to his town. He knows very well the cheapness of provisions was one great means of bringing together so great numbers, and that they must be held together by the same means. He seems to have nothing more in his thoughts than to increase his town to such an extent, that all the country for ten miles round about shall be little enough to supply it. He considers that at how great a distance soever provisions shall be brought thither, they must end at last in so much soil for his estate, and that the farmers of other lands will by this means contribute to the improvement of his own.

But by what encouragements and rewards, by what arts and polices, and what sort of people he has invited to live upon his estate, and how he has enabled them to subsist by their own labour, to the great improvement of his lands, will be the subjects of some of my future precautions.

“ TO THE GUARDIAN.

“ SIR,

“ BY your paper of Saturday last, you give the town hopes that you will dedicate that day to religion. You could not begin it better than by warn-

ing your pupils of the poison vented under a pretence of free-thinking. If you can spare room in your next Saturday's paper for a few lines on the same subject, these are at your disposal.

“ I happened to be present at a public conversation of some of the defenders of this discourse of free-thinking, and others that differed from them ; where I had the diversion of hearing the same men in one breath persuade us to freedom of thought, and in the next offer to demonstrate that we had no freedom in any thing. One would think men should blush to find themselves entangled in a greater contradiction than any the discourse ridicules. This principle of free fatality or necessary liberty is a worthy fundamental of the new sect ; and indeed this opinion is in evidence and clearness so nearly related to transubstantiation, that the same genius seems requisite for either. It is fit the world should know how far reason abandons men that would employ it against religion ; which intention, I hope, justifies this trouble from, SIR,

“ March 16.”

“ Your hearty well-wisher,

“ MISATHEUS.”

No. 10. MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1712-13.

Venit ad me sæpe clamitans—————
Vestitu nimium indulges, nimium ineptus es.
Nimium ipse est durus, præter æquumque et bonum.

TER. ADELPH. ACT. I. SC. I. 35.

He is perpetually coming to me, and ringing in my ears, that I do wrong to indulge him so much in the article of dress : but the fault lies in his own excessive and unreasonable severity.

WHEN I am in deep meditation, in order to give my wards proper precautions, I have a principal regard to the prevalence of things which people of merit neglect, and from which those of no merit raise to themselves an esteem : of this nature is the business of dress. It is weak in a man of thought and reflection to be either depressed or exalted from the perfections or disadvantages of his person. However, there is a respective conduct to be observed in the habit, according to the eminent distinction of the body, either way. A gay youth in the possession of an ample fortune could not recommend his understanding to those who are not of his acquaintance more suddenly, than by sobriety in his habit ; as this is winning at first sight, so a person gorgeously fine, which in itself should avoid the attraction of the beholders' eyes, gives as immediate offence.

I make it my business, when my Lady Lizard's youngest daughter, Miss Molly, is making clothes, to consider her from head to foot, and cannot be

easy when there is any doubt lies upon me concerning the colour of a knot, or any other part of her head-dress, which by its darkness or liveliness might too much allay or brighten her complexion. There is something loose in looking as well as you possibly can ; but it is also a vice not to take care how you look.

The indiscretion of believing that great qualities make up for the want of things less considerable, is punished too severely in those who are guilty of it. Every day's experience shows us, among variety of people with whom we are not acquainted, that we take impressions too favourable and too disadvantageous of men at first sight from their habit. I take this to be a point of great consideration, and I shall consider it in my future precautions as such. As to the female world, I shall give them my opinion at large, by way of comment, upon a new suit of the Sparkler's, which is to come home next week. I design it a model for the ladies ; she and I have had three private meetings about it. As to the men, I am very glad to hear, being myself a fellow of Lincoln-college, that there is at last in one of our universities arisen a happy genius for little things. It is extremely to be lamented, that hitherto we come from the college as unable to put on our own clothes as we do from nurse. We owe many misfortunes, and an unhappy backwardness in urging our way in the world, to the neglect of these less matters. For this reason, I shall authorise and support the gentleman who writes me the following letter ; and though, out of diffidence of the reception his proposal should meet with from me, he has given himself too ludicrous a figure ; I doubt not but from his notices to make men, who cannot arrive at learning in that place, come from thence without appearing ignorant ;

and such as can, to be truly knowing without appearing bookish.

“ TO THE GUARDIAN.

“ SIR,

“ I FORESEE that you will have many corespondents in this place ; but as I have often observed, with grief of heart, that scholars are wretchedly ignorant in the science I profess, I flatter myself that my letter will gain a place in your papers. I have made it my study, Sir, in these seats of learning, to look into the nature of dress, and am what they call an academical beau. I have often lamented that I am obliged to wear a grave habit, since by that means I have not an opportunity to introduce fashions amongst our young gentlemen ; and so am forced, contrary to my own inclinations, and the expectation of all who know me, to appear in print. I have indeed met with some success in the projects I have communicated to some sparks with whom I am intimate ; and I cannot without a secret triumph confess, that the sleeves turned up with green velvet, which now flourish throughout the university, sprang originally from my invention.

“ As it is necessary to have the head clear, as well as the complexion, to be perfect in this part of learning, I rarely mingle with the men, for I abhor wine, but frequent the tea-tables of the ladies. I know every part of their dress, and can name all their things by their names. I am consulted about every ornament they buy ; and, I speak it without vanity, have a very pretty fancy to knots and the like. Sometimes I take a needle, and spot a piece of muslin for pretty Patty Cross-stich, who is my present favourite, which, she says, I do neatly enough ; or read

one of your papers, and explain the motto, which they all like mightily. But then I am a sort of petty tyrant amongst them, for I own I have my humours. If any thing be amiss, they are sure Mr. Sleek will find fault ; if any hoity-toity things make a fuss, they are sure to be taken to pieces the next visit. I am the dread of poor Celia ; whose wrapping-gown is not right India ; and am avoided by Thalestris in her second-hand mantua, which several masters of arts think very fine, whereas I perceived it had been scoured, with half an eye.

“ Thus have I endeavoured to improve my understanding, and am desirous to communicate my innocent discoveries to those, who, like me, may distinguish themselves more to advantage by their bodies than their minds. I do not think the pains I have taken, in these my studies, thrown away, since by these means, though I am not very valuable, I am however not disagreeable. Would gentlemen but reflect upon what I say, they would take care to make the best of themselves ; for I think it intolerable that a blockhead should be a sloven. Though every man cannot fill his head with learning, it is in any one’s power to wear a pretty periwig ; let him who cannot say a witty thing, keep his teeth white at least ; he who hath no knack at writing sonnets, may however have a soft hand ; and he may arch his eye-brows, who hath not strength of genius for the mathematics.

“ After the conclusion of the peace, we shall undoubtedly have new fashions from France ; and I have some reason to think that some particularities in the garb of their abbés may be transplanted hither to advantage. What I find becoming in their dress I hope I may, without the imputation of being popishly inclined, adopt into our habits ; but would

willingly have the authority of the Guardian to countenance me in this harmless design. I would not hereby assume to myself a jurisdiction over any of our youth, but such as are incapable of improvement any other way. As for the aukward creatures that mind their studies, I look upon them as irreclaimable. But over the afore-mentioned order of men, I desire a commission from you to exercise full authority. Hereby I shall be enabled from time to time to introduce several pretty oddnesses in the taking and tucking up of gowns, to regulate the dimensions of wigs, to vary the tufts upon caps, and to enlarge or narrow the hems of bands, as I shall think most for the public good.

“ I have prepared a treatise against the cravat and berdash*, which I am told is not ill done; and have thrown together some hasty observations upon stockings, which my friends assure me I need not be ashamed of. But I shall not offer them to the public, until they are approved of at our female club; which I am the more willing to do, because I am sure of their praise; for they own I understand these things better than they do. I shall herein be very proud of your encouragement; for, next to keeping the university clean, my greatest ambition is to be thought, SIR,

“ Your most obedient,
“ humble servant,

“ Oxford, March 18, 1712-13.” “ SIMON SLEEK.”

* A kind of neckcloth so called, whence such as sold them were styled haberdashers.

No. 11. TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1712-13.

—*Huc propius me,*
Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
 HOR. SAT. ii. 3. 80.

Attend my lecture, whilst I plainly show,
 That all mankind are mad, from high to low.

THERE is an oblique way of reproof, which takes off the sharpness of it: and an address in flattery, which makes it agreeable though never so gross; but of all flatterers, the most skilful is he who can do what you like, without saying any thing which argues he does it for your sake; the most winning circumstance in the world being the conformity of manners. I speak of this as a practice necessary in gaining people of sense, who are not yet given up to self-conceit; those who are far gone in admiration of themselves, need not be treated with so much delicacy. The following letter put this matter in a pleasant and uncommon light: The author of it attacks this vice with an air of compliance, and alarms us against it by exhorting us to it.

“ TO THE GUARDIAN.

“ SIR,

“ As you profess to encourage all those who any way contribute to the public good, I flatter myself I may claim your countenance and protection. I

am by profession a mad-doctor, but of a peculiar kind, not of those whose aim it is to remove frensies, but one who makes it my business to confer an agreeable madness on my fellow-creatures, for their mutual delight and benefit. Since it is agreed by the philosophers, that happiness and misery consist chiefly in the imagination, nothing is more necessary to mankind in general than this pleasing delirium, which renders every one satisfied with himself, and persuades him that all others are equally so.

“ I have for several years, both at home and abroad, made this science my particular study, which I may venture to say I have improved in almost all the courts of Europe ; and have reduced it into so safe and easy a method, as to practise it on both sexes, of what disposition, age, or quality soever, with success. What enables me to perform this great work, is the use of my Obsequium Catholicon, or the Grand Elixir to support the spirits of human nature. This remedy is of the most grateful flavour in the world, and agrees with all tastes whatever. It is delicate to the senses, delightful in the operation, may be taken at all hours without confinement, and is as properly given at a ball or playhouse as in a private chamber. It restores and vivifies the most dejected minds, corrects and extracts all that is painful in the knowledge of a man’s self. One dose of it will instantly disperse itself through the whole animal system, dissipate the first motions of distrust, so as never to return, and so exhilarate the brain and rarify the gloom of reflection, as to give the patients a new flow of spirits, a vivacity of behaviour, and a pleasing dependence upon their own capacities.

“ Let a person be never so far gone, I advise him not to despair ; even though he has been troubled

many years with restless reflections, which by long neglect have hardened into a settled consideration. Those that have been stung with satire may here find a certain antidote, which infallibly disperses all the remains of poison that has been left in the understanding by bad cures. It fortifies the heart against the rancour of pamphlets, the inveteracy of epigrams, and the mortification of lampoons; as has been often experienced by several persons of both sexes, during the seasons of Tunbridge and the Bath.

“ I could, as further instances of my success, produce certificates and testimonials from the favourites and ghostly Fathers of the most eminent princes of Europe; but shall content myself with the mention of a few cures, which I have performed by this my grand universal restorative, during the practice of one month only since I came to this city.

Cures in the Month of February, 1712-13.

“ George Spondee, esq. poet, and inmate of the parish of St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, fell into violent fits of the spleen upon a thin third night. He had been frightened into a vertigo by the sound of cat-calls on the first day; and the frequent hissings on the second made him unable to endure the bare pronunciation of the letter S. I searched into the causes of his distemper; and by the prescription of a dose of my Obsequium, prepared *secundum artem*, recovered him to his natural state of madness. I cast in at proper intervals the words, Ill taste of the town, Envy of critics, Bad performance of the actors, and the like. He is so perfectly cured that he has promised to bring another play upon the stage next winter.

“ A lady of professed virtue, of the parish of St.

James's, Westminster, who hath desired her name may be concealed, having taken offence at a phrase of double meaning in conversation, undiscovered by any other in the company, suddenly fell into a cold fit of modesty. Upon a right application of praise of her virtue, I threw the lady into an agreeable waking dream, settled the fermentation of her blood into a warm charity, so as to make her look with patience on the very gentleman that offended.

“ Hilaria, of the parish of St. Giles's in the Fields, a coquette of long practice, was, by the reprimand of an old maiden, reduced to look grave in company, and deny herself the play of the fan. In short, she was brought to such melancholy circumstances that she would sometimes, unawares, fall into devotion at church. I advised her to take a few innocent freedoms, with occasional kisses, prescribed her the exercise of the eyes, and immediately raised her to her former state of life. She on a sudden recovered her dimples, furlled her fan, threw round her glances, and, for these two Sundays last past, has not once been seen in an attentive posture. This the churchwardens are ready to attest upon oath.

“ Andrew Terror, of the Middle Temple, Mohock, was almost induced by an aged bencher, of the same house, to leave off bright conversation, and pore over Coke upon Littleton. He was so ill that his hat began to flap, and he was seen one day in the last term at Westminster-Hall. This patient had quite lost his spirit of contradiction; I, by the distillation of a few of my vivifying drops in his ear, drew him from his lethargy, and restored him to his usual vivacious misunderstanding. He is at present very easy in his condition.

“ I will not dwell upon the recital of the innu-

merable cures I have performed within twenty days last past ; but rather proceed to exhort all persons of whatever age, complexion, or quality, to take as soon as possible of this my intellectual oil : which applied at the ear seizes all the senses with a most agreeable transport, and discovers its effects, not only to the satisfaction of the patient, but all who converse with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that receives the kindly infection. It is often administered by chambermaids, valets, or any the most ignorant domestic, it being one peculiar excellence of this my oil, that it is most prevalent, the more unskilful the person is or appears who applies it. It is absolutely necessary for ladies to take a dose of it just before they take coach to go a visiting.

“ But I offend the public, as Horace said, when I trespass on any of your time. Give me leave then, Mr. Ironside, to make you a present of a drachm or two of my oil ; though I have cause to fear my prescriptions will not have the effect upon you I could wish ; therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in my favour by the present of my oil, but wholly depend upon your public spirit and generosity ; which, I hope, will recommend to the world the useful endeavours of, SIR,

“ Your most obedient,

“ most faithful, most devoted,

“ most humble servant and admirer,

“ GNATHO.

“ * * Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

“ N. B. I teach the arcana of my art at reasonable rates to gentlemen of the universities, who desire to be qualified for writing dedications ; and to young lovers and fortune-hunters, to be paid at the day of marriage. I instruct persons of bright capa-

cities to flatter others, and those of the meanest to flatter themselves.

“ I was the first inventor of pocket looking-glasses.”

No. 12. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1713.

*Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt :
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus. —*

HOR. EPIST. ii. 1. 82.

IMITATED.

You'd think no fools disgraced the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should match his father's skill,
And having once been wrong, will be so still.

POPE.

WHEN a poem makes its first appearance in the world, I have always observed, that it gives employment to a greater number of critics, than any other kind of writing. Whether it be that most men, at some time of their lives, have tried their talent that way, and thereby think they have a right to judge ; or whether they imagine, that their making shrewd observations upon the polite arts, gives them a pretty figure ; or whether there may not be some jealousy and caution in bestowing applause upon those who write chiefly for fame. Whatever the reasons be, we find few discouraged by the delicacy and danger of such an undertaking.

I think it certain that most men are naturally not only capable of being pleased with that which raises agreeable pictures in the fancy, but willing also to own it. But then there are many, who, by false applications of some rules ill understood, or out of deference to men whose opinions they value, have formed to themselves certain schemes and systems of satisfaction, and will not be pleased out of their own way. These are not critics themselves, but readers of critics, who, without the labour of perusing authors, are able to give their characters in general; and know just as much of the several species of poetry, as those who read books of geography do of the genius of this or that people or nation. These gentlemen deliver their opinions sententiously, and in general terms: to which it being impossible readily to frame complete answers, they have often the satisfaction of leaving the board in triumph. As young persons, and particularly the ladies, are liable to be led aside by these tyrants in wit, I shall examine two or three of the many stratagems they use, and subjoin such precautions as may hinder candid readers from being deceived thereby.

The first I shall take notice of is an objection commonly offered, viz. 'that such a poem hath indeed some good lines in it, but it is not a regular piece.' This, for the most part, is urged by those whose knowledge is drawn from some famous French critics, who have written upon the epic poem, the drama, and the great kinds of poetry, which cannot subsist without great regularity; but ought by no means to be required in odes, epistles, panegyrics, and the like, which naturally admit of greater liberties. The enthusiasm in odes, and the freedom of epistles, is rarely disputed: but I have often heard

the poems upon public occasions, written in heroic verse, which I choose to call panegyrics, severely censured upon this account; the reason whereof I cannot guess, unless it be, that because they are written in the same kind of numbers and spirit as an epic poem, they ought therefore to have the same regularity. Now an epic poem, consisting chiefly in narration, it is necessary that the incidents should be related in the same order that they are supposed to have been transacted. But in works of the above-mentioned kind, there is no more reason that such order should be observed, than that an oration should be as methodical as an history. I think it sufficient that the great hints, suggested from the subject, be so disposed, that the first may naturally prepare the reader for what follows, and so on; and that their places cannot be changed without disadvantage to the whole. I will add further, that sometimes gentle deviations, sometimes bold and even abrupt digressions, where the dignity of the subject seems to give the impulse, are proofs of a noble genius; as winding about and returning artfully to the main design are marks of address and dexterity.

Another artifice made use of by pretenders to criticism, is an insinuation, that all that is good is borrowed from the ancients. This is very common in the mouths of pedants, and perhaps in their hearts too; but is often urged by men of no great learning, for reasons very obvious. Now nature being still the same, it is impossible for any modern writer to paint her otherwise than the ancients have done. If, for example, I were to describe the general's horse at the battle of Blenheim, as my fancy represented such a noble beast, and that description should resemble what Virgil hath drawn for the horse of his hero, it

would be almost as ill-natured to urge that I had stolen my description from Virgil, as to reproach the duke of Marlborough for fighting only like Æneas. All that the most exquisite judgement can perform is, out of that great variety of circumstances wherein natural objects may be considered, to select the most beautiful ; and to place images in such views and lights as will affect the fancy after the most delightful manner. But, over and above a just painting of nature, a learned reader will find a new beauty super-added in a happy imitation of some famous ancient, as it revives in his mind the pleasure he took in his first reading such an author. Such copyings as these give that kind of double delight which we perceive when we look upon the children of a beautiful couple ; where the eye is not more charmed with the symmetry of the parts, than the mind, by observing the resemblance transmitted from parents to their offspring, and the mingled features of the father and the mother. The phrases of holy writ, and allusions to several passages in the inspired writings, though not produced as proofs of doctrine, add majesty and authority to the noblest discourses of the pulpit ; in like manner, an imitation of the air of Homer and Virgil raises the dignity of modern poetry, and makes it appear stately and venerable.

The last observation I shall make at present is upon the disgust taken by those critics, who put on their clothes prettily, and dislike every thing that is not written with ease. I hereby therefore give the genteel part of the learned world to understand, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expressed in language suitable to it, is written with ease. There are some things which must be written with strength, which, nevertheless, are easy. The

statue of the gladiator, though represented in such a posture as strains every muscle, is as easy as that of Venus, because the one expresses strength and fury as naturally as the other doth beauty and softness. The passions are sometimes to be roused, as well as the fancy to be entertained; and the soul to be exalted and enlarged, as well as soothed. This often requires a raised and figurative style; which readers of low apprehensions, or soft and languid dispositions, having heard of the words, fustian and bombast, are apt to reject, as stiff and affected language. But nature and reason appoint different garbs for different things; and since I write this to the men of dress, I will ask them if a soldier who is to mount a breach, should be adorned like a beau who is spruced up for a ball?

No. 13. THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1713.

*Pudore et liberalitate liberos
Retinere, satius esse credo, quàm metu.*

TER. ADELPH. ACT i. SC. I. 32.

I esteem it better to keep children in awe by a sense of shame, and a condescension to their inclinations, than by fear.

THE reader has had some account of the whole family of the Lizards, except the younger sons. These are the branches which ordinarily spread themselves, when they happen to be hopeful, into other houses, and new generations, as honourable, numerous, and

wealthy, as those from whence they are derived. For this reason it is, that a very peculiar regard is to be had to their education.

Young men, when they are good for any thing, and left to their own inclinations, delight either in those accomplishments we call their exercise, in the sports of the field, or in letters. Mr. Thomas, the second son, does not follow any of these with too deep an attention, but took to each of them enough never to appear ungraceful or ignorant. This general inclination makes him the more agreeable, and saves him from the imputation of pedantry. His carriage is so easy, that he is acceptable to all with whom he converses; he generally falls in with the inclination of his company, is never assuming, or prefers himself to others. Thus he always gains favour without envy, and has every man's good wishes. It is remarkable, that, from his birth to this day, though he is now four-and-twenty, I do not remember that he has ever had a debate with any of his playfellows or friends.

His thoughts and present applications are to get into a court life; for which, indeed, I cannot but think him peculiarly formed: for he has joined to this complacency of manners a great natural sagacity, and can very well distinguish between things and appearances. That way of life, wherein all men are rivals, demands great circumspection to avoid controversies, arising from different interests; but he who is by nature of a flexible temper has his work half done. I have been particularly pleased with his behaviour towards women: he has the skill, in their conversation, to converse with them as a man would with those from whom he might have expectations, but without making requests. I do

not know that I ever heard him make what they call a compliment, or be particular in his address to any lady ; and yet I never heard any woman speak of him but with a peculiar regard. I believe he has been often beloved, but know not that he was ever yet a lover. The great secret among them is to be amiable without design. He has a voluble speech, a vacant countenance, and easy action, which represents the fact which he is relating with greater delight than it would have been to have been present at the transaction he recounts. For you see it not only your own way by the bare narration, but have the additional pleasure of his sense of it, by his manner of representing it. There are mixed in his talk so many pleasant ironies, that things which deserve the severest language are made ridiculous instead of odious, and you see every thing in the most good-natured aspect it can bear. It is wonderfully entertaining to me to hear him so exquisitely pleasant, and never say an ill-natured thing. He is with all his acquaintance the person generally chosen to reconcile any difference, and if it be capable of accommodation, Tom Lizard is an unexceptionable referee. It has happened to him more than once, that he has been employed, by each opposite in a private manner, to feel the pulse of the adversary ; and when each has proposed the decision of the matter by any whom the other should name, he has taken hold of the occasion, and put on the authority assigned by them both, so seasonably, that they have begun a new correspondence with each other, fortified by his friendship to whom they both owe the value they have for one another, and consequently confer a greater measure of their good-will upon the interposer. I must repeat, that above all, my young man is excellent at raising the subject on which he speaks,

and casting a light upon it more agreeable to his company, than they thought the subject was capable of. He avoids all emotion and violence, and never is warm but on an affectionate occasion. Gentleness is what peculiarly distinguishes him from other men, and it runs through all his words and actions.

Mr. William, the next brother, is not of this smooth make, nor so ready to accommodate himself to the humours and inclinations of other men, but to weigh what passes with some severity. He is ever searching into the first springs and causes of any action or circumstance, insomuch, that if it were not to be expected that experience and conversation would allay that humour, it must inevitably turn him to ridicule. But it is not proper to break in upon an inquisitive temper, that is of use to him in the way of life which he proposes to himself, to wit, the study of the law, and the endeavour to arrive at a faculty in pleading. I have been very careful to kill in him any pretensions to follow men already eminent, any further than as their success is an encouragement; but make it my endeavour to cherish, in the principal and first place, his eager pursuit of solid knowledge in his profession: for I think that clear conception will produce clear expression, and clear expression proper action: I never saw a man speak very well, where I could not apparently observe this, and it shall be a maxim with me till I see an instance to the contrary. When young and unexperienced men take any particular person for their pattern, they are apt to imitate them in such things, to which their want of knowledge makes them attribute success, and not to the real causes of it. Thus one may have an air, which proceeds from a just sufficiency and knowledge of the matter before him, which may naturally produce some motion of his head and body, which might

become the bench better than the bar. How painfully wrong would this be in a youth at his first appearance, when it is not well even for the sergeant of the greatest weight and dignity. But I will, at this time, with a hint only of his way of life, leave Mr. William at his study in the Temple.

The youngest son, Mr. John, is now in the twentieth year of his age, and has had the good fortune and honour to be chosen, last election, fellow of All-Souls college in Oxford. He is very graceful in his person ; has height, strength, vigour, and a certain cheerfulness and serenity that creates a sort of love, which people at first sight observe, is ripening into esteem. He has a sublime vein in poetry, and a warm manner in recommending, either in speech or writing, whatever he has earnestly at heart. This excellent young man has devoted himself to the service of his Creator ; and with an aptitude to every agreeable quality, and every happy talent, that could make a man shine in a court, or command in a camp, he is resolved to go into holy orders. He is inspired with a true sense of that function, when chosen from a regard to the interests of piety and virtue, and a scorn of whatever men call great in a transitory being, when it comes in competition with what is unchangeable and eternal. Whatever men would undertake from a passion to glory, whatever they would do for the service of their country, this youth has a mind prepared to achieve for the salvation of souls. What gives me great hopes that he will one day make an extraordinary figure in the Christian world, is, that his invention, his memory, judgement, and imagination, are always employed upon this one view ; and I do not doubt but, in my future precautions, to present the youth of this age with more agreeable narrations, compiled by this

young man on the subject of heroic piety, than any they can meet with in the legends of love and honour.

No. 14. FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1713.

Nec scit, qua sit iter, nec, si sciat, imperet.—

OID. MET. ii. 170.

— Nor did he know

Which way to turn the reins, or where to go ;
Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.

ADDISON.

“ TO THE GUARDIAN.

“ SIR,

“ You having in your first paper declared, among other things, that you will publish whatever you think may conduce to the advancement of the conversation of gentlemen, I cannot but hope you will give my young masters, when I have told you their age, condition, and how they lead their lives, and who, though I say it, are as docile as any youths in Europe, a lesson which they very much want, to restrain them from the infection of bad company, and squandering away their time in idle and unworthy pursuits. A word from you, I am very well assured, will prevail more with them than any remonstrance they will meet with at home. The eldest is now about seventeen years of age, and the younger

fifteen, born of noble parentage, and to plentiful fortunes. They have a very good father and mother, and also a governor, but come very seldom, except against their wills, in the sight of any of them. That which I observe they have most relish to, is horses and cock-fighting, which they too well understand, being almost positive at first sight to tell you which horse will win the match, and which cock the battle; and if you are of another opinion will lay you what you please on their own, and it is odds but you lose. What I fear to be the greatest prejudice to them, is their keeping much closer to their horses' heels than their books, and conversing more with their stablemen and lackies than with their relations and gentlemen: and, I apprehend, are at this time better skilled how to hold the reins, and drive a coach, than to translate a verse in Virgil or Horace. For the other day, taking a walk abroad, they met accidentally in the fields with two young ladies, whose conversation they were very much pleased with, and being desirous to ingratiate themselves further into their favour, prevailed with them, though they had never seen them before in their lives, to take the air in a coach of their father's which waited for them at the end of Gray's-Inn Lane. The youths ran with the wings of love, and ordered the coachman to wait at the town's end till they came back. One of our young gentlemen got up before, and the other behind, to act the parts they had long, by the direction and example of their comrades, taken much pains to qualify themselves for, and so galloped off. What these mean entertainments will end in, it is impossible to foresee; but a precaution upon that subject might prevent very great calamities in a very worthy family, who take in your papers, and might perhaps

be alarmed at what you lay before them upon this subject.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ T. S.”

“ TO THE GUARDIAN.

“ SIR,

“ I WRIT to you on the 21st of this month, which you did not think fit to take notice of ; it gives me the greater trouble that you did not, because I am confident the father of the young lads, whom I mentioned, would have considered how far what was said in my letter concerned himself ; upon which it is now too late to reflect. His ingenious son, the coachman, aged seventeen years, has since that time ran away with, and married, one of the girls I spoke of in my last. The manner of carrying on the intrigue, as I have picked it out of the younger brother, who is almost sixteen, still a bachelor, was as follows. One of the young women whom they met in the fields seemed very much taken with my master the elder son, and was prevailed with to go into a cake-house not far off the town. The girl, it seems, acted her part so well, so as to enamour the boy, and make him inquisitive into her place of abode, with all other questions which were necessary toward further intimacy. The matter was so managed, that the lad was made to believe there was no possibility of conversing with her, by reason of a very severe mother, but with the utmost caution. What, it seems, made the mother, forsooth, the more suspicious was, that because the men said her daughter was pretty, somebody or other would persuade her to marry while she

was too young to know how to govern a family. By what I can learn from pretences as shallow as this, she appeared so far from having a design upon her lover, that it seemed impracticable to him to get her, except it were carried on with much secrecy and skill. Many were the interviews these lovers had in four-and-twenty hours time: for it was managed by the mother, that he should run in and out as unobserved by her, and the girl be called every other instant into the next room, and rated, that she could not stay in a place, in his hearing. The young gentleman was at last so much in love, as to be thought by the daughter engaged far enough to put it to the venture that he could not live without her. It was now time for the mother to appear, who surprised the lovers together in private, and banished the youth her house. What is not in the power of love? the charioteer, attended by his faithful friend the younger brother, got out the other morning a little earlier than ordinary, and having made a sudden friendship with a lad of their own age by the force of ten shillings*, who drove a hackney coach, the elder brother took his post in the coach-box, where he could act with a great deal of skill and dexterity, and waited at the corner of the street where his mistress lived, in hopes of carrying her off under that disguise. The whole day was spent in expectation of an opportunity; but in many parts of it he had kind looks from a distant window, which was answered by a brandish of his whip, and a compass taken to drive round and shew his activity, and readiness to convey her where she should command him. Upon the approach of the evening, a note was thrown into his coach by a porter, to acquaint him that his mistress and her mother should take coach exactly at seven o'clock; but that

* Then probably the common fare for a day.

the mother was to be set down, and the daughter to go further, and call again. The happy minute came at last, when our hack had the happiness to take in his expected fare, attended by her mother, and the young lady with whom he had first met her. The mother was set down in the Strand, and her daughter ordered to call on her when she came from her cousin's an hour afterwards. The mother was not so unskilful as not to have instructed her daughter whom to send for, and how to behave herself when her lover should urge her consent. We yet know no further particulars, but that my young master was married last night at Knightsbridge, in the presence of his brother and two or three other persons ; and that just before the ceremony he took his brother aside, and asked him to marry the other young woman. Now, Sir, I will not harangue upon this adventure, but only observe, that if the education of this compound creature had been more careful as to his rational part, the animal life in him had not, perhaps, been so forward, but he might have waited longer before he was a husband. However, as the whole town will in a day or two know the names, persons, and other circumstances, I think this properly lies before your Guardianship to consider for the admonition of others ; but my young master's fate is irrevocable.

“ I am, SIR, your most humble servant.”

No. 15. SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1713.

—*Sibi quivis,*
Speret idem, sudet multùm, frustràque laboret,
Ausus idem.— HOR. ARS POET. 240.

All men will try, and hope to write as well,
 And, not without much pains, be undeceived.

ROSCOMMON.

I CAME yesterday into the parlour, where I found Mrs. Cornelia, my lady's third daughter, all alone, reading a paper, which, as I afterwards found, contained a copy of verses upon love and friendship. She, I believe, apprehended that I had glanced my eye upon the paper, and by the order and disposition of the lines might distinguish that they were poetry; and therefore, with an innocent confusion in her face, she told me I might read them if I pleased, and so withdrew. By the hand, at first sight, I could not guess whether they came from a beau or a lady; but having put on my spectacles, and perused them carefully, I found, by some peculiar modes in spelling, and a certain negligence in grammar, that it was a female sonnet. I have since learned, that she hath a correspondent in the country, who is as bookish as herself; that they write to one another by the names of Astrea and Dorinda, and are mightily admired for their easy lines. As I should be loth to have a poetess in our family, and yet am unwilling harshly to cross the bent of a young lady's genius, I chose rather to throw together some thoughts upon that kind of poetry which is distinguished by the

diately resolves to write, and fancies that all he hath to do is to take no pains. Thus he thinks, indeed simply, but the thoughts, not being chosen with judgement, are not beautiful: he, it is true, expresses himself plainly, but flatly withal. Again, if a man of vivacity takes it in his head to write this way, what self-denial must he undergo, when bright points of wit occur to his fancy! How difficult will he find it to reject florid phrases, and pretty embellishments of style! So true it is, that simplicity, of all things, is the hardest to be copied, and ease to be acquired with the greatest labour. Our family knows very well how ill Lady Flame looked, when she imitated Mrs. Jane in a plain black suit. And, I remember, when Frank Courtly was saying the other day, that any man might write easy, I only asked him, if he thought it possible that squire Hawthorn should ever come into a room as he did? He made me a very handsome bow, and answered with a smile, ‘ Mr. Ironside, you have convinced me.’

I shall conclude this paper by observing that pastoral poetry, which is the most considerable kind of easy writing, hath the oftenest been attempted with ill success, of any sort whatsoever. I shall therefore, in a little time, communicate my thoughts upon that subject to the public.

No. 16. MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1713.

— *Ne fortè pudori*

Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.

HOR. ARS POET. 406.

Blush not to patronize the muse's skill.

Two mornings ago a gentleman came in to my lady Lizard's tea-table, who is distinguished in town by the good taste he is known to have in polite writings, especially such as relate to love and gallantry. The figure of the man had something odd and grotesque in it, though his air and manner were genteel and easy, and his wit agreeable. The ladies, in complaisance to him, turned the discourse to poetry. This soon gave him an occasion of producing two new songs to the company; which, he said, he would venture to recommend as complete performances. The first, continued he, is by a gentleman of an unrivalled reputation in every kind of writing*; and the second by a lady who does me the honour to be in love with me, because I am not handsome. Mrs. Annabella upon this, who never lets slip an occasion of doing sprightly things, gives a twitch to the paper with a finger and a thumb, and snatches it out of the gentleman's hands: then casting her eye over it with a seeming impatience, she read us the songs; and, in a very obliging manner, desired the gentleman

* Probably Addison.

would let her have a copy of them, together with his judgement upon songs in general; that I may be able, said she, to judge of gallantries of this nature, if ever it should be my fortune to have a poetical lover. The gentleman complied; and accordingly Mrs. Annabella, the very next morning, when she was at her toilet, had the following packet delivered to her by a spruce valet-de-chambre.

THE FIRST SONG.

I.

ON Belvidera's bosom lying,
Wishing, panting, sighing, dying,
The cold regardless maid to move,
With unavailing prayers I sue:
'You first have taught me how to love,
Ah teach me to be happy too!'

II.

But she, alas! unkindly wise,
To all my sighs and tears replies,
'Tis every prudent maid's concern
Her lover's fondness to improve;
If to be happy you shall learn,
You quickly would forget to love.'

THE SECOND SONG.

I.

BOAST not, mistaken swain, thy art
To please my partial eyes;
The charms that have subdued my heart,
Another may despise.

II.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright:
Perhaps, by some fond whim betray'd,
In oddness I delight.

III.

Vain youth, to your confusion know,
 'Tis to my love's excess
 You all your fancied beauties owe,
 Which fade as that grows less.

IV.

For your own sake, if not for mine,
 You should preserve my fire :
 Since you, my swain, no more will shine,
 When I no more admire.

V.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
 The wonder of your kind ;
 But be not of my judgement proud,
 Whom love has rendered blind.

' TO MRS. ANNABELLA LIZARD.

' MADAM,

' To let you see how absolute your commands are over me, and to convince you of the opinion I have of your good sense, I shall, without any preamble of compliments, give you my thoughts upon Song-writing, in the same order as they have occurred to me, only allow me, in my own defence, to say, that I do not remember ever to have met with any piece of criticism upon this subject ; so that if I err, or seem singular in my opinions, you will be the more at liberty to differ from them, since I do not pretend to support them by any authority.

' In all ages, and in every nation where poetry has been in fashion, the tribe of sonnetteers hath been very numerous. Every pert young fellow that has a moving fancy, and the least jingle of verse in his head, sets up for a writer of songs, and resolves

to immortalize his bottle or his mistress. What a world of insipid productions in this kind have we been pestered with since the Revolution, to go no higher ! This, no doubt, proceeds, in a great measure, from not forming a right judgement of the nature of these little compositions. It is true, they do not require an elevation of thought, nor any extraordinary capacity, nor an extensive knowledge ; but then they demand great regularity, and the utmost nicety ; an exact purity of style, with the most easy and flowing numbers ; an elegant and unaffected turn of wit, with one uniform and simple design. Greater works cannot well be without some inequalities and oversights, and they are in them pardonable ; but a song loses all its lustre if it be not polished with the greatest accuracy. The smallest blemish in it, like a flaw in a jewel, takes off the whole value of it. A song is, as it were, a little image in enamel, that requires all the nice touches of the pencil, a gloss and a smoothness, with those delicate finishing strokes, which would be superfluous and thrown away upon larger figures, where the strength and boldness of a masterly hand gives all the grace.

‘ Since you may have recourse to the French and English translations, you will not accuse me of pedantry, when I tell you that Sappho, Anacreon, and Horace, in some of his shorter lyrics, are the completest models for little odes or sonnets. You will find them generally pursuing a single thought in their songs, which is driven to a point, without those interruptions and deviations so frequent in the modern writers of this order. To do justice to the French, there is no living language that abounds so much in good songs. The genius of the people, and the idiom of their tongue, seems adapted to compositions of

this sort. Our writers generally crowd into one song, materials enough for several; and so they starve every thought, by endeavouring to nurse up more than one at a time. They give you a string of imperfect sonnets, instead of one finished piece, which is a fault Mr. Waller, whose beauties cannot be too much admired, sometimes falls into. But, of all our countrymen, none are more defective in their songs, through a redundancy of wit, than Dr. Donne and Mr. Cowley. In them, one point of wit flashes so fast upon another, that the reader's attention is dazzled by the continual sparkling of their imagination; you find a new design started almost in every line, and you come to the end without the satisfaction of seeing any one of them executed.

' A song should be conducted like an epigram; and the only difference between them is, that the one does not require the lyric numbers, and is usually employed upon satirical occasions; whereas the business of the other, for the most part, is to express, as my lord Roscommon translates it from Horace,

Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine.

' I shall conclude what I have to say upon this subject, by observing, that the French do very often confound the song and the epigram, and take the one reciprocally for the other. An instance of which I shall give you in a remarkable epigram which passes current abroad for an excellent song.

Tu parles mal par-tout de moi,
Je dis du bien par-tout de toi;
Quel malheur est le nôtre?
L'on ne croit ni l'un, ni l'autre.

' For the satisfaction of such of your friends as may

not understand the original, I shall venture to translate it after my fashion, so as to keep strictly to the turn of thought, at the expense of losing something in the poetry and versification.

Thou speakest always ill of me,
I speak always well of thee:
But, spite of all our noise and pother,
The world believes nor one nor t'other.

‘ Thus, Madam, I have endeavoured to comply with your commands ; not out of any vanity of erecting myself into a critic, but out of an earnest desire of being thought upon all occasions,

‘ Your most obedient servant.’

No. 17. TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 1713.

—*Minimumque libidine peccant.*

JUV. SAT. vi. 134.

Lust is the smallest sin they own.

DRYDEN.

IF it were possible to bear up against the force of ridicule, which fashion has brought upon people for acknowledging a veneration for the most sacred things, a man might say that the time we now are in* is set apart for humiliation ; and all our actions should at present more particularly tend that way. I remember about thirty years ago an eminent divine, who was also most exactly well-bred, told his

* Viz. Lent.

congregation at Whitehall, that if they did not vouchsafe to give their lives a new turn, they must certainly go to a place which he did not think fit to name in that courtly audience. It is with me as with that gentleman. I would, if possible, represent the errors of life, especially those arising from what we call gallantry, in such a manner as the people of pleasure may read me. In this case I must not be rough to gentlemen and ladies, but speak of sin as a gentleman. It might not perhaps be amiss, if, therefore, I should call my present precaution, A Criticism upon Fornication; and, by representing the unjust taste they have who affect that way of pleasure, bring a distaste upon it among all those who are judicious in their satisfactions. I will be bold then to lay it down for a rule, that he who follows this kind of gratification, gives up much greater delight by pursuing it, than he can possibly enjoy from it. As to the common women and the stews, there is no one but will allow this assertion at first sight; but if it will appear, that they who deal with those of the sex who are less profligate, descend to greater basenesses than if they frequented brothels, it should, methinks, bring this iniquity under some discountenance. The rake, who without sense of character or decency, wallows and ranges in common houses, is guilty no further than of prostituting himself, and exposing his health to diseases: but the man of gallantry cannot pursue his pleasures without treachery to some man he ought to love, and making despicable the woman he admires. To live in a continual deceit: to reflect upon the dishonour you do some husband, father, or brother, who does not deserve this of you, and whom you would destroy did you know they did the like towards you, are circumstances which pall the appetite, and give a man of any sense of honour

very painful mortification. What more need be said against a gentleman's delight, than that he himself thinks himself a base man in pursuing it; when it is thoroughly considered he gives up his very being as a man of integrity who commences gallant? Let him or her who is guilty this way but weigh the matter a little, and the criminal will find that those whom they most esteemed are of a sudden become the most disagreeable companions; nay, their good qualities are grown odious and painful. It is said, people who have the plague have a delight in communicating the infection; in like manner, the sense of shame, which is never wholly overcome, inclines the guilty this way to contribute to the destruction of others. And women are pleased to introduce more women into the same condition, though they can have no other satisfaction from it, than that the infamy is shared among greater numbers, which they flatter themselves eases the burthen of each particular person.

It is a most melancholy consideration, that for momentary sensations of joy, obtained by stealth, men are forced into a constraint of all their words and actions in the general and ordinary occurrences of life. It is an impossibility in this case to be faithful to one person, without being false to all the rest of the world. The gay figures in which poetical men of loose morals have placed this kind of stealth, are but feeble consolations, when a man is inclined to soliloquy or meditation upon his past life; flashes of wit can promote joy, but they cannot allay grief.

Disease, sickness, and misfortune, are what all men living are liable to; it is therefore ridiculous and mad to pursue, instead of shunning, what must add to our anguish under disease, sickness, or misfortune. It is possible there may be those whose

bloods are too warm to admit of those compunctions : if there are such, I am sure they are laying up store for them : but I have better hopes of those who have not yet erased the impressions and advantages of a good education and fortune ; they may be assured, that whoever wholly give themselves up to lust, will soon find it the least fault they are guilty of.

Irreconcilable hatred to those they have injured, mean shifts to cover their offences, envy and malice to the innocent, and a general sacrifice of all that is good-natured or praise-worthy when it interrupts them, will possess all their faculties, and make them utter strangers to the noble pleasures which flow from honour and virtue. Happy are they, who from the visitation of sickness, or any other accident, are awakened from a course which leads to an insensibility of the greatest enjoyments in human life.

A French author, giving an account of a very agreeable man, in whose character he mingles good qualities and infirmities, rather than vices and virtues, tells the following story.

‘ Our knight,’ says he, ‘ was pretty much addicted to the most fashionable of all faults. He had a loose rogue for a lackey, not a little in his favour, though he had no other name for him when he spoke of him but ‘ the rascal,’ or, to him, but ‘ sirrah.’ One morning when he was dressing, ‘ Sirrah,’ says he, ‘ be sure you bring home this evening a pretty ‘ wench.’ The fellow was a person of diligence and capacity, and had for some time addressed himself to a decayed old gentlewoman, who had a young maiden to her daughter, beauteous as an angel, not yet sixteen years of age. The mother’s extreme poverty, and the insinuations of this artful lackey concerning the soft disposition and generosity of his master, made her consent to deliver up her daugh-

ter. But many were the intreaties and representations of the mother to gain her child's consent to an action, which she said she abhorred, at the same time she exhorted her to it; 'but child,' says she, 'can you see your mother die for hunger?' The virgin argued no longer, but bursting into tears, said she would go any where. The lackey conveyed her with great obsequiousness and secrecy to his master's lodging, and placed her in a commodious apartment till he came home. The knight, who knew his man never failed of bringing in his prey, indulged his genius at a banquet, and was in high humour at an entertainment with ladies, expecting to be received in the evening by one as agreeable as the best of them. When he came home, his lackey met him with a saucy and joyful familiarity, crying out, 'She is as handsome as an angel, for there is no other simile on these occasions; but the tender fool has wept till her eyes are swelled and bloated; for she is a maid and a gentlewoman.' With that he conducted his master to the room where she was, and retired. The knight, when he saw her bathed in tears, said in some surprise, 'Do not you know, young woman, why you are brought hither?' The unhappy maid fell on her knees, and with many interruptions of sighs and tears, said to him, 'I know, alas! too well why I am brought hither; my mother, to get bread for her and myself, has sent me to do what you pleased; but would it would please Heaven I could die, before I am added to the number of those miserable wretches who live without honour!' With this reflection she wept anew, and beat her bosom. The knight, stepping back from her, said, 'I am not so abandoned as to hurt your innocence against your will.'

'The novelty of the accident surprised him into

virtue ; and, covering the young maid with a cloak, he led her to a relation's house, to whose care he recommended her for that night. The next morning he sent for her mother, and asked her if her daughter was a maid? The mother assured him, that when she delivered her to his servant, she was a stranger to man. 'Are not you then,' replied the knight, 'a wicked woman to contrive the debauchery of your own child?' She held down her face with fear and shame, and in her confusion uttered some broken words concerning her poverty. 'Far be it,' said the gentleman, 'that you should relieve yourself from want by a much greater evil: your daughter is a fine young creature; do you know of none that ever spoke of her for a wife?' The mother answered, 'There is a honest man in our neighbourhood that loves her, who has often said he would marry her with two hundred pounds.' The knight ordered his man to reckon out that sum, with an addition of fifty to buy the brideclothes, and fifty more as a help to her mother.'

I appeal to all the gallants in the town, whether possessing all the beauties in Great Britain could give half the pleasure as this young gentleman had in the reflection of having relieved a miserable parent from guilt and poverty, an innocent virgin from public shame, and bestowing a virtuous wife upon an honest man?

Though all men who are guilty this way have not fortunes or opportunities for making such atonements for their vices, yet all men may do what is certainly in their power at this good season*. For my part, I do not care how ridiculous the mention of it may be, provided I hear it has any good consequence upon the wretched, that I recommend the most abandoned and

* Viz. Lent.

miserable of mankind to the charity of all in prosperous conditions under the same guilt with those wretches. The Lock-hospital in Kent-street, Southwark, for men ; that in Kingsland for women, is a receptacle for all sufferers mangled by this iniquity. Penitents should in their own hearts take upon them all the shame and sorrow they have escaped ; and it would become them to make an oblation for their crimes, by charity to those upon whom vice appears in that utmost misery and deformity, which they themselves are free from by their better fortune, rather than greater innocence. It would quicken our compassion in this case, if we considered there may be objects there, who would now move horror and loathing, that we have once embraced with transport : and as we are men of honour, for I must not speak as we are Christians, let us not desert our friends for the loss of their noses.

No. 18. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1713.

— *Animæque capaces*
Mortis. — LUCAN.
 Souls, undismay'd by death.

THE prospect of death is so gloomy and dismal, that if it were constantly before our eyes, it would imbitter all the sweets of life. The gracious Author of our being hath, therefore, so formed us, that we are capable of many pleasing sensations and reflections, and meet with so many amusements and solitudes, as divert our thoughts from dwelling upon an evil, which, by reason of its seeming distance, makes but languid impressions upon the mind. But how distant soever the time of our death may be, since it is certain that we must die, it is necessary to allot some portion of our life to consider the end of it; and it is highly convenient to fix some stated times to meditate upon the final period of our existence here. The principle of self-love, as we are men, will make us inquire, what is like to become of us after our dissolution; and our conscience, as we are Christians, will inform us, that, according to the good or evil of our actions here, we shall be translated to the mansions of eternal bliss or misery. When this is seriously weighed, we must think it madness to be unprepared against that black moment: but when we reflect that perhaps that black moment may be to-night, how watchful ought we to be!

I was wonderfully affected with a discourse I had lately with a clergyman of my acquaintance upon this head, which was to this effect : ‘ The consideration,’ said the good man, ‘ that my being is precarious, moved me many years ago to make a resolution, which I have diligently kept, and to which I owe the greatest satisfaction that a mortal man can enjoy. Every night before I address myself in private to my Creator, I lay my hand upon my heart, and ask myself whether, if God should require my soul of me this night, I could hope for mercy from Him ? The bitter agonies I underwent in this my first acquaintance with myself were so far from throwing me into despair of that mercy which is over all God’s works, that they rather proved motives to greater circumspection in my future conduct. The oftener I exercise myself in meditations of this kind, the less was my anxiety ; and by making the thoughts of death familiar, what was at first so terrible and shocking is become the sweetest of my enjoyments. These contemplations have indeed made me serious, but not sullen ; nay, they are so far from having soured my temper, that as I have a mind perfectly composed, and a secret spring of joy in my heart, so my conversation is pleasant, and my countenance serene. I taste all the innocent satisfactions of life pure and sincere ; I have no share in pleasures that leave a sting behind them, nor am I cheated with that kind of mirth, in the midst of which there is heaviness.’

Of all the professions of men, a soldier’s chiefly, should put him upon this religious vigilance. His duty exposes him to such hazards, that the evil which to men in other stations may seem far distant, to him is instant and ever before his eyes. The consideration, that what men in a martial life purchase is gained with danger and labour, and must perhaps be

parted with very speedily, is the cause of much license and riot. As, moreover, it is necessary to keep up the spirits of those who are to encounter the most terrible dangers, offences of this nature meet with great indulgence. But there is a courage better founded than this animal fury. The secret assurance, that all is right within, that if he falls in battle, he will the more speedily be crowned with true glory, will add strength to a warrior's arm, and intrepidity to his heart.

One of the most successful stratagems, whereby Mahomet became formidable, was the assurance that impostor gave his votaries, that whoever was slain in battle should be immediately conveyed to that luxurious paradise his wanton fancy had invented. The ancient Druids, taught a doctrine which had the same effect, though with this difference from Mahomet's, that the souls of the slain should transmigrate into other bodies, and in them be rewarded according to the degrees of their merit. This is told by Lucan with his usual spirit :

You teach that souls, from fleshly chains unbound,
 Seek not pale shades and Erebus profound,
 But fleeting hence to other regions stray,
 Once more to mix with animated clay ;
 Hence death's a gap, if men may trust the lore,
 'Twixt lives behind and ages yet before.
 A blest mistake ; which fate's dread power disarms ;
 And spurs its vot'ries on to war's alarms ;
 Lavish of life, they rush with fierce delight
 Amidst the legions, and provoke the fight ;
 O'er-matching death, and freely cast away
 That loan of life the gods are bound to pay.



Our gallant countryman, Sir Philip Sidney, was a noble example of courage and devotion. I am particularly pleased to find that he hath translated the whole book of Psalms into English verse. A friend

of mine informs me, that he hath the manuscript by him, which is said in the title to have been done 'By the most noble and virtuous Gent. Sir Philip Sidney, Knight.' They having been never printed, I shall present the public with one of them, which my correspondent assures me he hath faithfully transcribed, and wherein I have taken the liberty only to alter one word.

PSALM CXXXVII *.

NIGH seated where the river flows,
 That watereth Babel's thankful plain,
 Which then our tears, in pearly rows,
 Did help to water with the rain :
 The thought of Sion bred such woes,
 That though our harps we did retain,
 Yet useless and untouched there,
 On willows only hang'd they were.

II.

Now while our harps were hanged so,
 The men whose captives then we lay,
 Did on our griefs insulting go,
 And more to grieve us thus did say :
 You that of music make such show,
 Come, sing us now a Sion's lay :
 Oh no ! we have nor voice nor hand
 For such a song in such a land.

III.

Though far I be, sweet Sion hill,
 In foreign soil exiled from thee,
 Yet let my hand forget his skill
 If ever thou forgotten be ;
 And let my tongue, fast glewed still
 Unto my roof, lie mute in me ;
 If thy neglect within me spring,
 Or aught I do, but Salem sing.

* Dr. Donne's Poems, &c. Ps. 137, p. 284, edit. 1719, 24to.

IV.

But thou, O Lord, shalt not forget
 To quit the pains of Edom's race,
 Who causelessly, yet hotly, set
 The holy city to deface ;
 Did thus the bloody victors whet,
 What time they enter'd first the place,
 ' Down, down with it at any hand,
 Make all a waste, let nothing stand.'

V.

And Babylon, that didst us waste,
 Thyself shalt one day wasted be :
 And happy he, who what thou hast
 Unto us done, shall do to thee ;
 Like bitterness shall make thee taste,
 Like woeful objects make thee see :
 Yea, happy who thy little ones
 Shall take and dash against the stones.

No. 19. THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1713.

*Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido ;
 Ne pavor, et rerum mediocriter utilium spes.*

HOR. EPIST. i. 18. 98.

Lest avarice, still poor, disturb'd thine ease ;
 Or fear should shake, or cares thy mind abuse,
 Or ardent hope for things of little use.

CREECH.

It was prettily observed by somebody concerning the great vices, that there are three which give pleasure, as covetousness, gluttony, and lust ; one, which tastes of nothing but pain, as envy ; the rest have a mix-

ture of pleasure and pain, as anger and pride. But when a man considers the state of his own mind, about which every member of the Christian world is supposed at this time to be employed, he will find that the best defence against vice is preserving the worthiest part of his own spirit pure from any great offence against it. There is a magnanimity which makes us look upon ourselves with disdain, after we have been betrayed by sudden desire, opportunity of gain, the absence of a person who excels us, the fault of a servant, or the ill fortune of an adversary, into the gratification of lust, covetousness, envy, rage, or pride; when the more sublime part of our souls is kept alive, and we have not repeated infirmities till they become vicious habits.

The vice of covetousness is what enters deepest into the soul of any other; and you may have seen men, otherwise the most agreeable creatures in the world, so seized with the desire of being richer, that they shall startle at indifferent things, and live in a continual guard and watch over themselves, from a remote fear of expense. No pious man can be so circumspect in the care of his conscience, as the covetous man is in that of his pocket.

If a man would preserve his own spirit, and his natural approbation of higher and more worthy pursuits, he could never fall into this littleness, but his mind would be still open to honour and virtue, in spite of infirmities and relapses. But what extremely discourages me in my precautions as a Guardian, is that there is an universal defection from the admiration of virtue. Riches and outward splendour have taken up the place of it; and no man thinks he is mean, if he is not poor. But, alas! this despicable spirit debases our very being, and makes our passions take a new turn from their natural bent.

It was a cause of great sorrow and melancholy to me some nights ago at a play, to see a crowd in the habits of the gentry of England stupid to the noblest sentiments we have. The circumstance happened in the scene of distress betwixt Percy and Anne Bullen : One of the centinels who stood on the stage to prevent the disorders which the most unmannerly race of young men that ever were seen in any age frequently raise in public assemblies, upon Percy's beseeching to be heard, burst into tears ; upon which the greater part of the audience fell into a loud and ignorant laughter ; which others, who were touched with the liberal compassion in the poor fellow, could hardly suppress by their clapping. But the man, without the least confusion or shame in his countenance for what had happened, wiped away the tears, and was still intent upon the play. The distress still rising, the soldier was so much moved, that he was obliged to turn his face from the audience, to their no small merriment. Percy had the gallantry to take notice of his honest heart ; and, as I am told, gave him a crown to help him in his affliction. It is certain this poor fellow, in his humble condition, had such a lively compassion as a soul unwedded to the world ; were it otherwise, gay lights and dresses, with appearances of people of fashion and wealth, to which his fortune could not be familiar, would have taken up all his attention and admiration.

It is every thing that is praise-worthy, as well as pure religion, according to a book too sacred for me to quote, ' to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world'. Every step that a man makes beyond moderate and reasonable provision, is taking so much from the worthiness of his own spirit ; and he that is entirely set upon making a fortune, is all that while un-

doing the man. He must grow deaf to the wretched, estrange himself from the agreeable, learn hardness of heart, disrelish every thing that is noble, and terminate all in his despicable self. Indulgence in any one immoderate desire or appetite engrosses the whole creature, and his life is sacrificed to that one desire or appetite ; but how much otherwise is it with those that preserve alive in them something that adorns their condition, and shows the man, whether a prince or a beggar, above his fortune !

I have just now recorded a foot-soldier for the politest man in a British audience, from the force of nature, untainted with the singularity of an ill-applied education. A good spirit that is not abused, can add new glories to the highest state in the world, as well as give beauties to the meanest. I shall exemplify this by inserting a prayer of Harry the Fourth of France just before a battle, in which he obtained an entire victory.

‘ O LORD of hosts, who canst see through the thickest veil and closest disguise, who viewest the bottom of my heart, and the deepest designs of my enemies, who hast in thy hands, as well as before thine eyes, all the events which concern human life ; if thou knowest that my reign will promote thy glory and the safety of thy people ; if thou knowest that I have no other ambition in my soul, but to advance the honour of thy holy name, and the good of this state ; favour, O great God, the justice of my arms, and reduce all the rebels to acknowledge him whom thy sacred decrees, and the order of a lawful succession, have made their sovereign : but, if thy good providence has ordered it otherwise, and thou seest that I should prove one of those kings whom thou givest in thine anger, take from me, O merciful God,

my life and my crown, make me this day a sacrifice to thy will, let my death end the calamities of France, and let my blood be the last that is spilt in this quarrel.'

The king uttered this generous prayer in a voice, and with a countenance, that inspired all who heard and beheld him with like magnanimity : then turning to the squadron, at the head of which he designed to charge, ' My fellow-soldiers,' said he, ' as you run my fortune, so do I yours ; your safety consists in keeping well your ranks ; but if the heat of the action should force you to disorder, think of nothing but rallying again ; if you lose the sight of your colours and standards, look round for the white plume in my beaver ; you shall see it wherever you are, and it shall lead you to glory and to victory.'

The magnanimity of this illustrious prince was supported by a firm reliance on Providence, which inspired him with a contempt of life, and an assurance of conquest. His generous scorn of royalty, but as it consisted with the service of God, and good of his people, is an instance, that the mind of man, when it is well disposed, is always above its condition, even though it be that of a monarch.

No. 20. FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1713.

—*Minuti*

Semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas,
Ultio—

JUV. SAT. xiii. 189.

—Revenge, which still we find
The weakest frailty of a feeble mind.

CREECH.

ALL gallantry and fashion, one would imagine, should rise out of the religion and laws of that nation wherein they prevail ; but, alas ! in this kingdom, gay characters, and those which lead in the pleasure and inclinations of the fashionable world, are such as are readiest to practise crimes the most abhorrent to nature, and contradictory to our faith. A christian and a gentleman are made inconsistent appellations of the same person ; you are not to expect eternal life, if you do not forgive injuries ; and your mortal life is uncomfortable, if you are not ready to commit a murder in resentment for an affront : for good sense as well as religion is so utterly banished the world, that men glory in their very passions, and pursue trifles with the utmost vengeance ; so little do they know that to forgive is the most arduous pitch human nature can arrive at. A coward has often fought, a coward has often conquered, but ‘a coward never forgave’. The power of doing that flows from a strength of soul conscious of its own force ; whence it draws a certain safety, which its enemy is not of consideration enough to interrupt ; for it is peculiar in the make of a brave

man to have his friends seem much above him, his enemies much below him.

Yet though the neglect of our enemies may, so intense a forgiveness as the love of them is not to be in the least accounted for by the force of constitution, but is a more spiritual and refined moral, introduced by Him who died for those that persecuted him ; yet very justly delivered to us, when we consider ourselves offenders, and to be forgiven on the reasonable terms of forgiving ; for who can ask what he will not bestow, especially when that gift is attended with a redemption from the cruellest slavery to the most acceptable freedom ? For when the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts must surely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancour, envy, hatred, and indignation ; and they who profess a sweet in the enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the consummate bliss of reconciliation. At such an instant the false ideas we received unravel, and the shyness, the distrust, the secret scorns, and all the base satisfactions men had in each other's faults and misfortunes, are dispelled, and their souls appear in their native whiteness, without the least streak of that malice or distaste which sullied them : and perhaps those very actions, which, when we looked at them in the oblique glance with which hatred doth always see things, were horrid and odious, when observed with honest and open eyes, are beauteous and ornamental.

But if men are averse to us in the most violent degree, and we can never bring them to an amicable temper, then indeed we are to exert an obstinate opposition to them ; and never let the malice of our enemies have so effectual an advantage over us, as to escape our good will. For the neglected and despised tenets of religion are so generous, and in so tran-

scendent and heroic a manner disposed for public good, that it is not in a man's power to avoid their influence ; for the Christian is as much inclined to your service when your enemy, as the moral man when your friend.

But the followers of a crucified Saviour must root out of their hearts all sense that there is any thing great and noble in pride or haughtiness of spirit ; yet it will be very difficult to fix that idea in our souls, except we can think as worthily of ourselves, when we practise the contrary virtues. We must learn, and be convinced, that there is something sublime and heroic in true meekness and humility, for they arise from a great, not a grovelling idea of things ; for as certainly as pride proceeds from a mean and narrow view of the little advantages about a man's self, so meekness is founded on the extended contemplation of the place we bear in the universe, and a just observation how little, how empty, how wavering, are our deepest resolves and counsels. And as, to a well-taught mind, when you have said ' a haughty and proud man ' , you have spoke a narrow conception, little spirit, and despicable carriage ; so when you have said ' a man is meek and humble ' , you have acquainted us that such a person has arrived at the hardest task in the world, in an universal observation round him, to be quick to see his own faults, and other men's virtues, and at the height of pardoning every man sooner than himself ; you have also given us to understand, that to treat him kindly, sincerely, and respectfully, is but a mere justice to him that is ready to do us the same offices. This temper of soul keeps us always awake to a just sense of things, teaches us that we are as well akin to worms as to angels ; and as nothing is above these, so is nothing below those. It keeps our

understanding tight about us, so that all things appear to us great or little, as they are in nature and the sight of Heaven, not as they are gilded or sullied by accident or fortune.

It were to be wished that all men of sense would think it worth their while to reflect upon the dignity of Christian virtues; it would possibly enlarge their souls into such a contempt of what fashion and prejudice have made honourable, that their duty, inclination, and honour, would tend the same way, and make all their lives an uniform act of religion and virtue.

As to the great catastrophe of this day*, on which the Mediator of the world suffered the greatest indignities and death itself for the salvation of mankind, it would be worth gentlemen's consideration, whether from His^s example it would not be proper to kill all inclinations to revenge; and examine whether it would not be expedient to receive new notions of what is great and honourable.

This is necessary against the day wherein He who died ignominiously for us, 'shall descend from heaven to be our judge, in majesty and glory.' How will the man who shall die by the sword of pride and wrath, and in contention with his brother, appear before Him, at 'whose presence nature shall be in an agony, and the great and glorious bodies of light be obscured; when the sun shall be darkened, the moon turned into blood, and all the powers of heaven shaken; when the heavens themselves shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements dissolve with fervent heat; when the earth also, and all the works that are therein, shall be burnt up!'

What may justly damp in our minds the diabolical madness which prompts us to decide our petty ani-

* Viz. Good-Friday.

mosities by the hazard of eternity, is, that in that one act the criminal does not only highly offend, but forces himself into the presence of his Judge ; that is certainly his case who dies in a duel. I cannot but repeat it, he that dies in a duel, knowingly offends God, and in that very action rushes into his offended presence. Is it possible for the heart of man to conceive a more terrible image than that of a departed spirit in this condition ? Could we but suppose it has just left its body, and struck with the terrible reflection that to avoid the laughter of fools, and being the by-word of idiots, it has now precipitated itself into the din of demons, and the howlings of eternal despair, how willingly now would it suffer the imputation of fear and cowardice, to have one moment left not to tremble in vain !

The Scriptures are full of pathetic and warm pictures of the condition of a happy or miserable futurity ; and, I am confident, that the frequent reading of them would make the way to a happy eternity so agreeable and pleasant, that he who tries it will find the difficulties which he before suffered in shunning the allurements of vice, absorpt in the pleasure he will take in the pursuit of virtue : and how happy must that mortal be, who thinks himself in the favour of an Almighty, and can think of death as a thing which it is an infirmity not to desire.

No. 21. SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1713.

—*Fungar inani*
Munere.—

VIRG. ÆN. VI. 885.

An empty office I'll discharge.

DOCTOR TILLOTSON, in his discourse concerning the danger of all known sin, both from the light of nature and revelation, after having given us the description of the last-day out of holy writ, has this remarkable passage :

‘ I appeal to any man, whether this be not a representation of things very proper and suitable to that great day, wherein He who made the world shall come to judge it? And whether the wit of man ever devised any thing so awful, and so agreeable to the majesty of God, and the solemn judgment of the whole world? The description which Virgil makes of the Elysian fields, and the infernal regions, how infinitely do they fall short of the majesty of the Holy Scripture, and the description there made of heaven and hell, and of the ‘ great and terrible day of the Lord’ ! so that in comparison they are childish and trifling ; and yet perhaps he had the most regular and most governed imagination of any man that ever lived, and observed the greatest decorum in his characters and descriptions. But who can declare the great things of God, but he to whom God shall reveal them ?’

This observation was worthy a most polite man,

and ought to be of authority with all who are such, so far as to examine whether he spoke that as a man of a just taste and judgement, or advanced it merely for the service of his doctrine as a clergyman.

I am very confident whoever reads the gospels, with a heart as much prepared in favour of them as when he sits down to Virgil or Homer, will find no passage there which is not told with more natural force than any episode in either of those wits, who were the chief of mere mankind.

The last thing I read was the 24th chapter of St. Luke, which gives an account of the manner in which our blessed Saviour, after his resurrection, joined with two disciples on the way to Emmaus as an ordinary traveller, and took the privilege as such to inquire of them, what occasioned a sadness he observed in their countenances; or whether it was from any public cause? Their wonder that any man so near Jerusalem should be a stranger to what had passed there: their acknowledgement to one they met accidentally that they had believed in this prophet; and that now, the third day after his death, they were in doubt as to their pleasing hope, which occasioned the heaviness he took notice of; are all represented in a style which men of letters call 'the great and noble simplicity.' The attention of the disciples when he expounded the Scriptures concerning himself, his offering to take his leave of them, their fondness of his stay, and the manifestation of the great guest whom they had entertained while he was yet at meat with them, are all incidents which wonderfully please the imagination of a Christian reader; and give to him something of that touch of mind which the brethren felt, when they said one to another, 'Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?'

I am very far from pretending to treat these matters as they deserve ; but I hope those gentlemen who are qualified for it, and called to it, will forgive me, and consider that I speak as a mere secular man, impartially considering the effect which the sacred writings will have upon the soul of an intelligent reader ; and it is some argument, that a thing is the immediate work of God, when it so infinitely transcends all the labours of man. When I look upon Raphael's picture of our Saviour appearing to his disciples after his resurrection, I cannot but think the just disposition of that piece has in it the force of many volumes on the subject. The evāngelists are easily distinguished from the rest by a passionate zeal and love which the painter has thrown into their faces : the huddled group of those who stand most distant, are admirable representations of men abashed with their late unbelief and hardness of heart. And such endeavours as this of Raphael, and of all men not called to the altar, are collateral helps not to be despised by the ministers of the gospel.

It is with this view that I presume upon subjects of this kind ; and men may take up this paper, and be caught by an admonition under the disguise of a diversion.

All the arts and sciences ought to be employed in one confederacy against the prevailing torrent of vice and impiety ; and it will be no small step in the progress of religion ; if it was as evident as it ought to be, that he wants the best taste and best sense a man can have, who is cold to the ' Beauty of Holiness.'

As for my part, when I have happened to attend the corpse of a friend to his interment, and have seen a graceful man at the entrance of a church-yard, who became the dignity of his function, and assumed an authority which is natural to truth, pronounce, ' I am

the resurrection and the life ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die :’ I say, upon such an occasion, the retrospect upon past actions between the deceased whom I followed and myself, together with the many little circumstances that strike upon the soul, and alternately give grief and consolation, have vanished like a dream ; and I have been relieved as by a voice from heaven, when the solemnity has proceeded, and after a long pause I again heard the servant of God utter, ‘ I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth ; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God ; whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold, and not another.’ How have I been raised above this world and all its regards, and how well prepared to receive the next sentence which the holy man has spoken ! ‘ We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out ; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord !’

There are, I know, men of heavy temper without genius, who can read these expressions of Scripture with as much indifference as they do the rest of these loose papers. However, I will not despair, but to bring men of wit into a love and admiration of the sacred writings ; and, as old as I am, I promise myself to see the day when it shall be as much in fashion among men of politeness to admire a rapture of St. Paul, as any fine expression in Virgil or Horace ; and to see a well-dressed young man produce an evangelist out of his pocket, and be no more out of countenance than if it were a classic printed by Elzevir.

It is a gratitude that ought to be paid to Providence by men of distinguished faculties, to praise and

adore the Author of their being with a spirit suitable to those faculties, and rouse slower men by their words, actions, and writings, to a participation of their transports and thanksgivings.

No. 22. MONDAY, APRIL 6, 1713.

*Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.—*

VIRG. GEORG. ii. 485.

My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life,
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.

DRYDEN.

PASTORAL poetry not only amuses the fancy the most delightfully, but is likewise more indebted to it than any other sort whatsoever. It transports us into a kind of fairy-land, where our ears are soothed with the melody of birds, bleating flocks, and purling streams; our eyes enchanted with flowery meadows, and springing greens; we are laid under cool shades, and entertained with all the sweets and freshness of nature. It is a dream, it is a vision, which we wish may be real, and we believe that it is true.

Mrs. Cornelia Lizard's head was so far turned with these imaginations, when we were last in the

country, that she lost her rest by listening to the nightingales ; she kept a pair of turtles cooing in her chamber, and had a tame lamb running after her up and down the house. I used all gentle methods to bring her to herself ; as having had a design heretofore of turning shepherd myself, when I read Virgil and Theocritus at Oxford. But as my age and experience have armed me against any temptation to the pastoral life, I can now with the greater safety consider it ; and shall lay down such rules, as those of my readers, who have the aforesaid design, ought to observe, if they would follow the steps of the shepherds and shepherdesses of ancient times.

In order to form a right judgement of pastoral poetry, it will be necessary to cast back our eyes on the first ages of the world. For since that way of life is not now in being, we must inquire into the manner of it when it actually did exist. Before mankind was formed into large societies, or cities were built, and commerce established, the wealth of the world consisted chiefly in flocks and herds. The tending of these, we find to have been the employment of the first princes, whose subjects were sheep and oxen, and their dominions the adjoining vales. As they lived in great affluence and ease, we may presume that they enjoyed such pleasures as that condition afforded, free and uninterrupted. Their manner of life gave them vigour of body, and serenity of mind. The abundance they were possessed of, secured them from avarice, ambition, or envy ; they could scarce have any anxieties or contentions, where every one had more than he could tell what to do with. Love indeed might occasion some rivalships amongst them, because many lovers fix upon one object, for the loss of which they will be satisfied with no compensation. Otherwise it was a state

of ease, innocence, and contentment ; where plenty begot pleasure, and pleasure begot singing, and singing begot poetry, and poetry begot pleasure again.

Thus happy was the first race of men, but rude withal, and uncultivated. For, before they could make any considerable progress in arts and sciences, the tranquillity of the rural life was destroyed by turbulent and ambitious spirits ; who, having built cities, raised armies, and studied policies of state, made vassals of the defenceless shepherds, and rendered that which was before easy and unrestrained, a mean, laborious, miserable condition. Hence, if we consider the pastoral period before learning, we shall find it unpolished ; if after, we shall find it unpleasant.

The use that I would make of this short review of the country life shall be this. An author that would amuse himself by writing pastorals, should form in his fancy a rural scene of perfect ease and tranquillity, where innocence, simplicity, and joy abound. It is not enough that he writes about the country ; he must give us what is agreeable in that scene ; and hide what is wretched. It is indeed commonly affirmed, that truth well painted will certainly please the imagination ; but it is sometimes convenient not to discover the whole truth, but that part which only is delightful. We must sometimes show only half an image to the fancy ; which if we display in a lively manner, the mind is so dexterously deluded, that it doth not readily perceive that the other half is concealed. Thus in writing pastorals, let the tranquillity of that life appear full and plain, but hide the meanness of it ; represent its simplicity as clear as you please, but cover its misery. I would not hereby be so understood, as if I thought nothing

that is irksome or unpleasant should have a place in these writings ; I only mean that this state of life in general should be supposed agreeable. But as there is no condition exempt from anxiety, I will allow shepherds to be afflicted with such misfortunes, as the loss of a favourite lamb, or a faithless mistress. He may, if you please, pick a thorn out of his foot ; or vent his grief for losing the prize in dancing ; but these being small torments, they recommend that state which only produces such trifling evils. Again, I would not seem so strict in my notions of innocence and simplicity, as to deny the use of a little railing, or the liberty of stealing a kid or a sheep-hook. For these are likewise such petty enormities, that we must think the country happy where these are the greatest transgressions.

When a reader is placed in such a scene as I have described, and introduced into such company as I have chosen, he gives himself up to the pleasing delusion ; and since every one doth not know how it comes to pass, I will venture to tell him why he is pleased.

The first reason is, because all mankind love ease. Though ambition and avarice employ most men's thoughts, they are such uneasy habits, that we do not indulge them out of choice, but from some necessity, real or imaginary. We seek happiness, in which ease is the principal ingredient, and the end proposed in our most restless pursuits is tranquillity. We are therefore soothed and delighted with the representation of it, and fancy we partake of the pleasure.

A second reason is our secret approbation of innocence and simplicity. Human nature is not so much depraved, as to hinder us from respecting goodness in others, though we ourselves want it. This is the

reason why we are so much charmed with the pretty prattle of children, and even the expressions of pleasure or uneasiness in some part of the brute creation. They are without artifice or malice ; and we love truth too well to resist the charms of sincerity.

A third reason is our love of the country. Health, tranquillity, and pleasing objects, are the growth of the country ; and though men, for the general good of the world, are made to love populous cities, the country hath the greatest share in an uncorrupted heart. When we paint, describe, or any way indulge our fancy, the country is the scene which supplies us with the most lovely images. This state was that wherein God placed Adam when in Paradise ; nor could all the fanciful wits of antiquity imagine any thing that could administer more exquisite delight in their Elysium.

No. 23. TUESDAY, APRIL 7, 1713.

—*Extrema per illos
Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.*

VIRG. GEORG. ii. 473.

From hence Astrea took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing steps appear.

DRYDEN.

HAVING already conveyed my reader into the fairy or pastoral land, and informed him what manner of life the inhabitants of that region lead ; I shall, in

this day's paper, give him some marks whereby he may discover whether he is imposed upon by those who pretend to be of that country ; or, in other words, what are the characteristics of a true Arcadian.

From the foregoing account of the pastoral life, we may discover that simplicity is necessary in the character of shepherds. Their minds must be supposed so rude and uncultivated, that nothing but what is plain and unaffected can come from them. Nevertheless we are not obliged to represent them dull and stupid, since fine spirits were undoubtedly in the world before arts were invented to polish and adorn them. We may therefore introduce shepherds with good sense and even with wit, provided their manner of thinking be not too gallant or refined. For all men, both rude and polite, think and conceive things the same way, truth being eternally the same to all, though they express them very differently. For here lies the difference. Men, who, by long study and experience have reduced their ideas to certain classes, and consider the general nature of things abstracted from particulars, express their thoughts after a more concise, lively, surprising, manner. Those who have little experience, or cannot abstract, deliver their sentiments in plain descriptions, by circumstances, and those observations which either strike upon the senses, or are the first motions of the mind. And though the former raises our admiration more, the latter gives more pleasure, and soothes us more naturally. Thus a courtly lover may say to his mistress :

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground hath prest ;
Thou e'en from dungeons darkness canst exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.

A shepherd will content himself to say the same thing more simply :

Come, Rosalind, oh ! come, for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me ?

Again, since shepherds are not allowed to make deep reflections, the address required is so to relate an action, that the circumstances put together shall cause the reader to reflect. Thus, by one delicate circumstance Corydon tells Alexis that he is the finest songster of the country :

Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damocetas gave :
And said, " This, Corydon, I leave to thee,
For only thou deservest it after me."

As in another pastoral writer, after the same manner a shepherd informs us how much his mistress likes him :

As I to cool me bathed one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay.
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

If ever a reflection be pardonable in pastorals, it is where the thought is so obvious, that it seems to come easily to the mind ; as in the following admirable improvement of Virgil and Theocritus :

Fair is my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid fountains flatter not. And why
Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet show
The bordering flow'rs less beauteous than they grow ?*

A second characteristic of a true shepherd is simplicity of manners, or innocence. This is so obvious

* From the first Pastoral of Mr. A. Philips, entitled, *Lobbin* l. 90, &c.

from what I have before advanced, that it would be but repetition to insist long upon it. I shall only remind the reader, that as the pastoral life is supposed to be where nature is not much depraved, sincerity and truth will generally run through it. Some slight transgressions for the sake of variety may be admitted, which, in effect, will only serve to set off the simplicity of it in general. I cannot better illustrate this rule than by the following example of a swain who found his mistress asleep :

Once Delia slept, on easy moss reclined,
Her lovely limbs half-bare, and rude the wind :
I smoothed her coats, and stole a silent kiss ;
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss*.

A third sign of a swain is, that something of religion, and even superstition is part of his character. For we find that those who have lived easy lives in the country, and contemplate the works of nature, live in the greatest awe of their Author. Nor doth this humour prevail less now than of old. Our peasants as sincerely believe the tales of goblins and fairies, as the heathens those of fauns, nymphs, and satyrs. Hence we find the works of Virgil and Theocritus sprinkled with left-handed ravens, blasted oaks, witch-crafts, evil eyes, and the like. And I observe, with great pleasure, that our English author † of the pastorals I have quoted, hath practised this secret with admirable judgement.

* From the sixth pastoral of Mr. A. Philips, intituled, Gerron, Hobbinol, and Langrett, l. 73, *et seqq.* The four lines in the preceding page, relative to Lydia, are quoted from the same pastoral, l. 81, &c.

† Mr. Ambrose Philips, whose pastorals must have been published before the year 1708, because they are evidently prior to those of Pope. See Dr. Johnson's *Lives of English Poets*, &c. Vol. iv. p. 295. 8vo. 1781.

I will yet add another mark, which may be observed very often in the above-named poets, which is agreeable to the character of shepherds, and nearly allied to superstition, I mean the use of proverbial sayings. I take the common similitudes in pastoral to be of the proverbial order, which are so frequent, that it is needless and would be tiresome to quote them. I shall only take notice upon this head, that it is a nice piece of art to raise a proverb above the vulgar style, and still keep it easy and unaffected. Thus the old wish, 'God rest his soul,' is finely turned :

Then gentle Sidney lived, the shepherd's friend,
Eternal blessings on his shade attend !

No. 24. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1713.

— *Dicenda tacendaque calles ?*

PERS. SAT. IV. 5.

— Dost thou, so young,
Know when to speak, and when to hold thy tongue ?

DRYDEN.

JACK LIZARD was about fifteen when he was first entered in the university, and being a youth of a great deal of fire, and a more than ordinary application to his studies, it gave his conversation a very particular turn. He had too much spirit to hold his tongue in company ; but at the same time so little

acquaintance with the world, that he did not know how to talk like other people.

After a year and a half's stay at the university, he came down among us to pass away a month or two in the country. The first night after his arrival, as we were at supper, we were all of us very much improved by Jack's table-talk. He told us, upon the appearance of a dish of wild fowl, that, according to the opinion of some natural philosophers, they might be lately come from the moon. Upon which the Sparkler bursting out into a laugh, he insulted her with several questions relating to the bigness and distance of the moon and stars; and after every interrogatory would be winking upon me, and smiling at his sister's ignorance. Jack gained his point; for the mother was pleased, and all the servants stared at the learning of their young master. Jack was so encouraged at this success, that for the first week he dealt wholly in paradoxes. It was a common jest with him to pinch one of his sister's lap-dogs, and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When the girls were sorting a set of knots, he would demonstrate to them that all the ribands were of the same colour; or rather, says Jack, of no colour at all. My lady Lizard herself, though she was not a little pleased with her son's improvements, was one day almost angry with him; for having accidentally burnt her fingers as she was lighting the lamp for her tea-pot*, in the midst of her anguish, Jack laid hold of the opportunity to instruct her that there was no such thing as heat in fire. In short, no day passed over our heads, in which Jack did not imagine he made the whole family wiser than they were before.

* Silver tea-pots, with lamps under them, are still preserved among the college-plate.

That part of his conversation which gave me the most pain, was what passed among those country gentlemen that came to visit us. On such occasions Jack usually took upon him to be the mouth of the company ; and thinking himself obliged to be very merry, would entertain us with a great many odd sayings and absurdities of their college-cook. I found this fellow had made a very strong impression upon Jack's imagination ; which he never considered was not the case of the rest of the company, till after many repeated trials he found that his stories seldom made any body laugh but himself.

I all this while looked upon Jack as a young tree shooting out into blossoms before its time ; the redundancy of which, though it was a little unseasonable, seemed to foretel an uncommon fruitfulness.

In order to wear out the vein of pedantry which ran through his conversation, I took him out with me one evening, and first of all insinuated to him this rule, which I had myself learned from a very great author*, ' To think with the wise, but talk with the vulgar.' Jack's good sense soon made him reflect that he had often exposed himself to the laughter of the ignorant by a contrary behaviour ; upon which he told me, that he would take care, for the future, to keep his notions to himself, and converse in the common received sentiments of mankind. He, at the same time, desired me to give him any other rules of conversation which I thought might be for his improvement. I told him I would think of it ; and accordingly, as I have a particular affection for the young man, I gave him, the next morning, the following rules in writing, which may perhaps have contributed to make him the agreeable man he is now.

* B. Gratian. See *L'Homme de Cour*, or, *The Courtier*, maxim 3.

The faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we express by the word conversation, has always been represented by moral writers as one of the noblest privileges of reason, and which more particularly sets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing so much gains upon the affections as this extempore eloquence, which we have constantly occasion for, and are obliged to practise every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The conversation of most men is disagreeable, not so much for want of wit and learning, as of good-breeding and discretion.

If you resolve to please, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, because he considers that those who hear him are the best judges whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the goodwill of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man, who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed what can we say? it would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company how many horses you keep in your stables? or whether your servant is most knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engrossing all the talk, or observing a contemptuous silence.

Before you tell a story, it may be generally not

amiss to draw a short character, and give the company a true idea of the principal persons concerned in it. The beauty of most things consisting not so much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such a particular person, or on such a particular occasion.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of youth, few young people please in conversation: the reason is, that want of experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a design to please themselves than any one else.

It is certain that age itself shall make many things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more insupportable to men of sense, than an empty formal man who speaks in proverbs, and decides all controversies with a short sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not, methinks, a handsomer thing said of Mr. Cowley in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever discovered he was a great poet by his discourse: besides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to lose. I might add, that he who is sometimes silent on a subject where every one is satisfied he could speak well, will often be thought no less knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

Women are frightened at the name of argument, and are sooner convinced by a happy turn, or witty expression, than by demonstration.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for

doing so ; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants, and admiration of fools.

Raillery is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleased with it. I would least of all be understood to except the person rallied.

Though good humour, sense, and discretion can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy sometimes to prepare yourself in a particular manner for conversation, by looking a little further than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning subject. If our armies are besieging a place of importance abroad, or our house of commons debating a bill of consequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the strength, situation, and history of the first, or of the reasons for and against the latter. It will have the same effect, if when any single person begins to make a noise in the world, you can learn some of the smallest accidents in his life or conversation, which though they are too fine for the observation of the vulgar, give more satisfaction to men of sense, as they are the best openings to a real character, than the recital of his most glaring actions. I know but one ill consequence to be feared from this method, namely, that, coming full charged into company, you should resolve to unload whether a handsome opportunity offers itself or no.

Though the asking of questions may plead for itself the specious names of modesty, and a desire of information, it affords little pleasure to the rest of the company who are not troubled with the same doubts ; besides which, he who asks a question would do well to consider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receives an answer.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people

take in what they call 'speaking their minds.' A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not impossible for a man to form to himself as exquisite a pleasure in complying with the humour and sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain sign of a superior genius, that can take and become whatever dress it pleases.

I shall only add, that, besides what I have here said, there is something which can never be learnt but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices; and your own observations added to these, will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and displeased with the discourse of another.

No. 25. THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1713.

—*Quis tam Lucili fautor ineptè est,
Ut non hoc fateatur?*— HOR. SAT. i. 10. 2.

—What friend of his*
So blindly partial, to deny me this? CREECH.

THE prevailing humour of crying up authors that have writ in the days of our forefathers, and of passing slightly over the merit of our contemporaries, is a grievance that men of a free and unprejudiced thought have complained of through all ages in their writings.

I went home last night full of these reflections from a coffee-house, where a great many excellent writings were arraigned, and as many very indifferent ones applauded, more as it seemed to me upon the account of their date, than upon any intrinsic value or demerit. The conversation ended with great encomiums upon my lord Verulam's History of Henry the VIIth. The company were unanimous in their approbation of it. I was too well acquainted with the traditional vogue of that book throughout the whole nation, to venture my thoughts upon it. Neither would I now offer my judgment upon that work to the public, so great a veneration have I for the memory of a man whose writings are the glory of our nation, but that the

* Of the Poet Lucilius.

authority of so leading a name may perpetuate a vicious taste amongst us, and betray future historians to copy after a model, which I cannot help thinking far from complete.

As to the fidelity of the history, I have nothing to say: to examine it impartially in that view would require much pains and leisure. But as to the composition of it, and sometimes the choice of matter, I am apt to believe it will appear a little faulty to an unprejudiced reader. A complete historian should be endowed with the essential qualifications of a great poet. His style must be majestic and grave, as well as simple and unaffected; his narration should be animated, short, and clear, and so as even to outrun the impatience of the reader, if possible. This can only be done by being very sparing and choice in words, by retrenching all cold and superfluous circumstances in an action, and by dwelling upon such alone as are material, and fit to delight or instruct a serious mind. This is what we find in the great models of antiquity, and in a more particular manner in Livy, whom it is impossible to read without the warmest emotions.

But my lord Verulam, on the contrary, is ever, in the tedious style of declaimers, using two words for one; ever endeavouring to be witty, and as fond of out-of-the-way similes as some of our old play-writers. He abounds in low phrases, beneath the dignity of history, and often condescends to little conceits and quibbles. His political reflections are frequently false, almost every where trivial and puerile. His whole manner of turning his thoughts is full of affectation and pedantry; and there appears throughout his whole work more the air of a recluse scholar, than of a man versed in the world.

After passing so free a censure upon a book which for these hundred years and upwards has met with the most universal approbation, I am obliged in my own defence to transcribe some of the many passages I formerly collected for the use of my first charge, Sir Mamaduke Lizard. It would be endless should I point out the frequent tautologies and circumlocutions that occur in every page, which do as it were rarify instead of condensing his thoughts and matter. It was, in all probability, his application to the law that gave him a habit of being so wordy; of which I shall put down two or three examples.

‘ That all records, wherein there was any memory or mention of the king’s attainder, should be defaced, cancelled, and taken off the file.—Divers secret and nimble scouts and spies, &c. to learn, search, and discover all the circumstances and particulars—to assail, sap, and work into the constancy of Sir Robert Clifford.’

I leave the following passages to every one’s consideration, without making any further remarks upon them.

‘ He should be well enough able to scatter the Irish as a flight of birds, and rattle away his swarm of bees with their king.—The rebels took their way towards York, &c. but their snow-ball did not gather as it went.—So that, in a kind of *mattacina** of human fortune, he turned a broacht† that had worn a crown; whereas fortune commonly doth not bring in a comedy or farce after a tragedy.—The queen was crowned, &c. about two years after the marriage, like an old christening that had stayed long for god-fathers.—Desirous to trouble the waters

* A frolicksome dance.

† A spit.

waters in Italy, that he might fish the better, casting the net not out of St. Peter's, but out of Borgia's bark—And, therefore, upon the first grain of incense that was sacrificed upon the altar of peace at Bulloigne, Perkin was smoaked away—This was the end of this little cockatrice of a king, that was able to destroy those that did not espy him first—It was observed, that the great tempest which drove Philip into England, blew down the Golden Eagle from the spire of St. Paul's ; and in the fall, it fell upon a sign of the Black Eagle, which was in Paul's church-yard, in the place where the school-house now standeth, and battered it, and broke it down : which was a strange stooping of a hawk upon a fowl.—The king began to find where his shoe did wring him—in whose bosom or budget most of Perkin's secrets were laid up.—One might know afar off where the owl was, by the flight of birds.—Bold men, and careless of fame, and that took toll of their master's grist.—Empson and Dudley would have cut another chop out of him—Peter Hialas, some call him Elias ; surely he was the forerunner of, &c.—Lionel, bishop of Concordia was sent as nuncio, &c. but, notwithstanding he had a good ominous name to have made a peace, nothing followed—Taxing him for a great taxpayer of his people, not by proclamations, but by court-fames, which commonly print better than printed proclamations—Sir Edward Poynings was enforced to make a wild chace upon the Wild Irish—In sparing of blood by the bleeding of so much treasure—And although his own case had both steel and parchment more than the other ; that is to say, a conquest in the field, and an act of parliament—That Pope, knowing that King Henry the Sixth was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, was afraid it would but diminish the estima-

tion of that kind of honour, if there were not a distance kept between innocents and saints.'

Not to trouble my reader with any more instances of the like nature, I must observe that the whole work is ill conducted, and the story of Perkin Warbeck, which should have been only like an episode in a poem, is spun out to near a third part of the book. The character of Henry the Seventh, at the end, is rather an abstract of his history than a character. It is tedious, and diversified with so many particularities as confound the resemblance, and make it almost impossible for the reader to form any distinct idea of the person. It is not thus the ancients drew their characters; but in a few just and bold strokes gave you the distinguishing features of the mind, if I may be allowed the metaphor, in so distinct a manner, and in so strong a light, that you grew intimate with your man immediately, and knew him from a hundred.

After all, it must be considered in favour of my lord Verulam, that he lived in an age wherein chaste and correct writing was not in fashion, and when pedantry was the mode even at court; so that it is no wonder if the prevalent humour of the times bore down his genius, though superior in force perhaps to any of our countrymen, that have either gone before or succeeded him.

No. 26. FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1713.

*Non ego illam mihi dotem esse puto, quæ dos dicitur,
Sed pudicitiam, et pudorem, et sedatam cupidinem.*

PLAUT.

A woman's true dowry, in my opinion, is not that which is usually so called; but virtue, modesty, and restrained desire.

A healthy old fellow, that is not a fool, is the happiest creature living. It is at that time of life only, men enjoy their faculties with pleasure and satisfaction. It is then we have nothing to manage, as the phrase is; we speak the downright truth, and whether the rest of the world will give us the privilege or not, we have so little to ask of them, that we can take it. I shall be very free with the women from this one consideration; and, having nothing to desire of them, shall treat them, as they stand in nature, and as they are adorned with virtue, and not as they are pleased to form and disguise themselves. A set of fops, from one generation to another, has made such a pother with 'bright eyes, the fair sex, the charms, the air,' and something so incapable to be expressed but with a sigh, that the creatures have utterly gone out of their very being, and there are no women at all in the world. If they are not nymphs, shepherdesses, graces, or goddesses, they are, to a woman, all of them 'the ladies.' Get to a christening at any alley in the town, and at the meanest artificer's, and the word is, 'Well, who takes care of the

ladies?' I have taken notice that ever since the word Forsooth was banished for Madam, the word Woman has been discarded for Lady. And as there is now never a woman in England, I hope I may talk of women without offence to the ladies. What puts me in this present disposition to tell them their own, is, that in the holy week I very civilly desired all delinquents in point of chastity to make some atonement for their freedoms, by bestowing a charity upon the miserable wretches who languish in the lock hospital. But I hear of very little done in that matter; and I am informed, they are pleased, instead of taking notice of my precaution, to call me an ill-bred old fellow, and say I do not understand the world. It is not, it seems, within the rules of good-breeding to tax the vices of people of quality, and the Commandments were made for the vulgar. I am, indeed, informed of some oblations sent into the house, but they are all come from the servants of criminals of condition. A poor chamber-maid has sent in ten shillings out of her hush-money, to expiate her guilt of being in her mistress's secret; but says she dare not ask her ladyship for any thing, for she is not to suppose that she is locked up with a young gentleman, in the absence of her husband, three hours together, for any harm; but as my lady is a person of great sense, the girl does not know but that they were reading some good book together; but because she fears it may be otherwise, she has sent her ten shillings for the guilt of concealing it. We have a thimble from a country girl that owns she has had dreams of a fine gentleman who comes to their house, who gave her half a crown, and bid her have a care of the men in this town; but she thinks he does not mean what he says, and sends the thimble, because she does not hate him as she ought. The ten shillings, this thimble, and an occamy spoon from some

other unknown poor sinner, are all the atonement which is made for the body of sin in London and Westminster. I have computed that there is one in every three hundred who is not chaste ; and if that be a modest computation, how great a number are those who make no account of my admonition ! It might be expected one or two of the two hundred and ninety-nine honest, might, out of mere charity and compassion to iniquity, as it is a misfortune, have done something upon so good a time as that wherein they were solicited. But major Crabtree, a sour pot-companion of mine, says, the two hundred ninety and nine are, one way or other, as little virtuous as the three hundredth unchaste woman—I would say, lady. It is certain, that we are infested with a parcel of jilfirts, who are not capable of being mothers of brave men, for the infant partakes of the temper and disposition of its mother. We see the unaccountable effects which sudden frights and longings have upon the offspring ; and it is not to be doubted, but the ordinary way of thinking of the mother has its influence upon what she bears about her nine months. Thus, from the want of care in this particular of choosing wives, you see men, after much care, labour, and study, surprised with prodigious starts of ill-nature and passion, that can be accounted for no otherwise but from hence, that it grew upon them *in embryo*, and the man was determined, surly, peevish, froward, sullen, or outrageous, before he saw the light. The last time I was in a public place, I fell in love by proxy for Sir Harry Lizard. The young woman happens to be of quality. Her father was a gentleman of as noble a disposition as any I ever met with. The widow, her mother, uuder whose wing she loves to appear, and is proud of it, is a pattern to persons of condition.

Good sense, heightened and exerted with good-breeding, is the parent's distinguishing character; and and if we can get this young woman into our family, we shall think we have a much better purchase than others, who, without her good qualities, may bring into theirs the greatest accession of riches. I sent Sir Harry, by last night's post, the following letter on the subject:—

DEAR SIR HARRY,

UPON our last parting, and as I had just mounted the little roan I am so fond of, you called me back; and, when I stooped to you, you squeezed me by the hand, and with allusion to some pleasant discourse we had had a day or two before in the house, concerning the present mercantile way of contracting marriages, with a smile and a blush you bid me look upon some women for you, and send word how they went. I did not see one to my mind till the last opera before Easter. I assure you I have been as unquiet ever since, as I wish you were till you had her. Her height, her complexion, and every thing but her age, which is under twenty, are very much to my satisfaction: there is an ingenuous shame in her eyes, which is to the mind what the bloom of youth is to the body: neither implies that there are virtuous habits and accomplishments already attained by the possessor, but they certainly show an unprejudiced capacity towards them. As to the circumstance of this young woman's age, I am reconciled to her want of years, because she pretends to nothing above them; you do not see in her the odious forwardness to I know not what, as in the assured countenances, naked bosoms, and confident glances of her contemporaries.

I will vouch for her, that you will have her whole heart, if you can win it; she is in no familiarities with the fops, her fan has never been yet out of her own hand, and her brother's face is the only man's she ever looked in steadfastly.

When I have gone thus far, and told you that I am very confident of her as to her virtue and education, I may speak a little freely to you as you are a young man. There is a dignity in the young lady's beauty, when it shall become her to receive your friends with a good air and affable countenance; when she is to represent that part of you which you must delight in, the frank and cheerful reception of your friends, her beauties will do as much honour to your table, as they will give you pleasure in your bed.

It is no small instance of felicity to have a woman, from whose behaviour your friends are more endeared to you; and for whose sake your children are as much valued as for your own.

It is not for me to celebrate the lovely height of her forehead, the soft pulp of her lips, or to describe the amiable profile which her fine hair, cheeks, and neck, made to the beholders that night, but shall leave them to your own observation when you come to town; which you may do at your leisure, and be time enough, for there are many in town richer than her whom I recommend.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient and
Most humble servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

No. 27. SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1713.

Multa putans, sortemque animo miseratus iniquam.

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 332.

Struck with compassion of so sad a state.

IN compassion to those gloomy mortals, who, by their unbelief are rendered incapable of feeling those impressions of joy and hope, which the celebration of the late glorious festival* naturally leaves on the mind of a Christian, I shall in this paper endeavour to evince that there are grounds to expect a future state, without supposing in the reader any faith at all, not even the belief of a Deity. Let the most stedfast unbeliever open his eyes, and take a survey of the sensible world, and then say if there be not a connexion and adjustment, and exact and constant order, discoverable in all the parts of it. Whatever be the cause, the thing itself is evident to all our faculties. Look into the animal system, the passions, senses, and locomotive powers; is not the like contrivance and propriety observable in these too? Are they not fitted to certain ends, and are they not by nature directed to proper objects?

Is it possible, then, that the smallest bodies should, by a management superior to the wit of man, be disposed in the most excellent manner, agreeable to their respective natures; and yet the spirits or souls

* Viz. Easter.

of men be neglected, or managed by such rules as fall short of man's understanding? Shall every other passion be rightly placed by nature, and shall that appetite of immortality natural to all mankind be alone misplaced, or designed to be frustrated? Shall the industrious application of the inferior animal powers in the meanest vocations be answered by the ends we propose, and shall not the generous efforts of a virtuous mind be rewarded? In a word, shall the corporeal world be all order and harmony, the intellectual, discord and confusion? He who is bigot enough to believe these things, must bid adieu to that natural rule, of 'reasoning from analogy;' must run counter to that maxim of common sense, 'That men ought to form their judgements of things unexperienced, from what they have experienced.'

If any thing looks like a recompense of calamitous virtue on this side the grave, it is either an assurance that thereby we obtain the favour and protection of Heaven, and shall, whatever befalls us in this, in another life meet with a just return; or else that applause and reputation, which is thought to attend virtuous actions. The former of these, our free-thinkers, out of their singular wisdom and benevolence to mankind, endeavour to erase from the minds of men. The latter can never be justly distributed in this life, where so many ill actions are reputable, and so many good actions disesteemed or misinterpreted; where subtle hypocrisy is placed in the most engaging light, and modest virtue lies concealed; where the heart and the soul are hid from the eyes of men, and the eyes of men are dimmed and vitiated. Plato's sense in relation to this point is contained in his *Gorgias*, where he introduces Socrates speaking after this manner.

“ It was in the reign of Saturn provided by a law,

which the gods have since continued down to this time, that they who had lived virtuously and piously upon earth, should after death enjoy a life full of happiness, in certain islands appointed for the habitation of the blessed: but that such as have lived wickedly should go into the receptacle of damned souls, named Tartarus, there to suffer the punishments they deserved. But in all the reign of Saturn, and in the beginning of the reign of Jove, living judges were appointed, by whom each person was judged in his life-time, in the same day on which he was to die. The consequence of which was, that they often passed wrong judgements. Pluto, therefore, who presided in Tartarus, and the guardians of the blessed islands, finding that on the other side many unfit persons were sent to their respective dominions, complained to Jove, who promised to redress the evil." He added, "The reason of these unjust proceedings are that men are judged in the body. Hence many conceal the blemishes and imperfections of their minds by beauty, birth, and riches; not to mention, that at the time of trial there are crowds of witnesses to attest their having lived well. These things mislead the judges, who being themselves also of the number of the living, are surrounded each with his own body, as with a veil thrown over his mind. For the future, therefore, it is my intention that men do not come on their trial till after death, when they shall appear before the judge, disrobed of all their corporeal ornaments. The judge himself too shall be a pure unveiled spirit beholding the very soul, the naked soul of the party before him. With this view I have already constituted my sons, Minos, and Rhadamanthus, judges, who are natives of Asia; and Æacus, a native of Europe. These after death, shall hold their court in a certain meadow, from

which there are two roads, leading the one to Tartarus the other to the islands of 'the Blessed.'"

From this, as from numberless other passages of his writings, may be seen Plato's opinion of a future state. A thing, therefore, in regard to us so comfortable, in itself so just and excellent, a thing so agreeable to the analogy of nature, and so universally credited by all orders and ranks of men, of all nations and ages, what is it that should move a few men to reject? Surely there must be something of prejudice in the case. I appeal to the secret thoughts of a free-thinker, if he does not argue within himself after this manner: 'The senses and faculties I enjoy at present are visibly designed to repair or preserve the body from the injuries it is liable to in its present circumstances. But in an eternal state, where no decays are to be repaired, no outward injuries to be fenced against, where there are no flesh and bones, nerves or blood-vessels, there will certainly be none of the senses: and that there should be a state of life without the senses is inconceivable.'

But as this manner of reasoning proceeds from a poverty of imagination, and narrowness of soul in those that use it, I shall endeavour to remedy those defects, and open their views, by laying before them a case which, being naturally possible, may perhaps reconcile them to the belief of what is supernaturally revealed.

Let us suppose a person blind and deaf from his birth, who, being grown to man's estate, is by the dead palsy, or some other cause, deprived of his feeling, tasting, and smelling, and at the same has the impediment of his hearing removed, and the film taken from his eyes. What the five senses are to us, that the touch, taste, and smell, were to him. And any other ways of perception of a more refined and

extensive nature were to him as inconceivable, as to us those are which will one day be adapted to perceive those things which 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.' And it would be just as reasonable in him to conclude, that the loss of those three senses could not possibly be succeeded by any new inlets of perception; as in a modern free-thinker to imagine there can be no state of life and perception without the senses he enjoys at present. Let us further suppose the same person's eyes, at their first opening, to be struck with a great variety of the most gay and pleasing objects, and his ears with a melodious consort of vocal and instrumental music. Behold him amazed, ravished, transported; and you have some distant representation, some faint and glimmering idea of the ecstatic state of the soul in that article in which she emerges from this sepulchre of flesh into life and immortality.

N. B. 'It has been observed by the Christians, that a certain ingenious foreigner*, who has published many exemplary jests for the use of persons in the article of death, was very much out of humour in a late fit of sickness, till he was in a fair way of recovery.'

* M. Deslandes, who came about this time from France with the Duke d'Aumont, was a Free-thinker, and had published an historical list of all who died laughing. He had the small-pox here in England, of which he recovered.

No. 28. MONDAY, APRIL 13, 1713.

*Ætas parentum peior avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.*

HOR. CAR. iii. 6. 46.

Our fathers have been worse than theirs,
And we than ours : next age will see
A race more profligate than we.

ROSCOMMON.

THEOCRITUS, Bion, and Moschus are the most famous amongst the Greek writers of pastorals. The two latter of these are judged to be far short of Theocritus, whom I shall speak of more largely, because he rivals the greatest of all poets, Virgil himself. He hath the advantage confessedly of the Latin, in coming before him, and writing in a tongue more proper for pastoral. The softness of the Doric dialect, which this poet is said to have improved beyond any who came before him, is what the ancient Roman writers owned their language could not approach. But besides this beauty, he seems to me to have had a soul more softly and tenderly inclined to this way of writing than Virgil, whose genius led him naturally to sublimity. It is true that the great Roman, by the niceness of his judgement, and great command of himself, has acquitted himself dexterously this way. But a penetrating judge will find there the seeds of that fire which burned afterwards so bright in the Georgics, and blazed out in the Æneid. I must not, however, dissemble that

these bold strokes appear chiefly in those Eclogues of Virgil, which ought not to be numbered amongst his pastorals, which are, indeed, generally thought to be all of the pastoral kind ; but, by the best judges, are only called his select poems, as the Eclogue originally means.

Those who will take the pains to consult Scaliger's comparison of these two poets, will find that Theocritus hath out-done him in those very passages which the critic hath produced in honour of Virgil. There is, in short, more innocence, simplicity, and whatever else hath been laid down as the distinguishing marks of pastoral, in the Greek than the Roman: and all arguments, from the exactness, propriety, conciseness, and nobleness of Virgil, may very well be turned against him. There is, indeed, sometimes a grossness and clownishness in Theocritus, which Virgil, who borrowed his greatest beauties from him, hath avoided. I will, however, add, that Virgil, out of the excellence of genius only, hath come short of Theocritus: and had possibly excelled him, if in greater subjects he had not been born to excel all mankind.

The Italians were the first, amongst the moderns, that fell into pastoral writing. It is observed, that the people of that nation are very profound and abstruse in their poetry as well as politics; fond of surprising conceits and far-fetched imaginations, and labour chiefly to say what was never said before. From persons of this character, how can we expect that air of simplicity and truth which hath been proved so essential to shepherds? There are two pastoral plays in this language, which they boast of as the most elegant performances in poetry that the latter ages have produced; the *Aminta* of Tasso, and Guarini's *Pastor Fido*. In these the names of the persons are indeed pastoral, and the Sylvan

Gods, the Dryads, and the Satyrs, appointed with the equipage of antiquity; but neither their language, sentiments, passions, or designs, like those of the pretty triflers in Virgil and Theocritus. I shall produce an example out of each, which are commonly taken notice of, as patterns of the Italian way of thinking in pastoral. Sylvia, in Tasso's poem, enters adorned with a garland of flowers, and views herself in a fountain with such self-admiration, that she breaks out into a speech to the flowers on her head, and tells them, 'She doth not wear them to adorn herself, but to make them ashamed.' In the Pastor Fido, a shepherdess reasons after an abstruse philosophical manner about the violence of love, and expostulates with the gods, 'for making laws so rigorous to restrain us, and at the same time giving us invincible desires.' Whoever can bear these, may be assured he hath no taste for pastoral.

When I am speaking of the Italians, it would be unpardonable to pass by Sannazarius. He hath changed the scene in this kind of poetry from woods and lawns, to the barren beach and boundless ocean; introduces sea-calves in the room of kids and lambs, sea-mews for the lark and the linnet, and presents his mistress with oysters instead of fruits and flowers. How good soever his style and thoughts may be, yet who can pardon him for his arbitrary change of the sweet manners and pleasing objects of the country, for what in their own nature are uncomfortable and dreadful? I think he hath few or no followers, or, if any, such as knew little of his beauties, and only copied his faults, and so are lost and forgotten.

The French are so far from thinking abstrusely, that they often seem not to think at all. It is all a run of numbers, common-place descriptions of woods, floods, groves, loves, &c. Those who write the most accurately fall into the manner of their

country; which is gallantry. I cannot better illustrate what I would say of the French, than by the dress in which they make their shepherds appear in their pastoral interludes upon the stage, as I find it described by a celebrated author. 'The shepherds,' says he, 'are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings; and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with sedges and bull-rushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed periwig and a plume of feathers; but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.'

No. 29. TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1713.

Ride si sapiis.—

MART. EPIG. ii. 41. 1.

If you have taste, show it by your laugh.

IN order to look into any person's temper, I generally make my first observation upon his laugh, whether he is easily moved, and what are the passages which throw him into that agreeable kind of convulsion. People are never so much unguarded, as when they are pleased. And laughter being a visible symptom of some inward satisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face. There is, perhaps, no better index to point us to the particu-

larities of the mind than this, which is in itself one of the chief distinctions of our rationality. For, as Milton says,

— Smiles from reason flow, to brutes denied, —
And are of love the food —

P. L. ix. 239.

It may be remarked in general under this head, that the laugh of men of wit is for the most part but a faint constrained kind of half-laugh, as such persons are never without some diffidence about them: but that of fools, is the most honest, natural, open laugh in the world.

I have often had thoughts of writing a treatise upon this faculty, wherein I would have laid down rules for the better regulation of it at the theatre. I would have criticised on the laughs now in vogue, by which our comic writers might the better know how to transport an audience into this pleasing affection. I had set apart a chapter for a dissertation on the talents of some of our modern comedians; and as it was the manner of Plutarch to draw comparisons of his heroes and orators, to set their actions and eloquence in a fairer light: so I would have made the parallel of Penkethman, Norris, and Bullock*; and so far shown their different methods of raising mirth, that any one should be able to distinguish whether the jest was the poet's, or the actor's.

As the play-house affords us the most occasions of observing upon the behaviour of the face, it may be useful, for the direction of those who would be critics this way, to remark, that the virgin ladies usually dispose themselves in the front of the boxes, the young married women compose the second row, while the

* Three comic actors in vogue at the time when this paper was written.

rear is generally made up of mothers of long standing, undesigning maids, and contented widows. Whoever will cast his eye upon them under this view, during the representation of a play, will find me so far in the right, that a double entendre strikes the first row into an affected gravity, or careless indolence, the second will venture at a smile, but the third take the conceit entirely, and express their mirth in a downright laugh.

When I descend to particulars, I find the reserved prude will relapse into a smile, at the extravagant freedoms of the coquette ; the coquette in her turn laughs at the starchness and awkward affectation of the prude ; the man of letters is tickled with the vanity and ignorance of the fop ; and the fop confesses his ridicule at the unpoliteness of the pedant.

I fancy we may range the several kinds of laughers under the following heads ;

The Dimplers.
The Smilers.
The Laughers.
The Grinners.
The Horse-laughers.

The dimple is practised to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover ; this was called by the ancients the Chian laugh.

The smile is for the most part confined to the fair sex, and their male retinue. It expresses our satisfaction in a silent sort of approbation, doth not too much disorder the features, and is practised by lovers of the most delicate address. This tender motion of the physiognomy the ancients called the Ionic laugh.

The laugh among us is the common Risus of the ancients.

The grin by writers of antiquity is called the Syncrusian ; and was then, as it is at this time, made use of to display a beautiful set of teeth.

The horse-laugh, or the Sardonic, is made use of with great success in all kinds of disputation. The proficient in this kind, by a well-timed laugh, will baffle the most solid argument. This upon all occasions supplies the want of reason, is always received with great applause in coffee-house disputes ; and that side the laugh joins with, is generally observed to get the better of his antagonist.

The prude hath a wonderful esteem for the Chian laugh or dimple : she looks upon all the other kinds of laughter as excesses of levity ; and is never seen upon the most extravagant jests to disorder her countenance with the ruffle of a smile. Her lips are composed with the primness peculiar to her character, all her modesty seems collected into her face, and she but very rarely takes the freedom to sink her cheek into a dimple.

The young widow is only a Chian for a time ; her smiles are confined by decorum, and she is obliged to make her face sympathize with her habit : she looks demure by art, and by the strict rules of decency is never allowed the smile till the first offer or advance towards her is over.

The effeminate fop, who by the long exercise of his countenance at the glass, hath reduced it to an exact discipline, may claim a place in this clan. You see him upon any occasion, to give spirit to his discourse, admire his own eloquence by a dimple.

The Ionics are those ladies that take a greater liberty with their features ; yet even these may be said to smother a laugh, as the former to stifle a smile.

The beau is an Ionic out of complaisance, and practises the smile the better to sympathize with

the fair. He will sometimes join in a laugh to humour the spleen of a lady, or applaud a piece of wit of his own, but always takes care to confine his mouth within the rules of good-breeding; he takes the laugh from the ladies, but is never guilty of so great an indecorum as to begin it.

The Ionic laugh is of universal use to men of power at their levees; and is esteemed by judicious place-hunters a more particular mark of distinction than the whisper. A young gentleman of my acquaintance valued himself upon his success, having obtained this favour after the attendance of three months only.

A judicious author some years since published a collection of sonnets, which he very successfully called *Laugh and be Fat*; or, *Pills to purge Melancholy*: I cannot sufficiently admire the facetious title of these volumes, and must censure the world of ingratitude, while they are so negligent in rewarding the jocose labours of my friend Mr. D'Urfey, who was so large a contributor to this treatise, and to whose humorous productions so many rural squires in the remotest parts of this island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them. The story of the sick man's breaking an imposthume by a sudden fit of laughter, is too well known to need a recital. It is my opinion, that the above pills would be extremely proper to be taken with asses' milk, and mightily contribute towards the renewing and restoring decayed lungs. Democritus is generally represented to us as a man of the largest size, which we may attribute to his so frequent exercise of his risible faculty. I remember Juvenal somewhere says of him,

' Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat.—SAT. X. 33.

He shook his sides with a perpetual laugh.'

That sort of man whom a late writer has called the Butt, is a great promoter of this healthful agitation, and is generally stocked with so much good-humour, as to strike in with the gaiety of conversation, though some innocent blunder of his own be the subject of the raillery.

I shall range all old amorous dotards under the denomination of Grinners; when a young blooming wench touches their fancy, by an endeavour to recall youth into their cheeks, they immediately overstrain their muscular features, and shrivel their countenance into this frightful merriment.

The wag is of the same kind, and by the same artifice labours to support his impotence of wit: but he very frequently calls in the horse-laugh to his assistance.

There are another kind of grinners, which the ancients call Megarics; and some moderns have, not injudiciously, given them the name of the Sneerers. These always indulge their merit at the expense of their friends, and all their ridicule consists in unseasonable ill-nature. I could wish these laughers would consider, that let them do what they can, there is no laughing away their own follies by laughing at other people's.

The mirth of the tea-table is for the most part Megaric; and in visits the ladies themselves very seldom scruple the sacrificing a friendship to a laugh of this denomination.

The coquette hath a great deal of the Megaric in her; but, in short, she is a proficient in laughter, and can run through the whole exercise of the features; she subdues the former lover with the dimple, accosts the fop with a smile, joins with the wit in the downright laugh; to vary the air of her countenance, frequently rallies with the grin; and when

she has ridiculed her lover quite out of his understanding, to complete his misfortunes, strikes him dumb with the horse-laugh.

The horse-laugh is a distinguishing characteristic of the rural hoyden, and it is observed to be the last symptom of rusticity that forsakes her under the discipline of the boarding-school.

Punsters, I find, very much contribute towards the Sardonic, and the extremes of either wit or folly seldom fail of raising this noisy kind of applause. As the ancient physicians held the Sardonic laugh very beneficial to the lungs; I should, methinks, advise all my countrymen of consumptive and hectic constitutions, to associate with the most facetious punsters of the age. Persius hath very elegantly described a Sardonic laughter in the following line,

Ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos. SAT. iii. 87.

Redoubled peals of trembling laughter burst,
Convulsing every feature of the face.

Laughter is a vent of any sudden joy that strikes upon the mind, which being too volatile and strong, breaks out in this tremor of the voice. The poets make use of this metaphor when they would describe nature in her richest dress, for beauty is never so lovely as when adorned with the smile, and conversation never sits easier upon us, that when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called, The Chorus of Conversation.

No. 30. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1713.

—*Redeunt Saturnia regna.*

VIRG. ECL. iv. 6.

—Saturnian times

Roll round again.

DRYDEN.

THE Italian and French being despatched, I come now to the English, whom I shall treat with such meekness as becomes a good patriot ; and shall so far recommend this our island as a proper scene for pastoral, under certain regulations, as will satisfy the courteous reader that I am in the landed interest.

I must in the first place observe, that our countrymen have so good an opinion of the ancients, and think so modestly of themselves, that the generality of pastoral-writers have either stolen all from the Greeks and Romans, or so servilely imitated their manners and customs, as makes them very ridiculous. In looking over some English pastorals a few days ago, I perused at least fifty lean flocks, and reckoned up an hundred left-handed ravens, besides blasted oaks, withering meadows, and weeping deities. Indeed most of the occasional pastorals we have, are built upon one and the same plan. A shepherd asks his fellow, ‘ Why he is so pale ? if his favourite sheep hath strayed ? if his pipe be broken ? or Phyllis unkind ? ’ He answers, ‘ None of these misfortunes have befallen him, but one much

greater, for Damon or sometimes the god Pan is dead.' This immediately causes the other to make complaints, and call upon the lofty pines and silver streams to join in the lamentation. While he goes on, his friend interrupts him, and tells him that Damon lives, and shows him a track of light in the skies to confirm it: then invites him to chestnuts and cheese. Upon this scheme most of the noble families in Great-Britain have been comforted; nor can I meet with any right honourable shepherd that doth not die and live again, after the manner of the aforesaid Damon.

Having already informed my reader wherein the knowledge of antiquity may be serviceable, I shall now direct him where he may lawfully deviate from the ancients. There are some things of an established nature in pastoral, which are essential to it, such as a country scene, innocence, simplicity. Others there are of a changeable kind, such as habits, customs, and the like. The difference of the climate is also to be considered, for what is proper in Arcadia, or even in Italy, might be very absurd in a colder country. By the same rule the difference of the soil, of fruits, and flowers, is to be observed. And in so fine a country as Britain, what occasion is there for that profusion of hyacinths and Pæstan roses, and that cornucopia of foreign fruits which the British shepherds never heard of? How much more pleasing is the following scene to an English reader!

This place may seem for shepherds' leisure made,
So lovingly these elms unite their shade,
Th' ambitious woodbine, how it climbs to breathe
Its balmy sweets around on all beneath!
The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread,
Through which the springing flower up-rears its head!

Lo here the king-cup, of a golden hue
 Medley'd with daisies white, and endive blue!
 Hark, how the gaudy goldfinch and the thrush,
 With tuneful warblings fill the bramble bush!
 In pleasing consort all the birds combine,
 And tempt us in the various song to join*.

The theology of the ancient pastoral is so very pretty, that it were pity indeed entirely to change it; but I think that part only is to be retained which is universally known, and the rest to be made up out of our own rustical superstition of hobthrushes, fairies, goblins, and witches. The fairies are capable of being made very entertaining persons, as they are described by several of our poets; and particularly by Mr. Pope:

About this spring, if ancient fame say true,
 The dapper elves their moon-light sports pursue,
 Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
 In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
 While tuneful springs a merry consort made,
 And airy music warbled through the shade.

What hath been said upon the difference of climate, soil, and theology, reaches the proverbial sayings, dress, customs, and sports, of shepherds. The following examples of our pastoral sports are extremely beautiful:

Whilome did I, tall as this poplar fair,
 Up-raise my heedless head, devoid of care,
 'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game;
 Nor could they merry make till Lobbin came.
 Who better seen than I in shepherds' arts,
 To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts?
 How deftly to mine oaten reed, so sweet,
 Wont they upon the green to shift their feet?
 And wearied in the dance, how would they yearn
 Some well devised tale from me to learn?
 For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
 To chase the ling'ring sun a-down the sky.

* Philips's Fourth Pastoral, *ab initio*.

— O now! if ever, bring
 The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,
 And tender branches from the mantling vine,
 The dewy cowslip that in meadow grows,
 The fountain violet, and garden rose:
 Your hamlet strew, and every public way,
 And consecrate to mirth Albino's day.
 Myself will lavish all my little store,
 And deal about the goblet flowing o'er:
 Old Moulin there shall harp, young Mico sing,
 And Cuddy dance the round amidst the ring,
 And Hobbinol his antic gambols play*.

The reason why such changes from the ancients should be introduced is very obvious; namely, that poetry being imitation, and that imitation being the best which deceives the most easily, it follows that we must take up the customs which are most familiar or universally known, since no man can be deceived or delighted with the imitation of what he is ignorant of.

It is easy to be observed that these rules are drawn from what our countrymen Spenser and Philips have performed in this way. I shall not presume to say any more of them, than that both have copied and improved the beauties of the ancients, whose manner of thinking I would above all things recommend. As far as our language would allow them, they have formed a pastoral style according to the Doric of Theocritus, in which I dare not say they have excelled Virgil! but I may be allowed, for the honour of our language, to suppose it more capable of that pretty rusticity than the Latin. To their works I refer my reader to make observations upon the pastoral style: where he will sooner find that secret than from a folio of criticisms.

* Philips's First Pastoral, l. 31, &c. Third Part, l. 106, &c.

NO. 31. THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1713.

Fortem posce animum.—

JUV. SAT. X. 357.

Ask of the gods content and strength of mind.

My lady Lizard is never better pleased than when she sees her children about her, engaged in any profitable discourse. I found her last night sitting in the midst of her daughters, and forming a very beautiful semi-circle about the fire. I immediately took my place in an elbow-chair, which is always left empty for me in one corner.

Our conversation fell insensibly upon the subject of happiness, in which every one of the young ladies gave her opinion, with that freedom and unconcernedness which they always use when they are in company only with their mother and myself.

Mrs. Jane declared, that she thought it the greatest happiness to be married to a man of merit, and placed at the head of a well-regulated family. I could not but observe, that, in her character of a man of merit, she gave us a lively description of Tom Worthy, who has long made his addresses to her. The sisters did not discover this at first, till she began to run down fortune in a lover, and, among the accomplishments of a man of merit, unluckily mentioned white teeth and black eyes.

Mrs. Annabella, after having rallied her sister upon her man of merit, talked much of conveniences of life, affluence of fortune, and easiness of temper, in

one whom she should pitch upon for a husband. In short, though the baggage would not speak out, I found the sum of her wishes was a rich fool, or a man so turned to her purposes, that she might enjoy his fortune and insult his understanding.

The romantic Cornelia was for living in a wood among choirs of birds, with zephyrs, echoes, and rivulets, to make up the consort: she would not seem to include a husband in her scheme, but at the same time talked so passionately of cooing turtles, mossy banks, and beds of violets, that one might easily perceive she was not without thoughts of a companion in her solitudes.

Miss Betty placed her *summum bonum* in equipages, assemblies, balls, and birth-nights, talked in raptures of Sir Edward Shallow's gilt coach, and my lady Tattle's room, in which she saw company; nor would she have easily given over, had she not observed that her mother appeared more serious than ordinary, and by her looks showed that she did not approve such a redundance of vanity and impertinence.

My favourite, the Sparkler, with an air of innocence and modesty, which is peculiar to her, said that she never expected such a thing as happiness, and that she thought the most any one could do was to keep themselves from being uneasy; for, as Mr. Ironside has often told us, says she, we should endeavour to be easy here, and happy hereafter: at the same time she begged me to acquaint them by what rules this ease of mind, or if I would please to call it happiness, is best attained.

My lady Lizard joined in the same request with her youngest daughter, adding, with a serious look, The thing seemed to her of so great consequence, that she hoped I would for once forget they were all women, and give my real thoughts of it with the same justness I would use among a company of my

own sex. I complied with her desire, and communicated my sentiments to them on this subject, as near as I can remember, pretty much to the following purpose.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wisest men in all ages have spent so much time to discover what happiness is, and wherein it chiefly consists. An eminent writer, named Varro, reckons up no less than two hundred eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and another, called Lucian, after having given up a long catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to show the absurdity of all of them, without establishing any thing of his own.

That which seems to have made so many err in this case, is the resolution they took to fix a man's happiness to one determined point; which I conceive cannot be made up but by the concurrence of several particulars.

I shall readily allow virtue the first place, as she is the mother of content. It is this which calms our thoughts, and makes us survey ourselves with ease and pleasure. Naked virtue, however, is not alone sufficient to make a man happy. It must be accompanied with at least a moderate provision for all the necessaries of life, and not ruffled and disturbed by bodily pains. A fit of the stone was sharp enough to make a stoic cry out 'that Zeno, his master, taught him false, when he told him that pain was no evil.'

But, besides this, virtue is so far from being alone sufficient to make a man happy, that the excess of it in some particulars, joined to a soft and feminine temper, may often give us the deepest wounds, and chiefly contribute to render us uneasy. I might instance in pity, love, and friendship. In the two

last passions it often happens, that we so entirely give up our hearts, as to make our happiness wholly depend upon another person ; a trust for which no human creature, however excellent, can possibly give us a sufficient security.

The man, therefore, who would be truly happy, must, besides an habitual virtue, attain to such a strength of mind, as to confine his happiness within himself, and keep it from being dependent upon others. A man of this make will perform all those good natured offices that could have been expected from the most bleeding pity, without being so far affected at the common misfortunes of human life, as to disturb his own repose. His actions of this kind are so much more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a principle of virtue, and a sense of his duty ; whereas a man of a softer temper, even while he is assisting another, may in some measure be said to be relieving himself.

A man endowed with that strength of mind I am here speaking of, though he leaves it to his friend or mistress to make him still more happy, does not put it in the power of either to make him miserable.

From what has been already said it will also appear, that nothing can be more weak than to place our happiness in the applause of others, since by this means we make it wholly independent of ourselves. People of this humour, who place their chief felicity in reputation and applause, are also extremely subject to envy, the most painful as well as the most absurd of all passions.

The surest means to attain that strength of mind, and independent state of happiness I am here recommending, is a virtuous mind sufficiently furnished with ideas to support solitude and keep up an agreeable conversation with itself. Learning is a very great help on this occasion, as it lays up an infinite

number of notions in the memory, ready to be drawn out, and set in order upon any occasion. The mind often takes the same pleasure in looking over these her treasures, in augmenting and disposing them into proper forms, as a prince does in a review of his army.

At the same time I must own, that as a mind thus furnished, feels a secret pleasure in the consciousness of its own perfection, and is delighted with such occasions as call upon it to try its force, a lively imagination shall produce a pleasure very little inferior to the former in persons of much weaker heads. As the first therefore may not be improperly called, 'the heaven of a wise man,' the latter is extremely well represented by our vulgar expression, which terms it 'a fool's paradise.' There is, however, this difference between them, that as the first naturally produces that strength and greatness of mind I have been all along describing as so essential to render a man happy, the latter is ruffled and discomposed by every accident, and lost under the most common misfortune.

It is this strength of mind that is not to be overcome by the changes of fortune, that rises at the sight of dangers, and could make Alexander, in that passage of his life so much admired by the prince of Condé, when his army mutinied, bid his soldiers return to Macedon, and tell their countrymen that they had left their king conquering the world; since for his part he could not doubt of raising an army wherever he appeared. It is this that chiefly exerts itself when a man is most oppressed, and gives him always in proportion to whatever malice or injustice would deprive him of. It is this, in short, that makes the virtuous man insensibly set a value upon himself, and throws a varnish over his words and actions, that will at last command esteem, and give him a greater

ascendant over others, than all the advantages of birth and fortune.

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No. 32. FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1713.

—*Ipsę volens, facilisque sequetur,
Si te fata vocant: aliter, non viribus ullis
Vincere.*— VIRG. ÆN. vi. 146.

The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with ease, if, favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
If not, no labour can the tree constrain:
And strength of stubborn arms and steel are vain.

DRYDEN.

HAVING delivered my thoughts upon pastoral poetry, after a didactic manner, in some foregoing papers, wherein I have taken such hints from the critics as I thought rational, and departed from them according to the best of my judgement, and substituted others in their place, I shall close the whole with the following fable or allegory.

In ancient times there dwelt in a pleasant vale of Arcadia a man of very ample possessions, named Menalcas; who, deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very strictly up to the rules of the pastoral life, as it was in the golden age. He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a most enchanting beauty, of a most easy and unaffected air; but having been bred up wholly in the country, was bashful to the last degree. She had a voice that was exceeding sweet, yet had a

rusticity in its tone, which, however, to most who heard her seemed an additional charm. Though in her conversation in general she was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, she was so coy, that many left her in disgust after a tedious courtship, and matched themselves where they were better received. For Menalcas had not only resolved to take a son-in-law, who should inviolably maintain the customs of his family; but had received one evening as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form from a Faun, or, as some say, from Oberon the fairy, with a particular charge not to bestow his daughter upon any one who could not play the same tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

When the time that he had designed to give her in marriage was near at hand, he published a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of this musical instrument, with promise that the victor should possess his daughter, on condition that the vanquished should submit to what punishment he thought fit to inflict. Those who were not yet discouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dress and equipage suitable to their respective fancies.

The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear stream murmured in many irregular meanders. The shepherds made a spacious ring for the contending lovers: and in one part of it there sat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damsel crowned with roses and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a slight green stuff; she had her sheep-hook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other.

The first who approached her was a youth of a graceful presence and courtly air, but drest in a

richer habit than had ever been seen in Arcadia. He wore a crimson vest, cut indeed after the shepherd's fashion, but so enriched with embroidery, and sparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the spectators were diverted from considering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his sheep-hook glittered with gold and enamel. He accosted the damsel after a very gallant manner, and told her*, 'Madam, you needed not to consult your glass to adorn yourself to-day; you may see the greatness of your beauty in the number of your conquests.' She having never heard any compliment so polite, could give him no answer, but presented the pipe, he applied it to his lips, and began a tune which he set off with so many graces and quavers, that the shepherds and shepherdesses, who had paired themselves in order to dance, could not follow it; as indeed it required great skill and regularity of steps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be stripped of his costly robes, and to be clad in a plain russet weed, and confined him to tend the flocks in the valleys for a year and a day.

The second that appeared was in a very different garb. He was clothed in a garment of rough goat-skins, his hair was matted, his beard neglected; in his person uncouth, and awkward in his gait. He came up fleering to the nymph, and told her† 'he had hugged his lambs, and kissed his young kids, but he hoped to kiss one that was sweeter.' The fair one blushed with modesty and anger, and prayed secretly against him as she gave him the pipe. He snatched it from her, but with some difficulty made it sound; which was in such harsh and jarring notes, that the shepherds cried one and all, that he under-

* See Fontenelle.

† See Theocritus.

stood no music. He was immediately ordered to the most craggy parts of Arcadia, to keep the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

The third that advanced appeared in clothes that were so strait and uneasy to him, that he seemed to move with pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look and stately pace, and said *, 'Divine Amaryllis, you wear not those roses to improve your beauty, but to make them ashamed.' As she did not comprehend his meaning, she presented the instrument without reply. The tune that he played was so intricate and perplexing, that the shepherds stood stock-still, like people astonished and confounded. In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of music, and composed by the most skilful master in Hesperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a stranger, hospitably took compassion on him, and delivered him to an old shepherd, who was ordered to get him clothes that would fit him, and teach him to speak plain.

The fourth that stepped forwards was young Amyntas, the most beautiful of all the Arcadian swains, and secretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the same colours as the maid for whom he sighed. He moved towards her with an easy but unassured air: she blushed as he came near her, and when she gave him the fatal present, they both trembled, but neither could speak. Having secretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth such melodious notes, that though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The swains immediately mingled in the dance; and the old shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard such music by night, which they imagined to be played by some of the rural deities. The good old

* See Tasso.

man leaped from his throne, and, after he had embraced him, presented him to his daughter, which caused a general acclamation.

While they were in the midst of their joy, they were surprised with a very odd appearance. A person in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes, stepped into the middle of the ring. He had an angling rod in his hand, a pannier upon his back, and a poor meagre wretch in wet clothes carried some oysters before him*. Being asked whence he came, and what he was? he told them, he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the sea-shore, that his substance consisted in sea-calves, and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and the Naiads. 'Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?' said Menalcas: 'to them then shalt thou return.' The shepherds immediately hoisted him up as an enemy to Arcadia, and plunged him in the river, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long-lived, there having been but four descents in above two thousand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil; Virgil left his to his son Spenser; and Spenser was succeeded by his eldest-born Philips.

* Sannazarius, mentioned No. 28.

No. 33. SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1713.

— *Dignum sapiente bonoque est.* HOR. EPIST. i. 4. 5.

Worthy a wise man, and a good.

I HAVE made it a rule to myself, not to publish any thing on a Saturday, but what shall have some analogy to the duty of the day ensuing. It is an unspeakable pleasure to me, that I have lived to see the time wherein I can observe such a law to myself, and yet turn my discourse upon what is done at the play-house. I am sure the reader knows I am going to mention the tragedy of Cato. The principal character is moved by no consideration but respect to that sort of virtue, the sense of which is retained in our language under the word Public-spirit. All regards to his domestic are wholly laid aside, and the hero is drawn as having by this motive, subdued instinct itself, and taken comfort from the distresses of his family, which are brought upon them by their adherence to the cause of truth and liberty. There is nothing uttered by Cato but what is worthy the best of men; and the sentiments which are given him are not only the most warm for the conduct of this life, but such as we may think will not need to be erased, but consist with the happiness of the human soul in the next. This illustrious character has its proper influence on all below it: the other virtuous personages are, in their degree, as worthy, and as exemplary, as the principal; the conduct of the

lovers, who are more warm, though more discreet, than ever yet appeared on the stage, has in it a constant sense of the great catastrophe which was expected from the approach of Cæsar. But to see the modesty of a heroine, whose country and family were, at the same time, in the most imminent danger, preserved, while she breaks out into the most fond and open expressions of her passion for her lover, is an instance of no common address. Again, to observe the body of a gallant young man brought before us, who, in the bloom of his youth, in the defence of all that is good and great, had received numberless wounds: I say, to observe that this dead youth is introduced only for the example of his virtue, and that his death is so circumstantiated, that we are satisfied, for all his virtue, it was for the good of the world, and his own family, that his warm temper was not to be put upon further trial, but his task of life ended while it was yet virtuous, is an employment worthy the consideration of our young Britons. We are obliged to authors, that can do what they will with us, that they do not play our affections and passions against ourselves: but to make us so soon resigned to the death of Marcus, of whom we were so fond, is a power that would be unfortunately lodged in a man without the love of virtue.

Were it not that I speak on this occasion, rather as a Guardian than a critic, I could proceed to the examination of the justness of each character, and take notice that the Numidian is as well drawn as the Roman. There is not an idea in all the part of Syphax which does not apparently arise from the habits which grow in the mind of an African; and the scene between Juba, and his general, where they talk for and against a liberal education, is full of instruction. Syphax urges all that can be said against philosophy, as it is made subservient to ill ends, by

men who abuse their talents; and Juba sets the lesser excellences of activity, labour, patience of hunger, and strength of body, which are the admired qualifications of a Numidian, in their proper subordination to the accomplishments of the mind. But this play is so well recommended by others, that I will not for that, and some private reasons, enlarge any further. Doctor Garth has very agreeably rallied the mercenary traffic between men and women of this age in the epilogue, by Mrs. Porter, who acted Lucia. And Mr. Pope has prepared the audience for a new scene of passion and transport on a more noble foundation than they have before been entertained with, in the prologue. I shall take the liberty to gratify the impatience of the town by inserting these two excellent pieces, as earnest of the work itself, which will be printed within a few days.

PROLOGUE TO CATO.

BY MR. POPE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes:

Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was :
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state.
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
 Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
 E'en when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state ?
 As her dead father's reverend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
 The triumph ceased—tears gush'd from ev'ry eye ;
 The world's great victor past unheeded by ;
 Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.*
 Britons attend : be worth like this approved,
 And show you have the virtue to be moved.
 With honest scorn the first-famed Cato view'd
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued.
 Our scene precariously subsists too long
 On French translation and Italian song :
 Dare to have sense yourselves, assert the stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage :
 Such plays alone should please a British ear,
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE TO CATO.

BY DR. GARTH.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PORTER.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do !
 Who would not listen when young lovers woo ?
 But die a maid, yet have the choice of two !
 Ladies are often cruel to their cost :
 To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
 Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd ;
 To oft they're cancell'd, though in convents made.

Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say ;
We hate you when you're easily said Nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears ?
Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would choose,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse :
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell ;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix ;
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.

Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you :
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms ;
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms :
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state !
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow ;
E'en churches are no sanctuaries now :
There, golden idols all your vows receive ;
She is no goddess who has nought to give.
Oh may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere ;
When gold and grandeur were unenvied things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Constancy feel transport in its chains ;
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal :
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And Beauty fear no enemy but Time :
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

No. 34. MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1713.

— *Mores hominum multorum vidit.*—

HOR. ARS POET. 142.

He many men and many manners saw.

It is a most vexatious thing to an old man, who endeavours to square his notions by reason, and to talk from reflection and experience, to fall in with a circle of young ladies at their afternoon tea-table. This happened very lately to be my fate. The conversation, for the first half-hour, was so very rambling, that it is hard to say what was talked of, or who spoke least to the purpose. The various motions of the fan, the tossings of the head, intermixed with all the pretty kinds of laughter, made up the greatest part of the discourse. At last, this modish way of shining, and being witty, settled into something like conversation, and the talk ran upon fine gentlemen. From the several characters that were given, and the exceptions that were made, as this or that gentleman happened to be named, I found that a lady is not difficult to be pleased, and that the town swarms with fine gentlemen. A nimble pair of heels, a smooth complexion, a full-bottom wig, a laced shirt, an embroidered suit; a pair of fringed gloves, a hat and feather; any one or more of these and the like accomplishments ennobles a man, and raises him above the vulgar, in a female imagination. On the contrary, a modest serious behaviour, a plain dress, a thick pair of shoes, a leathern belt, a waistcoat not

lined with silk, and such like imperfections, degrade a man, and are so many blots in his escutcheon. I could not forbear smiling at one of the prettiest and liveliest of this gay assembly, who excepted to the gentility of Sir William Hearty, because he wore a frize coat, and breakfasted upon toast and ale. I pretended to admire the fineness of her taste; and to strike in with her in ridiculing those awkward healthy gentleman, that seem to make nourishment the chief end of eating. I gave her an account of an honest Yorkshire gentleman, who, when I was a traveller, used to invite his acquaintance at Paris to break their fast with him upon cold roast beef and mum. There was, I remember, a little French marquis, who was often pleased to rally him unmercifully upon beef and pudding, of which our countryman would despatch a pound or two with great alacrity, while his antagonist was piddling at a mushroom, or the haunch of a frog. I could perceive the lady was pleased with what I said, and we parted very good friends by virtue of a maxim I always observe: never to contradict or reason with a sprightly female. I went home, however, full of a great many serious reflections upon what had passed: and though, in complaisance, I disguised my sentiments, to keep up the good humour of my fair companions, and to avoid being looked upon as a testy old fellow, yet out of the good-will I bear to the sex, and to prevent for the future their being imposed upon by counterfeits, I shall give them the distinguishing marks of 'a true fine gentleman.'

When a good artist would express any remarkable character in sculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfection his imagination can form; and to imitate not so much what is, as what may or ought to be. I shall follow their example, in the idea I am going to trace out of a fine

gentleman, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character complete. In order to this I shall premise in general, that by a fine gentleman I mean a man completely qualified as well for the service and good, as for the ornament and delight, of society. When I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit that human nature is capable of. To this I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgement, and an extensive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence. When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, cheerful and in good humour without noise. These amiable qualities are not easily obtained ; neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finished gentleman is perhaps the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowments with which this distinguished man is to be born, he must run through a long series of education. Before he makes his appearance and shines in the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the polite arts and sciences. He should be no stranger to courts and to camps : he must travel to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and interests of foreign states, as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of national prejudices ; of which every country has its share. To all these more essential improvements, he must not forget to add the fashionable ornaments of life, such as

are the languages and the bodily exercises most in vogue: neither would I have him think even dress itself beneath his notice.

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honour to be found. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent: but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination; so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; every thing he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder.

ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MY FEMALE READERS.

N. B. The gilt chariot, the diamond-ring, the gold-snuff-box, and brocade sword-knot, are no essential parts of a fine gentleman; but may be used by him, provided he casts his eye upon them but once a day.

No. 35. TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1713.

O vitæ Philosophia dux, virtutis indagatrix!

CICERO.

O Philosophy, thou guide of life, and discoverer of virtue!

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ SIR,

“ I AM a man who have spent great part of that time in rambling through foreign countries, which young gentlemen usually pass at the university; by which course of life, although I have acquired no small insight into the manners and conversation of men, yet I could not make proportionable advances in the way of science and speculation. In my return through France, as I was one day setting forth this my case to a certain gentleman of that nation, with whom I had contracted a friendship; after some pause, he conducted me into his closet, and opening a little amber cabinet, took from thence a small box of snuff; which he said, was given him by an uncle of his, the author of *The Voyage to the World of Descartes*; and with many professions of gratitude and affection made me a present of it, telling me, at the same time, that he knew no readier way to furnish and adorn a mind with knowledge in the arts and sciences, than that same snuff rightly applied.

‘ You must know,’ said he, ‘ that Descartes was the first who discovered a certain part of the brain, called by anatomists the Pineal Gland, to be the immediate receptacle of the soul, where she is affect-

ed with all sorts of perceptions, and exerts all her operations by the intercourse of the animal spirits which run through the nerves that are thence extended to all parts of the body. He added, that the same philosopher having considered the body as a machine, or piece of clock-work, which performed all the vital operations without the concurrence of the will, began to think a way may be found out for separating the soul for some time from the body, without any injury to the latter; and that after much meditation on that subject, the above-mentioned *virtuoso* composed the snuff he then gave me; which, if taken in a certain quantity, would not fail to disengage my soul from my body. Your soul,' continued he, 'being at liberty to transport herself with a thought wherever she pleases, may enter into the pineal gland of the most learned philosopher, and being so placed, become spectator of all the ideas in his mind, which would instruct her in a much less time than the usual methods.' I returned him thanks, and accepted his present, and with it a paper of directions.

“ You may imagine it was no small improvement and diversion, to pass my time in the pineal glands of philosophers, poets, beaux, mathematicians, ladies, and statesmen. One while to trace a theorem in mathematics through a long labyrinth of intricate turns, and subtleties of thought! another to be conscious of the sublime ideas and comprehensive views of a philosopher, without any fatigue or wasting of my own spirits. Sometimes to wander through perfumed groves, or enamelled meadows, in the fancy of a poet: at others to be present when a battle or a storm raged, or a glittering palace rose in his imagination; or to behold the pleasures of a country life, the passion of a generous love, or the warmth of de-

votion wrought up to rapture. Or, to use the words of a very ingenious author, to

Behold the raptures which a writer knows,
When in his breast a vein of fancy glows,
Behold his business while he works the mine,
Behold his temper when he sees it shine.

ESSAY ON THE DIFFERENT STYLES OF POETRY.

“ These gave me inconceivable pleasure. Nor was it an unpleasant entertainment, sometimes to descend from these sublime and magnificent ideas to the impertinences of a beau, the dry schemes of a coffee-house politician, or the tender images in the mind of a young lady. And, as in order to frame a right idea of human happiness, I thought it expedient to make a trial of the various manners wherein men of different pursuits were affected: I one day entered into the pineal gland of a certain person, who seemed very fit to give me an insight into all that which constitutes the happiness of him who is called a man of pleasure. But I found myself not a little disappointed in my notion of the pleasures which attend a voluptuary, who has shaken off the restraints of reason.

“ His intellectuals, I observed, were grown un-serviceable by too little use, and his senses were decayed and worn out by too much. That perfect inaction of the higher powers prevented appetite in prompting him to sensual gratifications; and the outrunning natural appetite produced a loathing instead of a pleasure. I there beheld the intemperate cravings of youth, without the enjoyments of it; and the weakness of old age, without its tranquillity. When the passions were teased and roused by some powerful object, the effect was not to delight or soothe the mind, but to torture it between the re-

turning extremes of appetite and satiety. I saw a wretch racked, at the same time, with a painful remembrance of past miscarriages, a distaste of the present objects that solicit his senses, and a secret dread of futurity. And I could see no manner of relief or comfort in the soul of this miserable man, but what consisted in preventing his cure, by inflaming his passions, and suppressing his reason. But though it must be owned he had almost quenched that light which his Creator had set up in his soul, yet, in spite of all his efforts, I observed, at certain seasons, frequent flashes of remorse strike through the gloom, and interrupt that satisfaction he enjoyed in hiding his own deformities from himself.

“ I was also present at the original formation or production of a certain book in the mind of a free-thinker, and, believing it may not be unacceptable to let you into the secret manner and internal principles by which that phenomenon was formed, I shall in my next give you an account of it.

“ I am, in the mean time,

“ Your most obedient humble servant,

“ ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.”

‘ N. B. Mr. Ironside has lately received out of France ten pounds, avoirdupois weight, of this philosophical snuff, and gives notice that he will make use of it, in order to distinguish the real from the professed sentiments of all persons of eminence in court, city, town, and country.’

No. 36. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1713.

*Punnica se quantis attollet gloria rebus**.

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 49.

What rebuses exalt the Punnic fame!

THE gentleman who doth me the favour to write the following letter, saith as much for himself as the thing will bear. I am particularly pleased to find, that, in his apology for punning, he only celebrates the art as it is a part of conversation. I look upon premeditated quibbles and puns committed to the press as unpardonable crimes. There is as much difference betwixt these and the starts in common discourse, as betwixt casual rencounters, and murder with malice prepense.

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE from your writings conceived such an opinion of your benevolence to mankind, that I trust you will not suffer any art to be vilified, which helps to polish and adorn us. I do not know any sort of wit that hath been used so reproachfully as the pun: and I persuade myself that I shall merit your esteem, by recommending it to your protection; since there can be no greater glory to a generous soul, than to succour the distressed. I shall therefore, without

* The double pun in the motto of this paper is adapted to the subject of it.

further preface, offer to your consideration the following Modest Apology for Punning; wherein I shall make use of no double meanings or equivocations: since I think it unnecessary to give it any other praises than truth and common sense, its professed enemies, are forced to grant.

“ In order to make this an useful work, I shall state the nature and extent of the pun; I shall discover the advantages that flow from it, the moral virtues that it produces, and the tendency that it hath to promote vigour of body and ease of mind.

“ The pun is defined by one, who seems to be no well-wisher to it, to be ‘ a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense.’ Now if this be the essence of the pun, how great must we allow the dignity of it to be, when we consider that it takes in most of the considerable parts of learning! For is it not most certain, that all learned disputes are rather about sounds than sense? Are not the controversies of divines about the different interpretations of terms? Are not the disputations of philosophers about words, and all their pompous distinctions only so many unravellings of double meanings? Who ever lost his estate in Westminster-hall, but complained that he was quibbled out of his right? Or what monarch ever broke a treaty, but by virtue of equivocation? In short, so great is the excellence of this art, so diffusive its influence, that when I go into a library, I say to myself, ‘ What volumes of puns do I behold!’ When I look upon the men of business, I cry out, ‘ How powerful is the tribe of the quibblers!’ When I see statesmen and ambassadors, I reflect, ‘ How splendid the equipage of the quirk! in what pomp do the punsters appear!’

“ But as there are serious puns, such as I have instanced in, so likewise there are puns comical.

These are what I would recommend to my countrymen ; which I shall do by displaying the advantages flowing from them.

“ The first advantage of punning is, that it gives us the compass of our own language. This is very obvious. For the great business of the punster is to hunt out the several words in our tongue that agree in sound, and have various significations. By this means he will likewise enter into the nicety of spelling, an accomplishment regarded only by middling people, and much neglected by persons of great, and no quality. This error may produce unnecessary folios amongst grammarians yet unborn. But to proceed. A man of learning hath, in this manner of wit, great advantages ; as indeed, what advantages do not flow from learning ? If the pun fails in English, he may have speedy recourse to the Latin or the Greek, and so on. I have known wonders performed by this secret. I have heard the French assisted by the German, the Dutch mingle with the Italian, and where the jingle hath seemed desperate in the Greek, I have known it revive in the Hebrew. My Friend Dick Babel hath often, to show his parts, started a conceit at the equinoctial, and pursued it through all the degrees of latitude : and, after he had punned round the globe, hath sat down like Alexander, and mourned that he had no more worlds to conquer.

“ Another advantage in punning is, that it ends disputes, or, what is all one, puns comical destroy puns serious. Any man that drinks a bottle knows very well, that about twelve, people that do not kiss, or cry, are apt to debate. This often occasions heats and heart-burnings, unless one of the disputants vouchsafes to end the matter with a joke. How often have Aristotle and Cartesius been reconciled by a merry conceit ! how often have whigs and Tories

shook hands oves a quibble ! and the clashing of swords been prevented, by the jingling of words !

“ Attention of mind, is another benefit enjoyed by punsters. This is discoverable from the perpetual gape of the company where they are, and the earnest desire to know what was spoken last, if a word escapes any one at the table. I must add, that quick apprehension is required in the hearer, readily to take some things which are very far fetched ; as likewise great vivacity in the performer, to reconcile distant and even hostile ideas by the mere mimicry of words, and energy of sound.

“ Mirth or good-humour is the last advantage, that, out of a million, I shall produce to recommend punning. But this will more naturally fall in when I come to demonstrate its operation upon the mind and body. I shall now discover what moral virtues it promotes ; and shall content myself with instancing in those which every reader will allow of.

“ A punster is adorned with humility. This our adversaries will not deny ; because they hold it to be a condescension in any man to trifle, as they arrogantly call it, with words. I must however confess for my own share, I never punned out of the pride of my heart, nor did I ever know one of our fraternity, that seemed to be troubled with the thirst of glory.

“ The virtue called urbanity by the moralists, or a courtly behaviour, is much cultivated by this science. For the whole spirit of urbanity consists in a desire to please the company, and what else is the design of the punster ? Accordingly we find such bursts of laughter, such agitations of the sides, such contortions of the limbs, such earnest attempts to recover the dying laugh, such transport in the enjoyment of it, in equivocating assemblies, as men

of common sense are amazed at, and own they never felt.

“ But nothing more displays itself in the punster than justice, the queen of all the virtues. At the quibbling board every performer hath his due. The soul is struck at once, and the body recognizes the merit of each joke, by sudden and comical emotions. Indeed how should it be otherwise, where not only words, but even syllables, have justice done them ; where no man invades the right of another, but with perfect innocence ; and good-nature takes as much delight in his neighbour’s joy, as in his own ?

“ From what hath been advanced, it will easily appear, that this science contributes to ease of body, and serenity of mind. You have, in a former precaution, advised your hectic readers to associate with those of our brotherhood, who are, for the most part, of a corpulent make, and a round vacant countenance. It is natural the next morning, after a merriment, to reflect how we behaved ourselves the night before : and I appeal to any one, whether it will not occasion greater peace of mind to consider, that he hath only been waging harmless war with words, than if he had stirred his brother to wrath, grieved the soul of his neighbour by calumny, or increased his own wealth by fraud. As for health of body, I look upon punning as a nostrum, a *Medicina Gymnastica*, that throws off all the bad humours, and occasions such a brisk circulation of the blood, as keeps the lamp of life in a clear and constant flame. I speak, as all physicians ought to do, from experience. A friend of mine, who had the ague this spring, was, after the failing of several medicines and charms, advised by me to enter into a course of quibbling. He threw his electuaries out at his window, and took Abracadabra off from his

neck, and by the mere force of punning upon that long magical word, threw himself into a fine breathing sweat, and a quiet sleep. He is now in a fair way of recovery, and says pleasantly, he is less obliged to the Jesuits for their powder, than for their equivocation.

“ Sir, this is my Modest Apology for Punning ; which I was the more encouraged to undertake, because we have a learned university where it is in request, and I am told that a famous club hath given it protection. If this meets with encouragement, I shall write a vindication of the rebus, and do justice to the conundrum. I have, indeed, looked philosophically into their natures, and made a sort of *Arbor Porphyriana* of the several subordinations and divisions of low wit. This the ladies perhaps may not understand ; but I shall thereby give the beaux an opportunity of showing their learning.

“ I am, SIR,

“ with great respect,

“ your most obedient

“ humble servant.”

No. 37. THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1713.

Me duce, damnosas, homines, compescite curas.

OID. REM. AM. 69.

Learn, mortals, from my precepts to control
The furious passions that disturb the soul.

It is natural for an old man to be fond of such entertainments as revive in his imagination the agree-

able impressions made upon it in his youth : the set of wits and beauties he was first acquainted with, the balls and drawing-rooms in which he made an agreeable figure, the music and actors he heard and saw, when his life was fresh, and his spirits vigorous and quick, have usually the preference in his esteem to any succeeding pleasures that present themselves when his taste is grown more languid. It is for this reason I never see a picture of Sir Peter Lely's, who drew so many of my first friends and acquaintance, without a sensible delight ; and I am in raptures when I reflect on the compositions of the famous Mr. Henry Laws, long before Italian music was introduced into our nation. Above all, I am pleased in observing that the tragedies of Shakspeare, which, in my youthful days, have so frequently filled my eyes with tears, hold their rank still, and are the great support of our theatre.

It was with this agreeable prepossession of mind, I went some time ago, to see the old tragedy of Othello, and took my female wards with me, having promised them, a little before, to carry them to the first play of Shakspeare's which should be acted. Mrs. Cornelia, who is a great reader, and never fails to peruse the play-bills, which are brought to her every day, gave me notice of it early in the morning. When I came to my lady Lizard's at dinner, I found the young folks all drest, and expecting the performance of my promise. I went with them at the proper time, placed them together in the boxes, and myself by them in a corner seat. As I have the chief scenes of the play by heart, I did not look much on the stage, but formed to myself a new satisfaction in keeping an eye on the faces of my little audience, and observing, as it were by reflection, the different passions of the play represented in their countenances. Mrs. Betty told us the names of several per-

sons of distinction, as they took their places in their boxes, and entertained us with the history of a new marriage or two, till the curtain drew up. I soon perceived that Mrs. Jane was touched with the love of Desdemona, and in a concern to see how she would come off with her parents. Annabella had a rambling eye, and for some time was more taken up with observing what gentlemen looked at her, and with criticising the dress of the ladies, than with any thing that passed on the stage. Mrs. Cornelia, who, I have often said, is addicted to the study of romances, commended that speech in the play, in which Othello mentions his 'hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach,' and recites his travels and adventures with which he had captivated the heart of Desdemona. The Sparkler looked several times frightened; and as the distress of the play was heightened, their different attention was collected, and fixed wholly on the stage, till I saw them all, with a secret satisfaction, betrayed into tears.

I have often considered this play as a noble, but irregular, production of a genius, who had the power of animating the theatre beyond any writer we have ever known. The touches of nature in it are strong and masterly; but the economy of the fable, and in some particulars the probability, are too much neglected. If I would speak of it in the most severe terms, I should say, as Waller does of the Maid's Tragedy,

Great are its faults, but glorious is its flame.

But it would be poor employment in a critic to observe upon the faults, and show no taste for the beauties, in a work that has always struck the most sensible part of our audiences in a very forcible manner.

The chief subject of this piece is the passion of jealousy, which the poet has represented at large, in its birth, its various workings and agonies, and its horrid consequences. From this passion, and the innocence and simplicity of the person suspected, arises a very moving distress.

It is a remark, as I remember, of a modern writer, who is thought to have penetrated deeply into the nature of the passions, 'that the most extravagant love is nearest to the strongest hatred.' The Moor is furious in both these extremes. His love is tempestuous, and mingled with a wildness peculiar to his character, which seems very artfully to prepare for the change which is to follow.

How savage, yet how ardent is that expression of the raptures of his heart, when, looking after Desdemona as she withdraws, he breaks out,

Excellent wench! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

The deep and subtle villainy of Iago, in working this change from love to jealousy, in so tumultuous a mind as that of Othello, prepossessed with a confidence in the disinterested affection of the man who is leading him on insensibly to his ruin, is likewise drawn with a masterly hand. Iago's broken hints, questions, and seeming care to hide the reason of them; his obscure suggestions to raise the curiosity of the Moor; his personated confusion, and refusing to explain himself while Othello is drawn on, and held in suspense till he grows impatient and angry; then his throwing in the poison, and naming to him, in a caution, the passion he would raise,

— O beware of jealousy! —

are inimitable strokes of art, in that scene which has always been justly esteemed one of the best which was ever represented on the theatre.

To return to the character of Othello; his strife of passions, his starts, his returns of love, and threatenings to Iago, who had put his mind on the rack, his relapses afterwards to jealousy, his rage against his wife, and his asking pardon of Iago, whom he thinks he had abused for his fidelity to him, are touches which no one can overlook that has the sentiments of human nature, or has considered the heart of man in its frailties, its penances, and all the variety of its agitations. The torments which the Moor suffers are so exquisitely drawn, as to render him as much an object of compassion, even in the barbarous action of murdering Desdemona, as the innocent person herself who falls under his hand.

But there is nothing in which the poet has more shown his judgement in this play, than in the circumstance of the handkerchief, which is employed as a confirmation to the jealousy of Othello already raised. What I would here observe is, that the very slightness of this circumstance is the beauty of it. How finely has Shakspeare expressed the nature of jealousy in those lines, which, on this occasion, he puts into the mouth of Iago,

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.

It would be easy for a tasteless critic to turn any of the beauties I have here mentioned into ridicule: but such an one would only betray a mechanical judgement, formed out of borrowed rules and common-place reading, and not arising from any true discernment in human nature, and its passions.

As the moral of this tragedy is an admirable cau-

tion against hasty suspicions, and the giving way to the first transports of rage and jealousy, which may plunge a man, in a few minutes, in all the horrors of guilt, distraction, and ruin, I shall further enforce it, by relating a scene of misfortunes of the like kind, which really happened some years ago in Spain; and is an instance of the most tragical hurricane of passion I have ever met with in history. It may be easily conceived that a heart ever big with resentments of its own dignity, and never allayed by reflections which make us honour ourselves for acting with reason and equality, will take fire precipitantly. It will on a sudden flame too high to be extinguished. The short story I am going to tell is a lively instance of the truth of this observation, and a just warning to those of jealous honour, to look about them, and begin to possess their souls as they ought, for no man of spirit knows how terrible a creature he is, till he comes to be provoked.

Don Alonzo, a Spanish nobleman, had a beautiful and virtuous wife, with whom he had lived for some years in great tranquillity. The gentleman, however, was not free from the faults usually imputed to his nation; he was proud, suspicious, and impetuous. He kept a Moor in his house, whom on a complaint from his lady, he had punished for a small offence with the utmost severity. The slave vowed revenge, and communicated his resolution to one of the lady's women with whom he lived in a criminal way. This creature also hated her mistress, for she feared she was observed by her; she therefore undertook to make Don Alonzo jealous, by insinuating that the gardener was often admitted to his lady in private, and promising to make him an eye-witness of it. At a proper time agreed on between her and the Morisco, she sent a message to the gardener, that his lady, having some hasty orders to give him,

would have him come that moment to her in her chamber. In the mean time she had placed Alonzo privately in an outer room, that he might observe who passed that way. It was not long before he saw the gardener appear. Alonzo had not patience, but, following him into the apartment, struck him at one blow with a dagger to the heart: then dragging his lady by the hair, without inquiring further, he instantly killed her.

Here he paused, looking on the dead bodies with all the agitations of a demon of revenge; when the wench who had occasioned these terrors, distracted with remorse, threw herself at his feet, and in a voice of lamentation, without sense of the consequence, repeated all her guilt. Alonzo was overwhelmed with all the violent passions at one instant, and uttered the broken voices and motions of each of them for a moment, till at last he recollected himself enough to end his agony of love, anger, disdain, revenge, and remorse, by murdering the maid, the Moor, and himself.

No. 38. FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1713.

—*Prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.*

HOR. EPIST. i. 1. 32

· Thus far at least, though here we stop.

I HAVE lately given a precaution concerning the difficulty in arriving at what ought to be esteemed a 'fine gentleman.' That character has been long wholly engrossed by well-drest beaux, and men of sense have given up all pretence to it. The highest

any of them contend for is, the character of 'a pretty gentleman;' for here the dress may be more careless, and some wit is thought necessary; whereas a fine gentleman is not obliged to converse further than the offering his snuff-box round the room. However, the pretty gentleman must have his airs: and though they are not so pompous as those of the other, yet they are so affected, that few who have understanding can bring themselves to be proficient in this way, though ever so useful towards being well received; but, if they fail here, they succeed with some difficulty in being allowed to have much of the gentleman in them. To obtain this epithet, a man of sense must arrive at a certain desire to appear more than is natural to him; but as the world goes, it is fit he should be encouraged in this attempt, since nothing can mend the general taste but setting the true character in as public a view as the false. This, indeed, can never be done to the purpose, while the majority is so great on the wrong side; one of a hundred will have the shout against him; but if people of wit would be as zealous to assist old Ironside, as he is to promote them and their interest, a little time would give these things a new turn. However, I will not despair but I shall be able to summon all the good sense in the nation to my assistance, in my ambition to produce a new race of mankind, to take the places of such as have hitherto pretended to engross the fashion: The university scholar shall be called upon to learn his exercise, and frequent mixt company; the military and the travelled man, to read the best authors; the country gentleman, to divide his time, so as, together with the care of his estate, to make an equal progress in learning and breeding; and when the several candidates think themselves prepared, I shall appoint under-officers to examine their qualifications,

and, as I am satisfied with their report, give out my passports recommending them to all companies as 'the Guardian's fine gentlemen.' If my recommendations appear just, I will not doubt but some of the present fine gentlemen will see the necessity of retirement, till they can come abroad with approbation. I have indeed already given out orders in this behalf, and have directed searches to attend at the inns, where the Oxford and Cambridge coaches stand, and commanded them to bring any young fellow, of any hopes in the world, directly to my lodgings as soon as he lands, for I will take him, though I know I can only make him 'much of a gentleman;' for, when I have gone thus far, one would think it should be easy to make him a 'gentleman-like man.' As the world now goes, we have no adequate idea of what is meant by 'gentlemanly, gentleman-like, or much of a gentleman;' you cannot be cheated at play, but it is certainly done by 'a very gentleman-like man;' you cannot be deceived in your affairs, but it was done in some 'gentlemanly manner;' you cannot be wronged in your bed, but all the world will say of him that did the injury, it must be allowed 'he is very much of a gentleman.' Here is a very pleasant fellow, a correspondent of mine, that puts in for that appellation even to a highwaymen. I must confess the gentleman he personates is very apparently such, though I did not look upon that sort of fellow in that light, till he favoured me with his letter, which is as follows:

" MR. IRONSIDE,

" I HAVE been upon the highway these six years, in the Park, at the Play, at Bath, Tunbridge, Epsom, and at every other place where I could have any prospect of stealing a fortune; but have met

with no success, being disappointed either by some of your damned Ironside race, or by old cursed curs, who put more bolts on their doors and bars in their windows than are in Newgate. All that see me own I am 'a gentleman-like man;' and, whatever rascally things the grave folks say I am guilty of, they themselves acknowledge I am a 'gentlemanly kind of man,' and in every respect accomplished for running away with a lady. I have been bred up to no business, am illiterate, have spent the small fortune I had in purchasing favours from the fair sex. The bounty of their purses I have received, as well as the endearments of their persons, but I have gratefully disposed of it among themselves, for I always was a keeper when I was kept. I am fearless in my behaviour, and never fail of putting your bookish sort of fellows, your men of merit, forsooth, out of countenance. I triumph when I see a modest young woman blush at an assembly, or a virgin betrayed into tears at a well-wrought scene in a tragedy. I have long forgot shame, for it proceeds from a consciousness of some defect; and I am, as I told you, 'a gentlemanly man.' I never knew any but your musty philosophers applaud blushes, and you yourselves will allow that they are caused either by some real imperfection, or the apprehension of defect where there is not any; but for my part I hate mistakes, and shall not suspect myself wrongfully. Such as I am, if you approve of my person, estate, and character, I desire you would admit me as a suitor to one of the Lizards, and beg your speedy answer to this; for it is the last time my black coat will bear scouring, or my long wig buckling.

" I am, SIR, the fair ladies',

" and your humble servant,

" WILL. BAREFACE."

Those on the highway, who make a stand with a pistol at your breast, compelled perhaps by necessity, misfortune, or driven out of an honest way of life, to answer the wants of a craving family, are much more excusable than those of their fraternity, who join the conversations of gentlemen, and get into a share of their fortunes without one good art about them. What a crowd of these gentleman-like men are about this town! For, from an unjust modesty, and incapacity of common life, the ordinary failings of men of letters and industry in our nation, it happens, that impudence suppresses all virtue, and assumes the reward and esteem which are due to it. Hence it is that worthless rogues have the smiles of the fair, and the favours of the great: to be well dressed and in health, and very impudent, in this licentious undistinguishing age, is enough to constitute a person 'very much of a gentleman'; and to this pass are we come, by the prostitution of wit in the cause of vice, which has made the most unreasonable and unnatural things prevail against all the suggestions of common sense. Nobody denies that we live in a Christian country, and yet he who should decline, upon respective opportunities, to commit adultery or murder, would be thought very little of a gentleman.

No. 39. SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1713.

—*Ægri somnia.*—

HOR. ARS POET. 7.

A sick man's dreams.

MY correspondent, who has acquired the faculty of entering into other men's thoughts, having, in pursuance to a former letter, sent me an account of certain useful discoveries he has made by the help of that invention, I shall communicate the same to the public in this paper.

“ MR. IRONSIDE,

“ ON the eleventh day of October, in the year 1712, having left my body locked up safe in my study, I repaired to the Grecian coffee-house, where entering into the Pineal gland of a certain eminent freethinker, I made directly to the highest part of it, which is the seat of the understanding, expecting to find there a comprehensive knowledge of all things human and divine; but to my no small astonishment, I found the place narrower than ordinary, in-somuch that there was not any room for a miracle, prophecy, or separate spirit.

“ This obliged me to descend a story lower, into the imagination, which I found larger, indeed, but cold and comfortless. I discovered prejudice, in the figure of a woman, standing in a corner, with her eyes close shut, and her fore-fingers stuck in her ears; many words in a confused order, but spoken

with great emphasis, issued from her mouth. These, being condensed by the coldness of the place, formed a sort of mist, through which methought I saw a great castle with a fortification cast round it, and a tower adjoining to it, that through the windows appeared to be filled with racks and halters. Beneath the castle I could discern vast dungeons, and all about it lay scattered bones of men. It seemed to be garrisoned by certain men in black, of a gigantic size, and most terrific forms. But, as I drew near, the terror of the appearance vanished; and the castle I found to be only a church, whose steeple, with its clock and bell-ropes, was mistaken for a tower filled with racks and halters. The terrible giants in black shrunk into a few innocent clergymen. The dungeons were turned into vaults designed only for the habitation of the dead; and the fortification proved to be a churchyard, with some scattered bones in it, and a plain stone wall round it.

“ I had not been long here before my curiosity was raised by a loud noise that I heard in the inferior region. Descending thither I found a mob of the passions assembled in a riotous manner. Their tumultuary proceedings soon convinced me, that they affected a democracy. After much noise and wrangle, they at length all hearkened to Vanity, who proposed the raising of a great army of notions, which she offered to lead against those dreadful phantoms in the imagination that had occasioned all this uproar.

“ Away posted Vanity, and I after her, to the storehouse of ideas; when I beheld a great number of lifeless notions confusedly thrown together, but upon the approach of Vanity they began to crawl. Here were to be seen, among other odd things, sleeping deities, corporeal spirits, and worlds formed by chance; with an endless variety of heathen notions,

the most irregular and grotesque imaginable. And with these were jumbled several of Christian extraction ; but such was the dress and light they were put in, and their features were so distorted, that they looked little better than heathens. There was likewise assembled no small number of phantoms in strange habits, who proved to be idolatrous priests of different nations. Vanity gave the word, and straightway the Talapoins, Faquirs, Bramines and Bonzes, drew up in a body. The right wing consisted of ancient heathen notions, and the left of Christians naturalized. All these together, for numbers, composed a very formidable army ; but the precipitation of Vanity was so great, and such was their own inbred aversion to the tyranny of rules and discipline, that they seemed rather a confused rabble than a regular army. I could, nevertheless, observe, that they all agreed in a squinting look, or cast of their eyes towards a certain person in a mask, who was placed in the centre, and whom by sure signs and tokens I discovered to be Atheism.

“ Vanity had no sooner led her forces into the imagination, but she resolved upon storming the castle, and giving no quarter. They began the assault with loud outcry and great confusion. I, for my part, made the best of my way, and re-entered my own lodging. Some time after, inquiring at a bookseller’s for a Discourse on Freethinking, which had made some noise, I met with the representatives of all those notions drawn up in the same confused order upon paper. Sage Nestor,

“ I am,

“ Your most obedient humble servant,

“ ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.

“ N. B. I went round the table, but could not find a wit or mathematician among them.”

Imagine the account here given may be useful in directing to the proper cure of a freethinker. In the first place, it is plain his understanding wants to be opened and enlarged, and he should be taught the way to order and methodize his ideas; to which end the study of the mathematics may be useful. I am further of opinion, that as his imagination is filled with amusements, arising from prejudice, and the obscure or false lights in which he see things, it will be necessary to bring him into good company, and now and then carry him to church; by which means he may in time come to a right sense of religion, and wear off the ill impressions he has received. Lastly, I advise whoever undertakes the reformation of a modern freethinker, that above all things he be careful to subdue his vanity; that being the principal motive which prompts a little genius to distinguish itself by singularities that are hurtful to mankind.

Or, if the passion of vanity, as it is for the most part very strong in your freethinkers, cannot be subdued, let it be won over to the interest of religion, by giving them to understand that the greatest geni of the age have a respect for things sacred; that their rhapsodies find no admirers, and that the name freethinker has, like tyrant of old, degenerated from its original signification, and is now supposed to denote something contrary to wit and reason. In fine, let them know that whatever temptations a few men of parts might formerly have had, from the novelty of the thing, to oppose the received opinions of Christians, yet that now the humour is worn out, and blasphemy and irreligion are distinctions which have long since descended down to lackeys and drawers.

But it must be my business to prevent all pretend-

ers in this kind from hurting the ignorant and unwary. In order to this, I communicated an intelligence which I received of a gentleman's appearing very sorry that he was not well during a late fit of sickness, contrary to his own doctrine, which obliged him to be merry upon that occasion, except he was sure of recovering. Upon this advice to the world, the following advertisement got a place in the Post-boy :

‘ WHEREAS in the paper called the Guardian, of Saturday the eleventh of April instant, a corollary reflection was made on Monsieur D——, a member of the royal academy of sciences in Paris, author of a book lately published, entituled,

‘ A philological Essay, or Reflections on the death of Freethinkers, with the characters of the most eminent persons of both sexes, ancient and modern, that died pleasantly and unconcerned, &c. Sold by J. Baker in Paternoster-row’—suggesting, as if that gentleman, now in London, ‘ was very much out of humour, in a late fit of sickness, till he was in a fair way of recovery.’ This is to assure the public, that the said gentleman never expressed the least concern at the approach of death, but expected the fatal minute with a most heroical and philosophical resignation ; of which a copy of verses he writ, in the serene intervals of his distemper, is an invincible proof.’

All that I contend for, is, that this gentleman * was out of humour when he was sick ; and the advertiser, to confute me, says, that ‘ in the serene intervals of his distemper,’ that is, when he was not

* M. Deslandes. See Guard. No. 27. *ad finem*.

sick, he writ verses. I shall not retract my advertisement till I see those verses, and I will choose what to believe then, except they are underwritten by his nurse, nor then neither, except she is an house-keeper. I must tie this gentleman close to the argument ; for, if he had not actually his fit upon him, there is nothing courageous in the thing, nor does it make for his purpose, nor are they heroic verses.

The point of being merry at the hour of death is a matter that ought to be settled by divines ; but the publisher of the philological Essay produces his chief authorities from Lucretius, the Earl of Rochester, and Mr. John Dryden, who were gentlemen that did not think themselves obliged to prove all they said, or else prove their assertion by saying or swearing they were all fools that believed to the contrary. If it be absolutely necessary that a man should be facetious at his death, it would be very well if these gentlemen, Monsieur D—— and Mr. B—— would repent betimes, and not to trust to a death-bed ingenuity ; by what has appeared hitherto they have only raised our longing to see their posthumous works.

The author of *Poetæ Rusticantis literatum Otium* is but a mere phraseologist, the philological publisher is but a translator : but I expected better usage from Mr. Abel Roper, who is an original.

No. 40. MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1713.

*Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum :—
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.*

VIRG. ECL. vii. 2. &c.

Their sheep and goats together grazed the plains —
Since when, 'tis Corydon among the swains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

DRYDEN.

I DESIGNED to have troubled the reader with no further discourses of pastorals ; but, being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an author, whose eclogues are published in the same volume with Mr. Philips's, I shall employ this paper in observations upon him, written in the free spirit of criticism, and without apprehension of offending that gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

I have laid it down as the first rule of pastoral, that its idea should be taken from the manners of the golden age, and the moral formed upon the representation of innocence ; it is therefore plain that any deviations from that design degrade a poem from being true pastoral. In this view it will appear that Virgil can only have two of his eclogues allowed to be such. His first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent ; Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second ; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of concord ; the eighth represents unlawful ways of

procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a shepherd, whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder. As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by Heinsius*, Salmasius, Rapin, and the critics in general. They likewise observe, that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as pastorals; and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded, for one or other of the reasons above mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper that Virgil's eclogues, taken altogether, are rather select poems than pastorals, I might have said the same thing, with no less truth, of Theocritus. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the critics, viz. 'They never meant them all for pastorals.' Which it is plain Philips hath done, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

As simplicity is the distinguishing characteristic of pastoral, Virgil hath been thought guilty of too courtly a style: his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peasants. I have frequently wondered that since he was so conversant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the rusticity of the Doric, as well, by the help of the old obsolete Roman language, as Philips hath by the antiquated English. For example, might he not have said '*quoi*' instead of '*cui*;' '*quoijum*' for '*cujum*;' '*volt*' for '*vult*,' &c. as well as our modern hath '*welladay*' for '*alas*,' '*whilome*' for '*of old*,' '*make mock*' for '*deride*,' and '*witless younglings*' for '*simple lambs*,' &c. by which means he hath attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spenser?

Mr. Pope hath fallen into the same error with

* See Rapin de Carm. Past. pars. iii.

Virgil. His clowns do not converse in all the simplicity proper to the country. His names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the scene of his pastorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrsis on British plains, as Virgil hath done before him on the Mantuan: whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; such as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

So easy as pastoral writing may seem, in the simplicity we have described it, yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books; it must be confessed his competitor hath imitated some single thoughts of the ancients well enough, if we consider he had not the happiness of an university education; but he hath dispersed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips observes, whose whole third pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts to the standard of pastoral; as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale, shows with what exactness he hath imitated Strada.

When I remarked it as a principal fault to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in descriptions where the scene lies in our country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Philips hath with great judgement described wolves in England, in his first pastoral*. Nor would I have a poet slavishly confine himself, as Mr. Pope hath done, to one particular season of the year, one certain time of the

* Ossian has forgot them, as Mr. Pennant acutely observes. A.

day, and one unbroken scene in each eclogue. It is plain Spenser neglected this pedantry, who in his pastoral of November, mentions the mournful song of the nightingale.

Sad Philomel her song in tears doth steep.

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener ; his roses, lilies, and daffodils, blow in the same season.

But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately :

Hobb. Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me.
Come, Rosalind, O come : My brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm, and all, is thine.

Lanq. Come, Rosalind, O come ; here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers.
Come, Rosalind ; here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste our live-long time away.

Our other pastoral writer in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright poetry :

Streph. In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always ; forced from Delia's sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

Daph. Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day ;
E'en spring displeases when she shines not here,
But, blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

In the first of these authors, two shepherds thus innocently describe the behaviour of their mistresses :

- Hobb.* As Marian bathed, by chance I passed by ;
 She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye :
 Then swift beneath the crystal wave she tried
 Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.
- Lanq.* As I to cool me bathed one sultry day,
 Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay,
 The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly ;
 Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

The other modern, who, it must be confessed, hath a knack of versifying, hath it as follows :

- Strepsh.* Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
 Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain ;
 But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
 And by that laugh the willing fair is found.
- Daph.* The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green ;
 She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen ;
 While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
 How much at variance are her feet and eyes !

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of, than descriptions of pastoral presents. Philips says thus of a sheep-hook :

Of season'd elm ; where studs of brass appear,
 To speak the giver's name, the month, and year,
 The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,
 And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd.

The other of a bowl embossed with figures :

—Where wanton ivy twines ;
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines ;
 Four figures rising from the work appear,
 The various seasons of the rolling year ;
 And what is that which binds the radiant sky,
 Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie ?

The simplicity of the swain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiac, is no ill imitation of Virgil ; but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dressed this thought in his Doric ?

And what that height, which girds the Welkin sheen,
Where twelve gay signs in meet array are seen ?

If the reader would indulge his curiosity any further in the comparison of particulars, he may read the first pastoral of Philips with the second of his contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former, with the fourth and first of the latter ; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shown some parts, in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr. Philips, to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First, that beautiful rusticity, of which I shall only produce two instances, out of a hundred not yet quoted :

O woeful day ! O day of woe, quoth he,
And woeful I, who live the day to see ?

That simplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of the sound, and the easy turn of the words, in this dirge, to make use of our author's expression, are extremely elegant.

In another of his pastorals a shepherd utters a dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines :

Ah me the while ! ah me ! the luckless day !
Ah luckless lad ! the rather might I say ;
Ah silly I ! more silly than my sheep,
Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.

How he still charms the ear with these artful repetitions of the epithets ; and how significant is the

last verse ! I defy the most common reader to repeat them without feeling some motions of compassion.

In the next place I shall rank his proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excels. For example,

A rolling stone is ever bare of moss ;
 And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.
 He that late lies down, as late will rise,
 And, sluggard like, till noon-day snoring lies,
 Against ill luck all cunning foresight fails ;
 Whether we sleep or wake it nought avails.
 Nor fear, from upright sentence, wrong.

Lastly his elegant dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest born of Spenser, and our only true Arcadian ; I should think it proper for the several writers of pastoral, to confine themselves to their several counties : Spenser seems to have been of this opinion ; for he hath laid the scene of one of his pastorals in Wales, where, with all the simplicity natural to that part of our island, one shepherd bids the other good-morrow in an unusual and elegant manner.

Diggon Davey, I bid hur God-day ;
 Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-say.

Diggon answers,

Hur was hur while it was day-light :
 But now hur is a most wretched wight, &c.

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, entitled, A Pastoral Ballad ; which I think, for its nature and simplicity, may, notwithstanding the modesty of the title, be allowed a perfect pastoral. It is composed in the Somersetshire dialect, and the

names such as are proper to the country people. It may be observed, as a further beauty of this pastoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Faun, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned through the whole. I shall make no apology for inserting some few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a milking :

Cicily. Rager go vetch tha kee*, or else the zun
Will quite be go, bevore c'have half a don.
Roger. Thou shouldst not ax ma tweece, but I've a be
To dreave our bull to bull tha parson's kee.

It is to be observed, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the passion of jealousy ; and his mentioning the parson's kine naturally revives the jealousy of the shepherdess Cicily, which she expresses as follows :

Cicily. Ah Rager, Rager, chez was zore avraid
When in yon vield you kiss'd tha parson's maid :
Is this the love that once to me you zed,
When from tha wake thou brought'st me gingerbread?
Roger. Cicily thou charg'st me false—I'll zwear to thee,
Tha parson's maid is still a maid for me.

In which answer of his are expressed at once that ' spirit of religion,' and that ' innocence of the golden age,' so necessary to be observed by all writers of pastoral.

At the conclusion of this piece, the author reconciles the lovers, and ends the eclogue the most simply in the world :

So Rager parted vor to vetch tha kee,
And vor her bucket in went Cicily.

* That is the kine or cows.

I am loth to show my fondness for antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient British author to our present English writers of pastoral ; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that both Spenser and Philips have hit into the same road with this old west country bard of ours.

After all that hath been said, I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr. Pope, that I forbore to mention him as a pastoral-writer ; since upon the whole he is of the same class with Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank ; and of whose eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that according to the description we have given of this sort of poetry, they are by no means pastorals, but ' something better.'

No. 41. TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 1713.

Even churches are no sanctuaries now.

EP. TO CATO.

THE following letter has so much truth and reason in it, that I believe every man of sense and honour in England, will have a just indignation against the person who could commit so great a violence, as that of which my correspondent complains.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE GUARDIAN.

“ SIR,

“ I CLAIM a place in your paper for what I now write to you, from the declaration which you made

at your first appearance, and the very title you assume to yourself.

“ If the circumstance, which I am going to mention, is overlooked by one who calls himself Guardian, I am sure honour and integrity, innocence and virtue, are not the objects of his care.—The Examiner ends his discourse of Friday the twenty-fourth instant with these words :

‘ No sooner was D——* among the Whigs, and confirmed past retrieving, but lady Char—te† is taken knotting in Saint James’s chapel during divine service, in the immediate presence both of God and her Majesty, who were affronted together, that the family might appear to be entirely come over. I spare the beauty for the sake of her birth ; but certainly there was no occasion for so public a proof, that her fingers are more dexterous in tying a knot, than her father’s brains in perplexing the government.’

“ It is apparent that the person here intended is by her birth a lady, and daughter of an earl of Great Britain ; and the treatment this author is pleased to give her, he makes no scruple to own she is exposed to, by being his daughter. Since he has assumed a license to talk of this nobleman in print to his disadvantage, I hope his lordship will pardon me, that out of the interest which I, and all true Englishmen, have in his character, I take the liberty to defend him.

“ I am willing, on this occasion, to allow the claim and pretensions to merit to be such, as the same author describes in his preceding paper.

‘ By active merit,’ says The Examiner of the twenty-first, ‘ I understand, not only the power and ability to

* Earl of Nottingham.

† His daughter, lady Charlotte Finch, afterwards duchess of Somerset.

serve, but the actual exercise of any one or more virtues, for promoting the good of one's country, and a long and steady course of real endeavours to appear useful in a government; or where a person, eminently qualified for public affairs, distinguishes himself in some critical juncture, and at the expense of his ease and fortune; or with the hazard of his person, exposes himself to the malice of a designing faction, by thwarting their wicked purposes, and contributing to the safety, repose, and welfare of a people.'

“ Let us examine the conduct of this noble earl by this description. Upon the late glorious revolution, when it was in debate in what manner the people of England should express their gratitude to their deliverer, this lord, from the utmost tenderness and loyalty to his unhappy prince, and apprehensive of the danger of so great a change, voted against king William's accession to the throne. However his following services sufficiently testified the truth of that his memorable expression, ‘ Though he could not make a king, he could obey him.’ The whole course and tenour of his life ever since has been visibly animated by a steady and constant zeal for the monarchy and episcopacy of these realms. He has been ever reviled by all who are cold to the interests of our established religion, or dissenters from it, as a favourer of persecution, and a bigot to the church, against the civil rights of his fellow-subjects. Thus it stood with him at the trial of doctor Sacheverell, when this noble earl had a very great share in obtaining the gentle sentence which the house of lords pronounced on that occasion. But, indeed, I have not heard that any of his lordship's dependents joined saint Harry* in the pil-

* Dr. Henry Sacheverell.

grimage 'that meek man' took afterwards round England, followed by drum, trumpet, and acclamations, to 'visit the churches.'—Civil prudence made it, perhaps, necessary to throw the public affairs into such hands as had no pretensions to popularity in either party, but from the distribution of the queen's favours.

“ During such, and other latter transactions which are too fresh to need being recounted, the earl of Nottingham has had the misfortune to differ with the lords who have the honour to be employed in the administration ; but even among these incidents he has highly distinguished himself in procuring an act of parliament, to prevent that those who dissent from the church should serve in the state.

“ I hope these are great and critical junctures, wherein this gentleman has shown himself a patriot and lover of the church in as eminent manner as any other of his fellow-subjects. ' He has at all times, and in all seasons, shown the same steady abhorrence to all innovations.' But it is from this behaviour, that he has deserved so ill of *The Examiner*, as to be termed a 'late convert' to those whom he calls factious, and introduced in his profane dialogue of April the 6th, with a servant, and a mad woman. I think I have, according to *The Examiner's* own description of merit, shown how little this nobleman deserves such treatment. I shall now appeal to all the world, to consider whether the outrage committed against the young lady, had not been cruel and insufferable towards the daughter of the highest offender.

“ The utmost malice and invention could go no further than to forge a story of her having inadvertently done an indifferent action in a sacred place. Of what temper can this man be made, that could have no sense of the pangs he must give a young lady

to be barely mentioned in a public paper, much more to be named in a libellous manner, as having offended God and man.

“ But the wretch, as dull as he is wicked, felt it strike on his imagination, that knotting and perplexing would make a quaint sting at the end of his paper, and had no compunction, though he introduced his witticism at the expense of a young lady’s quiet, and, as far as in him lies, her honour. Does he thus finish his discourse of religion? This is indeed ‘ to lay at us, and make every blow fell to the ground.’

“ There is no party concerned in this circumstance ; but every man that hopes for a virtuous woman to his wife, that would defend his child, or protect his mistress, ought to receive this insolence as done to himself. ‘ In the immediate presence of God and her Majesty, that the family might appear to be entirely come over,’ says the fawning miscreant.—It is very visible which of those powers, that he has put together, he is the more fearful of offending. But he mistakes his way in making his court to a pious sovereign, by naming her with the Deity, in order to find protection for insulting a virtuous woman, who comes to call upon Him in the royal chapel.

“ If life be, as it ought to be with people of their character whom The Examiner attacks, less valuable and dear than honour and reputation, in that proportion is The Examiner worse than an assassin. We have stood by and tamely heard him aggravate the disgraces of the brave and the unfortunate. We have seen him double the anguish of the unhappy man, we have seen him trample on the ashes of the dead ; but [as] all this has concerned greater life, and could touch only public characters, they did but remotely affect our private and domestic interests ;

but when due regard is not had to the honour of women, all human society is assaulted. The highest person in the world is of that sex, and has the utmost sensibility of an outrage committed against it. She, who was the best wife that ever prince was blessed with, will, though she sits on a throne, jealously regard the honour of a young lady who has not entered into that condition.

Lady Char—te's quality will make it impossible that this cruel usage can escape her majesty's notice ; and it is the business of every honest man to trace the offender, and expose him to the indignation of his sovereign.

No. 42. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1713.

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

HOR. ARS POET. *ult.*

Sticking like leeches till they burst with blood.

ROSCOMMON.

TOM Lizard told us a story the other day, of some persons which our family know very well, with so much humour and life, that it caused a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother Will, the Templar, was highly delighted with it, and the next day being with some of his inns-of-court acquaintance, resolved, whether out of the benevolence or the pride of his heart I will not determine, to entertain them with what he called ' a pleasant humour

enough.' I was in great pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all surprised to find the company very little moved by it. Will blushed, looked round the room, and with a forced laugh, 'Faith, gentlemen,' said he, 'I do not know what makes you look so grave; it was an admirable story when I heard it.'

When I came home I fell into a profound contemplation upon story-telling, and as I have nothing so much at heart as the good of my country, I resolved to lay down some precautions upon this subject.

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination, and a mirthful temper, will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life: yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing, exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a 'knack;' it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well, that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end; but this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks, and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends

upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those, who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to show their parts with too much ostentation: I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate, or enliven it. Stories, that are very common, are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those, that are altogether new, should never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned; because, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us, administer more mirth, than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance, in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be cho-

sen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly, that his story would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly. So that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story, and the manner of conducting and pointing it, is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humourous characters, and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor is it for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, 'that's all!'

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humour principally consists; so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy,—he's gone—was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner, when such a thing happened; in what ditch his bay stone-horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John,—no! it was William, started a hare in the common field; that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and inter-marriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed; and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July, or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency likewise to digressions; insomuch that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway launch out into an episode of

him ; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his history, and so on. He always put me in mind of what Sir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and enchanters to lull people asleep. These historians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on without stopping ; so that after the patient hath by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, ' Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine.'

But of all evils in story-telling, the humour of telling tales one after another, in great numbers, is the least supportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his son gave my lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a string of stories, which he tells over every Christmas. When our family visits there, we are constantly, after supper, entertained with the Glastonbury Thorn. When we have wondered at that a little, ' Ay, but, father,' saith the son, ' let us have the spirit in the wood.' After that hath been laughed at, ' Ay, but, father,' cries the booby again, ' tell us how you served the robber.' ' Alack-a-day,' saith Sir Harry, with a smile, and rubbing his forehead, ' I have almost forgot that : but it is a pleasant conceit, to be sure.' Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the same independent order ; and without the least variation at this day, as he hath done, to my knowledge, ever since the Revolution. I must not forget a very odd compliment that Sir Harry always makes my lady when he dines here. After dinner he strokes his

belly, and says with a feigned concern in his countenance, 'Madam, I have lost by you to-day.' 'How so, Sir Harry?' replies my lady, 'Madam,' says he, 'I have lost an excellent stomach.' At this, his son and heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that Sir Harry hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of stories is a great help and life to conversation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent; in opposition to those gloomy mortals, who disdain every thing but matter of fact. Those grave fellows are my aversion, who sift every thing with the utmost nicety, and find the malignity of a lie in a piece of humour, pushed a little beyond exact truth. I likewise have a poor opinion of those, who have got a trick of keeping a steady countenance, that cock their hats, and look glum when a pleasant thing is said, and ask, 'Well! and what then?' Men of wit and parts should treat one another with benevolence: and I will lay it down as a maxim, that if you seem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgement*.

* The Bishop of Bangor was at a Whig-feast, where John Sly, of facetious memory, being mellow, came into the room on his knees, with a frothing quart tankard in his hand, which he drank off 'to the immortal memory,' and retired in like manner. Hoadley was observing this with great gravity, when the author of this paper, No. 42, who sat next his lordship, whispered him in the ear, 'Laugh my good lord, it is humanity to laugh.'

This anecdote of Steele is given on the written authority of the bishop's son, Dr. John Hoadley.

No. 43. THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1713.

*Effutire leves indigna Tragedia versus,
Ut festis matrona moveri jussa diebus.*

HOR. ARS POET. 231.

— Tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls.

ROSCOMMON.

I HAD for some days observed something in agitation, which was carried by smiles and whispers, between my lady Lizard and her daughters, with a professed declaration that Mr. Ironside should not be in the secret. I would not trespass upon the integrity of the Sparkler so much as to solicit her to break her word even in a trifle: but I take it for an instance of her kindness to me, that as soon as she was at liberty, she was impatient to let me know it, and this morning sent me the following billet:

“ SIR,

“ MY brother Tom waited upon us all last night to Cato; we sat in the first seats in the box of the eighteen-penny gallery. You must come hither this morning, for we shall be full of debates about the characters. I was for Marcia last night, but find that partiality was owing to the awe I was under in her father's presence; but this morning Lucia is my woman. You will tell me whether I am right or no when I see you; but I think it is a more difficult

virtue to forbear going into a family, though she was in love with the heir of it, for no other reason but because her happiness was inconsistent with the tranquillity of the whole * house to which she should be allied. I say, I think it a more generous virtue in Lucia to conquer her love from this motive, than in Marcia to suspend hers in the present circumstances of her father and her country : but pray be here to settle these matters. I am,

“ Your most obliged,
 “ and obedient humble servant,
 “ MARY LIZARD.”

I made all the haste imaginable to the family, where I found Tom with the play in his hand, and the whole company with a sublime cheerfulness in their countenance, all ready to speak to me at once ; and before I could draw my chair, my lady herself repeated,

’Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
 The tincture of a skin that I admire ;
 Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
 Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
 The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex ;
 True, she is fair ; oh, how divinely fair !
 But still the lovely maid improves her charms
 With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
 And sanctity of manners.

I was going to speak, when Mrs. Cornelia stood up, and with the most gentle accent and sweetest tone of voice succeeded her mother :

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
 Of rushing torrents and descending rains,

* ‘ Whole’ ought to have been left out here, and the reason surely is a very strong one. A.

Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

I thought now they would have given me time to draw a chair ; but the Sparkler took hold of me, and I heard her with the utmost delight pursue her admiration of Lucia in the words of Portius :

— Athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms,
Loveliest of women ! Heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other ; thou art all divine !

When the ladies had done speaking, I took the liberty to take my place : while Tom, who, like a just courtier, thinks the interest of his prince and country the same, dwelt upon these lines :

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
So dearly bought, the price of so much blood.
O let it never perish in your hands !
But piously transmit it to your children.'

Though I would not take notice of it at that time, it went to my heart that Annabella, for whom I have long had some apprehensions, said nothing on this occasion, but indulged herself in the sneer of a little mind, to see the rest so much affected. Mrs. Betty also, who knows forsooth more than us all, overlooked the whole drama, but acknowledged the dresses of Syphax and Juba were prettily imagined. The love of virtue, which has been so warmly roused by this admirable piece in all parts of the theatre, is an unanswerable instance of how great force the stage

might be towards the improvement of the world, were it regarded and encouraged as much as it ought. There is no medium in this case, for the advantages of action, and the representation of vice and virtue in an agreeable or odious manner before our eyes, are so irresistibly prevalent, that the theatre ought to be shut up, or carefully governed, in any nation that values the promotion of virtue or guard of innocence among its people. Speeches or sermons will ever suffer, in some degree, from the characters of those that make them; and mankind are so unwilling to reflect on what makes for their own mortification, that they are ever cavilling against the lives of those who speak in the cause of goodness, to keep themselves in countenance, and continue in beloved infirmities. But in the case of the stage, envy and detraction are baffled, and none are offended, but all insensibly won by personated characters, which they neither look upon as their rivals, or superiors; every man that has any degree of what is laudable in a theatrical character, is secretly pleased, and encouraged in the prosecution of that virtue without fancying any man about him has more of it. To this purpose I fell a talking at the tea-table, when my lady Lizard, with a look of some severity towards Annabella and Mrs. Betty, was pleased to say, that it must be from some trifling prepossession of mind that any one could be unmoved with the characters of this tragedy; nor do I yet understand to what circumstance in the family her ladyship alluded, when she made all the company look serious, and rehearsed, with a tone more exalted, those words of the heroine,

In spite of all the virtues we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Bat Pigeon in the Strand, hair-cutter

to the family of the Lizards, has attained to great proficiency in his art, Mr. Ironside advises all persons of fine heads, in order to have justice done them, to repair to that industrious mechanic.

N. B. Mr. Pigeon has orders to talk with, and examine into the parts and characters of young persons, before he thins the covering near the seat of the brain.

No. 44. FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1713.

Hâc iter Elysium nobis.—

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 542.

This path conducts us to th' Elysian fields.

I HAVE frequently observed in the walks belonging to all the inns of court, a set of old fellows who appear to be humourists, and wrapped up in themselves; but have long been at a loss when I have seen them smile, and name my name as I passed by, and say, Old Ironside wears well. I am a mere boy to some of them who frequent Gray's Inn, but am not a little pleased to find they are even with the world, and return upon it its neglect towards them, which is all the defence we old fellows have against the petulancy of young people. I am very glad to observe that these sages of this peripatetic sect, study tranquillity and indolence of body and mind, in the neighbourhood of so much contention as is carried on among the students of Littleton. The following letter gives us some light into the manners and maxims of these philosophers.

" TO THE GUARDIAN.

" SIR,

" As the depredations of time and fortune have been lamented in all ages, those persons who have resisted and disputed the tyranny of either of these, have employed the sublimest speculations of the writers in all languages. As these deceased heroes have had their places judiciously assigned them already in the temple of fame, I would immortalize some persons now alive, who to me are greater objects of envy, both as their bravery is exercised with the utmost tranquillity and pleasure to themselves, and as they are substantially happy on this side the grave, in opposition to all the Greek and Latin scraps to the contrary.

" As, therefore, I am naturally subject to cruel inroads from the spleen, as I affirm all evil to come from the east, as I am the weather-glass of every company I come into, I sometimes, according to Shakspeare,

Sit like my grandsire cut in alabaster,
Sleep while I wake, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish.—

" I would furnish out a table of merry fame, in envious admiration of those jovial blades, who disappoint the strokes of age and fortune with the same gaiety of soul, as when through youth or affluence they were in their prime for fancy, frolic, and achievement. There are, you may observe, in all public walks, persons who, by a singular shabbiness of their attire, make a very ridiculous appearance in the opinion of the men of dress. They are very sullen and involved, and appear in such a state of distress and tribulation, as to be thought inconsolable.

They are generally of that complexion which was in fashion during the pleasurable reign of Charles the Second. Some of them, indeed, are of a lighter brown, whose fortunes fell with that of King James. Now these, who are the jest of such as take themselves, and the world usually takes, to be in prosperity, are the very persons whose happiness, were it understood, would be looked upon with burning envy. I fell into the discovery of them in the following manner. One day last summer, being particularly under the dominion of the spleen, I resolved to sooth my melancholy in the company of such, whose appearance promised a full return of any complaints I could possibly utter. Living near Gray's-Inn walk, I went thither in search of the persons above described, and found some of them seated upon a bench, where, as Milton sings,

— the unpierced shade
Imbrown'd their noontide bower.

P. L. iv. 245.

“ I squeezed in among them, and they did not only receive my moanings with singular humanity, but gave me all possible encouragement to enlarge them. If the blackness of my spleen raised any imaginary distemper of body, some one of them immediately sympathized with me. If I spoke of any disappointment in my fortune, another of them would abate my sorrowing, by recounting to me his own defeat upon the very same circumstances. If I touched upon overlooked merit, the whole assembly seemed to condole with me very feelingly upon that particular. In short, I could not make myself so calamitous in mind, body, or circumstances, but some one of them was upon a level with me. When I had wound up my discourse, and was ripe for their intended raillery, at first they crowned my narration

with several piteous sighs and groans, but after a short pause, and a signal given for the onset, they burst out into a most incomprehensible fit of laughter. You may be sure I was notably out of countenance, which gave occasion to a second explosion of the same mirth. What troubled me most was, that their figure, age, and short swords, preserved them from any imputation of cowardice upon refusal of battle, and their number from insult. I had now, no other way to be upon good terms with them, but desiring I might be admitted into this fraternity. This was at first vigorously opposed, it being objected to me, that I affected too much the appearance of a happy man, to be received into a society so proud of appearing the most afflicted. However, as I only seemed to be what they really were, I am admitted by way of triumph upon probation for a year: and if within that time it shall be possible for them to infuse any of their gaiety into me, I can, at Monmouth-street, upon mighty easy terms, purchase the robes necessary for my instalment into this order; and when they have made me as happy, shall be willing to appear as miserable as any of this assembly. I confess I have ever since been ashamed, that I should once take that place to be sacred to the disconsolate, which I now must affirm to be the only Elysium on this side the Styx; and that ever I should look upon those personages as lively instances of the outrage of time and fortune, who disallowed their empire with such inimitable bravery. Some of these are pretty good classical scholars, and they follow these studies always walking, upon account of a certain sentence in Pliny's epistles to the following effect. 'It is inconceivable how much the understanding is enlivened by the exercise of the body.' If, therefore, their author is a little difficult, you will see them fleeting with a very precipitate

pace, and when it has been very perplexed and abstruse, I have seen a couple of these students prepare their apprehensions by still quicker motions, till they run into wisdom. These courses do not only make them go through their studies with pleasure and profit, but there is more spirit and vigour in their dialogues after the heat and hurry of these perambulations. This place was chosen as the peculiar resort of these sages: not only upon account of its air and situation, but in regard to certain edifices and seats therein raised with great magnificence and convenience; and here, after the toil of their walks, and upon any stress of weather, these blessed inhabitants assemble themselves. There is one building particularly, in which, if the day permit, they have the most frequent conferences, not so much because of the loveliness of its eminence, as a sentence of literature encircling the extremities of it, which I think is as follows: *Franciscus Bacon Eques Auratus Executor Testamenti Jeremiæ Bettenham Hujus Hospitii Viri Abstemii et Contemplativi Hanc Sedem posuit in Memoriam Ejusdem.* Now this structure being erected in honourable memory of the abstemious, the contemplative Mr. Bettenham, they take frequent occasion to rally this erudition, which is to continue the remembrance of a person, who, according to their translation of the words, being confessed to have been of most splenetic memory, ought rather to lie buried in oblivion.

“Lest they should flag in their own way of conversation, they admit a fair-one to relieve them with hers. There are two or three thin existences among them, which I think I may call the ghosts of departed beaux, who pay their court more particularly to this lady, though their passion never rises higher than a kiss, which is always

Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous, delay.

MILTON'S P. L. iv. 310.

“ As it is the character of this fraternity to turn their seeming misfortunes to their advantage, they affirm it to be the greatest indulgence imaginable in these amours, that nature perpetuates their good inclinations to the fair, by an inability to extinguish them.

“ During my year of probation, I am to prepare myself with such parts of history as have engaged their application during the leisure of their ill-fortune; I am, therefore, to read Rushworth and Clarendon, in the perusal of which authors I am not obliged to enter into the justness of their reflections and characters, but am desired to read, with an eye particularly curious, the battles of Marston-moor and Edge-hill, in one of which every man of this assembly has lost a relation; and each has a story which none who has not read those battles is able to taste.

“ I had almost forgot to mention a most unexampled piece of their gallantry. Some time since, in a prodigious foggy morning, I went in search of these persons to their usual place of resort, and perhaps shall hardly be believed, when I affirm, that, notwithstanding they sucked in so condensed and poisonous an ether, I found them enjoying themselves with as much vivacity, as if they had breathed in the serenity of Montpelier.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your humble servant,

“ J. W.”

No. 45. SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1713.

I do not know that I have been more intimately moved with pity in my whole life, than when I was reading a letter from a young woman, not yet nineteen, in which there are these lamentable words: 'Alas! whither shall I fly? he has deceived, ruined, and left me.' The circumstances of her story are only those ordinary ones, that her lover was a man of greater fortune than she could expect would address her upon honourable terms; but she said to herself, 'She had wit and beauty, and such charms as often captivate so far as to make men forget those meaner considerations, and innocent freedoms were not be denied. A gentleman of condition is not to be shunned purely for being such; and they who took notice of it, did it only out of malice, because they were not used by him with the same distinction.' But I would have young women, who are orphans, or unguarded with powerful alliances, consider with horror the insolence of wealth. Fortune does in a great measure denominate what is vice and virtue; or if it does not go so far, innocence is helpless, and oppression unpunished, without its assistance; for this reason it is, that I would strictly recommend to my young females not to dally with men whose circumstances can support them against their falsehood, and have the fashion of a base self-interested world on their side, which, instead of avenging the cause of an abused woman, will proclaim her dishonour; while the person injured is shunned like a pestilence, he who did the wrong sees

no difference in the reception he meets with, nor is he the less welcome to the rest of the sex, who are still within the pale of honour and innocence.

What makes this circumstance the more lamentable, is, that it frequently falls upon those who have greatest merit and understanding. Gentleness of disposition, and taste of polite conversation, I have often known snares towards vice in some, whilst sullenness and disrelish of any thing that was agreeable, have been the only defences of virtue in others. I have my unhappy correspondent's letter before me; and she says she is sure 'he is so much a gentleman, and he has that natural softness, that if he reads any thing moving on this subject in my paper, it will certainly make him think.' Poor girl! 'Cæsar ashamed! Has not he seen Pharsalia?' Does the poor creature imagine that a scrip of paper, a collection of sentences, and an old man's talk of pleasures which he is past, will have an effect upon him who could go on in a series of falsehood; let drop ambiguous sentences in her absence, to give her false hope from the repetition of them by some friend that heard them; that could pass as much time in the pursuit of her, as would have attained some useful art or science; and that only to attain a short revel of his senses, under a stupor of faith, honour, and conscience! No; the destruction of a well-educated young woman is not accomplished by the criminal who is guilty of it, in a sudden start of desire; he is not surprised into it by frailty, but arrives at it by care, skill, and meditation. It is no small aggravation of the guilt, that it is a thousand times conquered and resisted, even while it is prosecuted. He that waits for fairer occasions, for riper wishes, for the removal of a particular objection, or the conquest of any certain scruple, has it in his power to obey his conscience, which often calls him, during the in-

trigue, a villain and a destroyer. There can be nothing said for such an evil : but that the restraints of shame and ignominy are broken down by the prevalence of custom. I do not, indeed, expect that my precautions will have any great weight with men of mode ; but I know not but they may be some way efficacious on those who have not yet taken their party as to vice and virtue for life ; but I know not how it is, that our sex has usurped a certain authority to exclude chastity out of the catalogue of masculine virtues, by which means females adventure all against those who have nothing to lose ; and they have nothing but empty sighs, tears, and reproaches, against those who reduced them to real sorrow and infamy. But as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chastity as the noblest male qualification.

It is methinks very unreasonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits is what makes them honourable, but in this case the very attempt is become ridiculous. But, in spite of all the raillery of the world, truth is still truth, and will have beauties inseparable from it. I should, upon this occasion, bring examples of heroic chastity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modish part of the town, who go no further, at best, than the mere absence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praiseworthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus reported to his Majesty the charms and beauty of Panthea, and ended his panegyric by telling him, that since he was at leisure he would carry him to visit her : but that prince, who is a very great man to this day, answered the pimp, because he was a man of quality, without roughness, and said with a smile, ‘ If I should visit her upon your introduction now I have leisure, I do not know but I might go

again upon her own invitation, when I ought to be better employed.' But when I cast about all the instances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one so generous, so honest, and so noble, as that of Joseph in holy writ. When his master had trusted him so unreservedly, to speak it in the emphatical manner of the scripture, 'He knew not aught he had, save the bread which he did eat,' he was so unhappy as to appear irresistibly beautiful to his mistress; but when this shameless woman proceeds to solicit him, how gallant is his answer! 'Behold my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand, there is none greater in the house than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, because thou art his wife.' The same argument, which a base mind would have made to itself for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greatest motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and falsehood of the disappointed woman naturally arose on that occasion, and there is but a short step from the practice of virtue, to the hatred of it. It would, therefore, be worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to ask themselves whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, cheerful meals, untroubled slumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a constant pruriency, which shuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with insensibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their species.

A loose behaviour, and an inattention to every thing that is serious, flowing from some degree of this petulancy, is observable in the generality of the youth of both sexes in this age. It is the one com-

mon face of most public meetings, and breaks in upon the sobriety, I will not say severity, that we ought to exercise in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of those in the same inclinations, at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my protest that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As to the portraitures which I would propose, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the play of Cleomenes, told him in raillery against the continency of his principal character, 'If I had been alone with a lady, I should not have passed my time like your Spartan'; 'That may be,' answered the bard with a very grave face, 'but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no hero.'

No. 46. MONDAY, MAY 4, 1713.

Sola est caelesti digna reperta toro.

OID. DE PONTO, iii. l. 118.

Alone found worthy a celestial bed.

YESTERDAY, at my lady Lizard's tea-table, the discourse happened to turn upon women of renown; such as have distinguished themselves in the world by surprising actions, or by any great and shining qualities, so as to draw upon themselves the envy of their own sex, and the admiration of ours. My lady

has been curious in collecting the lives of the most famous, of which she has a considerable number, both in print and manuscript. This naturally led me to speak of Madam Maintenon: and, at the request of my lady and her daughters, I have undertaken to put together such circumstances of her life as I had formerly gathered out of books, and picked up from conversation in my travels.

Madam Maintenon was born a gentlewoman, her name is Frances Daubigné. Monsieur Daubigné, her grandfather, was not only a person of condition, but likewise of great merit. He was born in the year 1550, and died in 1630, in the 80th year of his age. A little before his death he writ his own epitaph, which is engraven upon his tomb-stone in the cloister of St. Peter's church at Geneva, and may be seen in Spon's history of that republic. He was a leading man among the Protestants in France, and much courted to come over to the opposite party. When he perceived there was no safety for him any longer in his own country, he fled for refuge to Geneva, about the year 1619. The magistrates and the clergy there, received him with great marks of honour and distinction: and he passed the remaining part of his life amongst them in great esteem. Mezeray, the French historian, says, that he was a man of great courage and boldness, of a ready wit, and of a fine taste in polite learning, as well as of good experience in matters of war.

The son of this Daubigné was father to the present Madam Maintenon. This gentleman was thrown into prison when he was but a youth, for what reason I cannot learn; but his life it seems, was in question, if the keeper of the prison's daughter, touched with his misfortunes and his merit, had not determined with herself to set him at liberty.

Accordingly, a favourable opportunity presenting itself, she set the prisoner at large, and accompanied him herself in his flight. The lovers finding themselves now in danger of being apprehended, Monsieur Daubigné acquitted himself of the promise he had given his fair deliverer, and married her publicly. To provide against their immediate want in a strange place, she had taken with her what she found at home most valuable, and easy to be carried off. All this was converted into money; and while their little treasure lasted, our new-married couple thought themselves the happiest persons living. But their provision now began to fail, and Monsieur Daubigné, who plainly saw the straits to which they must be in a little time reduced, notwithstanding all his love and tenderness, thought he should soon be in a far worse condition, than that from which he had so lately escaped. But what most afflicted him was to see that his wife, whom he loved so tenderly, must be reduced to the utmost necessity, and that too at a time when she was big with child.

Monsieur Daubigné, pressed with these difficulties, formed to himself a very hazardous resolution; and since the danger he saw in it was only to his person, he put it in execution, without ever consulting his wife. The purpose he entered upon, was to venture back into France, and to endeavour there to get up some of his effects, and in a short time to have the pleasure of returning to his wife with some little means of subsistence. He flattered himself, that he was now no longer thought of in his own country, and that, by the help of a friend, he might continue there unknown for some time. But upon trial it happened quite otherwise, for he was betrayed by those in whom he confided; so that he was a second time cast into prison. I should have mentioned, that he left his wife without ever taking leave: and that

the first notice she had of his design was by a letter, which he sent her from the place where he lay the first night. Upon the reading of it, she was immediately alarmed for the life of a husband so very dear to her ; but she fell into the last affliction when she received the news of his being imprisoned again, of which she had been apprehensive from the beginning. When her concern was a little abated, she considered that the afflicting of herself could give him no relief ; and despairing ever to be able a second time to bring about the delivery of her husband, and likewise finding it impossible for her to live long separated from him, she resolved to share in his misfortunes, and to live and die with him in his prison. Therefore, without the least regard to the danger of a woman's travelling in her condition, for she was now far gone with child, she entered upon her journey, and, having found out her husband, voluntarily gave herself up to remain a prisoner with him. And here it was that she was delivered of that daughter, who has since proved the wonder of her age.

The relations of Monsieur Daubigné, dissatisfied with his conduct and his marriage, had all of them abandoned him, excepting madam Villette his sister, who used to visit him. She could not but be touched with the condition in which she found him, entirely destitute of all the conveniences, and almost the very necessaries of life. But that which most moved her compassion was, to see, in the arms of a disconsolate mother, the poor helpless infant exposed amidst her cries, to cold, to nakedness, and hunger. In this extremity Madam Villette took the child home with her, and gave her to the care of her daughter's nurse, with whom she was bred up for some time, as a foster-sister. Besides this, she sent the two prisoners several necessaries. Some time after Monsieur Daubigné found means, by changing his religion, to

get out of prison, upon condition he would quit the kingdom ; to which he consented.

Monsieur Daubigné, knowing he was never like to see France more, got together what little substance he could, in order to make a long voyage ; and so, with a small family, he embarked for America ; where he and his wife lived in quiet, and made it their principal care to give their children, a son and a daughter, good education.

These unfortunate parents died both in their exile, leaving their children very young. The daughter, who was elder than her brother, as she grew up began to be very desirous of seeing her native country ; this, together with the hopes she had of recovering something of that which once belonged to her father, made her willing to take the first opportunity of returning into France. Finding, therefore, a ship that was ready to sail thither, she went on board, and landed at Rochelle. From thence she proceeded directly to Poitou, and there made it her business first, to inquire out Madam Villette her aunt, who she knew very well was the person to whom she owed her life. Madame Villette received her with great marks of affection ; and after informing her, that she must not expect to recover any thing of what had belonged to her father, since that was all irreparably lost and dissipated by his banishment, and the proceedings against him ; she added, that she should be welcome, if she thought fit to live with her ; where at least she should never be reduced to want a subsistence.

Mademoiselle Daubigné accepted the offer which her aunt made her, and studied by all means imaginable to render herself necessary and agreeable to a person upon whom she saw that she must entirely depend for every thing. More especially she made it her business to insinuate herself into the affections

of her cousin, with whom she had one common nurse. And, to omit nothing that might please them, she expressed a great desire to be instructed in the religion of her ancestors ; she was impatient to have some conversation with ministers, and to frequent their sermons ; so that in a short time she began to take a great liking to the Protestant religion. And it is not to be doubted, but that she would have openly professed this way of worship, if some of her father's relations that were papists, and who forsook him in his adversity, had not, to make their own court, been busy in advertising some great men of the danger Mademoiselle Daubigné was in as to her salvation, and in demanding thereupon an order to have her put into the hands of Catholics. This piece of zeal was acceptable to the ruling party, and orders were immediately given that she should be taken from her aunt Villette, and put into the hands of her officious relations. This was soon executed ; and Mademoiselle Daubigné was, in a manner, forced by violence from madame Villette, who was the only relation that ever had taken any care of her. She shed abundance of tears at parting, and assured her aunt, and her cousin, who was now married to Monsieur Saint Hermine, that she should always preserve, with the remembrance of their kindness, the good impressions she had received of their religion, and never fail to acknowledge both the one and the other, when she found a time and occasion proper for it.

No. 47. TUESDAY, MAY 5, 1713.

MADemoiselle Daubigné was conducted from Madam Villeté's to a relation, who had a law-suit then depending at Paris ; and being for that reason obliged to go thither, she carried Mademoiselle Daubigné with her. This lady hired apartments in the same house where the famous Scaron was lodged. She made an acquaintance with him ; and one day, being obliged to go abroad alone upon a visit, she desired he would give her cousin leave, in the mean time, to come and sit with him ; knowing very well that a young lady was in no danger from such a person, and that perhaps it might turn to her advantage. Monsieur Scaron was, of all men living, the most unhappy in an untoward frame of body, being not only deformed, but likewise very infirm. In consideration of his wit and parts, he had a yearly pension from the court of five hundred crowns. Scaron was charmed with the conversation of Mademoiselle Daubigné ; and her kinswoman took frequent opportunities of leaving her with him. This gave Scaron occasion to discover still new beauties in her from time to time. She would sometimes entertain him with the story of her adventures and her misfortunes, beginning even with what she suffered before she was born ; all which she knew how to describe in so expressive and moving a manner, that he found himself touched with a strong compassion towards her ; and resolved with himself, if not to make her happy, at least to set her at ease, by placing

her in a nunnery at his own expense. But upon further deliberation he found himself very much inclined to lay before her an alternative, which, in all likelihood, she never expected. One day, therefore, when she was left alone with him, as usual, he opened his intentions to her, as it is said, much after the following manner. ‘I am, Mademoiselle,’ says he, ‘not a little moved with your misfortunes, and the great sufferings you have undergone. I am likewise very sensible of the uneasy circumstances under which you labour at present; and I have now for some days been contriving with myself how to extricate you out of all your difficulties. At last I have fallen upon two ways of doing what I so much desire; I leave you to determine according to your inclinations, in the choice of the one or the other: or, if neither of them please you, to refuse them both. My fortunes are too narrow to enable me to make yours answerable to your merit; all that I am capable of doing is, either to make you a joint partaker with myself of the little I have, or to place you, at my own expense, in any convent you shall choose. I wish it were in my power to do more for you. Consult your own inclinations, and do what you think will be most agreeable to yourself. As for my person, I do not pretend to recommend it to you; I know, I make but an ungainly figure: but I am not able to new-mould it; I offer myself to you such as I am; and yet, such as you see me, I do assure you that I would not bestow myself upon another; and that I must have a very great esteem for you, ever to propose a marriage, which, of all things in the world, I have had the least in my thoughts hitherto. Consider, therefore, and take your final resolutions, either to turn nun, or to marry me, or to continue in your present condition, without repining, since these do all of them depend upon your own choice.’

Mademoiselle Daubigné returned Monsieur Scaron the thanks he so well deserved. She was too sensible of the disagreeableness of a dependent state, not to be glad to accept of a settlement that would place her at least above want. Finding, therefore, in herself, no call towards a nunnery, she answered Monsieur Scaron without hesitation, that ' she had too great a sense of her obligations to him not to be desirous of that way of life, that would give her the most frequent occasions of showing her gratitude to him.' Scaron, who was prepossessed with the flattering hopes of passing his life with a person he liked so well, was charmed with her answer. They both came to a resolution, that he should ask her relation's consent that very evening. She gave it very frankly ; and this marriage, so soon concluded, was, as it were, the inlet to all the future fortunes of madam Maintenon. She made a good wife of Scaron, living happily with him, and wanted no conveniences during his life ; but losing him, she lost all ; his pension ceased upon his death ; and she found herself again reduced to the same indigent condition in which she had been before her marriage.

Upon this she retired into the convent in the Place Royale, founded for the relief of necessitous persons : where the friends of her deceased husband took care of her. It was here the friendship between her and Madam Saint Basile, a nun, had its beginning, which has continued ever since, for she still goes to visit her frequently in the convent de la Raquette, where she now lives. And to the honour of Madam Maintenon, it must be allowed, that she has always been of a grateful temper, and mindful, in her high fortunes, of her old friends, to whom she had formerly been obliged.

Her husband's friends did all they could to prevail upon the court to continue to her the pension

which Monsieur Scaron had enjoyed. In order to this, petitions were frequently given in, which began always with, 'The widow Scaron most humbly prays your majesty,' &c. But all these petitions signified nothing; and the king was so weary of them that he has been heard to say, 'Must I always be pestered with the widow Scaron?' Notwithstanding which, her friends were resolved not to be discouraged in their endeavours to serve her.

After this, she quitted the convent, and went to live in the hotel d'Albert, where her husband had always been very much esteemed. Here, it is said, something very remarkable happened to her, which I shall relate, because I find it so confidently affirmed upon the knowledge of a certain author. There were masons at work in the hotel d'Albert, not far from the apartment of Madam Scaron. One of them came into her chamber, and, finding two or three visitants of her own sex, desired he might speak with her in private; she carried him into her closet, where he took upon him to tell her all the future events of her life. But whence he drew this knowledge, continues my author, which time has so wonderfully verified, is a mystery still to me. As for Madam Scaron, she saw then so little appearance of probability in his predictions, that she hardly gave the least heed to them. Nevertheless the company, upon her return, remarked some alteration in her countenance; and one of the ladies said, 'Surely this man has brought you some very pleasing news, for you look with a more cheerful air than you did before he came in.' 'There would be sufficient reason for my doing so,' replied she, 'if I could give any credit to what this fellow has promised me. 'And I can tell you,' says she, smiling, 'that if there should be any thing in it, you will do well to begin to make your court to me beforehand.'

These ladies could not prevail upon her to satisfy their curiosity any further ; but she communicated the whole secret to a bosom friend after they were gone ; and it is from that lady it came to be known, when the events foretold were come to pass, and so scrupulous a secrecy in that point did no longer seem necessary.

Some time after this she was advised to seek all occasions of insinuating herself into the favour of Madam Mountespan, who was the king's mistress, and had an absolute influence over him. Madam Scaron therefore found the means of being presented to Madam Mountespan, and at that time spoke to her with so good a grace, that Madam Mountespan, pitying her circumstances, and resolving to make them more easy, took upon her to carry a petition from her to the king, and to deliver it with her own hands. The king, upon her presenting it to him, said, ' What, the widow Scaron again ? Shall I never see any thing else ? ' ' Indeed, sir,' says Madam Mountespan, ' it is now a long time, since you ought not to have had her name mentioned to you any more ; and it is something extraordinary that your Majesty has done nothing all this while for a poor woman, who, without exception, deserves a much better condition, as well upon the account of her own merit, as of the reputation of her late husband.' The king, who was always glad of any opportunity to please Madam Mountespan, granted the petitioner all that was desired. Madam Scaron came to thank her patroness ; and Madam Mountespan took such a liking to her, that she would by all means present her to the king, and after that, proposed to him, that she might be made *gouvernante* to their children. His majesty consented to it ; and Madam Scaron, by her address and good conduct, won so much upon

the affections and esteem of Madam Mountespan, that in a little time she became her favourite and confidant.

It happened, one night, that Madam Mountespan sent for her, to tell her, that she was in great perplexity. She had just then, it seems, received a billet, from the king, which required an immediate answer; and though she did by no means want wit, yet in that instant she found herself incapable of writing any thing with spirit. In the mean time the messenger waited for an answer, while she racked her invention to no purpose. Had there been nothing more requisite, but to say a few tender things, she needed only to have copied the dictates of her heart; but she had over and above the reputation of her style and manner of writing to maintain, and her invention played her false in so critical a juncture. This reduced her to the necessity of desiring Madam Scaron to help her out; and giving her the king's billet, she bid her make an answer to it immediately. Madam Scaron would, out of modesty, have excused herself; but Madam Mountespan laid her absolute commands upon her: so that she obeyed, and writ a most agreeable billet, full of wit and tenderness. Madam Mountespan was very much pleased with it, she copied it, and sent it. The king was infinitely delighted with it. He thought Madam Mountespan had surpassed herself; and he attributed her more than ordinary wit upon this occasion to an increase of tenderness. The principal part of his amusement that night, was to read over and over again this letter, in which he discovered new beauties upon every reading. He thought himself the happiest and the most extraordinary man living, to be able to inspire his mistress with such surprising sentiments and turns of wit.

Next morning, as soon as he was drest, he went

directly to make a visit to Madam Mountespan. 'What happy genius, madam,' says he, upon his first coming into her chamber, 'influenced your thoughts last night? Never certainly was there any thing so charming, and so finely writ, as the billet you sent me! and if you truly feel the tenderness you have so well described, my happiness is complete.' Madam Mountespan was in confusion with these praises, which properly belonged to another; and she could not help betraying something of it by her blushes. The king perceived the disorder she was in, and was earnest to know the cause of it. She would fain have put it off; but the king's curiosity still increasing, in proportion to the excuses she made, she was forced to tell him all that had passed, lest he should of himself imagine something worse. The king was extremely surprised, though in civility he dissembled his thoughts at that time, nevertheless he could not help desiring to see the author of the letter that had pleased him so much; to satisfy himself whether her wit in conversation was equal to what it appeared in writing. Madam Scaron now began to call to mind the predictions of the mason; and, from the desire the king had to see her, conceived no small hopes. Notwithstanding she now had passed the flower of her age, yet, she flattered herself, that her destiny had reserved this one conquest in store for her, and this mighty monarch to be her captive. She was exactly shaped, had a noble air, fine eyes, and a delicate mouth, with fresh ruddy lips. She has besides the art of expressing every thing with her eyes, and of adjusting her looks to her thoughts in such a manner, that all she says goes directly to the heart. The king was already prepossessed in her favour; and after three or four times conversing with her, began

visibly to cool in his affections towards Madam Mountespan.

The king in a little time purchased for Madam Scaron those lands that carry the name of Maintenon, a title which she from that time has taken. Never was there an instance of any favourite having so great a power over a prince, as what she has hitherto maintained. None can obtain the least favour but by immediate application to her. Some are of opinion that she has been the occasion of all the ill treatment which the Protestants have met with, and consequently of the damage the whole kingdom has received from those proceedings. But it is more reasonable to think that whole revolution was brought about by the contrivances of the Jesuits; and she has always been known to be too little a favourer of that order of men to promote their intrigues. Besides, it is not natural to think that she, who formerly had a good opinion of the reformed religion, and was pretty well instructed in the Protestant faith and way of worship, should ever be the author of a persecution against those innocent people, who never had in any thing offended her.

No. 48. WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1713.

It is the general opinion, that Madam Maintenon has of late years influenced all the measures of the court of France. The king, when he has taken the air after dinner, never fails of going to sit with

her till about ten o'clock ; at which time he leaves her to go to his supper. The comptroller general of the finances likewise comes to her apartments to meet the king. While they are in discourse, Madam Maintenon sits at her wheel towards the other end of the room, not seeming to give the least attention to what is said. Nevertheless, the minister never makes a proposition to the king, but his Majesty turns towards her, and says, ' What think you, Madam, of this ? ' She expresses her opinion after a modest manner ; and whatsoever she says is done. Madam Maintenon never appears in public, except when she goes with the king to take the air ; and then she sits on the same seat with the king, with her spectacles on, working a piece of embroidery, and does not seem to be so much as sensible of the great fortunes and honours to which she has raised herself. She is always very modestly drest, and never appears with any train of servants. Every morning she goes to St. Cyr, to give her orders there, it being a kind of nursery founded by herself for the education of young ladies of good families, but no fortune. She returns from thence about the time the king rises, who never fails to pay her a morning visit. She goes to mass always by break of day, to avoid the concourse of people. She is rarely seen by any, and almost inaccessible to every body, excepting three or four particular acquaintance of her own sex. Whether it be, that she would by this conduct avoid envy, as some think ; or, as others would have it, that she is afraid the rank which she thinks due to her should be disputed in all visits and public places, is doubtful. It is certain, that upon all occasions she declines the taking of any rank ; and the title of Marquise which belongs to the lands the king purchased for her is suppressed before her name ; neither will she accept of the title

of a duchess, aspiring in all probability at something still higher, as will appear by what follows.

From several particulars in the conduct of the French king, as well as in that of Madam Maintenon, it has for some years been the prevailing opinion of the court that they are married. And it is said, that her ambition of being declared queen broke out at last; and that she was resolved to give the king no quiet till it was done. He for some time resisted all her solicitations upon that head, but at length, in a fit of tenderness and good nature, he promised her, that he would consult his confessor upon that point. Madam Maintenon was pleased with this, not doubting but that father La Chaise would be glad of this occasion of making his court to her; but he was too subtle a courtier not to perceive the danger of engaging in so nice an affair; and for that reason evaded it, by telling the king, that he did not think himself a casuist able enough to decide a question of so great importance, and, for that reason, desired he might consult with some man of skill and learning, for whose secrecy he would be responsible. The king was apprehensive lest this might make the matter too public; but as soon as father La Chaise named Monsieur Fenelon, the archbishop of Cambray, his fears were over; and he bid him go and find him out. As soon as the confessor had communicated the business he came upon to the bishop, he said, 'What have I done, father, that you should ruin me! But 'tis no matter; let us go to the king.' His majesty was in his closet expecting them. The bishop was no sooner entered, but he threw himself at the king's feet, and begged of him not to sacrifice him. The king promised him that he would not; and then proposed the case to him. The bishop, with his usual sincerity, represented to him the great prejudice he would do himself by de-

claring his marriage, together with the ill consequences that might attend such a proceeding. The king very much approved his reasons, and resolved to go no further in this affair. Madam Maintenon still pressed him to comply with her request: but it was now all to no purpose; and he told her it was not a thing to be done. She asked him, if it was father La Chaise who dissuaded him from it. He for some time refused to give her any answer; but at last, overcome by her importunities, he told her every thing as it had passed. She upon this dissembled her resentment, that she might be the more able to make it prove effectual. She did by no means think the Jesuit was to be forgiven; but the first marks of her vengeance fell upon the archbishop of Cambray. He and all his relations were, in a little time, put out of all their employments at court; upon which he retired to live quietly upon his bishopric; and there have no endeavours been spared to deprive him even of that. As a further instance of the incontrollable power of this great favourite, and of her resenting even the most trivial matters that she thinks might tend to her prejudice, or the diminution of her honour, it is remarkable, that the Italian comedians were driven out of Paris, for playing a comedy called *La Fausse Prude*, which was supposed to reflect upon Madam Maintenon in particular.

“ It is something very extraordinary, that she has been able to keep entire the affections of the king so many years, after her youth and beauty were gone, and never fall into the least disgrace; notwithstanding the number of enemies she has had, and the intrigues that have been formed against her from time to time. This brings into my memory a saying of king William’s, that I have heard on this occasion; ‘ That the king of France was in his con-

duct quite opposite to other princes ; since he made choice of young ministers, and an old mistress.' But this lady's charms have not lain so much in her person, as in her wit and good sense. She has always had the address to flatter the vanity of the king, and to mix always something solid and useful with the more agreeable parts of her conversation. She has known how to introduce the most serious affairs of state into their hours of pleasure ; by telling his majesty, that a monarch should not love, nor do any thing, like other men ; and that he, of all men living, knew best how to be always a king, and always like himself, even in the midst of his diversions. The king now converses with her as a friend, and advises with her upon his most secret affairs. He has a true love and esteem for her ; and has taken care, in case he should die before her, that she may pass the remainder of her life with honour, in the abbey of St. Cyr. There are apartments ready fitted up for her in this place ; she and all her domestics are to be maintained out of the rents of the house, and she is to receive here all the honours due to a Foundress. This abbey stands in the park of Versailles ; it is a fine piece of building, and the king has endowed it with large revenues. The design of it, as I have mentioned before, is to maintain and educate young ladies, whose fortunes do not answer to their birth. None are accounted duly qualified for this place but such as can give sufficient proofs of the nobility of their family on the father's side for an hundred and forty years ; besides which, they must have a certificate of their poverty under the hand of their bishop. The age at which persons are capable of being admitted here is from seven years old till twelve. Lastly, it is required, that they should have no defect or blemish of body or mind ; and for this reason there are persons ap-

pointed to visit and examine them before they are received into the college. When these young ladies are once admitted, their parents and relations have no need to put themselves to any further expense or trouble about them. They are provided with all necessaries for maintenance and education. They style themselves of the order of St. Lewis. When they arrive to an age to be able to choose a state of life for themselves, they may either be placed as nuns in some convent at the king's expense, or be married to some gentleman, whom Madam Maintenon takes care, upon that condition, to provide for, either in the army or in the finances; and the lady receives besides a portion of four hundred pistoles. Most of these marriages have proved very successful; and several gentlemen have by them made great fortunes, and been advanced to very considerable employments.

“ I must conclude this short account of Madam Maintenon with advertising my readers, that I do not pretend to vouch for the several particulars that I have related. All I can say is, that a great many of them are attested by several writers; and that I thought this sketch of a woman so remarkable all over Europe, would be no ill entertainment to the curious, till such a time as some pen, more fully instructed in her whole life and character, shall undertake to give it to the public.”

No. 49. THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1713.

—*Quæ possit facere et servare beatum.*

HOR. EPIST. i. 6. 2.

To make men happy, and to keep them so.

CREECH.

IT is of great use to consider the pleasures which constitute human happiness, as they are distinguished into natural and fantastical. Natural pleasures I call those, which, not depending on the fashion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are suited to human nature in general, and were intended by Providence as rewards for the using our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantastical pleasures are those which, having no natural fitness to delight our minds, presuppose some particular whim or taste accidentally prevailing in a set of people, to which it is owing that they please.

Now I take it, that the tranquillity and cheerfulness with which I have passed my life, are the effect of having, ever since I came to years of discretion, continued my inclinations to the former sort of pleasures. But as my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may probably be a stronger motive to induce others to the same scheme of life, if they would consider that we are prompted to natural pleasures by an instinct impressed on our minds by the Author of our nature, who best understands our frames, and consequently best knows what those pleasures are, which will give us the least uneasiness in the pursuit, and the greatest

satisfaction in the enjoyment of them. Hence it follows, that the objects of our natural desires are cheap or easy to be obtained, it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole system of created beings, 'that nothing is made in vain,' much less the instincts and appetites of animals, which the benevolence, as well as wisdom of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of those objects less pleasing, than the acquisition is easy; and the pleasure is heightened by the sense of having answered some natural end, and the consciousness of acting in concert with the Supreme Governor of the universe.

Under natural pleasures I comprehend those which are universally suited, as well to the rational as the sensual part of our nature. And of the pleasures which affect our senses, those only are to be esteemed natural that are contained within the rules of reason, which is allowed to be as necessary an ingredient of human nature, as sense. And, indeed, excesses of any kind are hardly to be esteemed pleasures, much less natural pleasures.

It is evident, that a desire terminated in money, is fantastical: so is the desire of outward distinctions, which bring no delight of sense, nor recommend us as useful to mankind; and the desire of things merely because they are new or foreign. Men, who are indisposed to a due exertion of their higher parts, are driven to such pursuits as these, from the restlessness of the mind, and the sensitive appetites being easily satisfied. It is, in some sort, owing to the bounty of Providence, that, disdainng a cheap and vulgar happiness, they frame to themselves imaginary goods, in which there is nothing can raise desire, but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus men become the contrivers of their own misery, as a punishment on themselves for departing from the

measures of nature. Having, by an habitual reflection on these truths, made them familiar, the effect is, that I, among a number of persons who have debauched their natural taste, see things in a peculiar light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of genius, or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the false notions instilled by custom and education.

The various objects that compose the world were by nature formed to delight our senses, and as it is this alone that makes them desirable to an uncorrupted taste, a man may be said naturally to possess them, when he possesseth those enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is usual with me to consider myself as having a natural property in every object that administers pleasures to me. When I am in the country, all the fine seats near the place of my residence, and to which I have access, I regard as mine. The same I think of the groves and fields where I walk, and muse on the folly of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantastical pleasure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a stranger to fresh air and rural enjoyments. By these principles I am possessed of half a dozen of the finest seats in England, which, in the eye of the law, belong to certain of my acquaintance, who, being men of business, choose to live near the court.

In some great families, where I choose to pass my time, a stranger would be apt to rank me with the other domestics; but in my own thoughts, and natural judgement, I am master of the house, and he who goes by that name is my steward, who eases me of the care of providing for myself the conveniences and pleasures of life.

When I walk the streets, I use the foregoing natural maxim, viz. That he is the true possessor of a

thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it,—to convince myself that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusements designed to delight my eyes, and the imagination of those kind people who sit in them gaily attired only to please me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary pleasure from their exterior embellishments. Upon the same principle, I have discovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses, stars, brocades, and embroidered clothes, which I see at a play or birth-night, as giving more natural delight to the spectator than to those that wear them. And I look on the beaux and ladies as so many paroquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet, or library, that I have free access to, I think my own. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richest men in Great Britain; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

The same principles I find of great use in my private economy. As I cannot go to the price of history painting, I have purchased, at easy rates, several beautifully designed pieces of landscape and perspective, which are much more pleasing to a natural taste, than unknown faces, or Dutch gambols, though done by the best masters; my couches, bed and window-curtains, are of Irish stuff, which those of that nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of colours. There is not a piece of china in my house; but I have glasses of all sorts, and some tinged with the finest colours, which are not the less pleasing, because they are domestic, and cheaper than foreign toys. Every thing is neat, entire, and clean,

and fitted to the taste of one who had rather be happy, than thought rich.

Every day, numberless innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow-creatures labouring in a toilsome and absurd pursuit of trifles ; one, that he may be called by a particular appellation ; another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of riband that has an agreeable effect on my sight, but is so far from supplying the place of merit where it is not, that it serves only to make the want of it more conspicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my soul ; about noon I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive great consolation from the rosy dashes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am lost among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great crowd at his levee. And I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moon-light, or viewing the stars sparkle in their azure ground ; which I look upon as part of my possessions, not without a secret indignation at the tastelessness of mortal men, who, in their race through life, overlook the real enjoyments of it.

But the pleasure which naturally affects a human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, I take to be the sense that we act in the eye of infinite Wisdom, Power, and Goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here, with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls. This is a perpetual spring of gladness in the mind. This lessens our calamities, and doubles our joys. Without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise. What unnatural wretches, then, are those who can be so stupid as to imagine a merit, in endeavouring to rob virtue of her support, and man of his present as well

as future bliss? But as I have frequently taken occasion to animadvert on that species of mortals, so I propose to repeat my animadversions on them, till I see some symptoms of amendment.

No. 50. FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1712.

O rus! quando ego te aspiciam?—

HOR. SAT. ii. 6. 60.

O! when shall I enjoy my country seat?

CREECH.

THE perplexities and diversions, recounted in the following letter, are represented with some pleasantry; I shall therefore make this epistle the entertainment of the day.

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ SIR,

“ THE time of going into the country drawing near, I am extremely enlivened with the agreeable memorial of every thing that contributed to my happiness when I was last there. In the recounting of which, I shall not dwell so much upon the verdure of the fields, the shade of woods, the trilling of rivulets, or melody of birds, as upon some particular satisfactions, which, though not merely rural, must naturally create a desire of seeing that place, where only I have met with them. As to my passage I shall make no other mention, than of the pompous pleasure of being whirled along with six horses, the easy grandeur of lolling in a handsome chariot, the

reciprocal satisfaction the inhabitants of all towns and villages received from, and returned to, passengers of such distinction. The gentleman's seat, with whom, among others, I had the honour to go down, is the remains of an ancient castle which has suffered very much for the loyalty of its inhabitants. The ruins of the several turrets and strong holds, gave my imagination more pleasant exercise than the most magnificent structure could do, as I look upon the honourable wounds of a defaced soldier, with more veneration than the most exact proportion of a beautiful woman. As this desolation renewed in me a general remembrance of the calamities of the late civil wars, I began to grow desirous to know the history of the particular scene of action in this place of my abode. I here must beseech you not to think me tedious in mentioning a certain barber, who, for his general knowledge of things and persons, may be had in equal estimation with any of that order among the Romans. This person was allowed to be the best historian upon the spot ; and the sequel of my tale will discover, that I did not choose him so much for the soft touch of his hand, as his abilities to entertain me with an account of the *Leaguer Time*, as he calls it, the most authentic relations of which, through all parts of the town, are derived from this person. I found him, indeed, extremely loquacious, but withal a man of as much veracity as an impetuous speaker could be. The first time he came to shave me, before he applied his weapon to my chin, he gave me a flourish with it, very like the salutation the prize-fighters give the company with theirs, which made me apprehend incision would as certainly ensue. The dexterity of this overture consists in playing the razor, with a nimble wrist, mighty near the nose, without touch-

ing it: convincing him, therefore, of the dangerous consequence of such an unnecessary agility, with much persuasion I suppressed it. During the perusal of my face he gives me such accounts of the families in the neighbourhood, as tradition and his own observation have furnished him with. Whenever the precipitation of his account makes him blunder, his cruel right hand corresponds, and the razor discovers on my face at what part of it he was in the peaceable, and at what part in the bloody incidents of his narrative. But I had long before learned to expose my person to any difficulties that might tend to the improvement of my mind. His breath I found was very pestilential, and, being obliged to utter a great deal of it, for the carrying on his narrations, I besought him, before he came into my room, to go into the kitchen and mollify it with a breakfast. When he had taken off my beard, with part of my face, and dressed my wounds in the capacity of a barber-surgeon, we traversed the outworks about the castle, where I received particular information in what places any of note among the besiegers, or the besieged, received any wound, and I was carried always to the very spot where the fact was done, howsoever dangerous, scaling part of the walls, or stumbling over loose stones, my approach to such a place might be; it being conceived impossible to arrive at a true knowledge of those matters, without this hazardous explanation upon them; insomuch that I received more contusions from these speculations, than I probably could have done, had I been the most bold adventurer at the demolition of this castle. This, as all other his informations, the barber so lengthened and husbanded with digressions, that he had always something new to offer, wisely concluding, that, when he had finished

the part of an historian, I should have no occasion for him as a barber.

“ Whenever I looked at this ancient pile of building, I thought it perfectly resembled any of those castles, which in my infancy I had met with in romances, where several unfortunate knights and ladies were, by certain giants, made prisoners irrecoverably, till ‘ the Knight of the burning pestle,’ or any other of equal hardiness, should deliver them from a long captivity. There is a park adjoining, pleasant beyond the most poetical description, one part of which is particularly private, by being inaccessible to those that have not great resolution. This I have made sacred to love and poetry ; and, after having regularly invoked the goddess I adore, I here compose a tender couplet or two, which, when I come home, I venture to show my particular friends, who love me so well as to conceal my follies. After my poetry sinks upon me, I relieve the labour of my brain by a little manuscript with my pen-knife ; while, with Rochester,

Here on a beech, like amorous sot,
I sometimes carve a true-love’s knot ;
There a tall oak her name does bear,
In a large spreading character.

“ I confess once, whilst I was engraving one of my most curious conceits upon a delicate smooth bark, my feet, in the tree which I had gained with much skill, deserted me ; and the lover, with much amazement, came plump into the river : I did not recover the true spirit of amour under a week, and not without applying myself to some of the softest passages in Cassandra, and Cleopatra.

“ These are the pleasures I met without doors ; those within were as follow :—I had the happiness

to lie in a room that had a large hole opening from it, which, by unquestionable tradition, had been formerly continued to an abbey two miles from the castle, for a communication betwixt the austere creatures of that place, with others not altogether so contemplative. And the keeper's brother assures me, that, when he formerly lay in this room, he had seen some of the spirits of this departed brotherhood, enter from the hole into this chamber, where they continued, with the utmost civility to flesh and blood, till they were oppressed by the morning air. And if I do not receive his account with a very serious and believing countenance, he ventures to laugh at me as a most ridiculous infidel. The most unaccountable pleasure I take is with a fine white young owl, which strayed one night in at my window, and which I was resolved to make a prisoner, but withal to give all the indulgence that its confinement could possibly admit of. I so far insinuated myself into his favour, by presents of fresh provisions, that we could be very good company together. There is something in the eye of that creature, of such merry lustre, something of such human cunning in the turn of his visage, that I found vast delight in the survey of it. One objection indeed I at first saw, that this bird, being the bird of Pallas, the choice of this favourite might afford curious matter of raillery to the ingenious, especially when it shall be known, that I am as much delighted with a cat as ever Montaigne was. But notwithstanding this, I am so far from being ashamed of this particular humour, that I esteem myself very happy in having my odd taste of pleasure provided for, upon such reasonable terms. What heightened all the pleasures I have spoke of, was the agreeable freedom with which the gentleman of the house entertained us; and every one of us came into, or left the company, as he

thought fit; dined in his chamber or the parlour, as a fit of spleen or study directed him; nay, sometimes every man rode or walked a different way, so that we never were together, but when we were perfectly pleased with ourselves and each other.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most obedient

“ Humble servant

“ R. B*.”

P. S. I had just given my orders for the press, when my friend Mrs. Bicknell made me a visit. She came to desire I would show her the wardrobe of the Lizards, where the various habits of the ancestors of that illustrious family are preserved, in order to furnish her with a proper dress for *The Wife of Bath*. Upon sight of the little ruffs, she snatched one of them from the pin, clapt it around her neck, and, turning briskly towards me, repeated a speech out of her part in the comedy of that name. If the rest of the actors enter into their several parts with the same spirit, the humourous characters of this play cannot but appear excellent on the theatre: for very good judges have informed me, that the author has drawn them with great propriety, and an exact observation of the manners.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

* Perhaps Richard Bickerstaff, a signature of Steele, partly real and partly fictitious.

No. 51. SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1713.

—*Res antiquæ laudis et artis*
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.
 VIRG. GEORG. ii. 174.

Of arts disclosed in ancient days, I sing,
 And venture to unlock the sacred spring.

It is probable the first poets were found at the altar, that they employed their talents in adorning and animating the worship of their gods; the spirit of poetry and religion reciprocally warmed each other, devotion inspired poetry, and poetry exalted devotion; the most sublime capacities were put to the most noble use; purity of will, and fineness of understanding, were not such strangers as they have been in latter ages, but were most frequently lodged in the same breast, and went, as it were, hand in hand to the glory of the world's great Ruler, and the benefit of mankind. To reclaim our modern poetry, and turn it into its due and primitive channel, is an endeavour altogether worthy a far greater character than the guardian of a private family. Kingdoms might be the better for the conversion of the muses from sensuality to natural religion, and princes on their thrones might be obliged and protected by its power.

Were it modest, I should profess myself a great admirer of poesy, but that profession is in effect telling the world that I have a heart tender and generous, a heart that can swell with the joys, or be de-

pressed with the misfortunes of others, nay more, even of imaginary persons ; a heart large enough to receive the greatest ideas nature can suggest, and delicate enough to relish the most beautiful ; it is desiring mankind to believe that I am capable of entering into all those subtle graces, and all that divine elegance, the enjoyment of which is to be felt only, and not expressed.

All kinds of poesy are amiable, but sacred poesy should be our most especial delight. Other poetry leads us through flowery meadows or beautiful gardens, refreshes us with cooling breezes or delicious fruits, soothes us with the murmur of waters or the melody of birds, or else conveys us to the court or camp ; dazzles our imagination with crowns and sceptres, embattled hosts, or heroes shining in burnished steel : but sacred numbers seem to admit us into a solemn and magnificent temple, they encircle us with every thing that is holy and divine, they superadd an agreeable awe and reverence to all those pleasing emotions we feel from other lays, an awe and reverence that exalts, while it chastises : its sweet authority restrains each undue liberty of thought, word, and action ; it makes us think better and more nobly of ourselves, from a consciousness of the great presence we are in, where saints surround us, and angels are our fellow-worshippers :

O let me glory, glory in my choice :
 Whom should I sing, but Him who gave me voice !
 This theme shall last, when Homer's shall decay,
 When arts, arms, kings, and kingdoms, melt away.
 And can it, Powers immortal, can it be,
 That this high province was reserved for me ?
 Whate'er the new, the rash adventure cost,
 In wide eternity I dare be lost.
 I dare launch out, and show the Muses more
 Than e'er the learned sisters saw before.

In narrow limits they were wont to sing,
 To teach the swain, or celebrate the king :
 I grasp the whole, no more to parts confined,
 I lift my voice, and sing to human-kind ;
 I sing to men and angels : angels join,
 While such the theme, their sacred hymns with mine *.

But besides the greater pleasure which we receive from sacred poesy, it has another vast advantage above all other : when it has placed us in that imaginary temple, of which I just now spoke, methinks the mighty genius of the place covers us with an invisible hand, and secures us in the enjoyments we possess. We find a kind of refuge in our pleasure, and our diversion becomes our safety. Why, then, should not every heart that is addicted to the Muses, cry out in the holy warmth of the best poet that ever lived, ‘ I will magnify thee, O Lord, my king, and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.’

That greater benefit may be reaped from sacred poesy than from any other, is indisputable ; but is it capable of yielding such exquisite delight ? Has it a title only to the regard of the serious and aged ? Is it only to be read on Sundays, and to be bound in black ? Or does it put in for the good esteem of the gay, the fortunate, the young ? Can it rival a ball or a theatre, or give pleasure to those who are conversant with beauty, and have their palates set high with all the delicacies and poignancy of human wit ?

That poetry gives us the greatest pleasure which affects us most, and that affects us most which is on a subject in which we have the deepest concern ; for this reason it is a rule in epic poetry, that the tale should be taken from the history of that country to which it is written, or at furthest from their

* Dr. Young’s Last Day, Book II. 7, &c.

distant ancestors. Thus Homer sung Achilles to the descendants of Achilles ; and Virgil to Augustus that hero's voyage,

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

ÆN. i. 6.

From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.

DRYDEN.

Had they changed subjects, they had certainly been worse poets at Greece and Rome, whatever they had been esteemed by the rest of mankind ; and in what subjects have we the greatest concern, but in those at the very thought of which, ' This world grows less and less, and all its glories fade away ?'

All other poesy must be dropt at the gate of death, this alone can enter with us into immortality ; it will admit of an improvement only, not strictly speaking, an entire alteration, from the converse of cherubim and seraphim. It shall not be forgotten, when the sun and moon are remembered no more ; it shall never die, but, if I may so express myself, be the measure of eternity, and the laudable ambition of heaven.

How then can any other poesy come in competition with it ?

Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
Within the view of conscious stars or sun,
Is far beneath my daring ! I look down
On all the splendours of the British crown ;
This globe is for my verse a narrow bound ;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around ;
Oh all ye spirits, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
Of every various order, place, and kind,
Hear and assist a feeble mortal's lays :
'Tis your Eternal King I strive to praise.

These verses, and those quoted above, are taken

out of a manuscript poem on the Last Day*, which will shortly appear in public.

“ TO THE GUARDIAN.

“ SIR,

“ WHEN you speak of the good which would arise from the labours of ingenious men, if they could be prevailed upon to turn their thoughts upon the sublime subjects of religion, it should, methinks, be an attractive to them, if you would please to lay before them, that noble ideas aggrandise the soul of him who writes with a true taste of virtue. I was just now reading David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, and that divine piece was peculiarly pleasing to me, in that there was such an exquisite sorrow expressed in it without the least allusion to the difficulties from whence David was extricated by the fall of those great men in his way to empire. When he receives the tidings of Saul's death, his generous mind has in it no reflection upon the merit of the unhappy man who was taken out of his way, but what raises his sorrow, instead of giving him consolation.

“ ‘ The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places : how are the mighty fallen !

“ ‘ Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon : Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

“ ‘ Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings : For there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

* By Dr. Edward Young, first printed in 1714.

“ ‘ Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

“ ‘ Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.’

“ How beautiful is the more amiable and noble parts of Saul’s character, represented by a man whom that very Saul pursued to death! But when he comes to mention Jonathan, the sublimity ceases, and, not able to mention his generous friendship, and the most noble instances ever given by man, he sinks into a fondness that will not admit of high language or allusions to the greater circumstances of their life, and turns only upon their familiar converse.

“ ‘ I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.’

“ In the mind of this admirable man, grandeur, majesty, and worldly power, were despicable considerations, when he cast his eye upon the merit of him who was so suddenly snatched from them: and when he began to think of the great friendship of Jonathan, his panegyric is uttered only in broken exclamations, and tender expressions of how much they both loved, not how much Jonathan deserved.

“ Pray pardon this, which was to hint only that the virtue, not the elegance of fine writing, is the thing principally to be considered by a Guardian.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your humble servant,

“ C. F.”

No. 52. MONDAY, MAY 11, 1713.

— *Toto solus in orbe*
Cæsar liber erit.—

LUCAN.

Cæsar alone, of all mankind, is free.

I SHALL not assume to myself the merit of every thing in these papers. Wheresoever in reading or conversation, I observe any thing that is curious and uncommon, useful, or entertaining, I resolve to give it to the public. The greatest part of this very paper is an extract from a French manuscript, which was lent me by my good friend Mr. Charwell*. He tells me he has had it about these twenty years in his possession: and he seems to me to have taken from it very many of the maxims he has pursued in the new settlement, I have heretofore spoken of upon his lands. He has given me full liberty to make what use of it I shall think fit: either to publish it entire, or to retail it out by pennyworths. I have determined to retail it, and for that end I have translated divers passages, rendering the words *livre*, *sou*, and many others of known signification in France, into their equivalent sense, that I may the better be understood by my English readers. The book contains several memoirs concerning Monsieur Colbert, who had the honour to be secretary of state to his most Christian majesty, and superintendant or chief director of the arts and manufac-

* Edward Colston, Esq. of Bristol, M. P. for that city.

tures of his kingdom. The passage for to-day is as follows :

‘ It happened that the king was one day expressing his wonder to this minister, that the United Provinces should give him so much trouble, that so great a monarch as he was should not be able to reduce so small a state, with half the power of his whole dominions. To which Monsieur Colbert is said to have made the following answer :

“ Sir, I presume upon your indulgence to speak what I have thought upon this subject, with that freedom which becomes a faithful servant, and one who has nothing more at heart than your majesty’s glory, and the prosperity of your whole people. Your territories, are vastly greater than the United Netherlands ; but, Sir, it is not land that fights against land, but the strength and riches of one nation, against the strength and riches of another. I should have said only riches, since it is money that feeds and clothes the soldier, furnishes the magazine, provides the train of artillery, and answers the charge of all other military preparations. Now the riches of a prince, or state, are just so much as they can levy upon their subjects, still leaving them sufficient for their subsistence. If this shall not be left, they will desert to other countries for better usage ; and I am sorry to say it, that too many of your majesty’s subjects are already among your neighbours, in the condition of footmen and valets for their daily bread ; many of your artisans too are fled from the severity of your collectors, they are at this time improving the manufactures of your enemies. France has lost the benefit of their hands for ever, and your majesty all hopes of any future excises by their consumption. For the extraordinary sums of one year, you have parted with an inheritance. I am never able, without the utmost in-

dignation, to think of that minister who had the confidence to tell your father, his subjects were but too happy, that they were not yet reduced to eat grass: as if starving his people, were the only way to free himself from their seditions. But people will not starve in France, as long as bread is to be had in any other country. How much more worthy of a prince was that saying of your grandfather of glorious memory*, that he hoped to see that day, when every housekeeper in his dominions should be able to allow his family a capon for their Sunday's supper! I lay down this therefore as my first principle, that your taxes upon your subjects must still leave them sufficient for their subsistence, at least as comfortable a subsistence as they will find among your neighbours.

“ Upon this principle I shall be able to make some comparison between the revenues of your majesty, and those of the States-general. Your territories are near thirty times as great, your people more than four times as many, yet your revenues are not thirty, no, nor four times as great, nor indeed as great again, as those of the United Netherlands.

“ In what one article are you able to raise twice as much from your subjects as the states can do from theirs? Can you take twice as much from the rents of the lands and houses? What are the yearly rents of your whole kingdom? and how much of these will your majesty be able to take without ruining the landed interest! You have, sir, above a hundred millions of acres, and not above thirteen millions of subjects—eight acres to every subject; how inconsiderable must be the value of land, where so many acres are to provide for a single person! where a single person is the whole market for the product of so much land! And what sort of customers are

* Henry IV.

your subjects to these lands? what clothes is it that they wear? what provisions do they consume? Black bread, onions, and other roots, are the usual diet of the generality of your people; their common drink the pure element; they are dressed in canvass and wooden shoes, I mean such of them as are not barefoot, and half-naked. How very mean must be the eight acres which will afford no better subsistence to a single person! Yet so many of your people live in this despicable manner, that four pounds will be easily believed to exceed the annual expenses of every one of them at a medium. And how little of this expense will be coming to the land-owner for his rent? or, which is the same thing, for the mere product of his land? Of every thing that is consumed, the greatest part of the value is the price of labour that is bestowed upon it; and it is not a very small part of their price that is paid to your majesty in your excises. Of the four pounds expense of every subject, it can hardly be thought that more than four-and-twenty shillings are paid for the mere product of the land. Then if there are eight acres to every subject, and every subject for his consumption pays no more than four-and-twenty shillings to the land, three shillings at a medium must be the full yearly value of every acre in your kingdom. Your lands, separated from the buildings, cannot be valued higher.

“ And what then shall be thought the yearly value of the houses, or, which is the same thing, of the lodgings of your thirteen millions of subjects? What numbers of these are begging their bread throughout your kingdom? If your majesty were to walk incognito through the very streets of your capital, and would give a farthing to every beggar that asks your alms in a walk of one hour, you would have nothing left of a pistole. How miserable must be

the lodgings of these wretches ! even those that will not ask your charity, are huddled together, four or five families in a house. Such is the lodging in your capital. That of your other towns is yet of less value ; but nothing can be more ruinous than the cottages in the villages. Six shillings for the lodgings of every one of your thirteen millions of subjects, at a medium, must needs be the full yearly value of all the houses. So that at four shillings for every acre, and six shillings for the lodging of every subject, the rents of your whole kingdom will be less than twenty millions, and yet a great deal more than they were ever yet found to be, by the most exact survey that has been taken.

“ The next question then is, how much of these rents your majesty will think fit to take to your own use ? Six of the twenty millions are in the hands of the clergy ; and little enough for the support of three hundred thousand ecclesiastics, with all their necessary attendants ; it is no more than twenty pounds a year for every one of the masters. These, sir, are your best guards ; they keep your subjects loyal in the midst of all their misery. Your majesty will not think it your interest to take any thing from the church. From that which remains in the hands of your lay subjects, will you be able to take more than five millions to your own use ? This is more than seven shillings in the pound ; and then, after necessary reparations, together with losses by the failing of tenants, how very little will be left to the owners ! These are gentlemen, who have never been bred either to trade or manufactures, they have no other way of living than by their rents ; and when these shall be taken from them, they must fly to your armies, as to a hospital, for their daily bread.

“ Now, sir, your majesty will give me leave to examine what are the rents of the United Nether-

lands, and how great a part of these their governors may take to themselves, without oppression of the owners. There are in those provinces three millions of acres, and as many millions of subjects, a subject for every acre. Why should not then the single acre there be as valuable as the eight acres in France, since it is to provide for as many mouths? Or if great part of the provisions of the people are fetched in by their trade from the sea or foreign countries, they will end at last in the improvement of their lands. I have often heard, and am ready to believe, that thirty shillings, one with another, is less than the yearly value of every acre in those provinces.

“ And how much less than this will be the yearly value of lodging, for every one of their subjects? There are no beggars in their streets, scarce a single one in a whole province. Their families in great towns are lodged in palaces, in comparison with those of Paris. Even the houses in their villages are more costly than in many of your cities. If such is the value of their three millions of acres, and of lodging for as many millions of subjects, the yearly rents of lands and houses are nine millions in those provinces.

“ Then how much of this may the States take without ruining the land-owners, for the defence of their people? Their lands there, by the custom of descending in equal shares to all the children, are distributed into so many hands, that few or no persons are subsisted by their rents; land-owners, as well as others, are chiefly subsisted by trade and manufactures; and they can therefore with as much ease part with half of their whole rents, as your majesty's subjects can a quarter. The States-general may as well take four millions and a half from their rents, as your majety can five from those of your subjects.

“ It remains now only to compare the excises of both countries. And what excises can your majesty hope to receive by the consumption of the half-starved, and half-naked beggars in your streets? How great a part of the price of all that is ate, or drunk, or consumed by those wretched creatures! How great a part of the price of canvass, cloth and wooden shoes, that are every where worn throughout the country! How great a part of the price of their water, or their black bread and onions, the general diet of your people? If your majesty were to receive the whole price of those things, your exchequer would hardly run over. Yet so much the greatest part of your subjects live in this despicable manner, that the annual expense of every one at a medium, can be no more than I have mentioned. One would almost think they starve themselves to defraud your majesty of your revenues. It is impossible to conceive that more than an eighth part can be excised from the expenses of your subjects, who live so very poorly, and then, for thirteen millions of people, your whole revenue by excises will amount to no more than six millions and a half.

“ And how much less than this sum will the States be able to levy by the same tax upon their subjects? There are no beggars in that country. The people of their great towns live at a vastly greater charge than yours. And even those in their villages are better fed and clothed, than the people of your towns. At a medium, every one of their subjects lives at twice the cost of those of France. Trade and manufactures are the things that furnish them with money for this expense. Therefore if thrice as much shall be excised from the expense of the Hollanders, yet still they will have more left than the subjects of your majesty, though you should take nothing at all from them. I must believe, there-

fore, that it will be as easy to levy thrice as much by excises upon the Dutch subject as the French, thirty shillings upon the former, as easily as ten upon the latter, and consequently four millions and a half of pounds upon their three millions of subjects; so that in the whole, by rents and excises, they will be able to raise nine millions within the year. If of this sum, for the maintenance of their clergy, which are not so numerous as in France, the charge of their civil list, and the preservation of their dykes, one million is to be deducted; yet still they will have eight for their defence, a revenue equal to two thirds of your majesty's.

“Your majesty will no longer wonder that you have not been able to reduce these provinces with half the power of your whole dominions, yet half is as much as you will be ever able to employ against them; Spain and Germany will be always ready to espouse their quarrel, their forces will be sufficient to cut out work for the other half; and I wish too you could be quiet on the side of Italy and England.

“What then is the advice I would presume to give your majesty? To disband the greatest part of your forces, and save so many taxes to your people. Your very dominions make you too powerful to fear any insult from your neighbours. To turn your thoughts from war, and cultivate the arts of peace, the trade and manufactures of your people; this shall make you the most powerful prince, and at the same time your subjects the richest of all other subjects. In the space of twenty years they will be able to give your majesty greater sums with ease, than you can now draw from them with the greatest difficulty. You have abundant materials in your kingdom to employ your people, and they do not want capacity to be employed. Peace and trade shall carry out their labour to all the parts of Europe, and

bring back yearly treasures to our subjects. There will be always fools enough to purchase the manufactures of France, though France should be prohibited to purchase those of other countries. In the mean time your majesty shall never want sufficient sums to buy now and then an important fortress from one or other of our indigent neighbours. But, above all, peace shall ingratiate your majesty with the Spanish nation, during the life of their crazy king; and after his death a few seasonable presents among his courtiers, shall purchase the reversion of his crowns, with all the treasures of the Indies, and then the world must be your own."

This was the substance of what was then said by Monsieur Colbert. The king was not at all offended with this liberty of his minister. He knew the value of the man, and soon after made him the chief director of the trade and manufactures of his people.

No. 53. TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1713.

— *Desinant*

Maledicere, malefacto ne noscant sua.

TER. ANDR. PROL. 22.

Let them cease to speak ill of others, lest they hear of their own misdeeds.

It happens that the letter, which was in one of my papers concerning a lady ill-treated by The Examiner, and to which he replies by taxing The Tatler with the like practice, was written by one Steele,

B B 3

who put his name to the collection of papers called *Lucubrations*. It was a wrong thing in *The Examiner* to go any further than *The Guardian* for what is said in *The Guardian*; but since Steele owns the letter, it is the same thing. I apprehend, by reading *The Examiner* over a second time, that he insinuates, by the words close to the royal stamp, he would have the man turned out of his office. Considering he is so malicious, I cannot but think Steele has treated him very mercifully in his answer, which follows. This Steele is certainly a very good sort of a man, and it is a thousand pities he does not understand politics; but, if he is turned out, my lady Lizard will invite him down to our country house. I shall be very glad of his company, and I'll certainly leave something to one of his children.

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ SIR,

“ I AM obliged to fly to you for refuge from severe usage, which a very great author, *The Examiner*, has been pleased to give me for what you have lately published in defence of a young lady *. He does not put his name to his writings, and therefore he ought not to reflect upon the characters of those who publicly answer for what they have produced. *The Examiner* and *The Guardian* might have disputed upon any particular they had thought fit, without having introduced any third person, or making any allusion to matters foreign to the subject before them. But since he has thought fit, in his paper of May the 8th, to defend himself by my example, I shall beg leave to say to the town, by your favour to me, Mr. Ironside, that our conduct would still be very widely different, though I should allow that

* See *Guardian*, No. 41.

there were particular persons pointed at in the places which he mentions in the *Tatlers*. When a satirist feigns a name, it must be the guilt of the person attacked, or his being notoriously understood guilty before the satire was written, that can make him liable to come under the fictitious appellation. But when the license of printing letters of people's real names is used, things may be affixed to men's characters which are, in the utmost degree, remote from them. Thus it happens in the case of the earl of Nottingham, whom that gentleman asserts to have left the church; though nothing is more evident than that he deserves better of all men in holy orders, or those who have any respect for them, or religion itself, than any man in England can pretend to. But as to the instances he gives against me. *Old Downes* is a fine piece of raillery, of which I wish I had been author. All I had to do in it, was to strike out what related to a gentlewoman about the queen, whom I thought a woman free from ambition, and I did it out of regard to innocence. *Powel of the Bath* is reconciled to me, and has made me free of his show. *Tun, Gun, and Pistol*, from *Wapping*, laughed at the representation which was made of them, and were observed to be more regular in their conduct afterwards. The character of *lord Timon* is no odious one; and to tell you the truth, *Mr. Ironside*, when I writ it, I thought it more like me myself, than any other man; and if I had in my eye any illustrious person who had the same faults with myself, it is no new, nor very criminal self-love, to flatter ourselves, that what weaknesses we have, we have in common with great men. For the exaltation of style, and embellishing the character, I made *Timon* a lord, and he may be a very worthy one for all that I have said of him. I do not remember the mention of *don Diego*; nor do I remember that ever

I thought of lord Nottingham, in any character drawn in any one paper of Bickerstaff. Now as to Polypragmon, I drew it as the most odious image I could paint of ambition; and Polypragmon is to men of business, what Sir Fopling Flutter is to men of fashion. "He's knight of the shire, and represents you all." Whoever seeks employment for his own private interest, vanity, or pride, and not for the good of his prince and country, has his share in the picture of Polypragmon; and let this be the rule in examining that description, and I believe The Examiner will find others to whom he would rather give a part of it, than to the person on whom I believe he bestows it, because he thinks he is the most capable of having his vengeance on me. But I say not this from terrors of what any man living can do to me: I speak it only to show, that I have not, like him, fixed odious images on persons, but on vices. Alas! what occasion have I to draw people whom I should think ill of, under feigned names! I have wanted and abounded, and I neither fear poverty, nor desire riches; if that be true, why should I be afraid, whenever I see occasion to examine the conduct of any of my fellow-subjects? I should scorn to do it but from plain facts, and at my own peril, and from instances as clear as the day. Thus would I, and I will, whenever I think it my duty, inquire into the behaviour of any man in England, if he is so posted, as that his errors may hurt my country. This kind of zeal will expose him who is prompted by it, to a great deal of ill-will; and I could carry any points I aim at for the improvement of my own little affairs, without making myself obnoxious to the resentment of any person or party. But, alas! what is there in all the gratifications of sense, the accommodations of vanity, or any thing that fortune can give to please a human soul, when they are put in

competition with the interest of truth and liberty? Mr. Ironside, I confess I writ to you that letter concerning the young lady of quality, and am glad that my awkward apology, as *The Examiner* calls it, has produced in him so much remorse as to make any reparation to offended beauty. Though, by the way, the phrase of "offended beauty," is romantic, and has little of the compunction which should arise in a man that is begging pardon of a woman for saying of her unjustly, that she had affronted her God and her sovereign. However, I will not bear hard upon his contrition; but am now heartily sorry I called him a miscreant, that word, I think, signifies an unbeliever. *Mescroyant*, I take it, is the old French word. I will give myself no manner of liberty to make guesses at him, if I may say him: for though sometimes I have been told by familiar friends, that they saw me such a time talking to the *Examiner*; others, who have rallied me upon the sins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have formerly lain with *The Examiner*. I have carried my point, and rescued innocence from calumny; and it is nothing to me, whether *The Examiner* writes against me in the character of an estranged friend*, or an exasperated mistress†.

"He is welcome from henceforward to treat me as he pleases; but as you have begun to oppose him, never let innocence or merit be traduced by him. In particular, I beg of you never, never let the glory of our nation‡, who made France tremble, and yet has that gentleness to be unable§ to bear opposition from the meanest of his own countrymen, be calumniated in so impudent a manner, as in the insinuation that

* Dr. Swift.

† Mrs. D. Manley.

‡ The Duke of Marlborough, abused by the *Examiner*.

§ For 'unable' to bear, read 'able' to bear. *Guard. in folio*, No. 54, *ad finem*.

he affected a perpetual dictatorship. Let not a set of brave, wise, and honest men, who did all that has been done to place their queen in so great a figure, as to show mercy to the highest potentate in Europe, be treated by ungenerous men as traitors and betrayers. To prevent such evils is a care worthy a Guardian. These are exercises worthy the spirit of a man, and you ought to condemn all the wit in the world against you, when you have the consolation that you act upon these honest motives. If you ever shrink from them, get Bat Pigeon to comb your noddle, and write sonnets on the smiles of the Sparkler; but never call yourself Guardian more in a nation full of the sentiments of honour and liberty.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ RICHARD STEELE.

“ P. S. I know nothing of the letter at Morphey's.”

No. 54. WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1713.

Neque ita porrò aut adulatus aut admiratus sum fortunam alterius, ut me meæ pœniteret.

TULL.

I never flattered, or admired, another man's fortune, so as to be dissatisfied with my own.

It has been observed, very often, in authors divine and profane, that we are all equal after death, and this by way of consolation for that deplorable supe-

riority which some among us seem to have over others ; but it would be a doctrine of much more comfortable import, to establish an equality among the living ; for the propagation of which paradox I shall hazard the following conceits.

I here must lay it down, that I do not pretend to satisfy every barren reader, that all persons that have hitherto apprehended themselves extremely miserable, shall have immediate succour from the publication of this paper ; but shall endeavour to show that the discerning shall be fully convinced of the truth of this assertion, and thereby obviate all the impertinent accusations of Providence, for the unequal distribution of good and evil.

If all men had reflection enough to be sensible of this equality of happiness ; if they were not made uneasy by appearances of superiority ; there would be none of that subordination and subjection, of those that think themselves less happy, to those they think more so, which is so very necessary for the support of business and pleasure.

The common turn of human application may be divided into love, ambition, and avarice, and whatever victories we gain in these our particular pursuits, there will be always some one or other in the paths we tread, whose superior happiness will create new uneasiness, and employ us in new contrivances ; and so through all degrees there will still remain the insatiable desire of some seeming unacquired good, to imbitter the possession of whatever others we are accommodated with. And if we suppose a man perfectly accommodated, and trace him through all the gradations betwixt necessity and superfluity, we shall find that the slavery which occasioned his first activity, is not abated, but only diversified.

Those that are distressed upon such causes, as the world allows to warrant the keenest affliction, are

too apt, in the comparison of themselves with others, to conclude, that where there is not a similitude of causes, there cannot be of affliction, and forget to relieve themselves with this consideration, that the little disappointments in a life of pleasure are as terrible as those in a life of business; and if the end of one man is to spend his time and money as agreeably as he can, that of the other to save both, an interruption in either of these pursuits is of equal consequence to the pursuers. Besides, as every trifle raiseth the mirth and gaiety of the men of good circumstances, so do others as inconsiderable expose them to spleen and passion, and as Solomon says, 'according to their riches, their anger riseth.'

One of the most bitter circumstances of poverty has been observed to be, that it makes men appear ridiculous; but I believe this affirmation may, with more justice, be appropriated to riches, since more qualifications are required to become a great fortune, than even to make one; and there are several pretty persons, about town, ten times more ridiculous upon the very account of a good estate, than they possibly could have been with the want of it.

I confess, having a mind to pay my court to fortune, I became an adventurer in one of the late lotteries; in which, though I got none of the great prizes, I found no occasion to envy some of those that did; comforting myself with this contemplation, that nature and education having disappointed all the favours fortune could bestow upon them, they had gained no superiority by an unenvied affluence.

It is pleasant to consider, that whilst we are lamenting our particular afflictions to each other, and repining at the inequality of condition, were it possible to throw off our present miserable state, we cannot name the person whose condition, in every particular, we would embrace and prefer; and an

impartial inquiry into the pride, ill-nature, ill-health, guilt, spleen, or particularity of behaviour of others, generally ends in a reconciliation to our dear selves.

This my way of thinking is warranted by Shakespeare in a very extraordinary manner, where he makes Richard the Second, when deposed and imprisoned, debating a matter, which would soon have been discussed by a common capacity, whether his prison or palace was most eligible, and with very philosophical hesitation leaving the preference undetermined, in the following lines :

—Sometimes am I king,
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king,
Then am I king'd again—.

ACT V. SC. 5.

Prior says very prettily :*

Against our peace we arm our will :
Amidst our plenty, something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting.
That cruel something unpossess
Corrodes and leavens all the rest :
That something, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain !

Give me leave to fortify my unlearned reader with another bit of wisdom from Juvenal, by Dryden :

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue !
How void of reason are our hopes and fears !
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone !

* Prior's Poems, vol. i. The Ladle.

Even the men that are distinguished by, and envied for, their superior good sense and delicacy of taste, are subject to several uneasinesses upon this account, that the men of less penetration are utter strangers to; and every little absurdity ruffles these fine judgements, which would never disturb the peaceful state of the less discerning.

I shall end this essay with the following story. There is a gentleman of my acquaintance, of a fortune which may not only be called easy, but superfluous; yet this person has, by a great deal of reflection, found out a method to be as uneasy as the worst circumstances could have made him. By a free life he had swelled himself above his natural proportion, and by a restrained life had shrunk below it, and being by nature splenetic, and by leisure more so, he began to bewail this his loss of flesh, though otherwise in perfect health, as a very melancholy diminution. He became, therefore, the reverse of Cæsar, and as a lean hungry-looking rascal was the delight of his eyes, a fat sleek-headed fellow was his abomination. To support himself as well as he could, he took a servant for the very reason every one else would have refused him, for being in a deep consumption; and, whilst he has compared himself to this creature, and with a face of infinite humour contemplated the decay of his body, I have seen the master's features proportionably rise into a boldness, as those of his slave sunk and grew languid. It was his interest, therefore, not to suffer the too hasty dissolution of a being, upon which his own, in some measure, depended. In short the fellow, by a little too much indulgence, began to look gay and plump upon his master, who, according to Horace,

Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis;

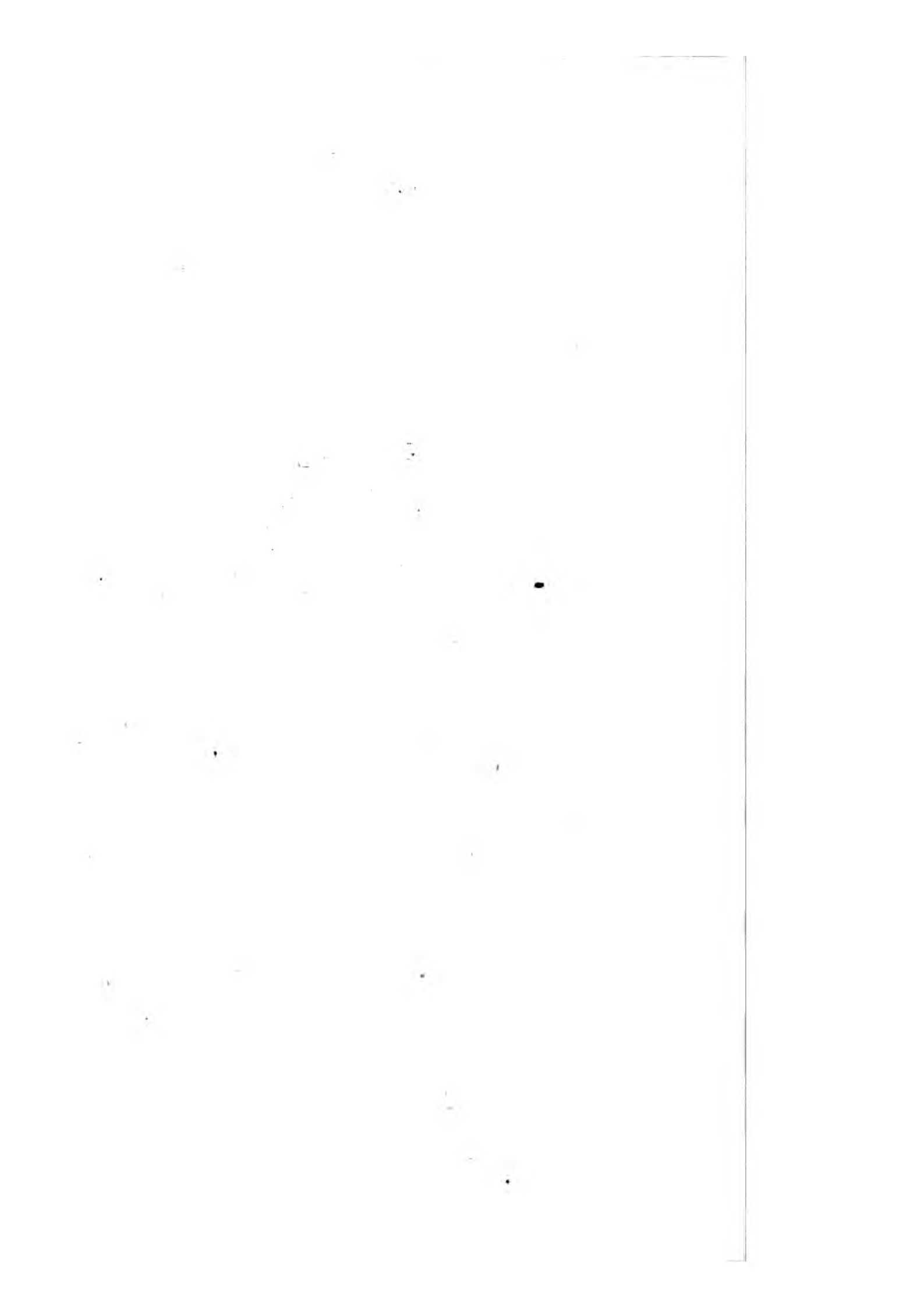
EPIST. i. 2. 57.

Sickens through envy at another's good:

and as he took him only for being in a consumption, by the same way of thinking, he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss him, for not being in one; and has told me since, that he looks upon it as a very difficult matter to furnish himself with a footman that is not altogether as happy as himself.



END OF VOL. XIII.







GEORGE BERKELEY

BISHOP OF CLOYNE

THE
BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.

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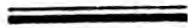
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THE
GUARDIAN.

No. 55. THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1713.

—*Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas ?* —

JUV. SAT. X. 141.

For who would virtue for herself regard,
Or wed without the portion of reward ?

DRYDEN.

It is usual with polemical writers to object ill designs to their adversaries. This turns their argument into satire, which, instead of showing an error in the understanding, tends only to expose the morals of those they write against. I shall not act after this manner with respect to the free-thinkers. Virtue, and the happiness of society, are the great ends which all men ought to promote ; and some of that sect would be thought to have at heart above the rest of mankind. But, supposing those who make that profession to carry on a good design in the simplicity of their hearts, and according to their best knowledge, yet it is much to be feared, those well-meaning souls, while they endeavoured to recommend virtue, have in reality been advancing the interests of vice ; which,

as I take to proceed from their ignorance of human nature, we may hope, when they become sensible of their mistake, they will, in consequence of that beneficent principle they pretend to act upon, reform their practice for the future.

The sages, whom I have in my eye, speak of virtue as the most amiable thing in the world ; but at the same time that they extol her beauty, they take care to lessen her portion. Such innocent creatures are they, and so great strangers to the world, that they think this a likely method to increase the number of her admirers.

Virtue has in herself the most engaging charms ; and Christianity, as it places her in the strongest light, and adorned with all her native attractions, so it kindles a new fire in the soul by adding to them the unutterable rewards which attend her votaries in an eternal state. Or if there are men of a saturnine and heavy complexion, who are not easily lifted up by hope, there is the prospect of everlasting punishments to agitate their souls, and frighten them into the practice of virtue, and an aversion from vice.

Whereas your sober free-thinkers tell you, that virtue indeed is beautiful, and vice deformed ; the former deserves your love, and the latter your abhorrence ; but then it is for their own sake, or on account of the good and evil which immediately attend them, and are inseparable from their respective natures. As for the immortality of the soul, or eternal punishments and rewards, those are openly ridiculed, or rendered suspicious by the most sly and laboured artifice.

I will not say, these men act treacherously in the cause of virtue ; but will any one deny, that they act foolishly, who pretend to advance the interest of it by destroying or weakening the strongest motives to it, which are accommodated to all capacities, and

fitted to work on all dispositions, and enforcing those alone which can affect only a generous and exalted mind.

Surely they must be destitute of passion themselves, and unacquainted with the force it hath on the minds of others, who can imagine that the mere beauty of fortitude, temperance and justice, is sufficient to sustain the mind of man in a severe course of self-denial against all the temptations of present profit, and sensuality.

It is my opinion that free-thinkers should be treated as a set of poor ignorant creatures, that have not sense to discover the excellency of religion; it being evident those men are no witches, nor likely to be guilty of any deep design, who proclaim aloud to the world, that they have less motives to honesty than the rest of their fellow-subjects, who have all the inducements to the exercise of any virtue which a free-thinker can possibly have; and besides, the expectation of never-ending happiness or misery, as the consequence of their choice.

Are not men actuated by their passions? and are not hope and fear the most powerful of our passions? and are there any objects which can rouse and awaken our hopes and fears, like those prospects that warm and penetrate the heart of a Christian, but are not regarded by a free-thinker?

It is not only a clear point, that a Christian breaks through stronger engagements whenever he surrenders himself to commit a criminal action, and is stung with a sharper remorse after it, than a free-thinker; but it should even seem that a man who believes no future state, would act a foolish part in being thoroughly honest. For what reason is there why such a one should postpone his own private interest or pleasure, to the doing his duty? If a

Christian foregoes some present advantage for the sake of his conscience, he acts accountably, because it is with the view of gaining some greater future good : but he that, having no such view, should yet conscientiously deny himself a present good in any incident where he may save appearances, is altogether as stupid as he that would trust him at such a juncture.

It will, perhaps, be said, that virtue is her own reward, that a natural gratification attends good actions, which is alone sufficient to excite men to the performance of them. But although there is nothing more lovely than virtue, and the practice of it is the surest way to solid natural happiness, even in this life ; yet titles, estates, and fantastical pleasures, are more ardently sought after by most men, than the natural gratifications of a reasonable mind ; and it cannot be denied, that virtue and innocence are not always the readiest methods to attain that sort of happiness. Besides, the fumes of passion must be allayed, and reason must burn brighter than ordinary, to enable men to see and relish all the native beauties and delights of a virtuous life. And though we should grant our free-thinkers to be a set of refined spirits, capable only of being enamoured of virtue, yet what would become of the bulk of mankind who have gross understandings, but lively senses and strong passions ? What a deluge of lust, and fraud, and violence, would in a little time overflow the whole nation, if these wise advocates for morality were universally hearkened to ! Lastly, opportunities do sometimes offer, in which a man may wickedly make his fortune, or indulge a pleasure, without fear of temporal damage, either in reputation, health, or fortune. In such cases what restraint do they lie under who have no regards beyond the grave ; the in-

ward compunctions of a wicked, as well as the joys of an upright mind, being grafted on the sense of another state?

The thought, 'that our existence terminates with this life,' doth naturally check the soul in any generous pursuit, contract her views, and fix them on temporary and selfish ends. It dethrones the reason, extinguishes all noble and heroic sentiments, and subjects the mind to the slavery of every present passion. The wise heathens of antiquity were not ignorant of this: hence they endeavoured by fables and conjectures, and the glimmerings of nature, to possess the minds of men with the belief of a future state, which has been since "brought to light" by the gospel, and is now most inconsistently decried by a few weak men, who would have us believe that they promote virtue, by turning religion into ridicule.

No. 56. FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1713.

*Quid mentem traxisse polo, quid profuit altum
Erexisse caput? pecudum si more pererrant.*

CLAUD.

What profits us, that we from Heaven derive
A soul immortal, and with looks erect
Survey the stars; if like the brutal kind,
We follow where our passions lead the way?

I WAS considering last night, when I could not sleep, how noble a part of the creation man was designed to be, and how distinguished in all his actions above other earthly creatures. From whence I fell to take a view of the change and corruption which he has introduced into his own condition, the grovelling appetites, the mean characters of sense, and wild courses of passions that cast him from the degree in which Providence had placed him; the debasing himself with qualifications not his own; and his degenerating into a lower sphere of action. This inspired me with a mixture of contempt and anger; which however, was not so violent as to hinder the return of sleep, but grew confused as that came upon me, and made me end my reflections with giving mankind the opprobrious names of inconsiderate, mad, and foolish.

Here, methought, where my waking reason left the subject, my fancy pursued it in a dream; and I imagined myself in a loud soliloquy of passion, railing at my species, and walking hard to get rid of the company I despised; when two men, who had overheard me, made up on either hand. These I ob-

served had many features in common, which might occasion the mistake of one for the other in those to whom they appear single ; but I, who saw them together, could easily perceive, that though there was an air of severity in each, it was tempered with a natural sweetness in the one, and by turns constrained or ruffled by the designs of malice in the other.

I was at a loss to know the reason of their joining me so briskly: when he, whose appearance displeased me most, thus addressed his companion: ' Pray, brother, let him alone, and we shall immediately see him transformed into a tiger.' This struck me with horror, which the other perceived, and, pitying my disorder, bid me be of good courage, for though I had been savage in my treatment of mankind, whom I should rather reform than rail against, he would, however, endeavour to rescue me from my danger. At this I looked a little more cheerful, and while I testified my resignation to him, we saw the angry brother fling away from us in a passion for his disappointment. Being now left to my friend, I went back with him at his desire, that I might know the meaning of those words which had so affrighted me.

As we went along, ' To inform you,' says he, ' with whom you have this adventure, my name is Reproof, and his Reproach, both born of the same mother ; but of different fathers. Truth is our common parent. Friendship, who saw her, fell in love with her, and she being pleased with him, he begat me upon her ; but, a while after, enmity lying in ambush for her became the father of him whom you saw along with me. The temper of our mother inclines us to the same sort of business, the informing mankind of their faults ; but the different complexions of our fathers make us differ in our designs and company. I have a natural

benevolence in my mind, which engages me with friends ; and he a natural impetuosity in his, which casts him among enemies.'

As he thus discoursed, we came to a place where there were three entrances into as many several walks, which lay aside of one another. We passed into the middlemost, a plain straight regular walk, set with trees, which added to the beauty of the place, but did not so close their boughs over head as to exclude the light from it. Here as we walked I was made to observe, how the road on one hand was full of rocks and precipices, over which Reproach, who had already gotten thither, was furiously driving unhappy wretches : the other side was all laid out in gardens of gaudy tulips, amongst whose leaves the serpents wreathed, and at the end of every grassy walk the enchantress Flattery was weaving bowers to lull souls asleep in. We continued still walking on the middle way, till we arrived at a building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by Truth for a watch-tower, from whence she took a view of the earth, and as she saw occasion, sent out Reproof, or even Reproach for our reformation. Over the door I took notice that a face was carved, with a heart upon the lips of it, and presently called to mind that this was the ancients' emblem of sincerity. In the entrance I met with Freedom of Speech and Complaisance, who had for a long time looked upon one another as enemies ; but Reproof has so happily brought them together, that they now act as friends and fellow agents in the same family. Before I ascended up the stairs, I had my eyes purified by a water which made me see extremely clear ; and I think they said it sprung in a pit, from whence, as Democritus had reported, they formerly had brought up Truth, who had hid herself in it. I was then admitted to the upper chamber of prospect, which

was called the Knowledge of Mankind: here the window was no sooner opened, but I perceived the clouds to roll off and part before me, and a scene of all the variety of the world presented itself.

But how different was mankind in this view from what it used to appear! Methought the very shape of most of them was lost; some had the heads of dogs, others of apes or parrots, and, in short, wherever any one took upon him the inferior and unworthy qualities of other creatures, the change of his soul became visible in his countenance. The strutting pride of him who is endued with brutality instead of courage, made his face shoot out into the form of a horse's; his eyes became prominent, his nostrils widened, and his wig, untying, flowed down on one side of his neck in a waving mane. The talkativeness of those who love the ill-nature of conversation, made them turn into assemblies of geese, their lips hardened to bills by eternal using, they gabbled for diversion, they hissed in scandal, and their ruffles falling back on their arms, a succession of little feathers appeared, which formed wings for them to flutter with from one visit to another. The envious and malicious lay on the ground with the heads of different sorts of serpents; and, not endeavouring to erect themselves, but meditating mischief to others, they sucked the poison of the earth, sharpened their tongues to stings upon the stones, and rolled their trains unperceivably beneath their habits. The hypocritical oppressors wore the faces of crocodiles: their mouths were instruments of cruelty, their eyes of deceit; they committed wickedness, and bemoaned that there should be so much of it in the world; they devoured the unwary, and wept over the remains of them. The covetous had so hooked and worn their fingers by counting interest upon interest, that they were converted to the claws of harpies,

and these they still were stretching out for more, yet still seemed unsatisfied with their acquisitions. The sharpers had the looks of chameleons; they every minute changed their appearance, and fed on swarms of flies which fell as so many cullies amongst them. The bully seemed a dunghill cock; he crested well and bore his comb aloft; he was beaten by almost every one, yet still sung for triumph; and only the mean coward pricked up the ears of a hare to fly before him. Critics were turned into cats, whose pleasure and grumbling go together. Fops were apes in embroidered jackets. Flatterers were curled spaniels, fawning and crouching. The crafty had the face of a fox, the slothful of an ass, the cruel of a wolf, the ill-bred of a bear, the lechers were goats, and the gluttons swine. Drunkenness was the only vice that did not change the face of its professors into that of another creature; but this I took to be far from a privilege for these two reasons; because it sufficiently deforms them of itself, and because none of the lower rank of beings is guilty of so foolish an intemperance.

As I was taking a view of these representations of things without any more order than is usual in a dream, or in the confusion of the world itself, I perceived a concern within me for what I saw. My eyes began to moisten, and, as if the virtue of that water with which they were purified was lost for a time, by their being touched with that which arose from a passion, the clouds immediately began to gather again, and close from either hand upon the prospect. I then turned towards my guide, who addressed himself to me after this manner: 'You have seen the condition of mankind when it descends from its dignity; now, therefore, guard yourself against that degeneracy by a modest greatness of spirit on one side, and a conscious shame on the other. Endeavour also, with a generosity of goodness, to make your

friends aware of it ; let them know what defects you perceive are growing upon them ; handle the matter as you see reason, either with the airs of severe or humourous affection ; sometimes plainly describing the degeneracy in its full proper colours, or at other times letting them know, that if they proceed as they have begun, you give them to such a day or so many months, to turn bears, wolves, or foxes, &c. Neither neglect your more remote acquaintance, where you see any worthy and susceptible of admonition. Expose the beasts whose qualities you see them putting on, where you have no mind to engage with their persons. The possibility of their applying this is very obvious. The Egyptians saw it so clearly, that they made the pictures of animals explain their minds to one another instead of writing ; and, indeed, it is hardly to be missed, since Æsop took them out of their mute condition, and taught them to speak for themselves with relation to the actions of mankind.'

My guide had thus concluded, and I was promising to write down what was shown me for the service of the world, when I was awakened by a zealous old servant of mine, who brought me the Examiner, and told me, with looks full of concern, he was afraid I was in it again.

No. 57. SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1713.

Quàm multa injusta ac prava fiunt moribus!

TER. HEAUT. ACT. IV. SC. 7. 11.

How many unjust and wrong things are authorized by custom!

IT is of no small concern to me, that the interests of virtue are supplanted by common custom and regard for indifferent things. Thus mode and fashion defend the most absurd and unjust proceedings, and nobody is out of countenance for doing what every body practises, though at the same time there is no one who is not convinced in his own judgement of the errors in which he goes on with the multitude. My correspondent, who writes me the following letter, has put together a great many points which would deserve serious consideration as much as things which at first appearance bear a weightier aspect. He recites almost all the little arts that are used in the way to matrimony, by the parents of young women. There is nothing more common than for people, who have good and worthy characters, to run, without respect to the laws of gratitude, into the most exorbitant demands for their children, upon no other foundation than that which should incline them to the quite contrary, the unreserved affection of the lover. I shall at this time, by inserting my correspondent's letter, lay such offences before all parents and daughters respectively, and reserve the particular instances to be considered in future precautions.

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE for some time retired myself from the town and business to a little seat, where a pleasant champain country, good roads, and healthful air, tempt me often abroad ; and being a single man, have contracted more acquaintance than is suitable to my years, or agreeable to the intentions of retirement I brought down with me hither. Among others, I have a young neighbour, who, yesterday, imparted to me the history of an honourable amour, which has been carried on a considerable time with a great deal of love on his side, and, as he says he has been made to believe, with something very unlike aversion on the young lady's. But so matters have been contrived, that he could never get to know her mind thoroughly. When he was first acquainted with her, he might be as intimate with her as other people ; but since he first declared his passion, he has never been admitted to wait upon her, or to see her, other than in public. If he went to her father's house, and desired to visit her, she was either to be sick or out of the way, and nobody would come near him in two hours, and then he should be received as if he had committed some strange offence. If he asked her father's leave to visit her, the old gentleman was mute. If he put it negatively, and asked if he refused it, the father would answer with a smile, ‘ No, I do not say so neither.’ If they talked of the fortune, he had considered his circumstances, and it every day diminished. If the settlements came into debate, he had considered the young gentleman's estate, and daily increased his expectations.

If the mother was consulted, she was mightily for the match, but affected strangely to show her cunning in perplexing matters. It went off seemingly several times, but my young neighbour's passion was such that it easily revived upon the least encouragement given him; but tired out with writing, the only liberty allowed him, and receiving answers at cross purposes, destitute of all hopes, he at length wrote a formal adieu; but it was very unfortunately timed, for soon after he had the long wished-for opportunity of finding her at a distance from her parents. Struck with the joyful news, in heat of passion, resolute to do any thing rather than leave her, down he comes post, directly to the house where she was, without any preparatory intercession after the provocation of an adieu. She, in a premeditated anger, to show her resentment, refused to see him. He in a kind of fond phrensy, absent from himself, and exasperated into rage, cursed her heartily; but returning to himself, was all confusion, repentance, and submission, but in vain; the lady continued inexorable, and so the affair ended in a manner that renders them very unlikely ever to meet again. Through the pursuit of the whole story, whereof I give but a short abstract, my young neighbour appeared so touched, and discovered such certain marks of unfeigned love, that I cannot but be heartily sorry for them both. When he was gone, I sat down immediately to my scrutoir, to give you the account, whose business, as a Guardian, it is, to tell your wards what is to be avoided, as well as what is fit to be done. And I humbly propose, that you will, upon this occasion, extend your instructions to all sorts of people concerned in treaties of this nature, which of all others do most nearly concern human life, such as parents, daughters, lovers, and confidants of both

sexes. I desire leave to observe, that the mistakes in this courtship, which might otherwise probably have succeeded happily, seem chiefly these four, viz.

“ 1. The father’s close equivocal management, so as always to keep a reservation to use upon occasion, when he found himself pressed.

“ 2. The mother’s affecting to appear extremely artful.

“ 3. A notion in the daughter, who is a lady of singular good sense and virtue, that no man can love her as he ought, who can deny any thing her parents demand.

“ 4. Carrying on the affair by letters and confidants, without sufficient interviews.

“ I think you cannot fail obliging many in the world, besides my young neighbour and me, if you please to give your thoughts upon treaties of this nature, wherein all the nobility and gentry of this nation, in the unfortunate methods marriages are at present in, come at one time or other unavoidably to be engaged ; especially it is my humble request, you will be particular in speaking to the following points, to wit,

“ 1. Whether honourable love ought to be mentioned first to the young lady, or her parents ?

“ 2. If to the young lady first, whether a man is obliged to comply with all the parents demand afterwards, under pain of breaking off dishonourably ?

“ 3. If to the parents first, whether the lover may insist upon what the father pretends to give, and refuse to make such settlement as must incapacitate him for any thing afterwards ; without just imputation of being mercenary, or putting a slight upon the lady, by entertaining views upon the contingency of her death ?

“ 4. What instructions a mother ought to give her daughter upon such occasions, and what the old lady’s part properly is in such treaties, her husband being alive ?

“ 5. How far the young lady is in duty obliged to observe her mother’s directions, and not to receive any letters or messages without her knowledge ?

“ 6. How far a daughter is obliged to exert the power she has over her lover, for the ease and advantage of her father and his family ; and how far she may consult and endeavour the interest of the family she is to marry into ?

“ 7. How far letters and confidants of both sexes may regularly be employed, and wherein they are improper ?

“ 8. When a young lady’s pen is employed about settlements, fortunes, or the like, whether it be an affront to give the same answers as if it had been in the hand-writing of those that instructed her ?

“ Lastly, be pleased at your leisure to correct that too common way among fathers, of publishing in the world, that they will give their daughters twice the fortune they really intend, and thereby draw young gentlemen whose estates are often in debt, into a dilemma, either of crossing a fixed inclination, contracted by a long habit of thinking upon the same person, and so being miserable that way ; or else beginning the world under a burthen they can never get quit of.

“ Thus, sage Sir, have I laid before you all that does at present occur to me on the important subject of marriage ; but before I seal up my epistle, I must desire you further to consider, how far treaties of this sort come under the head of bargain and sale ; and whether you cannot find out measures to have the whole transacted in fairer and

more open market than at present. How would it become you to put the laws in execution against forestallers, who take up the young things of each sex before they are exposed to an honest sale, or the worth or imperfection of the purchase is thoroughly considered?

“ We mightily want a demand for women in these parts.

“ I am, sagacious SIR,

“ Your most obedient and

“ Most humble servant,

“ T. L.”

No. 58. MONDAY, MAY 18, 1713.

Nec sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo.

LUCAN.

Not for himself, but for the world he lives.

A PUBLIC spirit is so great and amiable a character, that most people pretend to it, and perhaps think they have in it the most ordinary occurrences of life. Mr. Cornella Lizard buys abundance of romances for the encouragement of learning; and Mrs. Annabella squanders away her money in buying fine clothes, because it sets a great many poor people at work. I know a gentleman, who drinks vast quantities of ale and October to encourage our own manufactures; and another who takes his three bottles

of French claret every night, because it brings a great custom to the crown.

I have been led into this chat, by reading some letters upon my paper of Thursday was se'nnight. Having there acquainted the world, that I have, by long contemplation and philosophy, attained to so great a strength of fancy as to believe every thing to be my own, which other people possess only for ostentation ; it seems that some persons have taken it in their heads, that they are public benefactors to the world, while they are only indulging their own ambition or infirmities. My first letter is from an ingenious author, who is a great friend to his country, because he can get neither victuals nor clothes any other way.

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ SIR,

“ OF all the precautions, with which you have instructed the world, I like that best, which is upon natural and fantastical pleasure, because it falls in very much with my own way of thinking. As you receive real delight from what creates only imaginary satisfactions in others ; so do I raise to myself all the conveniences of life by amusing the fancy of the world. I am, in a word, a member of that numerous tribe, who write for their daily bread. I flourish in a dearth of foreign news ; and though I do not pretend to the spleen, I am never so well as in the time of a westerly wind. When it blows from that auspicious point, I raise to myself contributions from the British isle, by affrighting my superstitious countrymen with printed relations of murders, spirits, prodigies, or monsters. According as my necessities

suggest to me, I hereby provide for my being. The last summer I paid a large debt for brandy and tobacco, by a wonderful description of a fiery dragon, and lived for ten days together upon a whale and a mermaid. When winter draws near, I generally conjure up my spirits, and have my apparitions ready against long dark evenings. From November last till January, I lived solely upon murders; and have, since that time, had a comfortable subsistence from a plague and a famine. I made the Pope pay for my beef and mutton last Lent, out of pure spite to the Romish religion; and at present my good friend the king of Sweden finds me in clean linen, and the Mufti gets me credit at the tavern.

“The astonishing accounts that I record I usually enliven with wooden cuts, and the like paltry * embellishments. They administer to the curiosity of my fellow-subjects, and not only advance religion and virtue, but take restless spirits off from meddling with the public affairs. I therefore cannot think myself an useless burthen upon earth; and that I may still do the more good in my generation, I shall give the world, in a short time, a history, of my life, studies, maxims, and achievements, provided my bookseller advances a round sum for my copy.

“I am, SIR, yours.”

The second is from an old friend of mine in the country, who fancies that he is perpetually doing good, because he cannot live without drinking.

“OLD IRON,

“We take thy papers in at the Bowling-Green, where the country gentlemen meet every Tuesday,

* Q.? pretty.

and we look upon thee as a comical dog. Sir Harry was hugely pleased at thy fancy of growing rich at other folk's cost ; and for my own part I like my own way of life the better since I find I do my neighbours as much good as myself. I now smoke my pipe with the greater pleasure, because my wife says, she likes it well enough at second hand? and drink stale beer the more hardly*, because unless I will, nobody else does. I design to stand for our borough the next election, on purpose to make the squire on the other side tap lustily for the good of our town ; and have some thoughts of trying to get knighted, because our neighbours take a pride in saying, they have been with Sir such a one.

“ I have a pack of pure slow hounds against thou comest into the country, and Nanny, my fat doe, shall bleed when we have thee at Hawthorn-hall. Pr'ythee do not keep staring at gilt coaches, and stealing necklaces and trinkets from people with thy looks. Take my word for it, a gallon of my October will do thee more good than all thou canst get by fine sights at London, which I will engage thou may'st put in the shine of thine eye †.

“ I am, OLD IRON,

“ thine to command,

“ NIC. HAWTHORN.”

The third is from a lady who is going to ruin her family by coaches and liveries, purely out of compassion to us poor people that cannot go to the price of them.

* Quere? heartily.

† i. e. And never see the worse for it. A.

“ SIR,

“ I AM a lady of birth and fortune, but never knew, till last Thursday, that the splendour of my equipage was so beneficial to my country. I will not deny that I have drest for some years out of the pride of my heart ; but am very glad that you have so far settled my conscience in that particular, that I can now look upon my vanities as so many virtues. Since I am satisfied that my person and garb give pleasure to my fellow-creatures, I shall not think the three hours' business I usually attend at my toilette, below the dignity of a rational soul. I am content to suffer great torment from my stays, that my shape may appear graceful to the eyes of others ; and often mortify myself with fasting, rather than my fatness should give distaste to any man in England.

“ I am making up a rich brocade for the benefit of mankind, and design, in a little time, to treat the town with a thousand pounds worth of jewels. I have ordered my chariot to be new painted for your use, and the world's ; and have prevailed upon my husband to present you with a pair of fine Flanders mares, by driving them every evening round the ring. Gay pendants for my ears, a costly cross for my neck, a diamond of the best water for my finger, shall be purchased at any rate to enrich you ; and I am resolved to be a patriot in every limb. My husband will not scruple to oblige me in these trifles, since I have persuaded him from your scheme, that pin money is only so much set apart for charitable uses. You see, Sir, how expensive you are to me, and I hope you will esteem me accordingly ; especially when I assure you that I am, as far as you can see me,

“ Entirely yours,

CLEORA.”

No. 59. TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1713.

*Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit.—*

HOR. ARS POET. 400.

So ancient is the pedigree of verse,
And so divine a poet's function.

ROSCOMMON.

THE tragedy of Cato has increased the number of my correspondents, but none of them can take it ill, that I give the preference to the letters which come from a learned body, and which on this occasion may not improperly be termed the *Plausus Academici*. The first is from my lady Lizard's youngest son, who, as I mentioned in a former precaution, is fellow of All-souls, and applies himself to the study of divinity.

“ SIR,

“ I return you thanks for your present of Cato: I have read it over several times with the greatest attention and pleasure imaginable. You desire to know my thoughts of it, and at the same time compliment me upon my knowledge of the ancient poets. Perhaps you may not allow me to be a good judge of them, when I tell you, that the tragedy of Cato exceeds, in my opinion, any of the dramatic pieces of the ancients. But those are books I have some time since laid by; being, as you know, engaged in the reading of divinity, and conversant chiefly in the poetry of the truly inspired writers. I scarce thought

any modern tragedy could have mixed suitably with such serious studies, and little imagined to have found such exquisite poetry, much less such exalted sentiments of virtue, in the dramatic performances of a contemporary.

“ How elegant, just, and virtuous, is that reflection of Portius ?

The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors ;
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search ;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

“ Cato's soliloquy at the beginning of the fifth act is inimitable, as indeed is almost every thing in the whole play ; but what I would observe, by particularly pointing at these places, is, that such virtuous and moral sentiments were never before put into the mouth of a British actor ; and I congratulate my countrymen on the virtue they have shown in giving them, as you tell me, such loud and repeated applauses. They have now cleared themselves of the imputations which a late writer had thrown upon them in his 502d speculation. Give me leave to transcribe his words :

‘ In the first scene of Terence's play, the Self-Tormentor, when one of the old men accuses the other of impertinence for interposing in his affairs, he answers, “ I am a man, and cannot help feeling any sorrow that can arrive at man.” It is said this sentence was received with universal applause. There cannot be a greater argument of the general good understanding of a people, than a sudden consent to give their approbation of a sentiment which has no emotion in it.

‘If it were spoken with never so great skill in the actor, the manner of uttering that sentence could have nothing in it which could strike any but people of the greatest humanity, nay people elegant and skilful in observations upon it. It is possible he might have laid his hand on his breast, and with a winning insinuation in his countenance, expressed to his neighbour, that he was a man who made his case his own ; yet I will engage a player in Covent-garden might hit such an attitude a thousand times before he would have been regarded.’ These observations in favour of the Roman people, may now be very justly applied to our own nation.

Here will I hold. If there’s a Power above us,
And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works, He must delight in virtue ;
And that which He delights in must be happy.

“ This will be allowed, I hope, to be as virtuous a sentiment as that which he quotes out of Terence ; and the general applause with which, you say, it was received, must certainly make this writer, notwithstanding his great assurance in pronouncing upon our ill-taste, alter his opinion of his countrymen.

“ Our poetry, I believe, and not our morals, has been generally worse than that of the Romans ; for it is plain when we can equal the best dramatic performance of that polite age, a British audience may vie with the Roman theatre in the virtue of their applauses.

“ However different in other things our opinions may be, all parties agree in doing honour to a man, who is an honour to our country. How are our hearts warmed by this excellent tragedy with the love of

liberty and our constitution! How irresistible is virtue in the character of Cato! Who would not say with the Numidian prince to Marcia?

I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Rome herself received not so great advantages from her patriot, as Britain will from this admirable representation of him. Our British Cato improves our language, as well as our morals, nor will it be in the power of tyrants to rob us of him, or to use the last line of an epigram to the author,

In vain your Cato stabs, he cannot die.

“ I am, SIR,
“ Your most obliged
“ Oxon. All-souls' Col. “ Humble servant,
May 6.” “ WILLIAM LIZARD.’

“ MR. IRONSIDE,
“ You are, I perceive, a very wary old fellow, more cautious than a late brother-writer of yours, who at the rehearsal of a new play, would, at the hazard of his judgement, endeavour to prepossess the town in its favour; whereas you very prudently waited till the tragedy of Cato had gained an universal and irresistible applause, and then with great boldness venture to pronounce your opinion of it to be the same with that of all mankind. I will leave you to consider whether such a conduct becomes a Guardian, who ought to point out to us proper entertainments, and instruct us when to bestow our applause. However, in so plain a case we did not wait for your

directions ; and I must tell you, that none here were earlier or louder in their praises of Cato, than we at Christ-Church. This may, I hope, convince you, that we do not deserve the character, which envious dull fellows give us, of allowing nobody to have wit or parts but those of our own body, especially when I let you know that we are many of us,

“ Your affectionate

“ Humble servants.”

“ Oxon. Christ-Church,
May 7.”

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ MR. IRONSIDE,

“ WERE the seat of the muses silent while London is so loud in their applause of Cato, the university's title to that name might very well be suspected ; —in justice, therefore, to your Alma Mater, let the world knew our opinion of that tragedy here.

“ The author's other works had raised our expectation of it to a very great height, yet it exceeds whatever we could promise ourselves from so great a genius.

“ Cæsar will no longer be a hero in our declamations. This tragedy has at once stripped him of all the flattery and false colours which historians and the classic authors had thrown upon him, and we shall for the future treat him as a murderer of the best patriot of his age, and a destroyer of the liberties of his country. Cato, as represented in these scenes, will cast a blacker shade on the memory of that usurper, than the picture of him did upon his triumph. Had this finished dramatic piece appeared some hundred years ago, Cæsar would have lost so

many centuries of fame, and monarchs had disdained to let themselves be called by his name. However it will be an honour to the times we live in, to have had such a work produced in them, and a pretty speculation for posterity to observe, that the tragedy of Cato was acted with general applause in 1713.

“ I am, SIR,
 “ Your most humble servant, &c.
 “ A. B.

“ P. S. The French translation of Cato now in the press, will, I hope, be *in usum Delphini*.”

“ Oxon. Wad. Coll.
 May 7.”



No. 60. WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1713.

Nihil legebat quod non exciperet. PLIN: EPIST.

He pick'd something out of every thing he read.

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ SIR,

“ THERE is nothing in which men deceive themselves more ridiculously, than in the point of reading, and which, as it is commonly practised under the notion of improvement, has less advantage. The generality of readers, who are pleased with wandering over a number of books, almost at the same in-

stant, or if confined to one, who pursue the author with much hurry and impatience to his last page, must without doubt be allowed to be notable digesters. This unsettled way of reading naturally seduces us into as undetermined a manner of thinking, which unprofitably fatigues the imagination, when a continued chain of thought would probably produce inestimable conclusions. All authors are eligible either for their matter or style; if for the first, the elucidation and disposition of it into proper lights ought to employ a judicious reader: if for the last, he ought to observe how some common words are started into a new signification, how such epithets are beautifully reconciled to things that seemed incompatible, and must often remember the whole structure of a period, because by the least transposition, that assemblage of words which is called a style becomes utterly annihilated. The swift despatch of common readers not only eludes their memory, but betrays their apprehension, when the turn of thought and expression would insensibly grow natural to them, would they but give themselves time to receive the impression. Suppose we fix one of these readers in his easy chair, and observe him passing through a book with a grave ruminating face, how ridiculously must he look, if we desire him to give an account of an author he has just read over! and how unheeded must the general character of it be, when given by one of these serene unobservers! The common defence of these people is, that they have no design in reading but for pleasure, which I think should rather arise from the reflection and remembrance of what one has read, than from the transient satisfaction of what one does, and we should be pleased proportionably as we are profited. It is prodigious arrogance in any one to imagine, that by one

hasty course through a book he can fully enter into the soul and secrets of a writer, whose life, perhaps, has been busied in the birth of such production. Books that do not immediately concern some profession or science, are generally run over as mere empty entertainments, rather than as matter of improvement ; though, in my opinion, a refined speculation upon morality, or history, requires as much time and capacity to collect and digest, as the most abstruse treatise of any profession ; and I think, besides, there can be no book well written, but what must necessarily improve the understanding of the reader, even in the very profession to which he applies himself. For to reason with strength, and express himself with propriety, must equally concern the divine, the physician, and the lawyer. My own course of looking into books has occasioned these reflections, and the following account may suggest more.

“ Having been bred up under a relation that had a pretty large study of books, it became my province once a week to dust them. In the performance of this duty, as I was obliged to take down every particular book, I thought there was no way to deceive the toil of my journey through the different abodes and habitations of these authors but by reading something in every one of them ; and in this manner to make my passage easy from the comely folio in the upper shelf or region, even through the crowd of duodecimos in the lower. By frequent exercise I became so great a proficient in this transitory application to books, that I could hold open half a dozen small authors in my hand, grasping them with as secure a dexterity as a drawer doth his glasses, and feasting my curious eye with all of them at the same instant. Through these methods the natural irresolution of my youth was much strengthened, and having no

leisure, if I had had inclination, to make pertinent observations in writing, I was thus confirmed a very early wanderer. When I was sent to Oxford, my chiefest expense ran upon books, and my only consideration in such expense upon numbers, so that you may be sure that I had what they call a choice collection, sometimes buying by the pound, sometimes by the dozen, at other times by the hundred. For the more pleasant use of a multitude of books, I had, by frequent conferences with an ingenious joiner, contrived a machine of an orbicular structure, that had its particular receptions for a dozen authors, and and which, with the least touch of the finger would whirl round, and present the reader at once with a delicious view of its full furniture. Thrice a day did I change, not only the books, but the languages ; and had used my eye to such a quick succession of objects, that in the most precipitate twirl I could catch a sentence out of each author, as it passed fleeting by me. Thus my hours, days, and years, flew unprofitably away, but yet were agreeably lengthened by being distinguished with this endearing variety ; and I cannot but think myself very fortunate in my contrivance of this engine, with its several new editions and amendments, which have contributed so much to the delight of all studious vagabonds. When I had been resident the usual time at Oxford that gains one admission into the public library, I was the happiest creature on earth, promising to myself most delightful travels through this new world of literature. Sometimes you might see me mounted upon a ladder, in search of some Arabian manuscripts, which had slept in a certain corner undisturbed for many years. Once I had the misfortune to fall from this eminence, and catching at the chains of the books, was seen hanging in a very merry posture, with two or three

large folios rattling about my neck, till the humanity of Mr. Crab* the librarian disentangled us.

“ As I always held it necessary to read in public places, by way of ostentation, but could not possibly travel with a library in my pockets, I took the following method to gratify this errantry of mine. I contrived a little pocket-book, each leaf of which was a different author, so that my wandering was indulged and concealed within the same enclosure.

“ This extravagant humour, which should seem to pronounce me irrecoverable, had the contrary effect; and my hand and eye being thus confined to a single book, in a little time reconciled me to the perusal of a single author. However, I chose such a one as had as little connexion as possible, turning to the Proverbs of Solomon, where the best instructions are thrown together in the most beautiful range imaginable, and where I found all that variety which I had before sought in so many different authors, and which was so necessary to beguile my attention. By these proper degrees, I have made so glorious a reformation in my studies, that I can keep company with Tully in his most extended periods, and work through the continued narrations of the most prolix historian. I now read nothing without making exact collections, and shall shortly give the world an instance of this in the publication of the following discourses. The first is a learned controversy about the existence of griffins, in which I hope to convince the world, that notwithstanding such a mixt creature has been allowed by Ælian, Solinus, Mela, and Herodotus, that they have

* Though Oxford is mentioned in the text, this seems to be an oblique stroke at Dr. Bentley.

been perfectly mistaken in that matter, and shall support myself by the authority of Albertus, Pliny, Aldrovandus, and Matthias Michovius, which two last have clearly argued that animal out of the creation.

“ The second is a treatise of sternutation or sneezing, with the original custom of saluting or blessing upon that motion : as also with a problem from Aristotle, showing why sneezing from noon to night was innocent enough, from night to noon, extremely unfortunate.

“ The third and most curious is my discourse upon the nature of the lake Asphaltites, or the lake of Sodom, being a very careful inquiry whether brickbats and iron will swim in that lake, and feathers sink ; as Pliny and Mandeville have averred.

“ The discussing these difficulties without perplexity or prejudice, the labour in collecting and collating matters of this nature, will, I hope, in a great measure atone for the idle hours I have trifled away in matters of less importance.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your humble servant.”

No. 61. THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1713.

— *Primâque è cæde ferarum
Incaluisse putem maculatum sanguine ferrum.*
OVID. MET. XV. 106.

Th'essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
And after forged the sword to murder man.

DRYDEN.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no less in proportion accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill treatment in this.

It is observable of those noxious animals, which have qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unless provoked or necessitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, seeks out and pursues even the most inoffensive animals, on purpose to persecute and destroy them.

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together, but almost every one

is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the first pleasures we allow them is the license of inflicting pain upon poor animals; almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous or unlucky to destroy some sorts of birds, as swallows and martins; this opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs, so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality, to murder them. As for robin-red-breasts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of the Children in the Wood. However it be, I do not know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune,

for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them. Scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic may be any cause of the general persecution of owls, who are a sort of feathered cats, or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine. Though I am inclined to believe the former ; since I observe the sole reason alleged for the destruction of frogs, is because they are like toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, it is some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them : for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments, owls, cats, and frogs, may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports ; in particular hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it ; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contribute to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say, with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity. But I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians ; I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to

cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature,

— *Questuque cruentus,
Atque imploranti similis.*— VIRG. ÆN. vii. 5.

— That lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life.

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, pigs whipt to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those who, as Seneca expresses it, divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it; for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking or horrid than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, bestrewed with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch, who has more strokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author, cites a saying of Cato to this effect: "That it is no easy task to preach to the belly, which has no ears." 'Yet if,' says he, 'we are ashamed to be so out of fashion as not to offend, let us at least offend with some discretion and measure. If we kill an animal for our provision, let us do it with the meltings of compassion, and without tormenting it. Let us consider, that it is in its own nature cruelty to put a living creature to death;

we at least destroy a soul that has sense and perception."—In the life of Cato the Censor, he takes occasion, from the severe disposition of that man, to discourse in this manner: "It ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind, that our humanity has a wider sphere to exert itself in than bare justice. It is no more than the obligation of our very birth to practise equity to our own kind; but humanity may be extended through the whole order of creatures, even to the meanest. Such actions of charity are the overflowings of a mild good-nature on all below us. It is certainly the part of a well-natured man to take care of his horses and dogs, not only in expectation of their labour while they are foals and whelps, but even when their old age has made them incapable of service."

History tells us of a wise and polite nation, that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a judiciary office, only because he had been observed in his youth to take pleasure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another that expelled a man out of the senate, for dashing a bird against the ground which had taken shelter in his bosom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind. I remember an Arabian author*, who has written a treatise to show, how far a man supposed to have subsisted in a desert island, without any instruction, or so much as the sight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philosophy and virtue. One of the first things he makes him observe is, that universal benevolence of nature in the protection and preservation of its creatures. In imitation of which the first act of virtue he thinks his self-taught philosopher would of course fall into is, to relieve and

* Telliamed.

assist all the animals about him in their wants and distresses.

Ovid has some very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occasion :

*Quid meruistis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar ?
Mollia quæ nobis vestras velamina lanas
Præbetis ; vitæque magis quàm morte juvatis.
Quid meruère boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores ?
Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare suum.—*

MET. XV. 116.

*Quàm malè consuevit, quàm se parat ille cruori
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, et immotas præbet mugitibus aures !
Aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus hædum
Edentem jugulare potest ! —*

ib. 463.

The sheep was sacrificed on no pretence,
But meek and unresisting innocence.
A patient, useful creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly fleece, that clothed her murderer ;
And daily to give down the milk she bred,
A tribute for the grass on which she fed,
Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
And is of least advantage when she dies.
How did the toiling ox his death deserve ;
A downright simple drudge, and born to serve ?
O tyrant ! with what justice canst thou hope
The promise of the year, a plenteous crop ;
When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring steer, who till'd,
And ploughed with pains, thy else ungrateful field !
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck, with which the surly clods he broke :
And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began ?

* * * * *

What more advance can mortals make in sin
So near perfection, who with blood begin ?

Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
 Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life :
 Deaf to the harmless kid, that, ere he dies,
 All methods to secure thy mercy tries,
 And imitates in vain the children's cries.

DRYDEN.

Perhaps that voice or cry so nearly resembling the human, with which Providence has endued so many different animals, might purposely be given them to move our pity, and prevent those cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow-creatures.

There is a passage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingness to destroy Nineveh, where methinks that compassion of the Creator, which extends to the meanest rank of his creatures, is expressed with wonderful tenderness.—“Should I not spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons—and also much cattle?” And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good-nature of this sort, with a blessing in form annexed to it, in those words: “If thou shalt find a bird's nest in the way, thou shalt not take the dam with the young ; But thou shalt in any wise let the dam go ; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days.”

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to those animals that serve us. As for such as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to destroy them ; and for those that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter with regard to each of these considerations, is set in a very agreeable light in one of the Persian fables of Pilpay, with which I shall end this paper.

A traveller passing through a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of a fire, which some passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush, in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller's assistance, who tying a bag to the end of his staff, reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his life to a man's compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him, and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate good with evil, "I shall do no more," said the adder, "than what you men practice every day, whose custom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you cannot deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet." The man consented, and seeing a tree put the question to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompensed? "If you mean according to the usage of men," replied the tree, "by its contrary: I have been standing here these hundred years, to protect them from the scorching sun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to saw my body into planks." Upon this, the adder insulting the man, he appealed to a second evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The same demand was made, and much the same answer given, that among men it was certainly so. "I know it," said the cow, "by woeful experience; for I have served a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheese, and brought him besides a calf every year; but now I am old, he turns me into this pasture, with design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me." The traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired, of courtesy, one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beast they should

meet. This happened to be a fox, who, upon hearing the story in all its circumstances, could not be persuaded it was possible for the adder to enter into so narrow a bag. The adder, to convince him, went in again; when the fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to picces.

No. 62. FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1713.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!

VIRG. GEORG. ii. 458.

Too happy, if they knew their happy state.

UPON the late election of king's scholars, my curiosity drew me to Westminster-school. The sight of a place where I had not been for many years, revived in my thoughts the tender images of my childhood, which by a great length of time had contracted a softness, that rendered them inexpressibly agreeable. As it is usual with me to draw a secret unenvied pleasure from a thousand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myself into a short transport, forgetting my age, and fancying myself a school-boy.

This imagination was strongly favoured by the presence of so many young boys, in whose looks were legible the sprightly passions of that age which rais-

ed in me a sort of sympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein ; the faded memory of those enjoyments that once gave me pleasure put on more lively colours, and a thousand gay amusements filled my mind.

It was not without regret, that I was forsaken by this waking dream. The cheapness of puerile delights, the guiltless joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the soul in the ascent of life, the pleasure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination, and the dawn of reason, made me think most men found that stage the most agreeable part of their journey.

When men come to riper years, the innocent diversions which exalted the spirits, and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreshing slumbers, are too often exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the soul with anguish, and the body with disease. The grateful employment of admiring and raising themselves to an imitation of the polite style, beautiful images, and noble sentiments of ancient authors, is abandoned for law-latin, the lucubrations of our paltry news-mongers, and that swarm of vile pamphlets, which corrupt our taste, and infest the public. The ideas of virtue which the characters of heroes had imprinted on their minds, insensibly wear out, and they come to be influenced by the nearer examples of a degenerate age.

In the morning of life, when the soul first makes her entrance into the world, all things look fresh and gay ; their novelty surprises, and every little glitter or gaudy colour transports the stranger. But by degrees the sense grows callous, and we lose that exquisite relish of trifles by the time our minds should be supposed ripe for rational entertainments.

I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiseration of that species called beaux, the happiness of those men necessarily terminating with their childhood ; who, from a want of knowing other pursuits, continue a fondness for the delights of that age, after the relish of them is decayed.

Providence hath with a bountiful hand prepared variety of pleasures for the various stages of life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourselves, in forwarding the intention of nature, by the culture of our minds, and a due preparation of each faculty for the enjoyment of those objects it is capable of being affected with.

As our parts open and display by gentle degrees, we rise from the gratification of sense, to relish those of the mind. In the scale of pleasure, the lowest are sensual delights, which are succeeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraitures of a lively imagination ; and these give way to the sublimer pleasures of reason, which discover the causes and designs, the frame, connexion, and symmetry, of things, and fill the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth.

Hence I regard our public schools and universities, not only as nurseries of men for the service of the church and state, but also as places designed to teach mankind the most refined luxury, to raise the mind to its due perfection, and give it a taste for those entertainments which afford the highest transport, without the grossness or remorse that attend vulgar enjoyments.

In those blessed retreats men enjoy the sweets of solitude, and yet converse with the greatest genii that have appeared in every age, wander through the delightful mazes of every art and science, and as they gradually enlarge their sphere of knowledge, at once rejoice in their present possessions, and are animated

by the boundless prospect of future discoveries. There a generous emulation, a noble thirst of fame, a love of truth and honourable regards, reign in minds as yet untainted from the world. There, the stock of learning transmitted down from the ancients is preserved, and receives a daily increase; and it is thence propagated by men, who, having finished their studies, go into the world, and spread that general knowledge and good taste throughout the land, which is so distant from the barbarism of its ancient inhabitants, or the fierce genius of its invaders. And as it is evident that our literature is owing to the schools and universities, so it cannot be denied that these are owing to our religion.

It was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious considerations that princes, as well as private persons, have erected colleges, and assigned liberal endowments to students and professors. Upon the same account they meet with encouragement and protection from all Christian states, as being esteemed a necessary means to have the sacred oracles and primitive traditions of Christianity preserved and understood. And it is well known that after a long night of ignorance and superstition, the reformation of the church and that of learning began together, and made proportionable advances, the latter having been the effect of the former, which of course engaged men in the study of the learned languages, and of antiquity.

Or, if a free-thinker is ignorant of these facts, he may be convinced from the manifest reason of the thing. Is it not plain that our skill in literature is owing to the knowledge of Greek and Latin, which that they are still preserved among us, can be ascribed only to a religious regard? What else should be the cause why the youth of Christendom, above the rest of mankind, are educated in the painful study of those dead languages; and that religious societies

should peculiarly be employed in acquiring that sort of knowledge, and teaching it to others?

And it is more than probable, that in case our free-thinkers could once achieve their glorious design of sinking the credit of the Christian religion, and causing those revenues to be withdrawn, which their wiser forefathers had appointed to the support and encouragement of its teachers, in a little time the Shaster would be as intelligible as the Greek testament ; and we, who want that spirit and curiosity which distinguished the ancient Grecians, would by degrees relapse into the same state of barbarism, which over-spread the northern nations, before they were enlightened by Christianity.

Some, perhaps, from the ill tendency and vile taste which appear in their writings, may suspect that the free-thinkers are carrying on a malicious design against the belles lettres : for my part, I rather conceive them as unthinking wretches, of short views and narrow capacities, who are not able to penetrate into the causes or consequences of things.

No. 63. SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1713.

Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀλλὰ σὺ ῥῦσαι ὑπ' ἥρος υἱας Ἀχαιῶν,
 Ποίησον, δ' αἴθρην, δὸς δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι·
 Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλισσον. —

HOM. IL. P. 645.

O King ! O Father ! hear my humble prayer :
 Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore,
 Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more :
 If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
 But let us perish in the face of day !

POPE.

I AM obliged, for many reasons, to insert this first letter, though it takes me out of my way, especially on a Saturday ; but the ribaldry of some part of that will be abundantly made up by the quotation in the second.

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ SIR,

“ THE Examiner of this day consists of reflections upon the letter I writ to you, published in yours of the twelfth instant. The sentence upon which he spends most of his invectives, is this, ‘ I will give myself no manner of liberty to make guesses at him, if I may say ‘ him ;’ for though sometimes I have been told by familiar friends, that they saw me such a time talking to the Examiner : others who have rallied me upon the sins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have formerly lain with the Examiner.’

“ Now, Mr. Ironside, what was there in all this, but saying, ‘ I cannot tell what to do in this case. There has been named for this paper one, for whom I have a value,* and another whom I cannot but neglect?’ I have named no man; but if there be any gentleman, who wrongfully lies under the imputation of being or assisting the Examiner, he would do well to do himself justice, under his own hand, in the eye of the world. As to the exasperated mistress †, the Examiner demands in her behalf, a ‘ reparation for offended innocence.’ This is pleasant language, when spoken of this person; he wants to have me unsay what he makes me to have said before. I declare then it was a false report, which was spread concerning me and a lady, sometimes reputed the author of the Examiner; and I can now make her no reparation, but in begging her pardon, that I never lay with her.

“ I speak all this only in regard to the Examiner’s offended innocence, and will make no reply as to what relates merely to myself. ‘ I have said before, he is welcome from henceforward, to treat me as he pleases.’ But the bit of Greek, which I intreat you to put at the front of to-morrow’s paper speaks all my sense on this occasion. It is a speech put in the mouth of Ajax, who is engaged in the dark: He cries out to Jupiter, ‘ Give me but day-light, let me but see my foe, and let him destroy me if he can.’

“ But when he repeats his story of the ‘ general for life,’ I cannot hear him with so much patience. He may insinuate what he pleases to the ministry of me; but I am sure I could not, if I would, by detraction, do them more injury, than he does by his ill-placed, ignorant, nauseous flattery. One of

* Dr. Swift.

† Mrs. D. Manley.

them, whose talent is address and skill in the world, he calls Cato; another, whose praise is conversation-wit and a taste of pleasures, is also Cato*. Can any thing in nature be more out of character, or more expose those whom he would commend to the raillery of his adversaries, than comparing these to Cato? But gentlemen of their eminence are to be treated with respect, and not to suffer, because a sycophant has applauded them in a wrong place.

“ As much as he says I am in defiance with those in present power, I will lay before them one point that would do them more honour than any one circumstance in their whole administration; which is, to show their resentment of the Examiner’s nauseous applause of themselves, and licentious calumny of their predecessors. Till they do themselves that justice, men of sense will believe they are pleased with the adulation of a prostitute, who heaps upon them injudicious applauses, for which he makes way, by random abuse upon those who are in present possession of all that is laudable,

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ Friday, May 22, 1713.”

“ RICHARD STEELE.”

“ TO MR. IRONSIDE.

“ SIR,

“ A MIND so well qualified as yours, must receive every day large improvements, when exercised upon such truths which are the glory of our natures; such

* See Examiner, Vol. III. No. 47, in folio, Harley and Bolingbroke.

are these which lead us to an endless happiness in our life succeeding this. I herewith send you Dr. Lucas's Practical Christianity, for your serious perusal. If you have already read it, I desire you would give it to one of your friends, who has not. I think you cannot recommend it better than in inserting by way of specimen these passages which I point to you, as follows.

“ That I have, in this state I am now in, a soul as well as a body, whose interest concerns me, is a truth my sense sufficiently discovers: for I feel joys and sorrows, which do not make their abode in the organs of the body, but in the inmost recesses of the mind; pains and pleasures which sense is too gross and heavy to partake of, as the peace or trouble of conscience in the reflection upon good or evil actions, the delight or vexation of the mind, in the contemplation of, or a fruitless inquiry after, excellent and important truths.

“ And since I have such a soul capable of happiness or misery, it naturally follows, that it were sottish and unreasonable to lose this soul for the gain of the whole world. For my soul is I myself, and if that be miserable, I must needs be so. Outward circumstances of fortune may give the world occasion to think me happy, but they can never make me so. Shall I call myself happy, if discontent and sorrow eat out the life and spirit of my soul? if lusts and passions riot and mutiny in my bosom? if my sins scatter an uneasy shame all over me, and my guilt appals and frights me? What avails it me, that my rooms are stately, my tables full, my attendants numerous, and my attire gaudy, if all this while my very being pines and languishes away? These, indeed, are rich and pleasant things, but I nevertheless am a poor and miserable man. Therefore I conclude, that whatever this thing be I call a soul, though it

were a perishing dying thing, and would not outlive the body, yet it were my wisdom and interest to prefer its content and satisfaction before all the world, unless I could choose to be miserable, and delight to be unhappy.

“ This very consideration, supposing the uncertainty of another world, would yet strongly engage me to the service of religion ; for all it aims at, is to banish sin out of the world, which is the source and original of all the troubles that disquiet the mind ;

1. Sin, in its very essence, is nothing else but disordered, distempered passions ; affections foolish and preposterous in their choice, or wild and extravagant in their proportion, which our own experience sufficiently convinces us to be painful and uneasy.
2. It engages us in desperate hazards, wearies us with daily toils, and often buries us in the ruins we bring upon ourselves : and, lastly, it fills our hearts with distrust, and fear, and shame ; for we shall never be able to persuade ourselves fully, that there is no difference between good and evil ; that there is no God, or none that concerns himself at the actions of this life : and if we cannot, we can never rid ourselves of the pangs and stings of a troubled conscience ; we shall never be able to establish a peace and calm in our bosoms ; and so enjoy our pleasure with a clear and uninterrupted freedom. But if we could persuade ourselves into the utmost height of atheism, yet still we shall be under these two strange inconveniences : 1. That a life of sin will be still irregular and disorderly, and therefore troublesome : 2. That we shall have dismantled our souls of their greatest strengths, disarmed them of that faith which only can support them under the afflictions of this present life.’

No. 64. MONDAY, MAY 25, 1713.

— *Levium spectacula rerum.*

VIRG. GEORG. iv. 3.

Trifles set out to show.

I AM told by several persons whom I have taken into my ward*, that it is to their great damage I have digressed so much of late from the natural course of my precautions. They have addressed and petitioned me with appellations and titles, which admonish me to be that sort of patron which they want me to be, as follows.

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ Patron of the industrious.

“ The humble petition of John Longbottom, Charles Lilly, Bat. Pidgeon, and J. Norwood, capital artificers, most humbly showeth,

“ THAT your petitioners behold with great sorrow, your honour employing your important moments in remedying matters which nothing but time can cure, and which do not so immediately, or at least so professedly, appertain to your office, as do the concerns of us your petitioners, and other handicraft persons, who excel in their different and respective dexterities.

“ That as all mechanics are employed in accom-

* Wardship.

modating the dwellings, clothing the persons, or preparing the diet, of mankind, your petitioners ought to be placed first in your guardianship, as being useful in a degree superior to all other workmen, and as being wholly conversant in clearing and adorning the head of man.

“ That the said Longbottom, above all the rest of mankind, is skilful in taking off that horrid excrescence on the chins of all males, and casting, by the touch of his hand, a cheerfulness where that excrescence grew : an art known only to this your artificer.

“ That Charles Lilly prepares snuff and perfumes, which refresh the brain in those that have too much for their quiet, and gladdens it in those who have too little to know their want of it.

“ That Bat. Pidgeon cuts the luxuriant locks growing from the upper part of the head, in so artful a manner, with regard to the visage, that he makes the ringlets, falling by the temples, conspire with the brows and lashes of the eye, to heighten the expressions of modesty, and intimations of good will, which are most infallibly communicated by ocular glances.

“ That J. Norwood forms periwigs with respect to particular persons and visages, on the same plan that Bat. Pidgeon corrects natural hair ; that he has a strict regard to the climate under which his customer was born, before he pretends to cover his head ; that no part of his wig is composed of hair which grew above twenty miles from the buyer's place of nativity ; that the very necklock grew in the same country, and all the hair to the face in the very parish where he was born.

“ That these your cephalic operators humbly intreat your more frequent attention to the mechanic arts, and that you would place your petitioners at the

head of the family of the cosmetics, and your petitioners shall ever pray, &c.”

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ Guardian of good fame.

“ The memorial of Esau Ringwood showeth,

“ THAT though nymphs and shepherds, sonnets and complaints, are no more to be seen or heard in the forests and chases of Great Britain, yet are not the huntsmen who now frequent the woods so barbarous as represented in the Guardian of the twenty-first instant ; that the knife is not presented to the lady of quality by the huntsman to cut the throat of the deer ; but after he is killed, that instrument is given her, as the animal is now become food, in token that all our labour, joy, and exultation in the pursuit, were excited from the sole hope of making the stag an offering to her table ; that your honour has detracted from the humanity of sportsmen in this representation ; that they demand you would retract your error, and distinguish Britons from Scythians.

“ P. S. Repent, and eat venison.”

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE,

“ Avenger of detraction.

“ The humble petition of Susan How-d’ye-call most humbly showeth,

“ THAT your petitioner is mentioned at all visits, with an account of facts done by her, of speeches she has made, and of journeys she has taken, to all which circumstances your petitioner is wholly a stranger ; that in every family in Great Britain, glasses and

cups are broken, and utensils displaced, and all these faults laid upon Mrs. How-d'ye-call ; that your petitioner has applied to counsel, upon these grievances ; that your petitioner is advised, that her case is the same with that of John-a-Styles, and that she is abused only by way of form ; your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that in behalf of herself, and all others defamed under the term of Mr. or Mrs. How-d'ye-call, you will grant her and them the following concessions ; that no reproach shall take place where the person has not an opportunity of defending himself : that the phrase of a ' certain person ' means ' no certain person : ' that the ' How-d'ye-calls, ' ' some people, ' ' a certain set of men, ' ' there are folks now-a-days, and ' things are come to that pass, ' are words that shall concern ' nobody ' after the present Monday in Whitsun-week, 1713.

“ That it is baseness to offend any person, except the offender exposes himself to that person's examination ; that no woman is defamed by any man, without he names her name ; that ' exasperated mistress, ' ' false fair, ' and the like, shall, from the said Whitsun-Monday, signify no more than Chloe, Corinna, or Mrs. How-d'ye-call ; that your petitioner, being an old maid, may be joined in marriage to John-a-Nokes, or in case of his being resolved upon celibacy, to Tom Long, the carrier, and your petitioner shall ever pray, ” &c.

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ The humble petition of Hugh Pounce, of Grubstreet, showeth,

“ THAT in your first paper you have touched upon the affinity between all arts which concern the

good of society, and professed that you should promote a good understanding between them.

“ That your petitioner is skilful in the art and mystery of writing verses or distichs.

“ That your petitioner does not write for vain-glory, but for the use of society.

“ That, like the art of painting upon glass *, the more durable work of writing upon iron is almost lost.

“ That your petitioner is retained as poet to the Ironmongers’ company.

“ Your petitioner therefore humbly desires you would protect him in the sole making of poesies for knives, and all manner of learning to be wrought on iron, and your petitioner shall for ever pray.”

“ TO THE GUARDIAN.

“ SIR,

“ THOUGH every body has been talking or writing on the subject of Cato, ever since the world was obliged with that tragedy, there has not, methinks, been an examination of it, which sufficiently shows the skill of the author merely as a poet. There are peculiar graces which ordinary readers ought to be instructed how to admire; among others, I am charmed with his artificial expressions in well-adapted similes: there is no part of writing in which it is more difficult to succeed, for on sublime occasions it requires at once the utmost strength of the imagination, and the severest correction of the judgement. Thus Syphax, when he is forming to himself the sudden and unexpected destruction which is to befall the man he hates, expresses him-

* The art of painting on glass was never lost. See Walpole’s *Anecdotes of Painting, &c.* vol. ii. p. 26. *et seq.*

self in an image which none but a Numidian could have a lively sense of ; but yet, if the author had ranged over all the objects upon the face of the earth, he could not have found a representation of a disaster so great, so sudden, and so dreadful as this :

. So where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away,
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.

When Sempronius promises himself the possession of Marcia by a rape, he triumphs in the prospect, and exults in his villainy, by representing it to himself in a manner wonderfully suited to the vanity and impiety of his character.

So Pluto, seized of Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th'affrighted maid ;
There grimly smiled, pleased with the beauteous prize,
Nor envied Jove his sunshine and his skies.

Pray, old Nestor, trouble thyself no more with the squabbles of old lovers ; tell them from me, now they are past the sins of the flesh, they are got into those of the spirit : Desire hurts the soul less than Malice ; it is not now, as when they were Sappho and Phaon.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your affectionate humble servant,

“ A. B.”

No. 65. TUESDAY, MAY 26, 1713.

— *Inter scabiem tantam et contagia.*—

HOR. EPIST. i. 12. 13.

Amidst the poison of such infectious times.

THERE is not any where, I believe, so much talk about religion, as among us in England; nor do I think it possible for the wit of man to devise forms to address to the Almighty, in more ardent and forcible terms than are every where to be found in our Book of Common Prayer; and yet I have heard it read with such a negligence, affectation, and impatience, that the efficacy of it has been apparently lost to all the congregation. For my part, I make no scruple to own it, that I go sometimes to a particular place in the city, far distant from my own home, to hear a gentleman, whose manner I admire, read the liturgy. I am persuaded devotion is the greatest pleasure of his soul, and there is none hears him read without the utmost reverence. I have seen the young people, who have been interchanging glances of passion to each other's persons, checked into an attention to the service at the interruption which the authority of his voice has given them. But the other morning I happened to rise earlier than ordinary, and thought I could not pass my time better, than to go upon the admonition of

the morning bell, to the church prayers at six of the clock. I was there the first of any in the congregation, and had the opportunity, however I made use of it, to look back on all my life, and contemplate the blessing and advantage of such stated early hours for offering ourselves to our Creator, and prepossessing ourselves with the love of Him, and the hopes we have from Him, against the snares of business and pleasure in the ensuing day. But whether it be that people think fit to indulge their own ease in some secret, pleasing fault, or whatever it was, there was none at the confession but a set of poor scrubs of us, who could sin only in our wills, whose persons could be no temptation to one another, and might have, without interruption from any body else, humble, lowly hearts, in frightful looks and dirty dresses, at our leisure. When we poor souls had presented ourselves with a contrition suitable to our worthlessness, some pretty young ladies in mobs popped in here and there about the church, clattering the pew-door after them, and squatting into a whisper behind their fans. Among others, one of lady Lizard's daughters, and her hopeful maid, made their entrance: the young lady did not omit the ardent form behind the fan, while the maid immediately gaped round her to look for some other devout person, whom I saw at a distance very well dressed; his air and habit a little military, but in the pertness, not the true possession, of the martial character. This jackanapes was fixed at the end of a pew, with the utmost impudence, declaring, by a fixed eye on that seat, where our beauty was placed, the object of his devotion. This obscene sight gave me all the indignation imaginable, and I could attend to nothing but the reflection, that the greatest affronts imaginable are

such as no one can take notice of. Before I was out of such vexatious inadvertences to the business of the place, there was a great deal of good company now come in. There was a good number of very janty slatterns, who gave us to understand, that it is neither dress nor art to which they were beholden for the town's admiration. Besides these there were also by this time arrived two or three sets of whisperers, who carry on most of their calumnies by what they entertain one another with in that place, and we were now altogether very good company. There were indeed a few, in whose looks there appeared a heavenly joy and gladness upon the entrance of a new day, as if they had gone to sleep with expectation of it. For the sake of these it is worth while that the church keeps up such early matins throughout the cities of London and Westminster; but the generality of those who observe that hour perform it with so tasteless a behaviour, that it appears a task rather than a voluntary act. But of all the world, those familiar ducks who are, as it were, at home at the church, and by frequently meeting there throw the time of prayer very negligently into their common life, and make their coming together in that place as ordinary as any other action, and do not turn their conversation upon any improvements suitable to the true design of that house, but on trifles below even their worldly concerns and characters*. These are little groups of acquaintance dispersed in all parts of the town, who are, forsooth, the only people of unspotted characters, and throw all the spots that stick on those of other people. Malice is the ordinary vice of those

* A verb seems wanting here, to explain the censure implied in this sentence.

who live in the mode of religion, without the spirit of it. The pleasurable world are hurried by their passions above the consideration of what others think of them, into a pursuit of irregular enjoyments; while these, who forbear the gratifications of flesh and blood, without having won over the spirit to the interests of virtue, are implacable in defamations on the errors of such who offend without respect to fame. But the consideration of persons whom one cannot but take notice of, when one sees them in that place, has drawn me out of my intended talk, which was to bewail that people do not know the pleasure of early hours, and of dedicating their first moments of the day, with joy and singleness of heart, to their Creator. Experience would convince us, that the earlier we left our beds the seldomer we should be confined to them.

One great good which would also accrue from this, were it become a fashion, would be, that it is possible our chief divines would condescend to pray themselves, or at least those whom they substitute would be better supplied, than to be forced to appear at those *oraisons* in a garb and attire which makes them appear mortified with worldly want, and not abstracted from the world by the contempt of it. How is it possible for a gentleman, under the income of fifty pounds a year, to be attentive to sublime things? He must rise and dress like a labourer for sordid hire, instead of approaching his place of service with the utmost pleasure and satisfaction, that now he is going to be mouth of a crowd of people who have laid aside all the distinctions of this contemptible being, to beseech a protection under its manifold pains and disadvantages, or a release from it, by His favour who sent them into it. He would, with decent superiority, look

upon himself as orator before the throne of grace, for a crowd, who hang upon his words, while he asks for them all that is necessary in a transitory life; from the assurance that a good behaviour, for a few moments in it, will purchase endless joy and happy immortality.

But who can place himself in this view, who, though not pinched with want, is distracted with care from the fear of it? No; a man, in the least degree below the spirit of a saint or a martyr, will loll, huddle over his duty, look confused, or assume a resolution in his behaviour which will be quite as ungraceful, except he is supported above the necessities of life.

‘ Power and commandment to his minister to declare and pronounce to his people,’ is mentioned with a very unregarded air, when the speaker is known in his own private condition to be almost an object of their pity and charity. This last circumstance, with many others here loosely suggested, are the occasion that one knows not how to recommend, to such as have not already a fixed sense of devotion, the pleasure of passing the earliest hours of the day in a public congregation. But were this morning solemnity as much in vogue, even as it is now at more advanced hours of the day, it would necessarily have so good an effect upon us, as to make us more disengaged and cheerful in conversation, and less artful and insincere in business. The world would be quite another place, than it is now, the rest of the day; and every face would have an alacrity in it, which can be borrowed from no other reflections, but those which give us the assured protection of Omnipotence.

No. 66. WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1713.

*Sæpe tribus lectis videas cœnare quaternos ;
E quibus unus avet quâvis aspergere cunctos,
Præter eum qui præbet aquam ; post, hunc quoque.—*
HOR. SAT. i. 4. 86.

Set twelve at supper ; one above the rest,
Takes all the talk, and breaks a scurvy jest
On all, except the master of the feast :
At last on him.—

THE following letter is full of imagination, and in a fabulous manner sets forth a connexion between things, and an alliance between persons, that are very distant and remote to common eyes. I think I know the hand to be that of a very ingenious man*, and shall therefore give it the reader without further preface.

“ TO THE GUARDIAN.

“ SIR,

“ THERE is a set of mankind, who are wholly employed in the ill-natured office of gathering up a collection of stories that lessen the reputation of others, and spreading them abroad with a certain air of satisfaction. Perhaps indeed, an innocent unmeaning curiosity, a desire of being informed concerning those we live with, or a willingness to profit

* Dr. Parnell.

by reflection upon the actions of others, may sometimes afford an excuse or sometimes a defence for inquisitiveness ; but certainly it is beyond all excuse a transgression against humanity, to carry the matter further, to tear off the dressings, as I may say, from the wounds of a friend, and expose them to the air in cruel fits of diversion ; and yet we have something more to bemoan, an outrage of a higher nature, which mankind is guilty of when they are not content to spread the stories of folly, frailty, and vice, but even enlarge them, or invent new ones, and blacken characters, that we may appear ridiculous or hateful to one another. From such practices as these it happens, that some feel a sorrow, and others are agitated with a spirit of revenge ; that scandals or lies are told, because another has told such before ; that resentments and quarrels arise, and affronts and injuries are given, received, and multiplied, in a scene of vengeance.

“ All this I have often observed, with abundance of concern, and having a perfect desire to further the happiness of mankind, I lately set myself to consider the causes from whence such evils arise, and the remedies which may be applied. Whereupon I shut my eyes to prevent a distraction from outward objects, and a while after shot away, upon an impulse of thought, into the world of ideas, where abstracted qualities became visible in such appearances as were agreeable to each of their natures.

“ That part of the country where I happened to light, was the most noisy that I had ever known. The winds whistled, the leaves rustled, the brooks rumbled, the birds chattered, the tongues of men were heard, and the echo mingled something of every sound in its repetition, so that there was a strange confu-

sion and uproar of sounds about me. At length, as the noise still increased, I could discern a man habited like a herald, and, as I afterwards understood, called Novelty, that came forward proclaiming a solemn day to be kept at the house of Common Fame. Immediately behind him advanced three nymphs, who had monstrous appearances. The first of these was Curiosity, habited like a virgin, and having a hundred ears about her head to serve in her inquiries. The second of these was Talkativeness, a little better grown; she seemed to be like a young wife, and had a hundred tongues to spread her stories. The third was Censoriousness, habited like a widow, and surrounded with a hundred squinting eyes of a malignant influence, which so obliquely darted on all around, that it was impossible to say which of them had brought in the information she boasted of. These, as I was informed, had been very instrumental in preserving and rearing Common Fame, when upon her birth-day she was shuffled into a crowd, to escape the search which Truth might have made after her and her parents. Curiosity found her there, Talkativeness conveyed her away, and Censoriousness so nursed her up, that in a short time she grew to a prodigious size, and obtained an empire over the universe; wherefore the Power, in gratitude for these services, has since advanced them to her highest employments. The next who came forward in the procession was a light damsel, called Credulity, who carried behind them the lamp, the silver vessel with a spout, and other instruments proper for this solemn occasion*.

“ She had formerly seen these three together, and conjecturing from the number of their ears, tongues,

* Tea-equipage.

and eyes, that they might be the proper genii of Attention, Familiar Converse, and Ocular Demonstration, she from that time gave herself up to attend them. The last who followed were some who had closely muffled themselves in upper garments, so that I could not discern who they were ; but just as the foremost of them was come up, ' I am glad,' says she, calling me by my name, ' to meet you at this time ; stay close by me, and take a strict observation of all that passes' : her voice was sweet and commanding, I thought I had somewhere heard it ; and from her, as I went along, I learned the meaning of every thing which offered.

“ We now marched forward through the Rookery of Rumours, which flew thick, and with a terrible din, all around us. At length we arrived at the house of Common Fame, where a hecatomb of reputations was that day to fall for her pleasure. The house stood upon an eminence, having a thousand passages to it, and a thousand whispering holes for the conveyance of sound. The hall we entered was formed with the art of a music-chamber for the improvement of noises. Rest and silence are banished the place. Stories of different natures wander in light flocks all about, sometimes truths and lies, or sometimes lies themselves, clashing against one another. In the middle stood a table painted after the manner of the remotest Asiatic countries, upon which the lamp, the silver vessel, and cups of a white earth, were planted in order. Then dried herbs were brought, collected for the solemnity in moon-shine, and water being put to them, there was a greenish liquor made, to which they added the flower of milk, and an extraction from the canes of America, for performing a libation to the infernal powers of Mischief. After this, Curiosity, retiring to a withdrawing room,

brought forth the victims, being to appearance a set of small waxen images, which she laid upon the table one after another. Immediately then Talkativeness gave each of them the name of some one, whom for the time they were to represent; and Censoriousness stuck them all about with black pins, still pronouncing at every one she stuck, something to the prejudice of the persons represented. No sooner were these rites performed, and incantations uttered, but the sound of a speaking trumpet was heard in the air, by which they knew the deity of the place was propitiated, and assisting. Upon this the sky grew darker, a storm arose, and murmurs, sighs, groans, cries, and the words of grief, or resentment, were heard within it. Thus the three sorceresses discovered, that they whose names they had given to the images, were already affected with what was done to them in effigy. The knowledge of this was received with the loudest laughter, and in many congratulatory words they applauded one another's wit and power.

“As matters were at this high point of disorder, the muffled lady, whom I attended on, being no longer able to endure such barbarous proceedings, threw off her upper garment of Reserve, and appeared to be Truth. As soon as she had confessed herself present, the speaking-trumpet ceased to sound, the sky cleared up, the storm abated, the noises which were heard in it ended, the laughter of the company was over, and a serene light, till then unknown to the place, diffused around it. At this the detected sorceresses endeavoured to escape in a cloud which I saw began to thicken round them; but it was soon dispersed, their charms being controlled, and prevailed over by the superior divinity. For my part, I was exceedingly glad to see it so, and began to consider what punishments

she would inflict upon them. I fancied it would be proper to cut off Curoosity's ears, and fix them to the eaves of houses; to nail the tongues of Talkativeness to Indian tables; and to put out the eyes of Censoriousness with a flash of her light. In respect of Credulity, I had indeed some little pity, and had I been judge, she might, perhaps, have escaped with a hearty reproof.

“ But I soon found that the discerning judge had other designs. She knew them for such as will not be destroyed entirely while mankind is in being, and yet ought to have a brand and punishment affixed to them, that they may be avoided. Wherefore she took a seat for judgement, and had the criminals brought forward by Shame, ever blushing, and Trouble, with a whip of many lashes; two phantoms who had dogged the procession in disguise, and waited till they had an authority from Truth to lay hands upon them. Immediately then she ordered Curiosity and Talkativeness to be fettered together, that the one should never suffer the other to rest, nor the other ever let her remain undiscovered. Light Credulity she linked to Shame at the tormentor's own request, who was pleased to be thus secure that her prisoner could not escape; and this was done partly for her punishment, and partly for her amendment. Censoriousness was also in like manner begged by Trouble, and had her assigned for an eternal companion. After they were thus chained with one another, by the judge's order, she drove them from the presence to wander for ever through the world, with Novelty stalking before them.

“ The cause being now over, she retreated from sight within the splendour of her own glory; which leaving the house it had brightened, the sounds that were proper to the place began to be as loud and confused as when we entered, and there being no

longer a clear distinguished appearance of any objects represented to me, I returned from the excursion I had made in fancy.”

No. 67. THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1713.

— *Nè fortè pudori*
Sic tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.

HOR. ARS POET. 406.

Blush not to patronize the muse's skill.

It has been remarked by curious observers, that poets are generally long-lived, and run beyond the usual age of man, if not cut off by some accident or excess, as Anacreon, in the midst of a very merry old age, was choked with a grape-stone. The same redundancy of spirits that produces the poetical flame, keeps up the vital warmth, and administers uncommon fuel to life. I question not but several instances will occur to my reader's memory, from Homer down to Mr. Dryden. I shall only take notice of two who have excelled in lyrics; the one an ancient, and the other a modern. The first gained an immortal reputation by celebrating several jockeys in the Olympic games, the last has signalised himself on the same occasion by the ode that begins with—'To horse, brave boys, to Newmarket, to horse.' My reader will, by this time, know that the two poets I have mentioned are Pindar and Mr. D'Urfey. The former of these is long since laid in his urn, after having

many years together, endeared himself to all Greece by his tuneful compositions. Our countryman is still living, and in a blooming old age, that still promises many musical productions; for, if I am not mistaken, our British swan will sing to the last. The best judges who have perused his last song on *The Moderate Man*, do not discover any decay in his parts, but think it deserves a place amongst the finest of those works with which he obliged the world in his more early years.

I am led into this subject by a visit which I lately received from my good old friend and contemporary. As we both flourished together in king Charles the Second's reign, we diverted ourselves with the remembrance of several particulars that passed in the world before the greatest part of my readers were born, and could not but smile to think how insensibly we were grown into a couple of venerable old gentlemen. Tom observed to me, that after having written more odes than Horace, and about four times as many comedies as Terence, he was reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a set of men who, of late years, had furnished him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we say, be paid with a song. In order to extricate my old friend, I immediately sent for the three directors of the playhouse, and desired them that they would in their turn do a good office for a man, who, in Shakspeare's phrase, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleasantry, and popular conceits. They very generously listened to my proposal, and agreed to act the *Plotting Sisters*, a very taking play of my old friend's composing, on the 15th of the next month, for the benefit of the author.

My kindness to the agreeable Mr. D'Urfey will be imperfect, if after having engaged the players in his favour, I do not get the town to come into it.

I must therefore heartily recommend to all the young ladies, my disciples, the case of my old friend, who has often made their grandmothers merry, and whose sonnets have perhaps lulled asleep many a present toast, when she lay in her cradle.

I have already prevailed upon my lady Lizard to be at the house in one of the front boxes, and design, if I am in town, to lead her in myself at the head of her daughters. The gentleman I am speaking of has laid obligations on so many of his countrymen, that I hope they will think this but a just return to the good service of a veteran poet.

I myself remember king Charles the Second leaning on Tom D'Urfey's shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him. It is certain that monarch was not a little supported by 'Joy to great Cæsar,' which gave the whigs such a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked popery with the same success, having exposed Bellarmine and Porto-Carrero more than once in short satirical compositions, which have been in every body's mouth. He has made use of Italian tunes and sonatas for promoting the Protestant interest, and turned a considerable part of the Pope's music against himself. In short, he has obliged the court with political sonnets, the country with dialogues and pastorals, the city with descriptions of a lord mayor's feast, not to mention his little ode upon Stool-Ball, with many others of the like nature.


Should the very individuals he has celebrated make their appearance together, they would be sufficient to fill the play-house. Pretty Peg of Windsor, Gillian of Croydon, with Dolly and Molly, and Tommy and Johny, with many others to be met with in the Musical Miscellanies, entitled, Pills to purge Melancholy, would make a good benefit night.

As my friend, after the manner of the old lyrics, accompanies his works with his own voice, he has been the delight of the most polite companies and conversations, from the beginning of king Charles the Second's reign to our present times. Many an honest gentleman has got a reputation in his country, by pretending to have been in company with Tom D'Urfey.

I might here mention several other merits in my friend ; as his enriching our language with a multitude of rhymes, and bringing words together, that without his good offices, would never have been acquainted with one another, so long as it had been a tongue. But I must not omit that my old friend angles for a trout the best of any man in England. May-flies come in late this season, or I myself should, before now, have had a trout of his hooking.

After what I have said, and much more that I might say, on this subject, I question not but the world will think that my old friend ought not to pass the remainder of his life in a cage like a singing-bird, but enjoy all that pindaric liberty which is suitable to a man of his genius. He has made the world merry, and I hope they will make him easy, so long as he stays among us. This I will take upon me to say, they cannot do a kindness to a more diverting companion, or a more cheerful, honest, and good natured man*.



* The foregoing is the first of Addison's Papers in the Guardian, and is, as the future ones will be, distinguished by a .

No. 68. FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1713.

*Inspicere, tanquam in speculum, in vitas omnium
Jubeo, atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi.*

TER. ADELPH. ACT. iii. SC. 3. 62.

My advice to him is, to consult the lives of other men as he would a looking-glass, and from thence fetch examples for his own imitation.

THE paper of to-day shall consist of a letter from my friend Sir Harry Lizard, which, with my answer may be worth the perusal of young men of estates, and young women without fortunes. It is absolutely necessary, that in our first vigorous years we lay down some law to ourselves for the conduct of future life, which may at least prevent essential misfortunes. The cutting cares which attend such an affection as that against which I forewarn my friend Sir Harry, are very well known to all who are called the men of pleasure; but when they have opposed their satisfactions to their anxieties in an impartial examination, they will find their life not only a dream, but a troubled and vexatious one.

“ DEAR OLD MAN,

“ I BELIEVE you are very much surprised, that in the several letters I have written to you, since the receipt of that wherein you recommend a young lady for a wife to your humble servant, I have not made the least mention of that matter. It happens at this time that I am not much inclined to marry; there are very many matches in

our country, wherein the parties live so insipidly, or so vexatiously, that I am afraid to venture from their example. Besides, to tell you the truth, good Nestor, I am informed your fine young woman is soon to be disposed of elsewhere. As to the young ladies of my acquaintance in your great town, I do not know one whom I could think of as a wife, who is not either prepossessed with some inclination for some other man, or affects pleasures and entertainments, which she prefers to the conversation of any man living. Women of this kind are the most frequently met with of any sort whatsoever; I mean they are the most frequent among people of condition, that is to say, such are easily to be had as would sit at the head of your estate and table, lie-in by you for the sake of receiving visits in pomp at the end of the month, and enjoy the like gratifications from the support of your fortune; but you yourself would signify no more to one of them, than a name in trust in a settlement which conveys land and goods, but has no right for its own use. A woman of this turn can no more make a wife, than an ambitious man can be a friend; they both sacrifice all the true tastes of being, and motives of life, for the ostentation, the noise, and the appearance of it. Their hearts are turned to unnatural objects, and as the men of design carry them on with an exclusion of their daily companions, so women of this kind of gaiety, can live at bed and board with a man, without any affection to his person. As to any woman that you examine hereafter for my sake, if you can possibly, find a means to converse with her at some country seat. If she has no relish for rural views, but is undelighted with streams, fields, and groves, I desire to hear no more of her; she has departed from nature, and is irrevocably engaged in vanity.

“I have ever been curious to observe the arrogance of a town-lady when she first comes down to her husband’s seat, and, beholding her country neighbours, wants somebody to laugh with her, at the frightful things, to whom she herself is equally ridiculous. The pretty pitty-pat step, the playing head, and the fall-back in the courtesy, she does not imagine, make her as unconvertible, and inaccessible to our plain people, as the loud voice, and ungainly stride, render one of our huntresses to her. In a word, dear Nestor, I beg you to suspend all inquiries towards my matrimony till you hear further from,

“SIR, your most obliged, and

“Most obedient humble servant,

“HARRY LIZARD.”

A certain loose turn in this letter, mixed indeed with some real exceptions to the too frequent silly choice made by country gentlemen, has given me no small anxiety: and I have sent Sir Harry an account of my suspicions as follows.

TO SIR HARRY LIZARD.

SIR,

YOUR letter I have read over two or three times, and must be so free with you as to tell you, it has in it something which betrays you have lost that simplicity of heart with relation to love, which I promised myself would crown your days with happiness and honour. The alteration of your mind towards marriage is not represented as flowing from discretion and wariness in the choice, but a disinclination to that state in general; you seem secretly to propose to yourself, for I will think no otherwise of a man of your age and temper, all its satisfactions out of it,

and to avoid the care and inconveniences that attend those who enter into it. I will not urge at this time the greatest consideration of all, to wit, regard of innocence ; but having, I think, in my eye, what you aim at, I must, as I am your friend, acquaint you, that you are going into a wilderness of cares and distractions, from which you will never be able to extricate yourself, while the compunctions of honour and pity are yet alive in you.

Without naming names, I have long suspected your designs upon a young gentlewoman in your neighbourhood ; but give me leave to tell you, with all the earnestness of a faithful friend, that to enter into a criminal commerce with a woman of merit, whom you find innocent, is of all the follies in this life, the most fruitful of sorrow. You must make your approaches to her with the benevolence and language of a good angel, in order to bring upon her pollution and shame, which is the work of a demon. The fashion of the world, the warmth of youth, and the affluence of fortune, may, perhaps, make you look upon me in this talk, like a poor well-meaning old man, who is past those ardencies in which you at present triumph ; but believe me Sir, if you succeed in what I fear you design, you will find the sacrifice of beauty and innocence so strong an obligation upon you, that your whole life will pass away in the worst condition imaginable, that of doubt and irresolution ; you will ever be designing to leave her, and never do it ; or else leave her for another, with a constant longing after her. He is a very unhappy man who does not reserve the most pure and kind affections of his heart for his marriage-bed ; he will otherwise be reduced to this melancholy circumstance, that he gave his mistress that kind of affection which was proper for his wife, and has not for his wife either that or the usual inclination which men

bestow upon their mistresses. After such an affair as this, you are a very lucky man if you find a prudential marriage is only insipid, and not actually miserable; a woman of as ancient a family as your own, may come into the house of the Lizards, murmur in your bed, growl at your table, rate your servants, and insult yourself, while you bear all this with this unhappy reflection at the bottom of your heart, 'This is all for the injured——.' The heart is ungovernable enough, without being biassed by prepossessions. How emphatically unhappy therefore is he, who, besides the natural vagrancy of affection, has a passion to one particular object, in which he sees nothing but what is lovely, except what proceeds from his own guilt against it! I speak to you my dear friend, as one who tenderly regards your welfare, and beg of you to avoid this great error, which has rendered so many agreeable men unhappy before you. When a man is engaged among the dissolute, gay, and artful of the fair sex, a knowledge of their manners and designs, their favours unendeared by truth, their feigned sorrows and gross flatteries, must in time rescue a reasonable man from the enchantment; but in a case wherein you have none but yourself to accuse, you will find the best part of a generous mind torn away with her, whenever you take your leave of an injured, deserving woman. Come to town, fly from Olinda, to

Your obedient humble servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

No. 69. SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1713.

Jupiter est quodcunque vides.—

LUCAN.

Where'er you turn your eyes, 'tis God you see.

I HAD this morning a very valuable and kind present sent me of a translated work of a most excellent foreign writer, who makes a very considerable figure in the learned and Christian world. It is entitled, A Demonstration of the Existence, Wisdom, and Omnipotence of God, drawn from the knowledge of nature, particularly of man, and fitted to the meanest capacity: by the archbishop of Cambray, author of Telemachus, and translated from the French by the same hand that Englished that excellent piece. This great author, in the writings which he has before produced, has manifested a heart full of virtuous sentiments, great benevolence to mankind, as well as a sincere and fervent piety towards his Creator. His talents and parts are a very great good to the world, and it is a pleasing thing to behold the polite arts subservient to religion, and recommending it from its natural beauty. Looking over the letters of my correspondents, I find one which celebrates this treatise, and recommends it to my readers.

“ TO THE GUARDIAN.

“ SIR,

“ I THINK I have somewhere read, in the writings of one whom I take to be a friend of yours, a saying

which struck me very much, and as I remember, it was to this purpose: 'The existence of a God is so far from being a thing that wants to be proved, that I think it the only thing of which we are certain.' This is a sprightly and just expression; however, I dare say, you will not be displeased that I put you in mind of saying something on the Demonstration of the bishop of Cambray. A man of his talents views all things in a light different from that in which ordinary men see them, and the devout disposition of his soul turns all those talents to the improvement of the pleasures of a good life. His style clothes philosophy in a dress almost poetic; and his readers enjoy in full perfection the advantage, while they are reading him, of being what he is. The pleasing representation of the animal powers in the beginning of his work, and his consideration of the nature of man with the addition of reason in the subsequent discourse, impresses upon the mind a strong satisfaction in itself, and gratitude towards Him who bestowed that superiority over the brute world. These thoughts had such an effect upon the author himself, that he has ended his discourse with a prayer. This adoration has a sublimity in it befitting his character, and the emotions of his heart flow from wisdom and knowledge. I thought it would be proper for a Saturday's paper, and have translated it to make you a present of it. I have not, as the translator was obliged to do, confined myself to an exact version from the original, but have endeavoured to express the spirit of it, by taking the liberty to render his thoughts in such a way as I should have uttered them if they had been my own. It has been observed, that the private letters of great men are the best pictures of their souls; but certainly their private devotions would

be still more instructive, and I know not why they should not be as curious and entertaining.

“ If you insert this prayer, I know not but I may send you, for another occasion, one used by a very great wit of the last age, which has allusions to the errors of a very wild life ; and, I believe you would think it written with an uncommon spirit. The person whom I mean was an excellent writer, and the publication of this prayer of his may be, perhaps, some kind of antidote against the infection in his other writings. But this supplication of the bishop has in it a more happy and untroubled spirit ; it is, if that is not saying something too fond, the worship of an angel concerned for those who had fallen, but himself still in the state of glory and innocence. The book ends with an act of devotion, to this effect :

“ O my God, if the greater number of mankind do not discover Thee in that glorious show of nature which Thou hast placed before our eyes, it is not because Thou art far from every* one of us. Thou art present to us more than any object which we touch with our hands ; but our senses, and the passions which they produce in us, turn our attention from Thee. Thy light shines in the midst of darkness, but the darkness comprehends it not. Thou, O Lord, dost every way display Thyself. Thou shinest in all Thy works, but art not regarded by heedless and unthinking man. The whole creation talks aloud of Thee, and echoes with the repetitions of Thy holy name. But such is our insensibility, that we are deaf to the great and universal voice of nature. Thou art every where about us, and within us ; but we wander from ourselves, become strangers to our own souls, and do

* Any.

not apprehend Thy presence. O Thou, who art the eternal fountain of light and beauty, who art the ancient of days, without beginning and without end ; O Thou, who art the life of all that truly live, those can never fail to find Thee, who seek for Thee within themselves. But, alas the very gifts which Thou bestowest upon us do so employ our thoughts, that they hinder us from perceiving the hand which conveys them to us. We live by Thee, and yet we live without thinking on Thee ; but, O Lord, what is life in the ignorance of Thee ! A dead unactive piece of matter, a flower that withers, a river that glides away, a palace that hastens to its ruin, a picture made up of fading colours, a mass of shining ore, strike our imaginations, and make us sensible of their existence : we regard them as objects capable of giving us pleasure, not considering that Thou conveyest, through them, all the pleasure which we imagine they give us. Such vain empty objects, that are only the shadows of being, are proportioned to our low and groveling thoughts. That beauty which Thou hast poured out on Thy creation is as a veil which hides Thee from our eyes. As thou art a being too pure and exalted to pass through our senses, Thou art not regarded by men, who have debased their nature, and have made themselves like the beasts that perish. So infatuated are they, that notwithstanding they know what is wisdom and virtue, which have neither sound, nor colour, nor smell, nor taste, nor figure, nor any other sensible quality, they can doubt of Thy existence, because Thou art not apprehended by the grosser organs of sense. Wretches that we are ! we consider shadows as realities, and truth as a phantom. That which is nothing, is all to us ; and that which is all, appears to us nothing. What do we see in all nature but Thee, O my God ! Thou, and only Thou,

appearest in every thing. When I consider Thee, O Lord, I am swallowed up, and lost in contemplation of Thee. Every thing besides Thee, even my own existence, vanishes and disappears in the contemplation of Thee. I am lost to myself, and fall into nothing, when I think on Thee. The man who does not see Thee has beheld nothing; he who does not taste Thee has a relish of nothing. His being is vain, and his life but a dream. Set up Thyself, O Lord, set up Thyself, that we may behold Thee. As wax consumes before the fire, and as the smoke is driven away, so let Thine enemies vanish out of Thy presence. How unhappy is that soul who, without the sense of Thee, has no God, no hope, no comfort to support him! But how happy the man who searches, sighs, and thirsts after Thee! But he only is fully happy, on whom Thou liftest up the light of Thy countenance, whose tears thou hast wiped away, and who enjoys in Thy loving-kindness the completion of all his desires. How long, how long, O Lord, shall I wait for that day when I shall possess, in Thy presence, fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore? O my God, in this pleasing hope, my bones rejoice and cry out, Who is like unto Thee! My heart melts away, and my soul faints within me when I look up to Thee, who art the God of my life, and my portion to all eternity."

No. 70. MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1713.

— *Mentisque capacius altæ.*

OVID. MET. i. 76.

Of thoughts enlarged, and more exalted mind.

As I was the other day taking a solitary walk in St. Paul's, I indulged my thoughts in the pursuit of a certain analogy between the fabric and the Christian church in the largest sense. The divine order and economy of the one seemed to be emblematically set forth by the just, plain, and majestic architecture of the other. And as the one consists of a great variety of parts united in the same regular design, according to the truest art, and most exact proportion; so the other contains a decent subordination of members, various sacred institutions, sublime doctrines, and solid precepts of morality, digested into the same design, and with an admirable concurrence tending to one view, the happiness and exaltation of human nature.

In the midst of my contemplation, I beheld a fly upon one of the pillars; and it straightway came into my head, that this same fly was a freethinker. For it required some comprehension in the eye of the spectator, to take in at one view the various parts of the building, in order to observe their symmetry and design. But to the fly, whose prospect was confined to a little part of one of the stones of a single pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the distinct use of its parts were inconspicuous, and nothing could appear but small inequalities in the

surface of the hewn stone, which in the view of that insect seemed so many deformed rocks and precipices.

The thoughts of a freethinker are employed on certain minute particularities of religion, the difficulty of a single text, or the unaccountableness of some step of Providence, or point of doctrine, to his narrow faculties, without comprehending the scope and design of Christianity, the perfection to which it raiseth human nature, the light it hath shed abroad in the world, and the close connexion it hath, as well with the good of public societies, as with that of particular persons.

This raised in me some reflections on that frame or disposition which is called largeness of mind, its necessity towards forming a true judgement of things, and where the soul is not incurably stunted by nature, what are the likeliest methods to give it enlargement.

It is evident that philosophy doth open and enlarge the mind, by the general views to which men are habituated in that study, and by the contemplation of more numerous and distant objects, than fall within the sphere of mankind in the ordinary pursuits of life. Hence it comes to pass, that philosophers judge of most things very differently from the vulgar. Some instances of this may be seen in the *Theætetus* of Plato, where Socrates makes the following remarks, among others of the like nature :

‘ When a philosopher hears ten thousand acres mentioned as a great estate, he looks upon it as an inconsiderable spot, having been used to contemplate the whole globe of earth. Or when he beholds a man elated with the nobility of his race, because he can reckon a series of seven

rich ancestors ; the philosopher thinks him a stupid, ignorant fellow, whose mind cannot reach to a general view of human nature, which would show him that we have all innumerable ancestors, among whom are crowds of rich and poor, kings and slaves, Greeks and barbarians.' Thus far Socrates, who was accounted wiser than the rest of the heathens, for notions which approach the nearest to Christianity.

As all parts and branches of philosophy, or speculative knowledge are useful in that respect, astronomy is peculiarly adapted to remedy a little and narrow spirit. In that science there are good reasons assigned to prove the sun a hundred thousand times bigger than our earth, and the distance of the stars so prodigious, that a cannon-bullet continuing in its ordinary rapid motion, would not arrive from hence at the nearest of them in the space of a hundred and fifty thousand years. Those ideas wonderfully dilate and expand the mind. There is something in the immensity of this distance that shocks and overwhelms the imagination ; it is too big for the grasp of a human intellect : estates, provinces, and kingdoms, vanish at its presence. It were to be wished a certain prince*, who hath encouraged the study of it in his subjects, had been himself a proficient in astronomy. This might have showed him how mean an ambition that was, which terminated in a small part of what is itself but a point, in respect of that part of the universe which lies within our view.

But the Christian religion ennobleth and enlargeth the mind beyond any other profession or science whatsoever. Upon that scheme, while the earth, and

* Lewis XIV.

the transient enjoyments of this life, shrink into the narrowest dimensions, and are accounted as, 'the dust of a balance, the drop of a bucket, yea, less than nothing,' the intellectual world opens wider to our view. The perfections of the Deity, the nature and excellence of virtue, the dignity of the human soul are displayed in the largest characters. The mind of man seems to adapt itself to the different nature of its objects; it is contracted and debased by being conversant in little and low things, and feels a proportionable enlargement arising from the contemplation of these great and sublime ideas.

The greatness of things is comparative; and this does not only hold, in respect of extension, but likewise in respect of dignity, duration, and all kinds of perfection. Astronomy opens the mind, and alters our judgement, with regard to the magnitude of extended beings; but Christianity produceth an universal greatness of soul. Philosophy increaseth our views in every respect, but Christianity extends them to a degree beyond the light of nature.

How mean must the most exalted potentate upon earth appear to that eye which takes in innumerable orders of blessed spirits, differing in glory and perfection! How little must the amusements of sense, and the ordinary occupations of mortal men, seem to one who is engaged in so noble a pursuit, as the assimilation of himself to the Deity, which is the proper employment of every Christian!

And the improvement which grows from habituating the mind to the comprehensive views of religion must not be thought wholly to regard the understanding. Nothing is of greater force to subdue the inordinate motions of the heart, and to regulate the will. Whether a man be actuated by his passions, or his reason, these are first wrought upon by some object, which stirs the soul in proportion to its ap-

parent dimensions. Hence irreligious men, whose short prospects are filled with earth, and sense, and mortal life, are invited by these mean ideas, to actions proportionably little and low. But a mind, whose views are enlightened and extended by religion, is animated to nobler pursuits, by more sublime and remote objects.

There is not any instance of weakness in the free-thinkers that raises my indignation more, than their pretending to ridicule Christians, as men of narrow understandings, and to pass themselves upon the world for persons of superior sense, and more enlarged views. But I leave it to any impartial man to judge which hath the nobler sentiments, which the greater views; he whose notions are stinted to a few miserable inlets of sense, or he whose sentiments are raised above the common taste, by the anticipation of those delights which will satiate the soul, when the whole capacity of her nature is branched out into new faculties? He who looks for nothing beyond this short span of duration, or he whose aims are co-extended with the endless length of eternity? He who derives his spirit from the elements, or he who thinks it was inspired by the Almighty?

No. 71. TUESDAY JUNE 2, 1713.

*Quale portentum neque militaris
Dæmia in latis alit esculetis ;
Nec Jubbæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.*

HOR. CAR. i. 22. 13.

No beast, of more portentous size,
In the Hercinian forest lies ;
Nor fiercer in Numidia bred,
With Carthage were in triumph led.

ROSCOMMON.

I QUESTION not but my country customers will be surprised to hear me complain that this town is, of late years very much infested with lions : and will, perhaps, look upon it as a strange piece of news, when I assure them that there are many of these beasts of prey, who walk our streets in broad day-light, beating about from coffee-house to coffee-house, and seeking whom they may devour.

To unriddle this paradox, I must acquaint my rural reader, that we polite men of the town give the name of a lion to any one who is a great man's spy. And whereas I cannot discharge my office of Guardian, without setting a mark on such a noxious animal, and cautioning my wards against him, I design this whole paper as an essay upon the political lion.

It has cost me a great deal of time to discover the reason of this appellation, but after many disquisitions and conjectures on so obscure a subject, I find there are two accounts of it more satisfactory than the rest. In the republic of Venice, which has been

always the mother of politics, there are near the doge's palace several large figures of lions curiously wrought in marble, with mouths gaping in a most enormous manner. Those who have a mind to give the state any private intelligence of what passes in the city, put their hands into the mouth of one of these lions, and convey into it a paper of such private informations as any way regard the interest or safety of the commonwealth. By this means all the secrets of state come out of the lion's mouth. The informer is concealed; it is the lion that tells every thing. In short, there is not a mismanagement in office, or a murmur in conversation, which the lion does not acquaint the government with. For this reason, say the learned, a spy is very properly distinguished by the name of lion.

I must confess this etymology is plausible enough, and I did for some time acquiesce in it, till about a year or two ago I met with a little manuscript which sets this whole matter in a clear light. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, says my author, the renowned Walsingham had many spies in his service, from whom the government received great advantage. The most eminent among them was the statesman's barber, whose surname was Lion. This fellow had an admirable knack of fishing out the secrets of his customers, as they were under his hands. He would rub and lather a man's head, till he had got out every thing that was in it. He had a certain snap in his fingers, and a volubility in his tongue, that would engage a man to talk with him whether he would or no. By this means he became an inexhaustible fund of private intelligence, and so signalized himself in the capacity of a spy, that, from his time, a master-spy goes under the name of a lion.

Walsingham had a most excellent penetration, and never attempted to turn any man into a lion, whom

he did not see highly qualified for it, when he was in his human condition. Indeed the speculative men of those times say of him, that he would now and then play them off, and expose them a little unmercifully ; but that, in my opinion, seems only good policy, for otherwise they might set up for men again, when they thought fit, and desert his service. But however, though in that very corrupt age he made use of these animals, he had a great esteem for true men, and always exerted the highest generosity in offering them more, without asking terms of them, and doing more for them out of mere respect for their talents, though against him, than they could expect from any other minister whom they had served never so conspicuously. This made Raleigh, who professed himself his opponent, say one day to a friend, ‘ Pox take this Walsingham, he baffles every body ; he won’t so much as let a man hate him in private.’ True it is, that by the wanderings, roarings, and lurkings of his lions, he knew the way to every man breathing, who had not a contempt for the world itself ; he had lions rampant whom he used for the service of the church, and couchant who were to lie down for the queen. They were so much at command, that the couchant would act as rampant, and the rampant as couchant, without being the least out of countenance, and all this within four and twenty hours. Walsingham had the pleasantest life in the world ; for, by the force of his power and intelligence, he saw men as they really were, and not as the world thought of them. All this was principally brought about by feeding his lions well, or keeping them hungry according to their different constitutions.

Having given this short but necessary account of this statesman and his barber, who, like the tailor in Shakspeare’s *Pyramus and Thisbe*, was a man made as other men are, notwithstanding he was a nominal

lion, I shall proceed to the description of this strange species of creatures. Ever since the wise Walsingham was secretary in this nation, our statesmen are said to have encouraged the breed among us, as very well knowing that a lion in our British arms is one of the supporters of the crown, and that it is impossible for a government, in which there is such a variety of factions and intrigues, to subsist without this necessary animal.

A lion, or master-spy, has several Jack-calls under him, who are his retailers of intelligence, and bring him in materials for his report; his chief haunt is a coffee-house, and as his voice is exceeding strong, it aggravates the sound of every thing it repeats.

As the lion generally thirsts after blood, and is of a fierce and cruel nature, there are no secrets which he hunts after with more delight than those that cut off heads, hang, draw, and quarter, or end in the ruin of the person who becomes his prey. If he gets the wind of any word or action that may do a man good, it is not for his purpose; he quits the chace and falls into a more agreeable scent.

He discovers a wonderful sagacity in seeking after his prey. He couches and frisks about in a thousand sportful motions to draw it within his reach, and has a particular way of imitating the sound of the creature whom he would insnare; an artifice to be met with in no beast of prey, except the hyæna and the political lion.

You seldom see a cluster of news-mongers without a lion in the midst of them. He never misses taking his stand within ear-shot of one of those little ambitious men who set up for orators in places of public resort. If there is a whispering-hole, or any public-spirited corner in a coffee-house, you never fail of seeing a lion couched upon his elbow in some part of the neighbourhood.

A lion is particularly addicted to the perusal of every loose paper that lies in his way. He appears more than ordinarily attentive to what he reads, while he listens to those who are about him. He takes up the Post-man, and snuffs the candle that he may hear the better by it. I have seen a lion pore upon a single paragraph in an old gazette for two hours together, if his neighbours have been talking all that while.

Having given a full description of this monster, for the benefit of such innocent persons as may fall into his walks, I shall apply a word or two to the lion himself, whom I would desire to consider that he is a creature hated both by God and man, and regarded with the utmost contempt even by such as make use of him. Hangmen and executioners are necessary in a state, and so may the animal I have been here mentioning; but how despicable is the wretch that takes on him so vile an employment? There is scarce a being that would not suffer by a comparison with him, except that being only who acts the same kind of part, and is both the tempter and accuser of mankind.

‘ N. B. Mr. Isonside has, within five weeks last past, muzzled three lions, gorged five, and killed one. On Monday next the skin of the dead one will be hung up *in terrorem*, at Button’s coffee-house over-against Tom’s in Covent-garden.’



No. 72. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1713.

—*In vitium libertas excidit, et vim
Dignam lege regi.*—

HOR. ARS POET. 282.

—Its liberty was turn'd to rage ;
Such rage as civil power was forced to tame.

CREECH.

OXFORD is a place which I am more inquisitive about than even that of my nativity ; and when I have an account of any sprightly saying, or rising genius from thence, it brings my own youthful days into my mind, and throws me forty years back into life. It is for this reason, that I have thought myself a little neglected of late by Jack Lizard, from whom I used to hear at least once a week. The last post brought me his excuse, which is, that he hath been wholly taken up in preparing some exercises for the theatre. He tells me likewise, that the talk there is about a public act, and that the gay part of the university have great expectation of a *Terræ-filius*, who is to lash and sting all the world in a satirical speech. Against the great license which hath heretofore been taken in these libels, he expresses himself with such humanity, as is very unusual in a young person, and ought to be cherished and admired. For my own part I so far agree with him, that if the university permits a thing which I think much better let alone, I hope those, whose duty it is to appoint a proper person for that office, will take care that he utter nothing un-

becoming a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian. Moreover I would have them consider that their learned body hath already enemies enough, who are prepared to aggravate all irreverent insinuations, and to interpret all oblique indecencies, who will triumph in such a victory, and bid the university thank herself for the consequences.

In my time I remember the Terræ-filius contented himself with being bitter upon the Pope or chastising the Turk; and raised a serious and manly mirth, and adapted to the dignity of his auditory, by exposing the false reasoning of the heretic, or ridiculing the clumsy pretenders to genius and politeness. In the jovial reign of king Charles the Second, wherein never did more wit or more ribaldry abound, the fashion of being arch upon all that was grave, and waggish upon the ladies, crept into our seats of learning upon these occasions. This was managed grossly and awkwardly enough, in a place where the general plainness and simplicity of manners could ill bear the mention of such crimes, as in courts and great cities are called by the specious names of air and gallantry. It is to me amazing, that ever any man, bred up in the knowledge of virtue and humanity, should so far cast off all shame and tenderness, as to stand up in the face of thousands, and utter such contumelies as I have read and heard of. Let such an one know that he is making fools merry, and wise men sick; and that, in the eye of considering persons, he hath less compunction than the common hangman, and less shame than a prostitute.

Infamy is so cutting an evil, that most persons who have any elevation of soul, think it worse than death. Those who have it not in their power to revenge it, often pine away in anguish, and loath their

being; and those who have, enjoy no rest till they have vengeance. I shall therefore make it the business of this paper to show how base and ungenerous it is to traduce the women, and how dangerous to expose men of learning and character, who have generally been the subjects of these invectives.

It hath been often said, that women seem formed to soften the boisterous passions, and sooth the cares and anxieties to which men are exposed in the many perplexities of life. That having weaker bodies, and less strength of mind, than man, nature hath poured out her charms upon them, and given them such tenderness of heart, that the most delicate delight we receive from them is, in thinking them entirely ours, and under our protection. Accordingly we find, that all nations have paid a decent homage to this weaker and lovelier part of the rational creation, in proportion to their removal from savageness and barbarism. Chastity and truth are the only due returns that they can make for this generous disposition in the nobler sex. For beauty is so far from satisfying us of itself, that whenever we think that it is communicated to others, we behold it with regret and disdain. Whoever therefore robs a woman of her reputation, despoils a poor defenceless creature of all that makes her valuable, turns her beauty into loathsomeness, and leaves her friendless, abandoned, and undone. There are many tempers so soft, that the least calumny gives them pains they are not able to bear. They give themselves up to strange fears, gloomy reflections, and deep melancholy. How savage must he be, who can sacrifice the quiet of such a mind to a transient burst of mirth! Let him who wantonly sports away the peace of a poor lady, consider what discord he sows in families; how often he wrings the heart of a hoary parent; how often

he rouses the fury of a jealous husband ; how he extorts from the abused woman curses, perhaps not unheard, and poured out in the bitterness of her soul ! What weapons hath she wherewith to repel such an outrage ! How shall she oppose her softness and imbecility to the hardened forehead of a coward, who hath trampled upon weakness that could not resist him ! to a buffoon, who hath slandered innocence, to raise the laughter of fools ! who hath ‘ scattered firebrands, arrows, and death, and said, am I not in sport !’

Irreverent reflections upon men of learning and note, if their character be sacred, do great disservice to religion, and betray a vile mind in the author. I have therefore always thought, with indignation, upon that ‘ accuser of the brethren,’ the famous antiquary*, whose employment it was, for several years, to rake up all the ill-natured stories that had ever been fastened upon celebrated men, and transmit them to posterity with cruel industry, and malicious joy. Though the good men, ill-used, may out of a meek and Christian disposition, so far subdue their natural resentment, as to neglect and forgive ; yet the inventors of such calumnies will find generous persons, whose bravery of mind makes them think themselves proper instruments to chastise such insolence. And I have, in my time, more than once known the discipline of the blanket administered to the offenders, and all their slanders answered by that kind of syllogism which the ancient Romans called the ‘ argumentum bacillinum.’

I have less compassion for men of sprightly parts and genius, whose characters are played upon, because they have it in their power to avenge them-

* Mr. Anthony à Wood.

selves tenfold. But I think of all the classes of mankind, they are the most pardonable if they pay the slanderer in his own coin. For their names being already blazed abroad in the world, the least blot thrown upon them is displayed far and wide; and they have this sad privilege above the men in obscurity, that the dishonour travels as far as their fame. To be even therefore with their enemy, they are but too apt to diffuse his infamy as far as their own reputation; and perhaps triumph in secret, that they have it in their power to make his name the scoff and derision of after-ages. This, I say, they are too apt to do. For sometimes they resent the exposing of their little affectations or slips in writings as much as wounds upon their honour. The first are trifles they should laugh away, but the latter deserves their utmost severity.

I must confess a warmth against the buffooneries mentioned in the beginning of this paper, as they have so many circumstances to aggravate their guilt. A license for a man to stand up in the schools of the prophets, in a grave decent habit, and audaciously vent his obloquies against the doctors of our church, and directors of our young nobility, gentry, and clergy, in their hearing and before their eyes; to throw calumnies upon poor defenceless women, and offend their ears with nauseous ribaldry, and name their names at length in a public theatre, when a queen* is upon the throne; such a licence as this never yet gained ground in our playhouses; and I hope will not need a law to forbid it. Were I to advise in this matter, I should represent to the orator how noble a field there lay before him for panegyric; what a happy opportunity he had of doing

* Queen Anne, mentioned merely as a queen.

justice to the great men who once were of that famous body, or now shine forth in it ; nor should I neglect to insinuate the advantages he might propose by gaining their friendship, whose worth, by a contrary treatment, he will be imagined either not to know, or to envy. This might rescue the name from scandal ; and if, as it ought, this performance turned solely upon matters of wit and learning, it might have the honour of being one of the first productions of the magnificent printing house, just erected at Oxford*.

This paper is written with a design to make my journey to Oxford agreeable to me, where I design to be at the Public Act. If my advice is neglected I shall not scruple to insert in the Guardian whatever the men of letters and genius transmit to me, in their own vindication ; and I hereby promise that I myself will draw my pen in defence of all injured women.

* The Clarendon printing-house.

No. 73. THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1713.

In amore hæc omnia insunt. —

TER. EUN. ACT. i. SC. 1. 14.

All these things are inseparable from love.

IT is matter of great concern that there come so many letters to me, wherein I see parents make love for their children, and without any manner of regard to the season of life, and the respective interests of their progeny, judge of their future happiness by the rules of ordinary commerce. When a man falls in love in some families, they use him as if his land was mortgaged to them, and he cannot discharge himself, but by really making it the same thing in an unreasonable settlement, or foregoing what is dearer to him than his estate itself. These extortioners are of all others the most cruel; and the sharks, who prey upon the inadvertency of young heirs, are more pardonable than those who trespass upon the good opinion of those who treat with them upon the foot of choice and respect. The following letters may place in the reader's view uneasinesses of this sort, which may, perhaps, be useful to some under the circumstances mentioned by my correspondents.

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ VENERABLE SIR,

“ IT is impossible to express the universal satisfaction your precautions give in a country so far

north as ours ; and indeed it were impertinent to expatiate in a case that is by no means particular to ourselves ; all mankind, who wish well to one another, being equally concerned in their success. However, as all nations have not the genius, and each particular man has his different views and taste, we northerns cannot but acknowledge our obligations in a more especial manner, for your matrimonial precautions, which we more immediately are interested in. Our climate has ever been recorded as friendly to the continuation of our kind ; and the ancient histories are not more full of their Goths and Vandals, that in swarms overspread all Europe, than modern story is of its Yorkshire hostlers and attorneys, who are remarkably eminent and beneficial in every market-town, and most inns in this kingdom. I shall not here presume to enter, with the ancient sages, into a particular reasoning upon the case, as whether it proceeds from the cold temper of the air, or the particular constitution of the persons, or both ; from the fashionable want of artifice in the women, and their entire satisfaction in one conquest only, or the happy ignorance in the men, of those southern vices which effeminate mankind.

“ From this encomium, I do not question but by this time you infer me happy already in the legal possession of some fair one, or in a probable way of being so. But alas ! neither is my case, and from the cold damp which this minute seizes upon my heart, I presage never will. What shall I do ? To complain here is to talk to winds, or mortals as regardless as they. The tempestuous storms in the neighbouring mountains, are not more relentless, or the crags more deaf, than the old gentleman is to my sighs and prayers. The lovely Pastorella indeed hears and gently sighs, but it is only to increase my

tortures ; she is too dutiful to disobey a father ; and I neither able, nor forward, to receive her by an act of disobedience.

“ As to myself, my humour, till this accident to ruffle it, has ever been gay and thoughtless, perpetually toying amongst the women, dancing briskly and singing softly. For I take it, more men miscarry amongst them for having too much than too little understanding. Pastorella seems willing to relieve me from my frights ; and by her constant carriage, by admitting my visits at all hours, has convinced all hereabouts of my happiness with her, and occasioned a total defection amongst her former lovers, to my infinite contentment. Ah ! Mr. Ironside, could you but see in a calm evening the profusion of ease and tenderness betwixt us ! The murmuring river that glides gently by, the cooing turtles in the neighbouring groves, are harsh compared to her more tuneful voice. The happy pair, first joined in Paradise, not more enamoured walked ! more sweetly loved ! But alas ! what is all this ! an imaginary joy, in which we trifle away our precious time, without coming together for ever. That must depend upon the old gentleman, who sees I cannot live without his daughter, and knows I cannot, upon his terms, ever be happy with her. I beg of you to send for us all up to town together, that we may be heard before you, for we all agree in a deference to your judgment, upon these heads :

‘ Whether the authority of a father should not accommodate itself to the liberty of a free-born English woman ?

‘ Whether, if you think fit to take the old gentleman into your care, the daughter may not choose her lover for her Guardian ?

‘ Whether all parents are not obliged to provide for the just passions of their children when grown up, as well as food and raiment in their tender years ?

“ These, and such points being unsettled in the world, are cause of great distraction, and it would be worthy your great age and experience, to consider them distinctly for the benefit of domestic life. All which, most venerable Nestor, is humbly submitted by all your northern friends, as well as

“ Your most obedient, and

“ devoted humble servant,

“ PASTOR FIDO.”

“ From a certain town in Cumberland,
May 21.”

“ MR. IRONSIDE,

“ WE who subscribe this, are man and wife, and have been so these fifteen years : but you must know we have quarrelled twice a day ever since we came together, and at the same time have a very tender regard for one another. We observe this habitual disputation has an ill effect upon our children, and they lose their respect towards us from this jangling of ours. We lately entered into an agreement, that from that time forward, when either should fall into a passion, the party angry should go into another room, and write a note to the other by one of the children, and the person writ to, right or wrong, beg pardon ; because the writing to avoid passion, is in itself an act of kindness. This little method, with the smiles of the messengers, and other nameless incidents in the management of this correspondence with the next room, has produced inexpressible delight, made our children and servants cheerful under

our care and protection, and made us ourselves sensible of a thousand good qualities we now see in each other, which could not before shine out, because of our mutual impatience.

“ Your humble servants,

“ PHILIP and MARY.

“ P. S. Since the above, my wife is gone out of the room, and writes word by Billy that she would have in the above letter, the words ‘ jangling of ours,’ changed into the words, ‘ these our frequent debates.’ I allow of the amendment, and desire you would understand accordingly, that we never jangled, but went into frequent debates, which were always held in a committee of the whole house.”

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ SAGACIOUS SIR,

“ WE married men reckon ourselves under your ward, as well as those who live in a less regular condition. You must know, I have a wife, who is one of those good women who are never very angry, or very much pleased. My dear is rather inclined to the former, and will walk about in soliloquy, dropping sentences to herself of management, saying ‘ she will say nothing, but she knows when her head is laid what—’ and the rest of that kind of half expressions. I am never inquisitive to know what is her grievance, because I know it is only constitution. I call her by the kind appellation of my gentle Murmur, and I am so used to hear her, that I believe I could not sleep without it. It would not be amiss if you communicated this to the public, that many who think their wives angry, may know they are only not pleased, and that very many come into this

world, and go out of it at a very good old age, without having ever been much transported with joy or grief, in their whole lives.

“ Your humble servant,
“ ARTHUR SMOOTH.”

“ MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

“ I AM now three and twenty, and in the utmost perplexity how to behave myself towards a gentleman whom my father has admitted to visit me as a lover. I plainly perceive my father designs to take advantage of his passion towards me, and require terms of him which will make him fly off. I have orders to be cold to him in all my behaviour : but if you insert this letter in the Guardian, he will know that distance is constrained. I love him better than life, am satisfied with the offer he has made, and desire him to stick to it, that he may not hereafter think he has purchased me too dear. My mother knows I love him, so that my father must comply.

“ Your thankful Ward,
“ SUSANNAH ———

“ P. S. I give my service to him, and desire the settlement may be such as shows I have my thoughts fixed upon my happiness in being his wife, rather than his widow.”

No. 74. FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1713.

Magne Parens, sanctá quam majestate verendus.

BUCH.

Great Parent! how majestic! how adorable!

I WILL make no apology for preferring this letter, and the extract following, to any thing else which I could possibly insert.

“ SIR,

“ YOU having been pleased to take notice of what you conceived excellent in some of our English divines, I have here presumed to send a specimen, which, if I am not mistaken, may for acuteness of judgement, ornament of speech, and true sublime, compare with any of the choicest writings of the ancient fathers or doctors of the church, who lived nearest to the apostles' times. The subject is no less than that of God himself; and the design, besides doing some honour to our own nation, is to show by a fresh example, to what a height and strength of thought a person who appears not to be by nature endowed with the quickest parts, may arrive, through a sincere and steady practice of the Christian religion, I mean, as taught and administered in the church of England: which will, at the same time, prove that the force of spiritual assistance is not at all abated by length of time, or the iniquity of man-

kind ; but that if men were not wanting to themselves, and, as our excellent author speaks, could but be persuaded to conform to our church's rules, they might still live as the primitive Christians did, and come short of none of those eminent saints for virtue and holiness. The author from whom this collection is made is bishop Beveridge, vol. ii. serm. 1.

“ PHILOTHEUS.

“ Cambridge, May 31.

“ In treating upon that passage in the book of Exodus, where Moses being ordered to lead the Children of Israel out of Egypt, he asked God what name he should mention him by to that people, in order to dispose them to obey him ; and God answered, ‘ I Am that I Am ;’ and bade him tell I Am hath sent me unto you ;’ the admirable author thus discourses : ‘ God having been pleased to reveal himself to us under this name or title, ‘ I Am that I Am,’ he thereby suggests to us, that he would not have us apprehend of him, as of any particular or limited being, but as a being in general, or the Being of all beings ; who giveth being to, and therefore exerciseth authority over all things in the world. He did not answer Moses, ‘ I am the great, the living, the true, the everlasting God,’ he did not say, ‘ I am the almighty Creator, Preserver, and Governor, of the whole world,’ but ‘ I am that I Am :’ intimating, that if Moses desired such a name of God as might fully describe his nature as in itself, that is a thing impossible, there being no words to be found in any language, whereby to express the glory of an infinite Being, especially so as that finite creatures should be able fully to conceive it. Yet, however,

in these words he is pleased to acquaint us what kind of thoughts he would have us entertain of him : in-
somuch, that, could we but rightly apprehend what
is couched under, and intended by them, we should
doubtless have as high and true conceptions of God
as it is possible for creatures to have.'——The an-
swer given suggests further to us these following
notions of the most high God. ' First, that he is
one being, existing in and of himself ; his unity is
implied in that he saith, ' I ;' his existence in that
he saith ' I Am ;' his existence in and of himself,
in that he saith, ' I Am that I Am,' that is, ' I Am
in and of myself,' not receiving any thing from, nor
depending upon any other.——The same expression
implies, that as God is only one, so that he is a most
pure and simple being ; for here we see he admits
nothing into the manifestation of himself but pure
essence, saying, ' I Am that I Am,' that is, being
itself, without any mixture or composition. And
therefore we must not conceive of God, as made up
of several parts, or faculties, or ingredients, but only
as one who ' Is that he Is,' and whatsoever is in
Him is himself : And although we read of several
properties attributed to him in scripture, as wisdom,
goodness, justice, &c. we must not apprehend them
to be several powers, habits, or qualities, as they are
in us ; for as they are in God, they are neither dis-
tinguished from one another, nor from his nature or
essence, in whom they are said to be. In whom, I
say, they are said to be : for to speak properly, they
are not in him, but are his very essence, or nature
itself ; which acting severally upon several objects,
seems to us to act from several properties or perfec-
tions in him ; whereas all the difference is only, in our
different apprehensions of the same thing. God in
himself is a most simple and pure act, and therefore

cannot have any thing in him, but what is that most simple and pure act itself ; which seeing it bringeth upon every creature what it deserves, we conceive of it as of several divine perfections in the same Almighty Being. Whereas God, whose understanding is infinite as Himself, doth not apprehend himself under the distinct notions of wisdom, or goodness, or justice, or the like, but only as Jehovah : And therefore, in this place, he doth not say, ‘ I am wise, or just, or good,’ but simply, ‘ I Am that I Am.’

“ Having thus offered at something towards the explication of the first of these mysterious sayings in the answer God made to Moses, when he designed to encourage him to lead his people out of Egypt, he proceeds to consider the other, whereby God calls himself absolutely ‘ I Am.’ Concerning which he he takes notice, that though, ‘ I Am’ be commonly a verb of the first person, yet it is here used as a noun substantive, or proper name, and is the nominative case to another verb of the third person in these words, ‘ I Am hath sent me unto you.’ A strange expression ! But when God speaks of himself, he cannot be confined to grammar-rules, being infinitely above and beyond the reach of all languages in the world. And therefore, it is no wonder that when he would reveal himself he goes out of our common way of speaking one to another, and expresseth himself in a way peculiar to himself, and such as is suitable and proper to his own nature and glory.

“ Hence therefore, as when he speaks of himself and his own eternal essence, he saith, ‘ I Am that I Am ;’ so when he speaks of himself, with reference to his creatures, and especially to his people, he saith, ‘ I Am.’ He doth not say ‘ I Am their light, their life, their guide, their strength, or tower,’ but only

‘I Am;’ He sets as it were his hand to a blank, that his people may write under it what they please that is good for them. As if he should say, ‘Are they weak? I am strength. Are they poor? I am riches. Are they in trouble? I am comfort. Are they sick? I am health. Are they dying? I am life. Have they nothing? I am all things. I am wisdom and power, I am justice and mercy. I am grace and goodness, I am glory, beauty, holiness, eminency, supereminency, perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity, Jehovah, I am. Whatsoever is suitable to their nature, or convenient for them in their several conditions, that I am. Whatsoever is amiable in itself, or desirable unto them, that I am. Whatsoever is pure and holy; whatsoever is great or pleasant; whatsoever is good or needful to make men happy; that I am.’ So that, in short, God here represents himself unto us as an universal good, and leaves us to make the application of it to ourselves, according to our several wants, capacities and desires, by say-only in general, ‘I Am.’

“Again, page 27, he thus discourses;—There is more solid joy and comfort, more real delight and satisfaction of mind, in one single thought of God, rightly formed, than all the riches, and honours, and pleasures of this world, put them all together, are able to afford.—Let us then call in all our scattered thoughts from all things here below, and raise them up and unite them all to the most high God; apprehending him under the idea, image, or likeness of any thing else, but as infinitely greater, and higher, and better than all things: as one existing in and of himself, and giving essence and existence to all things in the world besides himself; as one so pure and simple that there is nothing in him but himself, but essence and being itself; as

one so infinite and omnipotent, that wheresoever any thing else is in the whole world, there he is, and beyond the world where nothing else is, there all things are, because he is there; as one so wise, so knowing, so omniscient, that he at this very moment, and always, sees what all the angels are doing in heaven; what all the fowls are doing in the air; what all the fishes are doing in the waters; what all the devils are doing in hell; what all the men and beasts, and the very insects are doing upon earth; as one so powerful and omnipotent, that he can do whatsoever he will, only by willing it should be done; as one so great, so good, so glorious, so immutable, so transcendent, so infinite, so incomprehensible, so eternal, what shall I say? so Jehovah, that the more we think of him, the more we admire him, the more we adore him, the more we love him, the more we may and ought; our highest conceptions of him being as much beneath him, as our greatest services come short of what we owe him.

“ Seeing, therefore, we cannot think of God so highly as he is, let us think of him as highly as we can; and for that end let us get above ourselves, and above the world, and raise up our thoughts higher and higher, and higher still, and when we have got them up as high as possibly we can, let us apprehend a Being infinitely higher than the highest of them; and then finding ourselves at a loss, amazed, confounded at such an infinite height of infinite perfections, let us fall down in humble and hearty desires to be freed from these dark prisons wherein we are now immured, that we may take our flight into eternity, and there, through the merits of our ever blessed Saviour, see this infinite Being face to face, and enjoy him for ever.”

No. 75. SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1713.

Hic est, aut nusquam, quod quærimus. —

HOR. EPIST. i. 17. 39.

Here, or no where, we may hope to find
What we desire.—

CREECH.

THIS paper shall consist of extracts from two great divines, but of very different genius. The one is to be admired for convincing the understanding, the other for inflaming the heart. The former urges us in this plain and forcible manner to an inquiry into religion, and practising its precepts.

“ Suppose the world began some time to be ; it must either be made by counsel and design, that is, produced by some Being that knew what it did, that did contrive it and frame it as it is ; which it is easy to conceive, a Being that is infinitely good and wise, and powerful, might do : but this is to own a God— or else the matter of it being supposed to have been always, and in continual motion and tumult, it at last happened to fall into this order, and the parts of matter, after various agitations, were at length entangled and knit together in this order, in which we see the world to be. But can any man think this reasonable to imagine, that in the infinite variety which is in the world, all things should happen by chance, as well, and as orderly, as the greatest wisdom could have contrived them ? Whoever can believe this, must do it with his will, and not with his understanding.

“ Supposing the reasons for, and against, the principles of religion, were equal, yet the danger and hazard is so unequal, as would sway a prudent man to the affirmative. Suppose a man believe there is no God, nor life after this, and suppose he be in the right, but not certain that he is, for that I am sure in this case is impossible ; all the advantage he hath by this opinion relates only to this world and this present time ; for he cannot be the better for it when he is not. Now what advantage will it be to him in this life ? He shall have the more liberty to do what he pleaseth ; that is, it furnisheth him with a stronger temptation to be intemperate, and lustful, and unjust, that is, to do those things which prejudice his body, and his health, which cloud his reason, and darken his understanding, which will make him enemies in the world, will bring him into danger. So that it is no advantage to any man to be vicious ; and yet this is the greatest use that is made of atheistical principles ; to comfort men in their vicious courses. But if thou hast a mind to be virtuous, and temperate, and just, the belief of the principles of religion will be no obstacle, but a furtherance to thee in this course. All the advantage a man can hope for, by disbelieving the principles of religion, is to escape trouble and persecution in this world which may happen to him upon account of religion. But supposing there be a God and a life after this ; then what a vast difference is there of the consequences of these opinions ! As much as between finite and infinite, time and eternity.

“ To persuade men to believe the scriptures, I only offer this to men’s consideration. If there be a God, whose providence governs the world, and all the creatures in it, is it not reasonable to think that he hath a particular care of men, the noblest part of

this visible world? And seeing he hath made them capable of eternal duration; that he hath provided for their eternal happiness, and sufficiently revealed to them the way to it, and the terms and conditions of it! Now let any man produce any book in the world, that pretends to be from God, and to do this; that for the matter of it is so worthy of God, the doctrines whereof are so useful, and the precepts so reasonable, and the arguments so powerful; the truth of all which was confirmed by so many great and unquestionable miracles, the relation of which has been transmitted to posterity in public and authentic records, written by those who were eye and ear witnesses of what they wrote, and free from suspicion of any worldly interest and design; let any produce a book like to this, in all these respects; and which, over and besides, hath, by the power and reasonableness of the doctrines contained in it, prevailed so miraculously in the world, by weak and inconsiderable means, in opposition to all the wit and power of the world, and under such discouragements as no other religion was ever assaulted with; let any man bring forth such book, and he hath my leave to believe it as soon as the Bible. But if there be none such, as I am well assured there is not, then every one that thinks God hath revealed himself to men, ought to embrace and entertain the doctrine of the holy scriptures, as revealed by God.

“ And now having presented men with such arguments and considerations as are proper, and, I think, sufficient to induce belief, I think it not unreasonable to intreat and urge men diligently and impartially to consider these matters; and if there be weight in these considerations to sway reasonable men, that they would not suffer themselves to be biassed by prejudice or passion, or interest to a con-

trary persuasion. Thus much I may with reason desire of men ; for though men cannot believe what they will, yet men may, if they will, consider things seriously and impartially, and yield or withhold their assent, as they shall see cause, after a thorough search and examination.

“ If any man will offer a serious argument against any of the principles of religion, and will debate the matter soberly, as one that considers the infinite consequences of these things one way or other, and would gladly be satisfied, he deserves to be heard what he can say ; but if a man will turn religion into raillery, and confute it by two or three bold jests, he doth not make religion, but himself ridiculous, in the opinion of all considerate men, because he sports with his life.

“ So that it concerns every man that would not trifle away his soul, and fool himself into irrecoverable misery, with the greatest seriousness to inquire into these things, whether they be so, or no, and patiently to consider the arguments that are brought for them.

“ And when you are examining these matters, do not take into consideration any sensual or worldly interest ; but deal fairly and impartially with yourselves. Think with yourselves that you have not the making of things true and false, that the principles of religion are either true or false, before you think of them. The truth of things is already fixed : either there is a God, or no God ; either your souls are immortal or they are not ; either the scriptures are a divine revelation, or an imposture ; one of these is certain and necessary, and they are not now to be altered. Things will not comply with your conceits, and bend themselves to your interests : therefore, do not think what you would have to be ; but consider impartially what is.”

The other great writer is particularly useful in his rapturous soliloquies, wherein he thinks of the Deity with the highest admiration, and beholds himself with the most contrite lowliness. "My present business," says he, "is to treat of God, his being and attributes; but 'who is sufficient for these things?' At least, who am I, a silly worm, that I should take upon me to speak of Him, by whom alone I speak; and being myself but a finite, sinful creature, should strive to unveil the nature of the infinite and Most Holy God! Alas! I cannot so much as begin to think of him, but immediately my thoughts are confounded, my heart is perplexed, my mind amazed, my head turns round, my whole soul seems to be unhinged and overwhelmed within me. His mercy exalts me: His justice depresseth me. His wisdom astonisheth me. His power affrights me. His glory dazzles mine eyes; and by 'reason of his highness,' as Job speaks, I cannot endure: But the least glimpse of Him makes me abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes before him."



No. 76. MONDAY, JUNE 8, 1713.

—*Solos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.*

HOR. EPIST. i. 15. 45.

—Those are blest, and only those,
Whose stately house their hidden treasure shows.

CREECH.

I EVER thought it my duty to preserve peace and love among my wards. And since I have set up for an universal Guardian, I have laid nothing more to heart than the differences and quarrels between the landed and the trading interest of my country, which indeed comprehend the whole. I shall always contribute, to the utmost of my power, to reconcile these interests to each other, and to make them both sensible that their mutual happiness depends upon their being friends.

They mutually furnish each other with all the necessaries and conveniences of life ; the land supplies the traders with corn, cattle, wool, and generally all the materials, either for their subsistence or their riches ; the traders in return provide the gentlemen with houses, clothes, and many other things, without which their life at best would be uncomfortable. Yet these very interests are almost always clashing, the traders consider every high duty upon any part of their trade as proceeding from jealousy in the

gentlemen of their rivalling them too fast ; and they are often enemies on this account. The gentlemen, on the other hand, think they never can lay too great a burthen upon trade, though in every thing they eat and drink, and wear, they are sure to bear the greatest part themselves.

I shall endeavour, as much as possible, to remove this emulation between the parties, and, in the first place, to convince the traders, that in many instances high duties may be laid upon their imports, to enlarge the general trade of the kingdom. For example, if there should be laid a prohibition, or high duties which shall amount to a prohibition, upon the imports from any other country which takes from us a million sterling every year, and returns us nothing else but manufactures for the consumption of our own people, it is certain this ought to be considered as the increase of our trade in general ; for if we want these manufactures, we shall either make them ourselves, or, which is the same thing, import them from other countries in exchange for our own. In either of which cases, our foreign or inland trade is enlarged, and so many more of our own people are employed and subsisted for that money which was annually exported, that is, in all probability, a hundred and fifty thousand of our people for the yearly sum of one million. If our traders would consider many of our prohibitions or high duties in this light, they would think their country and themselves obliged to the landed interest for these restraints.

Again, gentlemen are too apt to envy the traders every sum of money they import, and gain from aboard, as if it was so much loss to themselves ; but if they could be convinced, that for every million that shall be imported and gained by the traders,

more than twice that sum is gained by the landed interest, they would never be averse to the trading part of the nation. To convince them, therefore, that this is the fact, shall be the remaining part of this discourse.

Let us suppose, then, that a million, or, if you please, that twenty millions were to be imported, and gained by trade : to what uses could it be applied? And which would be the greatest gainers, the landed or the trading interest? Suppose it to be twenty millions.

It cannot at all be doubted, that a part of the afore-mentioned sum would be laid out in luxury, such as the magnificence of buildings, the plate and furniture of houses, jewels, and rich apparel, the elegance of diet, the splendour of coaches and equipage, and such other things as are an expense to the owners, and bring in no manner of profit. But because it is seldom seen, that persons who by great industry have gained estates, are extravagant in their luxury ; and because the revenue must be still sufficient to support the annual expense, it is hard to conceive that more than two of the twenty millions can be converted into this dead stock, at least eighteen must still be left to raise an annual interest to the owners ; and the revenue from the eighteen millions, at six per centum, will be little more than one million per annum.

Again, a part of the twenty millions is very likely to be converted to increase the stock of our inland trade, in which is comprehended that upon all our farms. This is the trade which provides for the annual consumption of our people, and a stock of the value of two years consumption is generally believed to be sufficient for this purpose. If the eighteen millions above mentioned will not raise a

revenue of more than one million per annum, it is certain that no more than this last value can be added to our annual consumption, and that two of the twenty millions will be sufficient to add to the stock of our inland trade.

Our foreign trade is considered upon another foot; for though it provides in part for the annual consumption of our own people, it provides also for the consumption of foreign nations. It exports our superfluous manufactures, and should make returns of bullion, or other durable treasure. Our foreign trade for forty years last past, in the judgement of the most intelligent persons, has been managed by a stock not less than four, and not exceeding eight millions, with which last sum they think it is driven at this time, and that it cannot be carried much further, unless our merchants shall endeavour to open a trade to *Terra Australis incognita*, or some place that would be equivalent. It will therefore be a very large allowance, that one of the twenty millions can be added to the capital stock of our foreign trade.

There may be another way of raising interest; that is, by laying up, at a cheap time, corn or other goods or manufactures that will keep, for the consumption of future years, and when the markets may happen to call for them at an advanced price. But as most goods are perishable, and waste something every year, by which means a part of the principal is still lost, and as it is seldom seen that these engrossers get more than their principal, and the common interest of their money, this way is so precarious and full of hazard, that it is very unlikely any more than three of the twenty millions will be applied to engrossing. It were to be wished the engrossers were more profitable traders for themselves; they are certainly

very beneficial for the commonwealth ; they are a market for the rich, in a time of plenty, and ready at hand with relief for the poor in a time of dearth. They prevent the exportation of many necessaries of life, when they are very cheap ; so that we are not at the charge of bringing them back again, when they are very dear. They save the money that is paid to foreign countries for interest, and warehouse room ; but there is so much hazard, and so little profit in this business, that if twenty millions were to be imported, scarce three of them would be applied to the making magazines for the kingdom.

If any of the money should be lent at interest to persons that shall apply the same to any of the purposes above mentioned, it is still the same thing. If I have given good reasons for what I have said, no more than eight of the twenty millions can be applied either to our dead stock of luxury, our stock in inland or foreign trade, or our stores or magazines. So that still there will remain twelve millions, which are now no otherwise to be disposed of than in buying of lands or houses, or our new parliamentary funds, or in being lent out at interest upon mortgages of those securities, or to persons who have no other ways to repay the value than by part of the things themselves.

The question then is, what effect these twelve millions will have towards reducing the interest of money, or raising the value of estates ; for as the former grows less, the latter will ever rise in proportion. For example, while the interest of money is five per cent. per annum, a man lends two thousand pounds, to raise a revenue of one hundred pounds per annum by the interest of his money ;

and for the same reason he gives two thousand pounds or more, to purchase an estate of one hundred pounds per annum. Again, if the interest of money shall fall one per cent, he must be forced to lend two thousand four hundred pounds, to gain the revenue of one hundred pounds per annum, and for the same reason he must give at least two thousand four hundred pounds, to purchase an estate of the same yearly rent. Therefore, if these twelve millions newly gained shall reduce one per cent. of the present interest of money, they must of necessity increase every estate at least four years value in the purchase.

It is ever easier to meet with men that will borrow money than sell their estates. An evidence of this is, that we never have so good a revenue by buying, as by lending. The first thing therefore that will be attempted with these twelve millions, is to lend money to those that want it. This can hardly fail of reducing one per cent. of the present interest of money, and consequently of raising every estate four years value in the purchase.

For in all probability all the money or value now in England, not applied to any of the uses above mentioned, and which therefore lies dead, or affords no revenue to the owners, till it can be disposed of to such uses, doth not exceed twelve millions; yet this sum, whatever it is, is sufficient to keep down money to the present interest, and to hold up lands to their present value. One would imagine, then, if this sum should be doubled, if twelve millions extraordinary should be added to it, they should reduce half the present interest of money, and double the present value of estates. But it will easily be allowed they must reduce one

per cent. of the present interest of money, and add the value of four years rent to the purchase of every estate.

To confirm the belief of this, an argument might be taken from what really happened in the province of Holland before the year one thousand six hundred and seventy. I think it is in Sir William Temple's Observations upon the United Netherlands. The government there was indebted about thirteen millions, and paid the interest of five per cent. per annum. They had got a sum of money, I think not above a million, with which they prepared to discharge such a part of the principal. The creditors were so unable to find so good an interest elsewhere, that they petitioned the states to keep their money, with an abatement of one per cent. of their interest. The same money was offered to the same number of other creditors with the same success, till one per cent. of their whole interest was abated, yet at last such a part of the principal was discharged. And when this sum came to be lent to private persons, it had the same effect; there one per cent. of the common interest was abated throughout the whole province, as well between subject and subject as between the subjects and their governors. And nothing is so notorious, as that the value of lands in that country has risen in proportion, and that estates are sold there for thirty years value of their whole rents. It is not then to be doubted, that twelve millions extraordinary to be lent at interest, or purchase lands, or government securities, must have the like effect in England, at least that lands will rise four years rent in every purchase above their present value. And how great an improvement must this be of the landed interest!

The rents of England, according to the proportion

of the land-tax, should be little more than eight millions, yet perhaps they may be twelve. If there is made an addition of four years value in every purchase ; this upon all the rents of England, amounts to forty-eight millions. So that, by the importation and clear gain of twenty millions by trade, the landed interest gains an improvement of forty-eight millions, at least six times as much as all other interests joined together.

I should think this argument, which I have endeavoured to set in a clear light, must needs be sufficient to show, that the landed and the trading interests cannot in reality but be friends to each other.

No. 77. TUESDAY, JUNE 9, 1713.

— *Certum voto pete finem.*

HOR. EPIST. i. 2. 56.

— To wishes fix an end.

CREECH.

THE writers of morality assign two sorts of goods, the one is in itself desirable, the other is to be desired, not on account of its own excellency, but for the sake of some other thing which it is instrumental to obtain. These are usually distinguished by the appellations of end and means. We are prompted by nature to desire the former, but that we have any appetite for the latter is owing to choice and deliberation.

But as wise men engage in the pursuit of means, from a further view of some natural good with which they are connected ; fools, who are actuated by imitation, and not by reason, blindly pursue the means, without any design or prospect of applying them. The result whereof is, that they entail upon themselves the anxiety and toil, but are debarred from the subsequent delights which arise to wiser men ; since their views, not reaching the end, terminate in those things, which although they have a relative goodness, yet, considered absolutely, are indifferent, or it may be, evil.

The principle of this misconduct is a certain shortsightedness in the mind : and as this defect is branched forth into innumerable errors in life, and hath infected all ranks and conditions of men ; so it more eminently appears in three species, the critics, misers, and freethinkers. I shall endeavour to make good this observation with regard to each of them. And first of the critics.

Profit and pleasure are the ends that a reasonable creature would propose to obtain by study, or indeed by any other undertaking. Those parts of learning which relate to the imagination, as eloquence and poetry, produce an immediate pleasure in the mind. And sublime and useful truths, when they are conveyed in apt allegories or beautiful images, make more distinct and lasting impressions ; by which means the fancy becomes subservient to the understanding, and the mind is at the same time delighted and instructed. The exercise of the understanding in the discovery of truth, is likewise attended with great pleasure, as well as immediate profit. It not only strengthens our faculties, purifies the soul, subdues the passions ; but besides these advantages, there is also a secret joy that flows from

intellectual operations proportioned to the nobleness of the faculty, and not the less affecting because inward and unseen.

But the mere exercise of the memory as such, instead of bringing pleasure or immediate benefit, is a thing of vain irksomeness and fatigue, especially when employed in the acquisition of languages, which is, of all others, the most dry and painful occupation. There must be, therefore, something further proposed, or a wise man would never engage in it. And, indeed, the very reason of the thing plainly intimates, that the motive which first drew men to affect a knowledge in dead tongues, was that they looked on them as means to convey more useful and entertaining knowledge into their minds.

There are, nevertheless, certain critics, who, seeing that Greek and Latin are in request, join in a thoughtless pursuit of those languages, without any further view. They look on the ancient authors, but it is with an eye to phraseology, or certain minute particulars, which are valuable for no other reason but because they are despised and forgotten by the rest of mankind. The divine maxims of morality, the exact pictures of human life, the profound discoveries in the arts and sciences, just thoughts, bright images, sublime sentiments, are overlooked, while the mind is learnedly taken up in verbal remarks.

Was a critic ever known to read Plato with a contemplative mind, or Cicero, in order to imbibe the noble sentiments of virtue and a public spirit, which are conspicuous in the writings of that great man; or to peruse the Greek or Roman histories, with an intention to form his own life upon the plan of the illustrious patterns they exhibit to our view? Plato wrote in Greek. Cicero's Latin is fine. And

it often lies in a man's way to quote the ancient historians.

There is no entertainment upon earth more noble and befitting a reasonable mind, than the perusal of good authors ; or that better qualifies a man to pass this life with satisfaction to himself, or advantage to the public. But where men of short views and mean souls give themselves to that sort of employment which nature never designed them for, they indeed keep one another in countenance ; but instead of cultivating and adorning their own minds, or acquiring an ability to be useful to the world, they reap no other advantage from their labours, than the dry consolation arising from the applauses they bestow upon each other.

And the same weakness, or defect of the mind, from whence pedantry takes its rise, does likewise give birth to avarice. Words and money are both to be regarded as only marks of things ; and as the knowledge of the one, so the possession of the other is of no use, unless directed to a further end. A mutual commerce could not be carried on among men, if some common standard had not been agreed upon, to which the value of all the various products of art and nature were reducible, and which might be of the same use in the conveyance of property, as words are in that of ideas. Gold by its beauty, scarceness, and durable nature, seems designed by Providence to a purpose so excellent and advantageous to mankind. Upon these considerations that metal came first into esteem. But such who cannot see beyond what is nearest in the pursuit, beholding mankind touched with an affection for gold, and being ignorant of the true reason that introduced this odd passion into human nature, imagine some intrinsic worth in the metal to be the cause of it. Hence the same men who, had

they been turned towards learning, would have employed themselves in laying up words in their memory, are, by a different application, employed to as much purpose, in treasuring up gold in their coffers. They differ only in the object; the principle on which they act, and the inward frame of the mind, is the same in the critic and the miser.

And upon a thorough observation, our modern sect of freethinkers will be found to labour under the same defect with those two inglorious species. Their short views are terminated in the next objects, and their specious pretences for liberty and truth, are so many instances of mistaking the means for the end. But the setting these points in a clear light must be the subject of another paper.

No. 78. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1713.

— *Docebo*

Unde parentur opes ; quid alat formetque Poëtam,

HOR. ARS POET. 306.

— I will teach to write,

Tell what the duty of a Poet is,

Wherein his wealth and ornament consist,

And how he may be form'd, and how improved.

ROSCOMMON.

It is no small pleasure to me, who am zealous in the interests of learning, to think I may have the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon

road of criticism. As that kind of literature is at present carried on, it consists only in a knowledge of mechanic rules which contribute to the structure of different sorts of poetry; as the receipts of good housewives do to the making puddings of flour, oranges, plumbs, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make these my instructions more easily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I discoursed of these matters in the style in which ladies, learned in economics, dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder.

I shall begin with epic poetry, because the critics agree it is the greatest work human nature is capable of. I know the French have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet, is a genius. I shall here endeavour, for the benefit of my countrymen, to make it manifest, that epic poems may be made 'without a genius,' nay, without learning, or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those poets who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. What Moliere observes of making a dinner, that any man can do it with money, and if a profest cook cannot without, he has his art for nothing*; the same may be said of making a poem, it is easily brought about by him that has a genius, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain recipe, by which even sonneteers and ladies may be qualified for this grand performance.

* The meaning is, his art is good for nothing.

I know it will be objected, that one of the chief qualifications of an epic poet, is to be knowing in all arts and sciences. But this ought not to discourage those that have no learning, as long as indexes and dictionaries may be had, which are the compendium of all knowledge. Besides, since it is an established rule, that none of the terms of those arts and sciences are to be made use of, one may venture to affirm our poet cannot impertinently offend in this point. The learning which will be more particularly necessary to him, is the ancient geography of towns, mountains, and rivers: for this let him take Cluverius, value four-pence.

Another quality required is a complete skill in languages. To this I answer, that it is notorious persons of no genius have been oftentimes great linguists. To instance in the Greek, of which there are two sorts; the original Greek, and that from which our modern authors translate. I should be unwilling to promise impossibilities, but modestly speaking, this may be learned in about an hour's time with ease. I have known one, who became a sudden professor of Greek, immediately upon application of the left-hand page of the Cambridge Homer to his eye. It is in these days with authors as with other men, the well-bred are familiarly acquainted with them at first sight; and as it is sufficient for a good general to have surveyed the ground he is to conquer, so it is enough for a good poet to have seen the author he is to be master of. But to proceed to the purpose of this paper.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.

FOR THE FABLE.

Take out of any old poem, history books, romance,

or legend, for instance Geffry of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece, those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions. Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures. There let him work, for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out ready prepared to conquer, or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.'

To make an episode.—'Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.'

For the moral and allegory.—'These you may extract out of the fable afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently.'

FOR THE MANNERS.

'For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined, whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem, to be an honest man.—

For the under-characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.'

FOR THE MACHINES.

'Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use. Separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; for since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his Art of Poetry :

*Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.*—

191.

Never presume to make a God appear,
But for a business worthy of a God.

ROSCOMMON.

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.'

FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS.

For a tempest.—'Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse. Add to these of rain, lightning, and of thunder, the

loudest you can, *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together, till they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing.'

For a battle.—' Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's Iliad, with a spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.'

For a burning town.—' If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the theory of the conflagration*, well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.'

' As for similes and metaphors, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them, but the danger is in applying them. For this, advise with your bookseller.'

FOR THE LANGUAGE.

I mean the diction. ' Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton, for you will find it easier to imitate him in this than any thing else. Hebraisms and Grecisms are to be found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter who, like our poet, had no genius, make his daubings be thought originals by setting them in the smoke. You may in the same manner give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening

* From Lib. III. De Conflagratione Mundi et Telluris Theoriâ Sacrà, published in 4to, 1689, by Dr. Thomas Burnet, master of the Charter-house.

it up and down with Old English. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion, by the dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.'

I must not conclude without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point, which is never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper; for they are observed to cool before they are read.

No. 79. THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1713.

— *Multa et pulchra minantem,
Vivere nec rectè, nec suaviter* —

HOR. EPIST. i. 8. 3.

— I make a noise, a gaudy show,
I promise mighty things, I nobly strive;
Yet what an ill, unpleasant life I live!

CREECH.

It is an employment worthy a reasonable creature, to examine into the disposition of men's affections towards each other, and, as far as one can, to improve all tendencies to good-nature and charity. No one could be unmoved with this epistle, which I received the other day from one of my correspondents, and which is full of the most ardent benevolence.

“TO THE GUARDIAN.

“SIR,

“I SELDOM read your political, your critical, your ludicrous, or, if you will call them so, your polite papers, but when I observe any thing which I think

written for the advancement of good-will amongst men, and laying before them objects of charity, I am very zealous for the promotion of so honest a design. Believe me, Sir, want of wit or wisdom is not the infirmity of this age; it is the shameful application of both that is the crying evil. As for my own part, I am always endeavouring at least to be better, rather than richer or wiser. But I never lamented that I was not a wealthy man so heartily as the other day. You must understand that I now and then take a walk of mortification, and pass a whole day in making myself profitably sad. I, for this end, visit the hospitals about this city, and when I have rambled about the galleries at Bedlam, and seen for an hour the utmost of all lamentable objects, human reason distracted; when I have from grate to grate offered up my prayers for a wretch who has been reviling me, for a figure that has seemed petrified with anguish—for a man that has held up his face in a posture of adoration towards heaven to utter execrations and blasphemies; I say, when I have beheld all these things, and thoroughly reflected on them, till I have startled myself out of my present ill course; I have thought fit to pass to the observation of less evils, and relieve myself by going to those charitable receptacles about this town, appointed only for bodily distresses. The gay and frolic part of mankind are wholly unacquainted with the numbers of their fellow-creatures, who languish under pain and agony, for want of a trifle out of that expense by which those fortunate persons purchase the gratification of a superfluous passion or appetite. I ended the last of these pilgrimages which I made, at St. Thomas's hospital in Southwark. I had seen all the variety of woe, which can arise from the dis-

tempers which attend human frailty ; but the circumstance which occasioned this letter, and gave me the quickest compassion, was beholding a little boy of ten years of age, who was just then to be expelled the house as incurable. My heart melted within me to think what would become of the poor child, who, as I was informed, had not a farthing in the world, nor father, nor mother, nor friend to help it. The infant saw my sorrow for it, and came towards me, and bid me speak, that it might die in the house.

“ Alas ! There are crowds cured in this place, and the strictest care taken, in the distribution of the charity, for wholesome food, good physic, and tender care in behalf of the patients ; but the provision is not large enough for those whom they do not despair of recovering, which makes it necessary to turn out the incurable, for the sake of those whom they can relieve. I was informed this was the fate of many in a year, as well as of this poor child, who, I suppose, corrupted away, yet alive in the streets. He was to be sure removed when he was only capable of giving offence, though avoided when still an object of compassion. There are not words to give mankind compunction enough on such an occasion ; but I assure you I think the miserable have a property in the superfluous possessions of the fortunate ; though I despair of seeing right done them till the day wherein those distinctions shall cease for ever, and they must both give an account for their behaviour under their respective sufferings and enjoyments. However, you would do your part as a guardian, if you would mention, in the most pathetic terms, these miserable objects, and put the good part of the world in mind of exerting the most noble benevolence that can be ima-

gined, in alleviating the few remaining moments of the incurable.

“ A gentleman who belonged to the hospital was saying, he believed it would be done as soon as mentioned, if it were proposed that a ward might be erected for the accommodation of such as have no more to do in this world, but resign themselves to death. I know no readier way of communicating this thought to the world than by your paper. If you omit to publish this, I shall never esteem you to be the man you pretend ; and so recommending the incurable to your Guardianship,

“ I remain, SIR,

“ Your humble servant,

“ PHILANTHROPOS.”

It must be confessed, that if one turns one's eyes round these cities of London and Wesminster, one cannot overlook the exemplary instances of heroic charity, in providing restraints for the wicked, instructions for the young, food and raiment for the aged, with regard also to all other circumstances and relations of human life ; but it is to be lamented that these provisions are made only by the middle kind of people, while those of fashion and power are raised above the species itself, and are unacquainted or unmoved with the calamities of others. But, alas ! how monstrous is this hardness of heart ! How is it possible that the returns of hunger and thirst should not importune men, though in the highest affluence, to consider the miseries of their fellow-creatures who languish under necessity : but as I hinted just now, the distinctions of mankind are almost wholly to be resolved into those of the rich and the poor ; for as certainly as wealth gives

acceptance and grace to all that its possessor says or does ; so poverty creates disesteem, scorn, and prejudice, to all the undertakings of the indigent. The necessitous man has neither hands, lips, or understanding, for his own or friend's use, but is in the same condition with the sick, with this difference only, that his is an infection no man will relieve, or assist, or if he does, it is seldom with so much pity as contempt, and rather for the ostentation of the physician, than compassion on the patient. It is a circumstance, wherein a man finds all the good he deserves inaccessible, all the ill unavoidable ; and the poor hero is as certainly ragged, as the poor villain hanged. Under these pressures the poor man speaks with hesitation, undertakes with irresolution, and acts with disappointment. He is slighted in men's conversation, overlooked in their assemblies, and beaten at their doors. But from whence, alas, has he this treatment ? from a creature that has only the supply of, but not an exemption from, the wants, for which he despises him. Yet such is the unaccountable insolence of man, that he will not see that he who is supported, is in the same class of natural necessity with him that wants a support ; and to be helped implies to be indigent. In a word, after all you can say of a man, conclude that he is rich, and you have made him friends ; nor have you utterly overthrown a man in the world's opinion, till you have said he is poor. This is the emphatical expression of praise and blame : for men so stupidly forget their natural impotence and want, that riches and poverty have taken in our imagination the place of innocence and guilt.

Reflections of this kind do but waste one's being, without capacity of helping the distressed ; yet though I know no way to do any service to my bre-

thren under such calamities, I cannot help having so much respect for them, as to suffer with them in a fruitless fellow-feeling.

No. 80. FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1713.

— *Cælestibus iræ.*

VIRG. ÆN. i. 15.

Anger in heavenly minds.

I have found by experience, that it is impossible to talk distinctly without defining the words of which we make use. There is not a term in our language which wants explanation so much as the word Church. One would think when people utter it, they should have in their minds ideas of virtue and religion; but that important monosyllable drags all the other words in the language after it, and it is made use of to express both praise and blame, according to the character of him who speaks it. By this means it happens, that no one knows what his neighbour means when he says such a one is for, or against the church. It has happened, that the person, who is seen every day at church, has not been in the eye of the world a church-man; and he who is very zealous to oblige every man to frequent it, but himself, has been held a very good son of the church. This prepossession is the best handle ima-

ginable for politicians to make use of, for managing the loves and hatreds of mankind, to the purposes to which they would lead them. But this is not a thing for fools to meddle with, for they only bring disesteem upon those whom they attempt to serve, when they unskilfully pronounce terms of art. I have observed great evils arise from this practice, and not only the cause of piety, but also the secular interest of clergymen, has extremely suffered by the general unexplained signification of the word church.

The Examiner, upon the strength of being a received churchman, has offended in this particular more grossly than any other man ever did before, and almost as grossly as ever he himself did, supposing the allegations in the following letter are just. To slander any man is a very heinous offence; but the crime is still greater, when it falls upon such as ought to give example to others. I cannot imagine how The Examiner can divest any part of the clergy of the respect due to their characters, so as to treat them as he does, without an indulgence unknown to our religion, though taken up in the name of it, in order to disparage such of its communicants, as will not sacrifice their conscience to their fortunes. This confusion and subdivision of interests and sentiments, among people of the same communion, is what would be a very good subject of mirth; but when I consider against whom this insult is committed, I think it too great, and of too ill a consequence, to be in good humour on the occasion.

“ SIR,

“ YOUR character of Universal Guardian, joined to the concern you ought to have for the cause of

virtue and religion, assure me you will not think that clergymen when injured, have the least right to your protection; and it is from that assurance I trouble you with this, to complain of *The Examiner*, who calumniates as freely as he commends, and whose invectives are as groundless as his panegyrics.

“ In his paper of the eighth instant, after a most furious invective against many noble lords, a considerable number of the commons, and a very great part of her Majesty’s good subjects, as disaffected and full of discontent, which by the way, is but an awkward compliment to the prince whose greatest glory it is to reign in the hearts of her people, that the clergy may not go without their share of his resentment, he concludes with a most malicious reflection upon some of them. He names indeed nobody, but points to Windsor and St. Paul’s, where he tells us, some are disrespectful to the queen, and enemies to her peace; most odious characters, especially in clergymen, whose profession is peace, and to whose duty and affection her majesty has a more immediate right, by her singular piety and great goodness to them. ‘ They have sucked in,’ he says, ‘ this warlike principle from their arbitrary patrons.’ It is not enough, it seems, to calumniate them, unless their patrons also be insulted, no less patrons than the late king and the duke of Marlborough. These are his arbitrary men; though nothing be more certain, than that without the king, the shadow of a legal government had not been left to us; nor did there ever live a man, who in the nature and temper of him, less deserved the character of arbitrary than the duke. How now is this terrible charge against these clergymen supported? Why, as to St. Paul’s, the fact, according to him, is this: ‘ Some of the church, to affront the queen, on the day the peace

was proclaimed, gave orders for parochial prayers only, without singing, as is used upon fast-days, though, in this particular, their inferiors were so very honest to disobey them.' This The Examiner roundly affirms after his usual manner, but without the least regard to truth; for it is fallen in my way without inquiring, to be exactly informed of this matter, and therefore I take upon me in their vindication to assure you, that every part of what is said is absolutely false, and the truth is just the reverse. The inferiors desired there might be only parochial prayers; but the person applied to was aware to what construction it might be liable, and therefore would not consent to the request, though very innocent and reasonable. The case was this: the procession of the ceremony had reached Ludgate just at the time of prayers, and there was such a prodigious concourse of people, that one of the vergers came to the residentiary in waiting, to represent, that it would be impossible to have prayers that afternoon; that the crowds all round the church were so great, there would be no getting in: but it was insisted, that there must be prayers, only the tolling of the bell should be deferred a little till the head of the procession was got beyond the church. When the bell had done, and none of the quire appeared, but one to read, it was upon this again represented, that there could be only parochial prayers, a thing that sometimes happens, twice or thrice perhaps in a year, when upon some allowable occasions the absence of the quire-men is so great, as not to leave the necessary voices for cathedral service; which very lately was the case upon a performance of the thanksgiving music at Whitehall. So that had the prayers, on this occasion, been parochial only, it had been neither new nor criminal, but necessary.

and unavoidable, unless The Examiner can tell how the service may be sung decently without singing-men. However to leave informers no room for calumny, it was expressly urged, that parochial prayers on such a day, would look ill ; that therefore, if possible, it should be avoided, and the service should be begun as usual, in hopes one or two of the quire might come in before the psalms ; and the verger was ordered to look out, if he could see any of the quire, to hasten them to their places ; and so it proved, two of the best voices came in time enough, and the service was performed cathedral-wise, though in a manner to bare walls, with an anthem suitable to the day. This is the fact on which The Examiner grounds a charge of factious and seditious principles against some at St. Paul's, and I am persuaded there is as little truth in what he charges some of Windsor with, though I know not certainly whom he means. Were I disposed to expostulate with The Examiner, I would ask him if he seriously thinks this be answering her majesty's intentions ? Whether disquieting the minds of her people is the way to calm them ? Or to traduce men of learning and virtue, be to cultivate the arts of peace ? But I am too well acquainted with his writings not to see he is past correction ; nor does any thing in his paper surprise me, merely because it is false ; for to use his own words, not a day passes with him, but ' it brings forth a mouse or a monster, some ridiculous lie, some vile calumny or forgery.' He is almost equally false in every thing he says ; but it is not always equally easy to make his falsehood plain and palpable. And it is chiefly for that reason I desire you to give this letter a place in your papers, that those who are willing to be undeceived may learn, from so clear an instance, what a faithful, modest writer this is, who

pretends to teach them how to think and speak of things and persons they know nothing of themselves. As this is no way disagreeable to your character of Guardian, your publication of it is a favour which I flatter myself you will not deny to,

“ SIR,

“ Your humble servant,

“ R. A.”

“ June 9, 1713.”

No 81. SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1713.

Quietè et purè atque eleganter actæ ætatis plicida ac lenis recordatio.

CICERO.

Placid and soothing is the remembrance of a life passed with quiet, innocence, and elegance.

THE paper which was published on the thirtieth of last month, ended with a piece of devotion written by the archbishop of Cambray. It would, as it was hinted in that precaution, be of singular use for the improvement of our minds, to have the secret thoughts of men of good talents on such occasions. I shall for the entertainment of this day give my reader two pieces, which if he is curious will be pleasing for that reason, if they prove to have no

other effect upon him. One of them was found in the closet of an Athenian libertine, who lived many years ago, and is a soliloquy wherein he contemplates his own life and actions according to the lights men have from nature and the compunctions of natural reason: the other is the prayer of a gentleman who died within a few years last past, and lived to a very great age, but had passed his youth in all the vices in fashion. The Athenian is supposed to have been Alcibiades, a man of great spirit, extremely addicted to pleasures, but at the same time very capable, and, upon occasion, very attentive to business. He was by nature endued with all the accomplishments she could bestow; he had beauty, wit, courage, and a great understanding; but in the first bloom of his life was arrogantly affected with the advantages he had above others. That temper is pretty visible in an expression of his: when it was proposed to him to learn to play upon a musical instrument; he answered, 'It is not for me to give, but to receive delight.' However the conversation of Socrates tempered a strong inclination to licentiousness into reflections of philosophy; and if it had not the force to make a man of his genius and fortune wholly regular, it gave him some cool moments, and this following soliloquy is supposed by the learned to have been thrown together before some expected engagement, and seems to be very much the picture of the man:

'I am now wholly alone, my ears are not entertained with music, my eyes with beauty, nor any of my senses so forcibly affected, as to divert the course of my inward thoughts. Methinks there is something sacred in myself, now I am alone. What is this being of mine? I came into it without my choice, and yet Socrates says it is to be imputed

to me. In this repose of my senses wherein they communicate nothing strongly to myself, I taste, methinks, a being distinct from their operation. Why may not then my soul exist, when she is wholly gone out of these organs? I can perceive my faculties grow stronger, the less I admit the pleasures of sense; and the nearer I place myself to a bare existence, the more worthy, the more noble, the more celestial does that existence appear to me. If my soul is weakened rather than improved by all that the body administers to her, she may reasonably be supposed to be designed for a mansion more suitable than this, wherein what delights her diminishes her excellence, and that which afflicts her adds to her perfection. There is an hereafter, and I will not fear to be immortal for the sake of Athens.'

This soliloquy is but the first dawnings of thought in the mind of a mere man given up to sensuality. The paper which I mention of our contemporary was found in his scrutoire after his death, but communicated to a friend or two of his in his life-time. You see in it a man wearied with the vanities of this life; and the reflections which the success of his wit and gallantry bring upon his old age, are not unworthy the observation of those who possess the like advantages.

'Oh, Almighty Being! How shall I look up towards Thee, when I reflect that I am of no consideration but as I have offended? My existence, O my God, without thy mercy, is not to be prolonged in this or another world but for my punishment. I apprehend, Oh, my Maker, let it not be too late: I apprehend, and tremble at Thy presence; and shall I not consider Thee, who art all goodness, but with terror? Oh, my Redeemer, do Thou behold my anguish. Turn to me, Thou

Saviour of the world? who has offended like me? Oh my God, I cannot fly out of Thy presence, let me fall down in it; I humble myself in contrition of heart; but alas! I have not only swerved from Thee, but have laboured against Thee. If Thou dost pardon what I have committed, how wilt Thou pardon what I have made others commit? I have rejoiced in ill, as in a prosperity. Forgive, O my God, all who have offended by my persuasion, all who have transgressed by my example. Canst Thou, O God, accept of the confession of old age, to expiate all the labour and industry of youth spent in transgressions against Thee? While I am still alive, let me implore Thee to recall to Thy grace all whom I have made to sin. Let, oh Lord, Thy goodness admit of his prayer for their pardon, by whose instigation they have transgressed. Accept, O God, of this interval of age, between my sinful days and the hour of my dissolution, to wear away the corrupt habits of my soul, and prepare myself for the mansions of purity and joy. Impute not to me, oh my God, the offences I may give, after my death, to those I leave behind me; let me not transgress when I am no more seen; but prevent the ill effects of my ill-applied studies, and receive me into Thy mercy.'

It is the most melancholy circumstance that can be imagined, to be on a death-bed, and wish all that a man has most laboured to bring to pass were obliterated for ever. How emphatically worse is this, than having passed all one's day in idleness! Yet this is the frequent case of many men of refined talents. It is, methinks, monstrous, that the love of fame, and value of the fashion of the world, can transport a man so far, as even in solitude to act

with so little reflection upon his real interest. This is premeditated madness, for it is an error done with the assistance of all the faculties of the mind.

When every circumstance about us is a constant admonition, how transient is every labour of man, it should, methinks, be no hard matter to bring one's self to consider the emptiness of all our endeavours; but I was not a little charmed the other day, when sitting with an old friend, and communing together on such subjects, he expressed himself after this manner:

'It is unworthy a Christian philosopher to let any thing here below stand in the least competition with his duty. In vain is reason forfeited by faith, if it produces in our practice no greater effects than what reason wrought in mere man.

'I contemn, in dependence on the support of Heaven I speak it, I contemn all which the generality of mankind call great and glorious. I will no longer think or act like a mortal, but consider myself as a being that commenced at my birth, and is to endure to all eternity. The accident of death will not end but improve my being; I will think of myself, and provide for myself as an immortal; and I will do nothing now which I do not believe I shall approve a thousand years hence.'

No. 82. MONDAY, JUNE 15, 1713.

—*Cedat, uti conviva satur.*—

HOR. SAT. i. 1. 119.

Let him depart like a contented guest.

THOUGH men see every day people go to their long home, who are younger than themselves, they are not so apt to be alarmed at that, as at the decease of those who have lived longer in their sight. They miss their acquaintance, and are surprised at the loss of an habitual object. This gave me so much concern for the death of Mr. William Peer of the Theatre-royal, who was an actor at the Restoration, and took his theatrical degree with Betterton, Kynaston, and Harris. Though the station was humble, he performed it well; and the common comparison with the stage and human life, which has been so often made, may well be brought out upon this occasion. It is no matter, say the moralists, whether you act a prince or a beggar, the business is to do your part well. Mr. William Peer distinguished himself particularly in two characters, which no man ever could touch but himself; one of them was the speaker of the prologue to the play, which is contrived in the tragedy of Hamlet, to awake the conscience of the guilty princes. Mr. William Peer spoke that preface to the play with such an air, as represented that he was an actor, and with such an inferior manner, as only acting an actor, as made the others on the stage appear real great persons, and not representatives. This was a nicety in acting that none but the most subtle player

could so much as conceive. I remember his speaking these words, in which there is no great matter but in the right adjustment of the air of the speaker, with universal applause :

For us and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Hamlet says very archly upon the pronouncing of it, 'Is this a prologue, or a poesy of a ring?' However, the speaking of it got Mr. Peer more reputation, than those who speak the length of a puritan's sermon every night will ever attain to. Besides this, Mr. Peer got a great fame on another little occasion. He played the Apothecary in Caius Marius, as it is called by Otway ; but Romeo and Juliet, as originally in Shakspeare ; it will be necessary to recite more out of the play than he spoke, to have a right conception of what Peer did in it. Marius, weary of life, recollects means to be rid of it after this manner :

I do remember an apothecary
That dwelt about this rendezvous of death !
Meagre and very rueful were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.

When this spectre of poverty appeared, Marius addressed him thus :

I see thou art very poor,
Thou may'st do any thing, here's fifty drachmas,
Get me a draught of what will soonest free
A wretch from all his cares.

When the apothecary objects that it is unlawful
Marius urges,

Art thou so base and full of wretchedness
 Yet fear'st to die! Famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression stareth in thy eyes,
 Contempt and beggary hang on thy back;
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's laws:
 The world affords no law to make thee rich;
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Without all this quotation the reader could not have a just idea of the visage and manner which Peer assumed when in the most lamentable tone imaginable he consents; and, delivering the poison, like a man reduced to the drinking it himself, if he did not vend it, says to Marius,

My poverty, but not my will, consents,
 Take this, and drink it off, the work is done.

It was an odd excellence, and a very particular circumstance this of Peer's, that his whole action of life depended upon speaking five lines better than any man else in the world. But this eminence lying in so narrow a compass, [the governors] of the theatre observing his talents to lie in a certain knowledge of propriety, and his person admitting him to shine only in the two above parts, his sphere of action was enlarged by the addition of the post of property-man. This officer has always ready, in a place appointed for him behind the prompter, all such tools and implements as are necessary in the play, and it his business never to want billetdoux, poison, false money, thunderbolts, daggers, scrolls of parchment, wine, pomatum, truncheons, and wooden legs, ready at the call of the said prompter, according as his respective utensils were necessary for promoting what was to pass on the stage. The addition of this officer, so important to the conduct of the whole affair of the stage, and the good economy observed by their present managers in punctual

payments, made Mr. Peer's subsistence very comfortable. But it frequently happens, that men lose their virtue in prosperity, who were shining characters in the contrary condition. Good fortune, indeed, had no effect on the mind, but very much on the body of Mr. Peer. For in the seventieth year of his age he grew fat, which rendered his figure unfit for the utterance of the five lines above mentioned. He had now unfortunately lost the wan distress necessary for the countenance of the apothecary, and was too jolly to speak the prologue with the proper humility. It is thought this calamity went too near him. It did not a little contribute to the shortening his days; and as there is no state of real happiness in this life, Mr. Peer was undone by his success, and lost all by arriving at what is the end of all other men's pursuits, his ease.

I could not forbear inquiring into the effects Mr. Peer left behind him, but find there is no demand due to him from the house, but the following bill:

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
For hire of six case of pistols -	0	4	0
A drum for Mrs. Bignall in the Pilgrim	0	4	4
A truss of straw for the madmen -	0	0	8
Pomatum and vermilion to grease the face of the stuttering cook - -	0	0	8
For boarding a setting dog two days to follow Mr. Johnson in Epsom Wells	0	0	6
For blood in Macbeth - - -	0	0	3
Raisins and almonds for a witch's banquet - - - - -	0	0	8

This contemporary of mine, whom I have often rallied for the narrow compass of his singular perfections, is now at peace, and wants no further assistance from any man; but men of extensive genius,

now living, still depend upon the good offices of the town.

I am therefore to remind my reader, that on this day, being the fifteenth of June, *The Plotting Sisters* is to be acted for the benefit of the author, my old friend, Mr. D'Urfey. This comedy was honoured with the presence of King Charles the Second three of its first five nights.

My friend has in this work shown himself a master, and made not only the characters of the play, but also the furniture of the house contribute to the main design. He has made excellent use of a table with a carpet, and the key of a closet. With these two implements, which would, perhaps, have been overlooked by an ordinary writer, he contrives the most natural perplexities, allowing only the use of these household goods in poetry, that ever were represented on a stage. He has also made good advantage of the knowledge of the stage itself; for in the nick of being surprised, the lovers are let down and escape at a trap-door. In a word, any who have the curiosity to observe what pleased in the last generation, and does not go to a comedy with a resolution to be grave, will find this evening ample food for mirth. Johnson, who understands what he does as well as any man, exposes the impertinence of an old fellow, who has lost his senses, still pursuing pleasures, with great mastery. The ingenious Mr. Penkethman is a bashful rake, and is sheepish without having modesty, with great success. Mr. Bullock succeeds Nokes in the part of Bubble, and in my opinion is not much below him: for he does excellently that sort of folly we call absurdity, which is the very contrary of wit, but, next to that, is of all things the properest to excite mirth. What is foolish is the object of pity; but absurdity often

proceeds from an opinion of sufficiency, and consequently is an honest occasion for laughter. These characters in this play cannot choose but make it a very pleasant entertainment, and the decorations of singing and dancing will more than repay the good-nature of those who make an honest man a visit of two merry hours to make his following year un-painful.

No. 83. TUESDAY, JUNE 16, 1713.

*Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eò quòd
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.*

HOR. SAT. ii. 3. 120.

— Few think these mad, for most like these,
Are sick and troubled with the same disease.

CREECH.

THERE is a restless endeavour in the mind of man after happiness. This appetite is wrought into the original frame of our nature, and exerts itself in all parts of the creation that are endued with any degree of thought or sense. But as the human mind is dignified by a more comprehensive faculty than can be found in the inferior animals, it is natural for men not only to have an eye, each to his own happiness, but also to endeavour to promote that of others in the same rank of being: and in proportion to the generosity that is ingredient in the temper of the soul, the object of its benevolence is of a larger and narrower extent. There is hardly a spirit upon earth so mean and contracted, as to centre all re-

gards on its own interest, exclusive of the rest of mankind. Even the selfish man hath some share of love, which he bestows on his family and his friends. A nobler mind hath at heart the common interest of the society or country of which he makes a part. And there is still a more diffusive spirit, whose being or intentions reach the whole mass of mankind, and are continued beyond the present age, to a succession of future generations.

The advantage arising to him who hath a tincture of this generosity on his soul is, that he is affected with a sublimer joy than can be comprehended by one who is destitute of that noble relish. The happiness of the rest of mankind hath a natural connexion with that of a reasonable mind. And in proportion as the actions of each individual contribute to this end, he must be thought to deserve well or ill, both of the world, and of himself. I have in a late paper observed, that men who have no reach of thought do often misplace their affections on the means, without respect to the end ; and by a preposterous desire of things in themselves indifferent, forego the enjoyment of that happiness which those things are instrumental to obtain. This observation has been considered with regard to critics and misers ; I shall now apply it to freethinkers.

Liberty and truth are the main points which these gentlemen pretend to have in view ; to proceed therefore methodically, I will endeavour to show, in the first place, that liberty and truth are not in themselves desirable, but only as they relate to a further end. And, secondly, that the sort of liberty and truth, allowing them those names, which our freethinkers use all their industry to promote, is destructive of that end, viz. human happiness : and consequently that species, as such, instead of being encouraged or esteemed, merit the detestation and

abhorrence of all honest men. And, in the last place, I design to show, that under the pretence of advancing liberty and truth, they do in reality promote the two contrary evils.

As to the first point, it has been observed, that it is the duty of each particular person to aim at the happiness of his fellow-creatures ; and that as this view is of a wider or narrower extent, it argues a mind more or less virtuous. Hence it follows, that a liberty of doing good actions which conduce to the felicity of mankind, and a knowledge of such truths as might either give us pleasure in the contemplation of them, or direct our conduct to the great ends of life, are valuable perfections. But shall a good man, therefore, prefer a liberty to commit murder or adultery, before the wholesome restraint of divine and human laws ? Or shall a wise man prefer the knowledge of a troublesome and afflicting truth, before a pleasant error that would cheer his soul with joy and comfort, and be attended with no ill consequences ; Surely no man of common sense would thank him, who had put it in his power to execute the sudden suggestions of a fit of passion or madness, or imagine himself obliged to a person, who by forwardly informing him of ill news, had caused his soul to anticipate that sorrow which she would never have felt, so long as the ungrateful truth lay concealed.

Let us then respect the happiness of our species, and in this light examine the proceedings of the free-thinkers. From what giants and monsters would these knight-errants undertake to free the world ? From the ties that religion imposeth on our minds, from the expectation of a future judgement, and from the terrors of a troubled conscience, not by reforming men's lives, but by giving encouragement to their vices. What are those important truths of which they would convince mankind ? That there is no such

thing as a wise and just Providence ; that the mind of man is corporeal ; that religion is a state-trick, contrived to make men honest and virtuous, and to procure a subsistence to others for teaching and exhorting them to be so ; that the good tidings of life and immortality, brought to light by the gospel, are fables and impostures ; from believing that we are made in the image of God, they would degrade us to an opinion that we are on a level with the beasts that perish. What pleasure or what advantage do these notions bring to mankind : is it of any use to the public that good men should lose the comfortable prospect of a reward to their virtue ; or the wicked be encouraged to persist in their impiety, from an assurance that they shall not be punished for it hereafter ?

Allowing, therefore, these men to be patrons of liberty and truth, yet it is of such truths, and that sort of liberty, which make them justly be looked upon as enemies to the peace and happiness of the world. But upon a thorough and impartial view it will be found, that their endeavours, instead of advancing the cause of liberty and truth, tend only to introduce slavery and error among men. There are two parts in our nature ; the baser, which consists of our senses and passions, and the more noble and rational, which is properly the human part, the other being common to us with brutes. The inferior part is generally much stronger, and has always the start of reason, which if in the perpetual struggle between them, it were not aided from Heaven by religion, would almost universally be vanquished, and man become a slave to his passions, which as it is the most grievous and shameful slavery, so it is the genuine result of that liberty which is proposed by overturning religion. Nor is the other part of their design better executed. Look into their pretended

truths: are they not so many wretched absurdities, maintained in opposition to the light of nature and divine revelation, by sly inuendos and cold jests, by such pitiful sophisms and such confused and indigested notions, that one would vehemently suspect those men usurped the name of freethinkers, with the same view that hypocrites do that of godliness, that it may serve for a cloak to cover the contrary defect?

I shall close this discourse with a parallel reflection on these three species, who seem to be allied by a certain agreement in mediocrity of understanding. A critic is entirely given up to the pursuit of learning; when he has got it, is his judgement clearer, his imagination livelier, or his manners more polite, than those of other men? Is it observed that a miser, when he has acquired his superfluous estate, eats, drinks, or sleeps with more satisfaction, that he has a cheerfuller mind, or relishes any of the enjoyments of life better than his neighbours? The freethinkers plead hard for a license to think freely; they have it: but what use do they make of it? Are they eminent for any sublime discoveries in any of the arts and sciences? Have they been authors of any inventions that conduce to the well-being of mankind? Do their writings show a greater depth of design, a clearer method, or more just and correct reasoning than those of other men?

There is a great resemblance in their genius; but the critic and miser are only ridiculous and contemptible creatures, while the free-thinker is also a pernicious one.

No. 84. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1713.

Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

HOR. ARS POET. *ult.*

Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood.

ROSCOMMON.

“ TO THE HON. NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ SIR,

“ PRESUMING you may sometimes condescend to take cognizance of small enormities, I here lay one before you, which I proceed to without further apology, as well knowing that the best compliment to a man of business is to come to the point.

“ There is a silly habit among many of our minor orators, who display their eloquence in the several coffee-houses of this fair city, to the no small annoyance of considerable numbers of her majesty’s spruce and loving subjects, and that is a humour they have got of twisting off your buttons. These ingenious gentlemen are not able to advance three words till they have got fast hold of one of your buttons ; but as soon as they had procured such an excellent handle for discourse, they will indeed proceed with great elocution. I know not how well some may have escaped, but for my part I have often met with them to my cost ; having, I believe, within these three years last past been argued out of several dozens ; insomuch that I have for some time ordered my tailor to bring me home with every suit a dozen at least of spare ones, to supply the place of such as from time to time are detached as a help to discourse, by the vehement

gentlemen before mentioned. This way of holding a man in discourse is much practised in the coffee-houses within the city, and does not indeed so much prevail at the politer end of the town. It is likewise more frequently made use of among the small politicians, than any other body of men ; I am therefore something cautious of entering into a controversy with this species of statesmen, especially the younger fry ; for if you offer in the least to dissent from any thing that one of these advances, he immediately steps up to you, takes hold of one of your buttons, and indeed will soon convince you of the strength of his argumentation. I remember upon the news of Dunkirk's being delivered into our hands, a brisk little fellow, a politician and an able engineer, had got into the middle of Batson's coffee-house, and was fortifying Gravelines for the service of the most Christian king, with all imaginable expedition. The work was carried on with such success, that in less than a quarter of an hour's time, he had made it almost impregnable, and in the opinion of several worthy citizens who had gathered round him, full as strong both by sea and land as Dunkirk ever could pretend to be. I happened, however, unadvisedly to attack some of his outworks ; upon which, to show his great skill likewise in the offensive part, he immediately made an assault upon one of my buttons, and carried it in less than two minutes, notwithstanding I made as handsome a defence as was possible. He had likewise invested a second, and would certainly have been master of that too in a very little time, had not he been diverted from this enterprise by the arrival of a courier, who brought advice that his presence was absolutely necessary in the disposal of a beaver *,

* The real person here alluded to was a Mr. James Heywood, a linen draper, who was the writer of a letter in the Spectator, signed James Easy.

upon which he raised the seige, and indeed retired with some precipitation. In the coffee-houses here about the Temple, you may harangue even among our dabblers in politics for about two buttons a day, and many times for less. I had yesterday the good fortune to receive very considerable additions to my knowledge in state affairs, and I find this morning, that it has not stood me in above a button. In most of the eminent coffee-houses at the other end of the town, for example, to go no further than Will's in Covent-garden, the company is so refined, that you may hear and be heard, and not be a button the worse for it. Besides the gentlemen before mentioned, there are others who are no less active in their harangues, but with gentle services rather than robberies. These, while they are improving your understanding, are at the same time setting off your person; they will new-plait and adjust your neck-cloth.

“ But though I can bear with this kind of orator, who is so humble as to aim at the good will of his hearer, by being his valet de chambre, I must rebel against another sort of them. There are some, Sir, that do not stick to take a man by the collar when they have a mind to persuade him. It is your business, I humbly presume, Mr. Ironside, to interpose that a man is not brought over to his opponent by force of arms. It were requisite, therefore, that you should name a certain interval, which ought to be preserved between the speaker and him to whom he speaks. For sure no man has a right, because I am not of his opinion, to take any of my clothes from me, or dress me according to his own liking. I assure you the most becoming thing to me in the world is in a campaign periwig to wear one side before, and the other cast upon the collateral shoulder. But there is a friend of mine who never talks to me but

he throws that which I wear forward upon my shoulder, so that in restoring it to its place I lose two or three hairs out of the lock upon my buttons ; though I never touched him in my whole life, and have been acquainted with him these ten years. I have seen my eager friend in danger sometimes of a quarrel by this ill custom, for there are more young gentlemen who can feel than can understand. It would be therefore a good office to my good friend if you advised him not to collar any man but one who knows what he means, and give it him as a standing precaution in conversation, that none but a very good friend will give him the liberty of being seen, felt, heard, and understood all at once.

“ I am, SIR, your most humble servant,

“ JOHANNES MISOCHIROSOPHUS.

“ Middle Temple, June 12.

“ P. S. I have a sister who saves herself from being handled by one of these manual rhetoricians, by giving him her fan to play with ; but I appeal to you in the behalf of us poor helpless men.”

I am of opinion that no orator or speaker in public or private has any right to meddle with any body's clothes but his own. I indulge men in the liberty of playing with their own hats, fumbling in their own pockets, settling their own periwigs, tossing or twisting their heads, and all other gesticulations which may contribute to their elocution ; but pronounce it an infringement of the English liberty for a man to keep his neighbour's person in custody, in order to force a hearing ; and further declare, that all assent given by an auditor under such constraint, is of itself void and of no effect.

June 15, 1713.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

No. 85. THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1713.

— *Sed te decor iste, quod optas,
Esse vetat, votoque tuo tua forma repugnat.*

OVID. MET. i. 488.

But so much youth, with so much beauty join'd,
Oppose the state, which thy desires design'd.

DRYDEN.

To suffer scandal, says somebody, is the tax which every person of merit pays to the public; and my lord Verulam finely observes, that a man who has no virtue in himself, ever envies virtue in others. I know not how it comes to pass, but detraction, through all ages, has been found a vice which the fair sex too easily give into. Not the Roman satirist could use them with more severity than they themselves do one another. Some audacious critics, in my opinion, have launched out a little too far when they take upon them to prove, in opposition to history, that *Lais* was a woman of as much virtue as beauty, which violently displeasing the *Phrynes* of those times, they secretly prevailed with the historians to deliver her down to posterity under the infamous character of an extorting prostitute. But though I have the greatest regard imaginable to that softer species, yet am I sorry to find they have very little for themselves. So far are they from being tender of one another's reputation, that they take a malicious pleasure in destroying it. My lady, the other day, when Jack was asking who could be so base as to spread such a report about Mrs. ———, answered, 'None, you may be sure, but a woman.'

A little after, Dick told my lady, that he had heard Florella hint as if Cleora wore artificial teeth. ‘The reason is,’ said she, ‘because Cleora first gave out that Florella owed her complexion to a wash. Thus the industrious pretty creatures take pains by invention, to throw blemishes on each other, when they do not consider that there is a profligate set of fellows, too ready to taint the character of the virtuous, or blast the charms of the blooming virgin. The young lady from whom I had the honour of receiving the following letter, deserves, or rather claims, protection from our sex, since so barbarously treated by her own. Certainly they ought to defend innocence from injury who gave ignorantly the occasion of its being assaulted. Had the men been less liberal of their applauses, the women had been more sparing of their calumnious censures.

“ TO THE GUARDIAN.

“ SIR,

“ I DO not know at what nice point you fix the bloom of a young lady ; but I am one who can just look back upon fifteen. My father, dying three years ago, left me under the care and direction of my mother, with a fortune not profusely great, yet such as might demand a very handsome settlement, if ever proposals of marriage should be offered. My mother, after the usual time of retired mourning was over, was so affectionately indulgent to me, as to take me along with her in all her visits ; but still not thinking she gratified my youth enough, permitted me further to go with my relations to all the public, cheerful, but innocent entertainments, where she was too reserved to appear herself. The two first years of my teens were easy, gay, and delightful. Every

one caressed me ; the old ladies told me how finely I grew, and the young ones were proud of my company. But when the third year had a little advanced, my relations used to tell my mother that pretty Miss Clary was shot up into a woman. The gentlemen began now not to let their eyes glance over me, and in most places I found myself distinguished : but observed, the more I grew into the esteem of their sex, the more I lost the favour of my own. Some of those whom I had been familiar with, grew cold and indifferent ; others mistook by design, my meaning, made me speak what I never thought, and so by degrees took occasion to break off all acquaintance. There were several little insignificant reflections cast upon me, as being a lady of a great many quaintnesses, and such like, which I seemed not to take notice of. But my mother coming home about a week ago, told me there was a scandal spread about town by my enemies, that would at once ruin me for ever for a beauty : I earnestly entreated her to know it ; she refused me, but yesterday it discovered itself. Being in an assembly of gentlemen and ladies, one of the gentlemen who had been very facetious to several of the ladies, at last turning to me, ‘ And as for you, Madam, Prior has already given us your character,

That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, yet beautifully less.

I perceived immediately a malignant smile display itself in the countenance of some of the ladies, which they seconded with a scornful flutter of the fan, till one of them, unable any longer to contain, asked the gentleman if he did not remember what Congreve said about Aurelia, for she thought it mighty

pretty. He made no answer, but instantly repeated the verses :

The Mulcibers who in the Min'ries sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat :
Deformed themselves, yet forge those stays of steel,
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.

This was no sooner over, but it was easily discernible what an ill-natured satisfaction most of the company took ; and the more pleasure they showed by dwelling upon the two last lines, the more they increased my trouble and confusion. And now, Sir, after this tedious account, what would you advise me to? Is there no way to be cleared of these malicious calumnies? What is beauty worth, that makes the possessor thus unhappy? Why was nature so lavish of her gifts to me, as to make her kindness prove a cruelty? They tell me my shape is delicate, my eyes sparkling, my lips I know not what, my cheeks, forsooth, adorned with a just mixture of the rose and lily ; but I wish this face was barely not disagreeable, this voice harsh and unharmonious, these limbs only not deformed, and then, perhaps, I might live easy and unmolested, and neither raise love and admiration in the men, nor scandal and hatred in the women.

“ Your very humble servant,
“ CLARINA.”

The best answer I can make my fair correspondent is, that she ought to comfort herself with this consideration, that those who talk thus of her, know it is false, but wish they could make others believe it true. It is not they think you deformed, but are vexed that they themselves were not as nicely framed.

If you will take an old man's advice, laugh, and be not concerned at them: they have attained what they endeavoured if they make you uneasy; for it is envy that has made them so. I would not have you wish your shape one sixtieth part of an inch disproportioned, nor desire your face might be impoverished with the ruin of half a feature, though numbers of remaining beauties might make the loss insensible; but take courage, go into the brightest assemblies, and the world will quickly confess it to be scandal. Thus Plato, hearing it was asserted by some persons that he was a very bad man, 'I shall take care,' said he, 'to live so, that nobody will believe them.'

I shall conclude this paper with a relation of matter of fact. A gay young gentleman in the country, not many years ago, fell desperately in love with a blooming fine creature, whom give me leave to call Melissa. After a pretty long delay, and frequent solicitations, she refused several others of larger estates, and consented to make him happy. But they had not been married much above a twelvemonth, till it appeared too true what Juba says,

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in the eye, and palls upon the sense.

Polydore, for that was his name, finding himself grow every day more uneasy, and unwilling she should discover the cause, for diversion came up to town, and, to avoid all suspicions, brought Melissa along with him. After some stay here, Polydore was one day informed, that a set of ladies over their tea-table, in the circle of scandal, had touched upon Melissa—And was that the silly thing so much talked of! How did she ever grow into a toast! For their parts they had eyes as well as the men, but could not discover where her beauties lay. Polydore, upon hearing this,

flew immediately home, and told Melissa with the utmost transport, that he was now fully convinced how numberless were her charms, since her own sex would not allow her any.

“ MR. IRONSIDE,

“ I HAVE observed that this day you make mention of Will’s coffee-house, as a place where people are too polite to hold a man in discourse by the button. Every body knows your honour frequents this house; therefore they will take an advantage against me, and say, if my company was as civil as that at Will’s, you would say so: therefore pray your honour, do not be afraid of doing me justice, because people would think it may be a conceit below you, on this occasion, to name the name of,

“ Your humble servant,

“ Button’s Coffee-house.

“ DANIEL BUTTON*.

“ The young poets are in the back room, and take their places as you directed.”

* Daniel Button had been a servant in the countess of Warwick’s family, and, under the patronage of Addison, kept a coffee-house on the south side of Russell-street, about two doors from Covent-garden. Here it was that the wits of that time used to assemble. It is said that when Addison had suffered any vexation from the countess, he withdrew the company from Button’s house.

No. 86. FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1713.

— *Cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum.* — HOR. SAT. i. 4. 43.

— Who writes
With fancy high, and bold and daring flights.

CREECH.

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ SIR,
“ THE classical writers, according to your advice, are by no means neglected by me, while I pursue my studies in divinity. I am persuaded that they are fountains of good sense and eloquence; and that it is absolutely necessary for a young mind to form itself upon such models. For by a careful study of their style and manner, we shall at least avoid those faults, into which a youthful imagination is apt to hurry us; such as luxuriance of fancy, licentiousness of style, redundancy of thought, and false ornaments. As I have been flattered by my friends, that I have some genius for poetry, I sometimes turn my thoughts that way: and with pleasure reflect, that I have got over that childish part of life, which delights in points and turns of wit: and that I can take a manly and rational satisfaction in that which is called painting in poetry. Whether it be, that in these copyings of nature, the object is placed in such lights and circumstances as strike the fancy agreeably; or whether we are surprised to find objects that are absent placed before our eyes; or whether it be our admira-

tion of the author's art and dexterity ; or whether we amuse ourselves with comparing the picture and the original ; or rather, which is most probable, because all these reasons concur to affect us ; we are wonderfully charmed with these drawings after the life, this magic that raises apparitions in the fancy.

“ Landscapes, or still-life, work much less upon us, than representations of the postures or passions of living creatures. Again, those passions or postures strike us more or less in proportion to the ease or violence of their motions. A horse grazing moves us less than one stretching in a race, and a racer less than one in the fury of a battle. It is very difficult, I believe, to express violent motions which are fleeting and transitory, either in colours, or words. In poetry it requires great spirit in thought, and energy in style ; which we find more of in the eastern poetry, than in either the Greek or Roman. The great Creator, who accommodated himself to those he vouchsafed to speak to, hath put into the mouths of his prophets such sublime sentiments and exalted language, as must abash the pride and wit of man. In the book of Job, the most ancient poem in the world, we have such paintings and descriptions as I have spoken of, in great variety. I shall, at present, make some remarks on the celebrated description of the horse in that holy book, and compare it with those drawn by Homer and Virgil.

“ Homer hath the following similitude of a horse twice over in the Iliad, which Virgil hath copied from him ; at least he hath deviated less from Homer, than Mr. Dryden hath from him :

Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains ;
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds.

Or seeks his watering in the well-known flood,
 To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood :
 He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
 And o'er his shoulders flows his waving mane ;
 He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high,
 Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.

ÆN. xi. 743.

Virgil's description is much fuller than the foregoing, which, as I said, is only a simile ; whereas Virgil professes to treat of the nature of the horse. It is thus admirably translated :

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
 The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
 Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,
 Shifts place, and paws ; and hopes the promised fight.
 On his right shoulder his thick mane reclined,
 Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
 His horny hoofs are jetty black and round :
 His chine is double ; starting, with a bound
 He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
 Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow ;
 He bears his rider headlong on the foe.

GEORG. iii. 130.

“ Now follows that in the book of Job ; which under all the disadvantages of having been written in a language little understood ; of being expressed in phrases peculiar to a part of the world, whose manner of thinking and speaking seems to us very uncouth ; and, above all, of appearing in a prose translation ; is nevertheless so transcendently above the heathen descriptions, that hereby we may perceive how faint and languid the images are, which are formed by mortal authors, when compared with that which is figured as it were, just as it appears in the eye of the Creator. God speaking to Job, asks him,

“ ‘ Hast thou given the horse strength ? hast thou

clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith amongst the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off; the thunder of the captains, and the shouting*.

“ ‘Here are all the great and sprightly images, that thought can form of this generous beast, expressed in such force and vigour of style, as would have given the great wits of antiquity new laws for the sublime, had they been acquainted with these writings. I cannot but particularly observe, that whereas the classical poets chiefly endeavour to paint the outward figure, lineaments, and motions; the sacred poet makes all the beauties to flow from an inward principle in the creature he describes, and thereby gives great spirit and vivacity to his description. The following phrases and circumstances seem singularly remarkable:

“ ‘Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?’ Homer and Virgil mention nothing about the neck of the horse, but his mane. The sacred author, by the bold figure of thunder, not only expresses the shaking of that remarkable beauty in the horse, and the flakes of hair which naturally suggest the idea of lightning; but likewise the violent agitation and force of the neck, which, in the oriental tongues, had been flatly expressed by a metaphor less than this.

“ ‘Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?’ There is a twofold beauty in this expression, which

* Job. xxxix. v. 19. 25.

not only marks the courage of this beast, by asking if he can be scared? but likewise raises a noble image of his swiftness, by insinuating, that if he could be frightened, he would bound away with the nimbleness of a grasshopper.

“ ‘The glory of his nostrils is terrible.’ This is more strong and concise than that of Virgil, which yet is the noblest line that was ever written without inspiration :

Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

GEORG. iii. 85.

And in his nostrils rolls collected fire.

‘ He rejoiceth in his strength— He mocketh at fear— neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet— He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha ;’—are signs of courage, as I said before, flowing from an inward principle. There is a particular beauty in his ‘ not believing it is the sound of the trumpet :’ that is, he cannot believe it for joy ; but when he was sure of it, and is amongst the trumpets, he saith, ‘ Ha ! ha !’ he neighs, he rejoices. His docility is elegantly painted in his being unmoved at the ‘ rattling quiver, the glittering spear and the shield ;’ and is well imitated by Oppian, who undoubtedly read Job as well as Virgil, in his poem upon hunting :

How firm the managed war-horse keeps his ground,
Nor breaks his order though the trumpets sound !
With fearless eye the glittering host surveys,
And glares directly at the helmet’s blaze !
The master’s word, the laws of war, he knows,
And when to stop, and when to charge the foes.

“ ‘ He swalloweth the ground,’ is an expression for prodigious swiftness, in use among the Arabians,

Job's countrymen, at this day. The Latins have something like it :

—*Latumque fugâ consumere campum.* NEMESIAN.

In flight the extended champain to consume.

Carpere prata fugâ.— VIRG. GEORG. iii. 142.

In flight to crop the meads.

—*Campumque volatu
Cùm rapuere pedum vestigia quæras.* SIL. ITAL.

When in their flight the champain they have snatch'd,
No track is left behind.

“ It is indeed, the boldest and noblest of images for swiftness ; nor have I met with any thing that comes so near it, as Mr. Pope's in Windsor Forest :

The impatient courser pants in every vein,
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain ;
Hill, vales, and floods, appear already crost,
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.

‘ He smelleth the battle afar off,’ and what follows about the shouting, is a circumstance expressed with great spirit by Lucan :

So when the ring with joyful shouts rebounds,
With rage and pride the imprison'd courser bounds :
He frets, he foams, he rends his idle rein ;
Springs o'er the fence, and headlong seeks the plain.

“ I am, SIR,
“ Your ever obliged servant,
“ JOHN LIZARD.”

“ Oxford, June 16, 1713.”

No. 87. SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1713.

— *Constiterant, hinc Thisbe, Pyramus illinc ;
Inque vicem fuerat captatus anhelitus oris.*

OID. MET. iv. 71.

Here Pyramus, there gentle Thisbe, strove
To catch each other's breath, the balmy breeze of love.

My precautions are made up of all that I can hear and see, translate, borrow, paraphrase, or contract, from the persons with whom I mingle and converse, and the authors whom I read. But the grave discourses which I sometimes give the town, do not win so much attention as lighter matters. For this reason it is, that I am obliged to consider vice as it is ridiculous, and accompanied with gallantry, else I find in a very short time I shall lie like waste paper on the tables of coffee-houses. Where I have taken most pains, I often find myself least read. There is a spirit of intrigue got into all, even the meanest of the people, and the very servants are bent upon delights, and commence oglers and languishers. I happened the other day to pass by a gentleman's house, and saw the most flippant scene of low love that I have ever observed. The maid was rubbing the windows within side of the house, and her humble servant the footman was so happy a man as to be employed in cleaning the same glass on the side towards the street. The wench began with the greatest severity of aspect imaginable, and breathing on the glass, followed it with a dry cloth ; her opposite observed her, and fetching a deep sigh, as if it were his last, with a very disconsolate air did the same on his side of the

window. He still worked on and languished, till at last his fair one smiled, but covered herself, and spreading the napkin in her hand, concealed herself from her admirer, while he took pains, as it were to work through all that intercepted their meeting. This pretty contest held for four or five large panes of glass, till at last the waggery was turned into a humorous way of breathing in each other's faces, and catching the impression. The gay creatures were thus loving, and pleasing their imaginations with their nearness and distance, till the windows were so transparent that the beauty of the female made the man servant impatient of beholding it, and the whole house besides being abroad, he ran in, and they romped out of my sight. It may be imagined these oglers of no quality, made a more sudden application of the intention of kind sighs and glances than those whose education lays them under greater restraints, and who are consequently more slow in their advances. I have often observed all the low part of the town in love, and, taking a hackney-coach, have considered all that passed by me in that light, as these cities are composed of crowds wherein there is not one who is not lawfully or unlawfully engaged in that passion. When one is in this speculation, it is not unpleasant to observe alliances between those males and females whose lot it is to act in public. Thus the woods in the middle of summer are not more entertained with the different notes of birds, than the town is of different voices of the several sorts of people who act in public; they are divided into classes, and crowds made for crowds. The hackney-coachmen, chairmen, and porters, are the lovers of the hawker-women, fruitresses, and milk-maids. They are a wild world by themselves, and have voices significant of their private inclinations, which strangers can take no notice of. Thus a wench

with fruit looks like a mad-woman when she cries wares you see she does not carry, but those in the secret know that cry is only an assignation to an hackney-coachman who is driving by and understands her. The whole people is an intrigue, and the undiscerning passengers are unacquainted with the meaning of what they hear all round them. They know not how to separate the cries of mercenary traders, from the sighs and lamentations of languishing lovers. The common face of modesty is lost among the ordinary part of the world, and the general corruption of manners is visible, from the loss of all deference in the low people towards those of condition. One order of mankind trips fast after the next above it, and by this rule you may trace iniquity from the conversations of the most wealthy, to those of the humblest degree. It is an act of great resolution to pass by a crowd of polite footmen, who can rally, make love, ridicule, and observe upon all the passengers who are obliged to go by the places where they wait. This license makes different characters among them, and there are beaux, party-men, and free-thinkers in livery. I take it for a rule, that there is no bad man but makes a bad woman, and the contagion of vice is what should make people cautious of their behaviour. Juvenal says, there is the greatest reverence to be had to the presence of children; it may be as well said of the presence of servants, and it would be some kind of virtue, if we kept our vices to ourselves. It is a feeble authority which has not the support of personal respect, and the dependence founded only upon their receiving their maintenance of us, is not of force enough to support us against an habitual behaviour, for which they contemn and deride us. No man can be well served, but by those who have an opinion of his merit; and that opinion

cannot be kept up, but by an exemption from those faults which we would restrain in our dependents.

Though our fopperies imitated are subjects of laughter, our vices transferred to our servants give matter of lamentation. But there is nothing in which our families are so docile, as in the imitation of our delights. It is therefore but common prudence to take care, that our inferiors know of none but our innocent ones. It is, methinks, a very arrogant thing to expect, that the single consideration of not offending us, should curb our servants from vice, when much higher motives cannot moderate our own inclinations. But I began this paper with an observation, that the lower world is got into fashionable vices, and above all, to the understanding the language of the eye. There is nothing but writing songs which the footmen do not practise as well as their masters. Spurious races of mankind, which pine in want, and perish in their first months of being, come into the world from this degeneracy. The possession of wealth and affluence seems to carry some faint extenuation of his guilt who is sunk by it into luxury; but poverty and servitude accompanied with the vices of wealth and licentiousness, is, I believe, a circumstance of ill peculiar to our age. This may, perhaps, be matter of jest, or is overlooked by those who do not turn their thoughts upon the actions of others. But from that one particular, of the immorality of our servants, arising from the negligence of masters of families in their care of them, flows that irresistible torrent of disasters which spreads itself through all human life. Old age oppressed with beggary, youth drawn into the commission of murders and robberies, both owe their disaster to this evil. If we consider the happiness which grows out of a fatherly conduct towards servants, it would encourage a man to that sort of

care, as much as the effects of a libertine behaviour to them would affright us.

Lycurgus is a man of that noble disposition, that his domestics, in a nation of the greatest liberty, enjoy a freedom known only to themselves, who live under his roof. He is the banker, the counsel, the parent of all his numerous dependents. Kindness is the law of his house, and the way to his favour is being gentle and well-natured to their fellow-servants. Every one recommends himself, by appearing officious to let their patron know the merit of others under his care. Many little fortunes have streamed out of his favour; and his prudence is such, that the fountain is not exhausted by the channels from it, but its way cleared to run in new meanders. He bestows with so much judgement, that his bounty is the increase of his wealth; all who share his favour, are enabled to enjoy it by his example, and he has not only made, but qualified many a man to be rich.

No. 88. MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1713.

Mens agitat molem.—

VIRG. ÆN. VI. 727.

A mind informs the mass.

To one who regards things with a philosophical eye, and hath a soul capable of being delighted with the sense that truth and knowledge prevail among men, it must be a grateful reflection to think that the sublimest truths, which among the heathens, only here

and there one of brighter parts and more leisure than ordinary could attain to, are now grown familiar to the meanest inhabitants of these nations.

Whence came this surprising change, that regions formerly inhabited by ignorant and savage people, should now outshine ancient Greece, and the other eastern countries so renowned of old, in the most elevated notions of theology and morality? Is it the effect of our own parts and industry? Have our common mechanics more refined understandings than the ancient philosophers? It is owing to the God of truth, who came down from heaven, and condescended to be himself our teacher. It is as we are Christians, that we profess more excellent and divine truths than the rest of mankind.

If there be any of the freethinkers who are not direct atheists, charity would incline one to believe them ignorant of what is here advanced. And it is for their information that I write this paper, the design of which is to compare the ideas that Christians entertain of the being and attributes of a God, with the gross notions of the heathen world. Is it possible for the mind of man to conceive a more august idea of the Deity than is set forth in the holy scriptures? I shall throw together some passages relating to this subject, which I propose only as philosophical sentiments, to be considered by a freethinker.

“ Though there be that are called gods, yet to us there is but one God. He made the heaven, and heaven of heavens, with all their host: the earth and all things that are therein; the seas and all that is therein; He said, Let them be, and it was so. He hath stretched forth the heavens. He hath founded the earth, and hung it upon nothing. He hath shut up the sea with doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be staid. The Lord is an invisible spirit, in

whom we live, and move, and have our being. He is the fountain of life. He preserveth man and beast. He giveth food to all flesh. In His hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind. The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich. He bringeth low and lifteth up. He killeth and maketh alive. He woundeth and He healeth. By Him kings reign, and princes decree justice, and not a sparrow falleth to the ground without Him. All angels, authorities, and powers, are subject to Him. He appointeth the moon for seasons, and the sun knoweth his going-down. He thundereth with his voice, and directeth it under the whole heaven, and His lightning unto the ends of the earth. Fire and hail, snow and vapour, wind and storm, fulfil His word. The Lord is king for ever and ever, and His dominion is an everlasting dominion. The earth and the heavens shall perish, but Thou, O Lord, remainest. They all shall wax old, as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end. God is perfect in knowledge; His understanding is infinite. He is the Father of lights. He looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven. The Lord beholdeth all the children of men from the place of His habitation, and considereth all their works. He knoweth our down-sitting and up-rising. He compasseth our path, and counteth our steps. He is acquainted with all our ways; and when we enter our closet, and shut our door, He seeth us. He knoweth the things that come into our mind, every one of them; and no thought can be withholden from Him. The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works. He is a father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widow. He is the God of peace, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort and consolation.

The Lord is great, and we know Him not; His greatness is unsearchable. Who but He hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out the heavens with a span? Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty. Thou art very great, Thou art clothed with honour. Heaven is Thy throne, and earth is Thy footstool."

Can the mind of a philosopher rise to a more just and magnificent, and at the same time a more amiable idea of the Deity than is here set forth, in the strongest images and most emphatical language? And yet this is the language of shepherds and fishermen. The illiterate Jews, and poor persecuted Christians, retained these noble sentiments, while the polite and powerful nations of the earth were given up to that sottish sort of worship, of which the following elegant description is extracted from one of the inspired writers.

"Who hath formed a god, or molten an image that is profitable for nothing? The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals, and fashioneth it with hammers, and worketh it with the strength of his arms: yea he is hungry and his strength faileth. He drinketh no water, and is faint. A man planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it. He burneth part thereof in the fire. He rosteth rost. He warmeth himself. And the residue thereof he maketh a god. He falleth down unto it, and worshipping it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me, for thou art my god. None considereth in his heart, I have burnt part of it in the fire, yea, also, I have baked bread upon the coals thereof; I have roasted flesh and eaten it, and shall I make the residue thereof an abomination? Shall I fall down to the stock of a tree*?"

* Isai. xliv. *passim*.

In such circumstances as these, for a man to declare for freethinking, and disengage himself from the yoke of idolatry, were doing honour to human nature, and a work well becoming the great asserters of reason. But in a church where our adoration is directed to the Supreme Being, and, to say the least, where is nothing either in the object or manner of worship that contradicts the light of nature ; there, under the pretence of freethinking, to rail at the religious institutions of their country, showeth an undistinguishing genius that mistakes opposition for freedom of thought. And, indeed, notwithstanding the pretences of some few among our freethinkers, I can hardly think there are men so stupid and inconsistent with themselves, as to have a serious regard for natural religion, and at the same time use their utmost endeavours to destroy the credit of those sacred writings, which, as they have been the means of bringing these parts of the world to the knowledge of natural religion, so, in case they lose their authority over the minds of men, we should of course sink into the same idolatry which we see practised by other unenlightened nations.

If a person who exerts himself in the modern way of freethinking be not a stupid idolater, it is undeniable that he contributes all he can to the making other men so, either by ignorance or design ; which lays him under the dilemma, I will not say of being a fool or knave, but of incurring the contempt or detestation of mankind.

No. 89. TUESDAY, JUNE 23, 1713.

*Igneus est ollis vigor, et cælestis origo
Seminibus. —*

VIRG. ÆN. VI. 730.

They boast ethereal vigour, and are formed
From seeds of heavenly birth. —

THE same faculty of reason and understanding which placeth us above the brute part of the creation, doth also subject our minds to greater and more manifold disquiets than creatures of an inferior rank are sensible of. It is by this that we anticipate future disasters, and oft create to ourselves real pain from imaginary evils, as well as multiply the pangs arising from those which cannot be avoided.

It behoves us, therefore, to make the best use of that sublime talent, which, so long as it continues the instrument of passion, will serve only to make us more miserable, in proportion as we are more excellent than other beings.

It is the privilege of a thinking being to withdraw from the objects that solicit his senses, and turn his thoughts inward on himself. For my own part, I often mitigate the pain arising from the little misfortunes and disappointments that chequer human life, by this introversion of my faculties, wherein I regard my own soul as the image of her Creator, and receive great consolation from beholding those perfections which testify her divine original, and lead me into some knowledge of her everlasting Archetype.

But there is not any property or circumstance of my being that I contemplate with more joy than my immortality. I can easily overlook any present momentary sorrow, when I reflect that it is in my power to be happy a thousand years hence. If it were not for this thought, I had rather be an oyster than a man, the most stupid and senseless of animals, than a reasonable mind tortured with an extreme innate desire of that perfection which it despairs to obtain.

It is with great pleasure that I behold instinct, reason, and faith, concurring to attest this comfortable truth. It is revealed from Heaven, it is discovered by philosophers; and the ignorant, unenlightened part of mankind have a natural propensity to believe it. It is an agreeable entertainment to reflect on the various shapes under which this doctrine has appeared in the world. The Pythagorean transmigration, the sensual habitations of the Mahometan, and the shady realms of Pluto, do all agree in the main points, the continuation of our existence, and the distribution of rewards and punishments proportioned to the merits or demerits of men in this life.

But in all these schemes there is something gross and improbable, that shocks a reasonable and speculative mind. Whereas nothing can be more rational and sublime than the Christian idea of a future state. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for those that love him." The above-mentioned schemes are narrow transcripts of our present state: but in this indefinite description there is something ineffably great and noble. The mind of man must be raised to a higher pitch, not only to partake the enjoyments of the Christian

paradise, but even to be able to frame any notion of them.

Nevertheless, in order to gratify our imagination, and by way of condescension to our low way of thinking, the ideas of light, glory, a crown, &c. are made use of to adumbrate that which we cannot directly understand. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away, and behold all things are new. There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun: for the Lord God giveth them light, and shall make them drink of the river of his pleasures; and they shall reign for ever and ever. They shall receive a crown of glory which fadeth not away."

These are cheering reflections; and I have often wondered that men could be found so dull and phlegmatic, as to prefer the thought of annihilation before them; or so ill-natured, as to endeavour to persuade mankind to the disbelief of what is so pleasing and profitable even in the prospect; or so blind as not to see that there is a Deity, and if there be, that this scheme of things flows from his attributes, and evidently corresponds with the other parts of his creation.

I know not how to account for this absurd turn of thought, except it proceed from a want of other employment joined with an affectation of singularity. I shall, therefore, inform our modern freethinkers of two points whereof they seem to be ignorant. The first is, that it is not the being singular, but being singular for something, that argues either extraordi-

nary endowments of nature, or benevolent intentions to mankind, which draws the admiration and esteem of the world. A mistake in this point naturally arises from that confusion of thought which I do not remember to have seen so great instances of in any writers, as in certain modern freethinkers.

The other point is, that there are innumerable objects within the reach of a human mind, and each of these objects may be viewed in innumerable lights and positions, and the relations arising between them are innumerable. There is, therefore, an infinity of things whereon to employ their thoughts, if not with advantage to the world, at least with amusement to themselves, and without offence or prejudice to other people. If they proceed to exert their talent of free-thinking in this way; they may be innocently dull, and no one take any notice of it. But to see men, without either wit or argument, pretend to run down divine and human laws, and treat their fellow-subjects with contempt for professing a belief of those points on which the present as well as future interest of mankind depends, is not to be endured. For my own part, I shall omit no endeavours to render their persons as despicable, and their practices as odious, in the eye of the world, as they deserve.

to be worthy his disesteem, and should count his censure praise.

“ June 20.” “ I am, SIR,
 “ Your most humble servant.”

The above letter complains, with great justice, against this incorrigible creature; but I do not insert any thing concerning him, in hopes what I say will have any effect upon him, but to prevent the impression which what he says may have upon others. I shall end this paper with a letter I have just now written to a gentleman, whose writings are often inserted in the Guardian, without deviation of one tittle from what he sends me.

SIR,

I HAVE received the favour of yours with the enclosed, which made up the papers of the two last days. I cannot but look upon myself with great contempt and mortification, when I reflect that I have thrown away more hours than you have lived, though you so much excel me in every thing for which I would live. Till I knew you, I thought it the privilege of angels only to be very knowing and very innocent. In the warmth of youth, to be capable of such abstracted and virtuous reflections, with a suitable life, as those with which you entertain yourself, is the utmost of human perfection and felicity. The greatest honour I can conceive done to another, is when an elder does reverence to a younger, though that younger is not distinguished above him by fortune. Your contempt of pleasures, riches, and honour, will crown you with them all, and I wish you them not for your own sake, but for

the reason which only would make them eligible to yourself, the good of others.

I am, dearest youth,
Your friend and admirer,
NESTOR IRONSIDE.

No. 91. THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1713.

— *Inest sua gratia parvis.*

Little things have their value.

It is the great rule of behaviour, 'to follow nature.' The author of the following letter is so much convinced of this truth, that he turns what would render a man of a little soul exceptious, humoursome, and particular in all his actions, to a subject of railery and mirth. He is, you must know, but half as tall as an ordinary man, but is contented to be still at his friend's elbow, and has set up a club, by which he hopes to bring those of his own size into a little reputation.

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ SIR,

“ I REMEMBER a saying of yours concerning persons in low circumstances of stature, that their litness would hardly be taken notice of, if they did not manifest a consciousness of it themselves in all their behaviour. Indeed, the observation that no man is ridiculous for being what he is, but only in the affect-

ation of being something more, is equally true in regard to the mind and the body.

“ I question not but it will be pleasing to you to hear that a set of us have formed a society, who are sworn to “ dare to be short,” and boldly bear out the dignity of littleness under the noses of those enormous engrossers of manhood, those hyperbolical monsters of the species, the tall fellows that overlook us.

“ The day of our institution was the tenth of December, being the shortest of the year, on which we are to hold an annual feast over a dish of shrimps.

“ The place we have chosen for this meeting is in the Little Piazza, not without an eye to the neighbourhood of Mr. Powel’s opera, for the performers of which we have, as becomes us, a brotherly affection.

“ At our first resort hither an old woman brought her son to the club-room, desiring he might be educated in this school, because she saw here were finer boys than ordinary. However, this accident no way discouraged our designs. We began with sending invitations to those of a stature not exceeding five foot, to repair to our assembly ; but the greater part returned excuses, or pretended they were not qualified.

“ One said he was indeed but five foot at present, but represented that he should soon exceed that proportion, his periwig-maker and shoe-maker having lately promised him three inches more betwixt them.

“ Another alleged, he was so unfortunate as to have one leg shorter than the other, and whoever had determined his stature to five foot, had taken him at a disadvantage ; for when he was mounted on the other leg, he was at least five foot two inches and a half.

“ There were some who questioned the exactness

of our measures ; and others, instead of complying, returned us informations of people yet shorter than themselves. In a word, almost every one recommended some neighbour or acquaintance, whom he was willing we should look upon to be less than he. We were not a little ashamed that those who are past the years of growth, and whose beards pronounce them men, should be guilty of as many unfair tricks in this point, as the most aspiring children when they are measured.

“ We therefore proceeded to fit up the club-room, and provide conveniencies for our accommodation. In the first place we caused a total removal of all the chairs, stools, and tables, which had served the gross of mankind for many years. The disadvantages we had undergone while we made use of these were unspeakable. The president’s whole body was sunk in the elbow-chair : and when his arms were spread over it, he appeared, to the great lessening of his dignity, like a child in a go-cart. It was also so wide in the seat, as to give a wag occasion of saying, that notwithstanding the president sat in it, there was a *sede vacante*.

“ The table was so high that one who came by chance to the door, seeing our chins just above the pewter dishes, took us for a circle of men that sat ready to be shaved, and sent in half a dozen barbers. Another time one of the club spoke contumeliously of the president, imagining he had been absent, when he was only eclipsed by a flask of Florence which stood on the table in a parallel line before his face. We therefore new-furnished the room in all respects proportionably to us, and had the door made lower, so as to admit no man above five foot high, without brushing his foretop, which whoever does, is utterly unqualified to sit among us.

“ Some of the statutes of the club are as follow:

“ I. IF it be proved upon any member, though never so duly qualified, that he strives as much as possible to get above his size, by stretching, cocking, or the like ; or that he hath stood on tiptoe in a crowd, with design to be taken for as tall a man as the rest : or hath privily conveyed any large book, cricket, or other device under him, to exalt him on his seat ; every such offender shall be sentenced to walk in pumps for a whole month.

“ II. If any member shall take advantage from the fulness or length of his wig, or any part of his dress, or the immoderate extent of his hat, or otherwise, to seem larger and higher than he is ; it is ordered, he shall wear red heels to his shoes, and a red feather in his hat, which may apparently mark and set bounds to the extremities of his small dimension, that all people may readily find him out between his hat and his shoes.

“ III. If any member shall purchase a horse for his own riding above fourteen hands and a half in height, that horse shall forthwith be sold, a Scotch galloway bought in its stead for him, and the overplus of the money shall treat the club.

“ IV. If any member, in direct contradiction to the fundamental laws of the society, shall wear the heels of his shoes exceeding one inch and a half, it shall be interpreted as an open renunciation of littleness, and the criminal shall instantly be expelled. Note, the form to be used in expelling a member shall be in these words, ‘ Go from among us, and be tall if you can !’

“ It is the unanimous opinion of our whole society, that since the race of mankind is granted to have decreased in stature from the beginning to this present, it is the intent of nature itself, that men should be

little ; and we believe that all human kind shall at last grow down to perfection, that is to say, be reduced to our own measure.

“ I am, very literally,
 “ Your humble servant,
 “ BOB SHORT.”

No. 92. FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1713.

Homunculi quanti sunt, cùm recogito !

PLAUTUS.

Now I recollect, how inconsiderable are these little men !

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ SIR,

“ THE club, rising early this evening, I have time to finish my account of it. You are already acquainted with the nature and design of our institution ; the characters of the members, and the topics of our conversation, are what remain for the subject of this epistle.

“ The most eminent persons of our assembly are, a little poet, a little lover, a little politician, and a little hero. The first of these, Dick Distich by name, we have elected president, not only as he is the shortest of us all, but because he has entertained so just a sense of the stature, as to go generally in black, that he may appear yet less. Nay, to that perfection is he arrived, that he stoops as he walks. The figure

of the man is odd enough: he is a lively little creature, with long arms and legs. A spider is no ill emblem of him. He has been taken at a distance for a small windmill. But indeed what principally moved us in his favour was his talent in poetry, for he hath promised to undertake a long work in short verse to celebrate the heroes of our size. He has entertained so great a respect for Statius, on the score of that line,

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus.

A larger portion of heroic fire
Did his small limbs and little breast inspire, —

that he once designed to translate the whole *Thebaid* for the sake of little Tydeus.

“Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the most gallant lover of the age. He is particularly nice in his habiliments; and to the end justice may be done him that way; constantly employs the same artist who makes attire for the neighbouring princes and ladies of quality at Mr. Powell’s. The vivacity of his temper inclines him sometimes to boast of the favours of the fair. He was, the other night, excusing his absence from the club upon account of an assignation with a lady, and, as he had the vanity to tell us, a tall one too, who had consented to the full accomplishment of his desires that evening; but one of the company, who was his confident, assured us she was a woman of humour, and made the agreement on this condition, that his toe * should be tied to hers.

“Our politician is a person of real gravity, and professed wisdom. Gravity in a man of this size, com-

* Pope seems to allude here, and at the close of this paper, to his waggish rondeau on Mrs. Eliz. Thomas, mistress to H. Cromwell, esq. See *Biogr. Brit.* art. Pope, p. 3414.

pared with that of one of ordinary bulk, appears like the gravity of a cat, compared with that of a lion. This gentleman is accustomed to talk to himself, and was once overheard to compare his own person to a little cabinet, wherein are locked up all the secrets of state, and refined schemes of princes. His face is pale and meagre, which proceeds from much watching and studying for the welfare of Europe, which is also thought to have stunted his growth: for he hath destroyed his own constitution with taking care of that of the nation. He is what Mons. Balzac calls a great distiller of the maxims of Tacitus. When he speaks, it is slowly, and word by word, as one that is loth to enrich you too fast with his observations: like a limbec that gives you drop by drop, an extract of the simples in it.

“The last I shall mention is Tim Tuck, the hero. He is particularly remarkable for the length of his sword, which intersects his person in a cross line, and makes him appear not unlike a fly, that the boys have run a pin through and set a walking. He once challenged a tall fellow for giving him a blow on the pate with his elbow as he passed along the street. But what he especially values himself upon is, that in all the campaigns he has made, he never once ducked at the whiz of a cannon ball. Tim was full as large at fourteen years old as he is now. This we are tender of mentioning, your little heroes being generally choleric.

“These are the gentlemen that most enliven our conversation. The discourse generally turns upon such accidents, whether fortunate or unfortunate, as are daily occasioned by our size. These we faithfully communicate, either as matter of mirth or of consolation to each other. The president had lately an unlucky fall, being unable to keep his legs on a stormy day; whereupon he informed us, it was no

new disaster, but the same a certain ancient poet had been subject to, who is recorded to have been so light, that he was obliged to poise himself against the wind with lead on one side and his own works on the other. The lover confessed the other night that he had been cured of love to a tall woman, by reading over the legend of Ragotine in Scarron, with his tea, three mornings successively. Our hero rarely acquaints us with any of his unsuccessful adventures. And as for the politician, he declares himself an utter enemy to all kind of burlesque, so will never decompose the austerity of his aspect by laughing at our adventures, much less discover any of his own in this ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of any accidents that befall him, is by way of complaint, nor is he ever laughed at, but in his absence.

“ We are likewise particularly careful to communicate in the club all such passages of history, or characters of illustrious personages, as any way reflect honour on little men. Tim Tuck having but just reading enough for a military man, perpetually entertains us with the same stories, of little David, that conquered the mighty Goliah, and little Luxemburg, that made Louis XIV. a grand monarch, never forgetting little Alexander the Great. Dick Distich celebrates the exceeding humanity of Augustus, who called Horace *Lepidissimum Homunculum* ; and is wonderfully pleased with Voiture and Scarron, for having so well described their diminutive forms to all posterity. He is peremptorily of opinion, against a great reader, and all his adherents, that *Æsop* was not a jot properer or handsomer than he is represented by the common pictures. But the soldier believes with the learned person above mentioned ; for he thinks none but an impudent tall author could be guilty of such an unmannerly piece of satire on little warriors, as his battle of the mouse

and the frog. The politician is very proud of a certain king of Egypt, called Bocchor, who, as Diodorus assures us, was a person of very low stature, but far exceeded all that went before him in discretion and politics.

“ As I am secretary to the club, it is my business, whenever we meet, to take minutes of the transactions. This has enabled me to send you the foregoing particulars, as I may hereafter other memoirs. We have spies appointed in every quarter of the town, to give us informations of the misbehavior of such refractory persons as refuse to be subject to our statutes. Whatsoever aspiring practices any of these our people shall be guilty of in their amours, single combats, or any indirect means to manhood, we shall certainly be acquainted with, and publish to the world for their punishment and reformation. For the president has granted me the sole property of exposing and showing to the town all such intractable dwarfs, whose circumstances exempt them from being carried about in boxes; reserving only to himself, as the right of a poet, those smart characters that will shine in epigrams. Venerable Nestor, I salute you in the name of the club.

“ BOB SHORT, SECRETARY.”

No. 93. SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1713.

— *Est animus lucis contemptor.* —

VIRG. ÆN. IX. 205.

The thing called life with ease I can disclaim.

DRYDEN.

THE following letters are curious and instructive, and shall make up the business of the day.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE GUARDIAN.

“ SIR,

“ THE enclosed is a faithful translation from an old author*, which, if it deserves your notice, let the readers guess whether he was heathen or Christian.

“ I am,

“ June 25, 1713. “ Your most humble servant.

“ I CANNOT, my friends, forbear letting you know what I think of death ; for methinks I view and understand it much better, the nearer I approach to it. I am convinced that your fathers, those illustrious persons whom I so much loved and honoured, do not cease to live, though they have passed through what

* Xenoph. Opera, vol. i. p. 547, *et seq.* edit. A. Ernesti, 8vo. Lips. 1763. 4 tom. M. T. Cicer. Opera, Pars Xmas, p. 3754, *et seq.* Cato Major, De Senectute, xxii. edit. J. Verburgij, 8vo. Amst. 1724.

we call death; they are undoubtedly still living, but it is that sort of life which alone deserves truly to be called life. In effect, while we are confined to bodies, we ought to esteem ourselves no other than a sort of galley slaves at the chain, since the soul, which is somewhat divine, and descends from heaven as the place of its original, seems debased and dishonoured by this mixture with flesh and blood, and to be in a state of banishment from its celestial country. I cannot help thinking, too, that one main reason of uniting souls to bodies was, that the great work of the universe might have spectators to admire the beautiful order of nature, the regular motion of heavenly bodies, who should strive to express that regularity in the uniformity of their lives. When I consider the boundless activity of our minds, the remembrance we have of things past, our foresight of what is to come; when I reflect on the noble discoveries and vast improvements, by which these minds have advanced arts and sciences; I am entirely persuaded, and out of all doubt that a nature which has in itself a fund of so many excellent things cannot possibly be mortal. I observe further, that my mind is altogether simple, without the mixture of any substance or nature different from its own; I conclude from thence that it is indivisible, and consequently cannot perish.

“ By no means think, therefore, my dear friends, when I shall have quitted you, that I cease to be, or shall subsist no where. Remember, that while we live together, you do not see my mind, and yet are sure that I have one actuating and moving my body; doubt not, then, but that this same mind will have a being when it is separated, though you cannot then perceive its actions. What nonsense would it be to pay those honours to great men after their deaths, which we constantly do, if their souls did not

then subsist! For my own part, I could never imagine that our minds live only when united to our bodies, and die when they leave them; or that they shall cease to think and understand when disengaged from bodies, which without them have neither sense nor reason: on the contrary, I believe the soul, when separated from matter, to enjoy the greatest purity and simplicity of its nature, and to have much more wisdom and light than while it was united. We see when the body dies what becomes of all the parts which composed it; but we do not see the mind, either in the body, or when it leaves it. Nothing more resembles death than sleep, and it is in that state the soul chiefly shows it has something divine in its nature. How much more then must it show it when entirely disengaged!"

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE GUARDIAN.

“ SIR,

“ SINCE you have not refused to insert matters of a theological nature in those excellent papers with which you daily both instruct and divert us, I earnestly desire you to print the following paper. The notions therein advanced are, for aught I know, new to the English reader, and if they are true, will afford room for many useful inferences.

“ No man that reads the evangelists, but must observe, that our blessed Saviour does upon every occasion bend all his force and zeal to rebuke and correct the hypocrisy of the Pharisees. Upon that subject he shows a warmth which one meets with in no other part of his sermons. They were so enraged at this public detection of their secret villanies, by one who saw through all their disguises, that they joined in the prosecution of him, which was so vi-

gorous, that Pilate at last consented to his death. The frequency and vehemence of these reprehensions of our Lord, have made the word Pharisee to be looked upon as odious among Christians, and to mean only one who lays the utmost stress upon the outward, ceremonial, and ritual part of his religion, without having such an inward sense of it, as would lead him to a general and sincere observance of those duties which can only arise from the heart, and which cannot be supposed to spring from a desire of applause or profit.

“ This is plain from the history of the life and actions of our Lord in the four evangelists. One of them, St. Luke, continued his history down in a second part, which we commonly call The Acts of the Apostles. Now it is observable, that in this second part, in which he gives a particular account of what the apostles did and suffered at Jerusalem upon their first entering upon their commission, and also of what St. Paul did after he was consecrated to the apostleship till his journey to Rome, we find not only no opposition to Christianity from the Pharisees, but several signal occasions in which they assisted its first teachers, when the Christian church was in its infant state. The true, zealous, and hearty persecutors of Christianity at that time were the Sadducees, whom we may truly call the freethinkers among the Jews. They believed neither resurrection, nor angel, nor spirit, *i. e.* in plain English, they were deists at least, if not atheists. They could outwardly comply with, and conform to the establishment in church and state, and they pretended, forsooth, to belong only to a particular sect; and because there was nothing in the law of Moses which in so many words asserted a resurrection, they appeared to adhere to that in a particular manner, beyond any other part of the Old Testament. ‘These

men, therefore, justly dreaded the spreading of Christianity after the ascension of our Lord, because it was wholly founded upon his resurrection.

“ Accordingly, therefore, when Peter and John had cured the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, and had thereby raised a wonderful expectation of themselves among the people, the priests and Sadducees, Acts iv. clapt them up, and sent them away for the first time with a severe reprimand. Quickly after, when the deaths of Ananias and Sapphira, and the many miracles wrought after those severe instances of the apostolical power had alarmed the priests, who looked upon the temple-worship, and consequently their bread, to be struck at; these priests, and all they that were with them, who were of the sect of the Sadducees, imprisoned the apostles, intending to examine them in the great council the next day. Where, when the council met, and the priests and Sadducees proposed to proceed with great rigour against them, we find that Gamaliel, a very eminent Pharisee, St. Paul’s master, a man of great authority among the people, many of whose determinations we have still preserved in the body of the Jewish traditions, commonly called the Talmud, opposed their heat, and told them, for aught they knew, the apostles might be actuated by the Spirit of God, and that in such a case it would be in vain to oppose them, since if they did so, they would only fight against God, whom they could not overcome. Gamaliel was so considerable a man among his own sect, that we may reasonably believe he spoke the sense of his party as well as his own. St. Stephen’s martyrdom came on presently after, in which we do not find the Pharisees, as such, had any hand; it is probable that he was persecuted by those who had before imprisoned Peter and John. One novice indeed of that sect was so zealous, that he kept the clothes

of those that stoned him. This novice, whose zeal went beyond all bounds, was the great St. Paul, who was peculiarly honoured with a call from Heaven by which he was converted, and he was afterwards, by God himself, appointed to be the apostle of the Gentiles. Besides him, and him too reclaimed in so glorious a manner, we find no one Pharisee either named or hinted at by St. Luke, as an opposer of Christianity in those earliest days. What others might do we know not. But we find the Sadducees pursuing St. Paul even to death at his coming to Jerusalem, in the 21st of the Acts. He then, upon all occasions, owned himself to be a Pharisee. In the 22d chapter he told the people, that he had been bred up at the feet of Gamaliel after the strictest manner, in the law of his fathers. In the 23d chapter he told the council that he was a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee, and that he was accused for asserting the hope and resurrection of the dead, which was their darling doctrine. Hereupon the Pharisees stood by him, and though they did not own our Saviour to be the Messiah, yet they would not deny but some angel or spirit might have spoken to him, and then if they opposed him, they should fight against God. This was the very argument Gamaliel had used before. The resurrection of our Lord, which they saw so strenuously asserted by the apostles, whose miracles they also saw and owned, Acts iv. 16, seems to have struck them, and many of them were converted, Acts xv. 5, even without a miracle, and the rest stood still and made no opposition.

“ We see here what the part was which the Pharisees acted in this important conjuncture. Of the Sadducees we meet not with one in the whole apostolic history that was converted. We hear of no miracles wrought to convince any of them, though there was an eminent one wrought to reclaim a Pharisee.

St. Paul, we see, after his conversion, always gloried in his having been bred a Pharisee. He did so to the people of Jerusalem, to the great council, to king Agrippa, and to the Philippians. So that from hence we may justly infer, that it was not their institution, which was in itself laudable, which our blessed Saviour found fault with, but it was their hypocrisy, their covetousness, their oppression, their overvaluing themselves upon their zeal for the ceremonial law, and their adding to that yoke by their traditions, all which were not properly essentials of their institution, that our Lord blamed.

“But I must not run on. What I would observe Sir, is that atheism is more dreadful, and would be more greivous to human society, if it were invested with sufficient power, than religion under any shape, where its professors do at the bottom believe what they profess. I despair not of a papist’s conversion, though I would not willingly lie at a zealot papist’s mercy, and no protestant would, if he knew what popery is, though he truly believes in our Saviour. But the freethinker, who scarcely believes there is a God, and certainly disbelieves revelation, is a very terrible animal. He will talk of natural rights, and the just freedoms of mankind, no longer than till he himself gets into power ; and by the instance before us, we have small grounds to hope for his salvation, or that God will ever vouchsafe him sufficient grace to reclaim him from errors, which have been so immediately levelled against himself.

“If these notions be true, as I verily believe they are, I thought they might be worth publishing at this time, for which reason they are sent in this manner to you by, SIR,

“Your most humble servant,

“WILLIAM WOTTON.”

No. 94. MONDAY, JUNE 29, 1713.

*Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumpsit Athenas,
Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque
Libris et curis; statuâ taciturnius exit
Plerumque, et risu populum quatit.—*

HOR. EPIST. ii. 2. 81.

IMITATED.

The man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete,
See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare;
So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
Stept from its pedestal to take the air!

POPE.

SINCE our success in worldly matters may be said to depend upon our education, it will be very much to the purpose to inquire if the foundations of our fortune could not be laid deeper and surer than they are. The education of youth falls of necessity under the direction of those, who through fondness to us and our abilities, as well as to their own unwarrantable conjectures, are very likely to be deceived; and the misery of it is, that the poor creatures, who are the sufferers upon wrong advances, seldom find out the errors, till they become irretrievable. As the greater number of all degrees and conditions have their education at the universities, the errors which I conceive to be in those places fall most naturally

under the following observations. The first mismanagement in these public nurseries, is the calling together a number of pupils, of howsoever different ages, views, and capacities, to the same lectures. But surely there can be no reason to think, that a delicate tender babe, just weaned from the bosom of his mother, indulged in all the impertinences of his heart's desire, should be equally capable of receiving a lecture of philosophy, with a hardy ruffian of full age, who has been occasionally scourged through some of the great schools, groaned under constant rebuke and chastisement, and maintained a ten years' war with literature, under very strict and rugged discipline.

I know the reader has pleased himself with an answer to this already, viz. That an attention to the particular abilities and designs of the pupil cannot be expected from the trifling salary paid upon such account. The price indeed which is thought a sufficient reward for any advantages a youth can receive from a man of learning, is an abominable consideration; the enlarging which, would not only increase the care of tutors, but would be a very great encouragement to such as designed to take this province upon them, to furnish themselves with a more general and extensive knowledge. As the case now stands, those of the first quality pay their tutors but little above half so much as they do their footmen: what morality, what history, what, taste of the modern languages, what, lastly, that can make a man happy or great, may not be expected in return for such an immense treasure. It is monstrous indeed, that the men of the best estates and families, are more solicitous about the tutelage of a favourite dog or horse, than of their heirs male. The next evil is the pedantical veneration that is maintained at the

university for Greek and Latin, which puts the youth upon such exercises as many of them are incapable of performing, with any tolerable success. Upon this emergency they are succoured by the allowed wits of their respective colleges, who are always ready to befriend them with two or three hundred Latin or Greek words thrown together, with a very small proportion of sense.

But the most established error of our university education, is the general neglect of all the little qualifications and accomplishments which make up the character of a well-bred man, and the general attention to what is called deep-learning. But as there are very few blessed with a genius, that shall force success by the strength of itself alone, and few occasions of life that require the aid of such genius; the vast majority of the unblest souls ought to store themselves with such acquisitions, in which every man has capacity to make a considerable progress, and from which every common occasion of life may reap great advantage. The persons that may be useful to us in the making our fortunes, are such as are already happy in their own: I may proceed to say, that the men of figure and family are more superficial in their education, than those of a less degree, and of course, are ready to encourage and protect that qualification in another, which they themselves are masters of. For their own application implies the pursuit of something commendable; and when they see their own characters proposed as imitable, they must be won by such an irresistible flattery. But those of the university, who are to make their fortunes by a ready insinuation into the favour of their superiors, condemn this necessary foppery so far, as not to be able to speak common sense to them without hesitation, perplexity, and confusion.

For want of care in acquiring less accomplishments which adorn ordinary life, he that is so unhappy as to be born poor, is condemned to a method that will very probably keep him so.

I hope all the learned will forgive me what is said purely for their service, and tends to no other injury against them, than admonishing them not to overlook such little qualifications, as they every day see defeat their greater excellencies in the pursuit both of reputation and fortune.

If the youth of the university were to be advanced, according to their sufficiency in the severe progress of learning; or riches could be secured to men of understanding, and favour to men of skill; then indeed all studies were solemnly to be defied, that did not seriously pursue the main end; but since our merit is to be tried by the unskilful many, we must gratify the sense of the injudicious majority, satisfying ourselves that the shame of a trivial qualification, sticks only upon him that prefers it to one more substantial. The more accomplishments a man is master of, the better is he prepared for a more extended acquaintance, and upon these considerations, without doubt, the author of the Italian book called *Il Cortegiano*, or the courtier*, makes throwing the bar, vaulting the horse, nay even wrestling, with several other as low qualifications, necessary for the man whom he figures for a perfect courtier; for this reason no doubt, because his end being to find grace in the eyes of men of all degrees, the means to pursue this end, was the furnishing him with such real and seeming excellencies as each degree had its par-

* Written by Counte Baldassar Castiglione, and published in Italian and English, with a life of the author, by A. P. Castiglione; of the same family. 4to. Lond. 1727.

ticular taste of. But those of the university, instead of employing their leisure hours in the pursuit of such acquisitions as would shorten their way to better fortune, enjoy those moments at certain houses in the town, or repair to others at very pretty distances out of it, where "they drink and forget their poverty, and remember their misery no more." Persons of this indigent education are apt to pass upon themselves and others for modest, especially in the point of behaviour; though it is easy to prove that this mistaken modesty not only arises from ignorance, but begets the appearance of its opposite, pride. For he that is conscious of his own insufficiency to address his superiors without appearing ridiculous, is by that betrayed into the same neglect and indifference towards them, which may bear the construction of pride. From this habit they begin to argue against the base submissive application, from men of letters to men of fortune, and to be grieved when they see, as Ben Jonson says,

—The learned pate
Duck to the golden fool,—

though these are points of necessity and convenience, and to be esteemed submissions rather to the occasion than to the person. It was a fine answer of Diogenes, who, being asked in mockery, why philosophers were the followers of rich men, and not rich men of philosophers, replied, 'Because the one knew what they had need of, and the other did not.' It certainly must be difficult to prove, that a man of business, or a profession, ought not to be what we call a gentleman, but yet very few of them are so. Upon this account they have little conversation with those who might do them most service, but upon such occasions only as application is made to them in their

particular calling ; and for any thing they can do or say in such matters have their reward, and therefore rather receive than confer an obligation ; whereas he that adds his being agreeable to his being serviceable, is constantly in a capacity of obliging others. The character of a beau is, I think, what the men that pretend to learning please themselves in ridiculing : and yet if we compare these persons as we see them in public, we shall find that the lettered coxcombs without good-breeding, give more just occasion to raillery, than the unlettered coxcombs with it : as our behaviour falls within the judgement of more persons than our conversation, and a failure in it is therefore more visible. What pleasant victories over the loud, the saucy, and the illiterate, would attend the men of learning and breeding ; which qualifications, could we but join them, would beget such a confidence, as arising from good sense and good-nature, would never let us oppress others, or desert ourselves. In short, whether a man intends a life of business or pleasure, it is impossible to pursue either in an elegant manner, without the help of good breeding. I shall conclude with the face at least of a regular discourse ; and say, if it is our behaviour and address upon all common occasions that prejudice people in our favour, or to our disadvantage, and the more substantial parts, as our learning and industry, cannot possibly appear but to few ; it is not justifiable to spend so much time in that which so very few are judges of, and utterly neglect that which falls within the censure of so many.

No. 95. TUESDAY, JUNE 30, 1713.

— *Aliena negotia centum.*

HOR. SAT. ii. 6. 33.

A crowd of petitioners.

CREECH.

I FIND business increase upon me very much, as will appear by the following letters.

“ SIR,

“ THIS day Mr. Oliver Purville, gentleman, property-man to the theatre royal in the room of Mr. William Peer, deceased, arrived here in widow Bartlett’s waggon. He is an humble member of the Little Club, and a passionate man, which makes him tell the disasters which he met with on his road hither, a little too incoherently to be rightly understood. By what I can gather from him, it seems that within three miles of this side Wickham, the party was set upon by highwaymen. Mr. Purville was supercargo to the great hamper in which were the following goods. The chains of Jaffier and Pierre ; the crowns and sceptres of the posterity of Banquo ; the bull, bear, and horse of captain Otter ; bones, skulls, pickaxes, a bottle of brandy, and five muskets ; fourscore pieces of stock-gold, and thirty pieces of tin-silver hid in a green purse within a skull. These the robbers, by being put up safe, supposed to be true, and rid off with, not forgetting to take Mr. Purville’s own current coin. They broke the armour of Iachimo, which was cased up in the same hamper, and one of them put on the said Iachimo’s mask to escape. They also did several ex-

travagancies with no other purpose but to do mischief; they broke a mace for the lord mayor of London. They also destroyed the world, the sun, and moon, which lay loose in the waggon. Mrs. Bartlett is frightened out of her wits, for Purville says he has her servant's receipt for the world, and expects she shall make it good. Purville is resolved to take no lodgings in town, but makes behind the scenes a bed-chamber of the hamper. His bed is that in which Desdemona is to die, and he uses the sheet in which Mr. Johnson is tied up in a comedy for his own bed, of nights. It is to be hoped the the great ones will consider Mr. Purville's loss. One of the robbers has sent, by a country fellow, the stock-gold, and had the impudence to write the following letter to Mr. Purville:

' SIR,

' IF you had been an honest man, you would not have put bad money upon men who ventured their lives for it. But we shall see you when you come back.

' PHILIP SCOWRER.'

“ There are many things in this matter which employ the ablest men here, as, whether an action will lie for the world among people who make the most of words? or whether it be advisable to call that round ball the world, and if we do not call it so, whether we can have any remedy? the ablest lawyer here says there is no help; for if you call it the world, it will be answered, how could the world be in one shire, to wit, that of Buckingham; for the county must be named, and if you do not name it, we shall be certainly nonsuited. I do not know

whether I make myself understood ; but you understand me right when you believe I am

“ Your most humble servant,

“ and faithful correspondent,

“ Oxford, June 24, 1713.”

“ THE PROMPTER.”

“ HONOURED SIR,

“ YOUR character of Guardian makes it not only necessary, but becoming, to have several employed under you. And being myself ambitious of your service, I am now your humble petitioner to be admitted into a place I do not find yet disposed of—I mean that of your lioncatcher. It was, Sir, for want of such commission from your honour, that very many lions have lately escaped. However, I made bold to distinguish a couple. One I found in a coffee-house—he was of the larger sort, looked fierce, and roared loud. I considered wherein he was dangerous ; and accordingly expressed my displeasure against him, in such a manner upon his chaps, that now he is not able to show his teeth. The other was a small lion, who was slipping by me as I stood at the corner of an alley—I smelt the creature presently, and caught at him, but he got off with the loss of a lock of hair only, which proved of a dark colour. This and the teeth above mentioned I have by me, and design them both for a present to Button’s coffee-house.

“ Besides this way of dealing with them I have invented many curious traps, snares, and artificial baits, which, it is humbly conceived, cannot fail of clearing the kingdom of the whole species in a short time.

“ This is humbly submitted to your honour’s consideration ; and I am ready to appear before your

honour, to answer to such questions as you, in your great wisdom, shall think meet to ask, whenever you please to command,

“ Your Honour’s most obedient

“ humble servant,

“ Midsummer-day.

“ HERCULES CRABTREE.

“ N. B. I have an excellent nose.”

“ SIR,

“ READING in your yesterday’s paper a letter from Daniel Button, in recommendation of his coffee-house for polite conversation and freedom from the argument by the Button, I make bold to send you this to assure you, that at this place there is as yet kept up as good a decorum in the debates of politics, trade, stocks, &c. as at Will’s, or at any other coffee-house at your end of the town. In order, therefore, to preserve this house from the arbitrary way of forcing an assent, by seizing on the collar, neckcloth, or any other part of the body, or dress, it would be of signal service if you would be pleased to intimate, that we, who frequent this place after Exchange-time, shall have the honour of seeing you here sometimes ; for that would be a sufficient guard for us from all such petty practices, and also be a means of enabling the honest man, who keeps the house, to continue to serve us with the best bohea and green tea, and coffee, and will in a particular manner oblige, SIR,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ Tom’s Coffee-house, in Cornhill, “ JAMES DIAPER.

“ June 19, 1713.

“ P. S. The room above stairs is the handsomest in this part of the town, furnished with large pier

glasses for persons to view themselves in, who have no business with any body else, and every way fit for the reception of fine gentlemen."

" SIR,

" I AM a very great scholar, wear a fair wig, and have an immense number of books curiously bound and gilt. I excel in a singularity of diction and manners, and visit persons of the first quality. In fine, I have by me a great quantity of cockle-shells, which, however, does not defend me from the insults of another learned man, who neglects me in a most insupportable manner: for I have it from persons of undoubted veracity, that he presumed once to pass by my door without waiting upon me. Whether this be consistent with the respect which we learned men ought to have for each other, I leave to your judgement, and am,

SIR,

" Your affectionate friend,

" PHILAUTUS."

" FRIEND NESTOR,

" I HAD always a great value for thee, and have so still: but I must tell thee, that thou strangely affectest to be sage and solid: now pr'ythee let me observe to thee, that though it be common enough for people as they grow older to grow graver, yet it is not so common to become wiser. Verily to me thou seemest to keep strange company, and with a positive sufficiency incident to old age, to follow too much thine own inventions. Thou dependest too much likewise upon thy correspondence here, and art apt to take people's words without consideration. But my present business with thee is to expostulate with thee about a late paper, occasioned, as thou

say'st, by Jack Lizard's information, my very good friend, that we are to have a Public Act.

“ Now I say, in that paper, there is nothing contended for which any man of common sense will deny ; all that is there said is, that no man or woman's reputation ought to be blasted, i. e. nobody ought to have an ill character, who does not deserve it. Very true ; but here's this false consequence insinuated, that therefore nobody ought to hear of their faults ; or in other words, let any body do as much ill as he pleases, he ought not to be told of it. Art thou a patriot, Mr. Ironside, and wilt thou affirm, that arbitrary proceedings and oppression ought to be concealed, or justified ? Art thou a gentleman, and would'st thou have base, sordid, ignoble tricks connived at, or tolerated ? Art thou a scholar, and would'st thou have learning and good manners discouraged ? Would'st thou have cringing servility, parasitical shuffling, fawning, and dishonest compliances, made the road to success ? Art thou a Christian, and would'st thou have all villanies within the law practised with impunity ? Should they not be told of it ? It is certain, there are many things which though there are no laws against them, yet ought not to be done ; and in such cases there is no argument so likely to hinder their being done, as the fear of public shame for doing them. The two great reasons against an Act are always, the saving of money, and hiding of roguery.

“ Here many things are omitted, which will be in the speech of the Terræfilius.

“ And now, dear Old Iron, I am glad to hear that at these years thou hast gallantry enough left to have thoughts of setting up for a knight-errant, a tamer of monsters, and a defender of distrest damsels.

“ Adieu, old fellow, and let me give thee this advice

at parting: E'en get thyself case-hardened*; for though the very best steel may snap, yet old iron you know will rust.

“UMBRA.

“Be just, and publish this.”

“Oxford, June 18, 1713.”

“MR. IRONSIDE,

“THIS day arrived the vanguard of the theatrical army. Your friend, Mr. George Powell, commanded the artillery both celestial and terrestrial. The magazines of snow, lightning, and thunder, are safely laid up. We have had no disaster on the way, but that of breaking Cupid's bow by a jolt of the waggon: but they tell us they make them very well in Oxford. We all went in a body, and were shown your chambers in Lincoln college. The Terræ-filius expects you down, and we of the theatre design to bring you into town with all our guards. Those of Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and the faithful retinue of Cato, shall meet you at Shotover. The ghost of Hamlet, and the statue which supped with Don John, both say that, though it be at noon-day, they will attend your entry. Every body expects you with great impatience. We shall be in very good order when all are come down. We have sent to town for a brick-wall which we forgot. The sea is to come by water.

“Your most humble servant,

“and faithful correspondent,

“Oxford, Sat. 27, 1713.”

“THE PROMPTER.”

* A conceit on Steele's name; case-hardening of iron is a superficial conversion of that metal into steel.

No 96. WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1713.

Cuncti adsint, meritæque easpectent præmia palmæ.

VIRG. ÆN. V. 70.

Let all be present at the games prepared ;
And joyful victors wait the just reward.

DRYDEN.

THERE is no maxim in politics more indisputable, than that a nation should have many honours in reserve for those who do national services. This raises emulation, cherishes public merit, and inspires every one with an ambition which promotes the good of his country. The less expensive these honours are to the public, the more still do they turn to its advantage.

The Romans abounded with these little honorary rewards, that, without conferring wealth or riches, gave only place and distinction to the person who received them. An oaken garland, to be worn on festivals and public ceremonies, was the gloricus recompense of one who had covered a citizen in battle. A soldier would not only venture his life for a mural crown, but think the most hazardous enterprise sufficiently repaid by so noble a donation.

But among all honorary rewards which are neither dangerous nor detrimental to the donor, I remember none so remarkable as the titles which are bestowed by the emperor of China. These are never given to any subject, says Monsieur le Comte, till the subject is dead. If he has pleased his emperor to the last, he is called in all public memorials by the title which the emperor confers on him after his death, and his children take their rank accordingly. This

keeps the ambitious subject in a perpetual dependence, making him always vigilant and active, and in every thing conformable to the will of his sovereign.

There are no honorary rewards among us, which are more esteemed by the person who receives them, and are cheaper to the prince, than the giving of medals. But there is something in the modern manner of celebrating a great action in medals, which makes such a reward much less valuable than it was among the Romans. There is generally but one coin stamped upon the occasion, which is made a present to the person who is celebrated on it. By this means his whole fame is in his own custody. The applause that is bestowed upon him is too much limited and confined. He is in possession of an honour which the world perhaps knows nothing of. He may be a great man in his own family ; his wife and children may see the monument of an exploit, which the public in a little time is a stranger to. The Romans took a quite different method in this particular. Their medals were their current money. When an action deserved to be recorded on coin, it was stamped perhaps upon an hundred thousand pieces of money like our shilling, or halfpence, which were issued out of the mint, and became current. This method published every noble action to advantage, and in a short space of time spread through the whole Roman empire. The Romans were so careful to preserve the memory of great events upon their coins, that when any particular piece of money grew very scarce, it was often re-coined by a succeeding emperor, many years after the death of the emperor, to whose honour it was first struck.

A friend* of mine drew up a project of this kind during the late ministry, which would then have been

* Dr. Swift.

put in execution had it not been too busy a time for thoughts of that nature. As this project has been very much talked of by the gentleman above mentioned to men of the greatest genius, as well as quality; I am informed there is now a design on foot for executing the proposal which was then made, and that we shall have several farthings and half-pence charged on the reverse with many of the glorious particulars of her majesty's reign. This is one of those arts of peace which may very well deserve to be cultivated, and which may be of great use to posterity.

As I have in my possession the copy of the paper above mentioned, which was delivered to the late lord treasurer, I shall here give the public a sight of it. For I do not question but that the curious part of my readers will be very well pleased to see so much matter, and so many useful hints upon this subject, laid together in so clear and concise a manner.

THE English have not been so careful as other polite nations, to preserve the memory of their great actions and events on medals. Their subjects are few, their mottoes and devices mean, and the coins themselves not numerous enough to spread among the people, or descend to posterity.

The French have outdone us in these particulars, and by the establishment of a society for the invention of proper inscriptions and designs, have the whole history of their present king in a regular series of medals.

They have failed as well as the English, in coining so small a number of each kind, and those of such costly metals, that each species may be lost in a few ages, and is at present no where to be met with but in the cabinets of the curious.

The ancient Romans took the only effectual method to disperse and preserve their medals, by making them their current money.

Every thing glorious or useful, as well in peace as war, gave occasion to a different coin. Not only an expedition, victory, or triumph, but the exercise of a solemn devotion, the remission of a duty or tax, a new temple, sea-port, or highway, were transmitted to posterity after this manner.

The greatest variety of devices are on their copper money, which have most of the designs that are to be met with on the gold and silver, and several peculiar to that metal only. By this means they were dispersed into the remotest corners of the empire, came into the possession of the poor as well as rich, and were in no danger of perishing in the hands of those that might have melted down coins of a more valuable metal.

Add to all this, that the designs were invented by men of genius, and executed by a decree of senate.

It is therefore proposed,

I. That the English farthings and halfpence be re-coined upon the union of the two nations.

II. That they bear the devices and inscriptions alluding to all the most remarkable parts of her majesty's reign.

III. That there be a society established for the finding out of proper subjects, inscriptions, and devices.

IV. That no subject, inscription, or device, be stamped without the approbation of this society, nor, if it be thought proper, without the authority of privy-council.

By this means, medals that are at present only a dead treasure, or mere curiosities, will be of use in the ordinary commerce of life, and at the same time

perpetuate the glories of her majesty's reign, reward the labours of her greatest subjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for public services, and excite the emulation of posterity. To these generous purposes nothing can so much contribute as medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of necessary use and observation, not perishable by time, nor confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, statues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illustrious actions.



No. 97. THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1713.

—*Furor est post omnia perdere naulum.*

JUV. SAT. viii. 97.

'Tis mad to lavish what their rapine left.

STEPNEY.

“ SIR,

“ I WAS left a thousand pounds by an uncle, and being a man to my thinking very likely to get a rich widow, I laid aside all thoughts of making my fortune any other way, and without loss of time made my applications to one who had buried her husband about a week before. By the help of some of her she-friends, who were my relations, I got into her company when she would see no man besides myself and her lawyer, who is a little, rivelled, spindle-shanked gentleman, and married to boot, so that I had no reason to fear him. Upon my first seeing

her, she said in conversation within my hearing that she thought a pale complexion the most agreeable either in man or woman. Now you must know, Sir, my face is as white as chalk. This gave me some encouragement; so that to mend the matter I bought a fine flaxen long wig that cost me thirty guineas, and found an opportunity of seeing her in it the next day. She then let drop some expressions about an agate snuff-box. I immediately took the hint, and bought one, being unwilling to omit any thing that might make me desirable in her eyes. I was betrayed after the same manner into a brocade waistcoat, a sword knot, a pair of silver fringed gloves, and a diamond ring. But whether out of fickleness or a design upon me, I cannot tell; but I found by her discourse, that what she liked one day she disliked another: so that in six months space I was forced to equip myself above a dozen times. As I told you before, I took her hints at a distance, for I could never find an opportunity of talking with her directly to the point. All this time, however, I was allowed the utmost familiarities with her lapdog, and have played with it above an hour together, without receiving the least reprimand, and had many other marks of favour shown me, which I thought amounted to a promise. If she chanced to drop her fan, she received it from my hands with great civility. If she wanted any thing, I reached it for her, I have filled her tea-pot above a hundred times, and have afterwards received a dish of it from her own hands. Now, Sir, do you judge, if after such encouragements, she was not obliged to marry me. I forgot to tell you that I kept a chair by the week, on purpose to carry me thither and back again. Not to trouble you with a long letter, in the space of about a twelvemonth I have run out of my whole thousand

pound upon her, having laid out the last fifty in a new suit of clothes, in which I was resolved to receive a final answer, which amounted to this 'that she was engaged to another; that she never dreamt I had any such thing in my head as marriage; and that she thought I had frequented her house only because I loved to be in company with my relations. This, you know, Sir, is using a man like a fool, and so I told her; but the worst of it is, that I have spent my fortune to no purpose. All therefore, that I desire of you is, to tell me whether upon exhibiting the several particulars, which I have here related to you, I may not sue her for damages in a court of justice. Your advice in this particular will very much oblige

“ Your most humble admirer,

“ SIMON SOFTLY.”

Before I answer Mr. Softly's request, I find myself under a necessity of discussing two nice points. First of all, What it is, in cases of this nature, that amounts to an encouragement? And, secondly, What it is that amounts to a promise? Each of which subjects requires more time to examine than I am at present master of. Besides, I would have my friend Simon consider, whether he has any counsel that will undertake his cause, *in forma pauperis*, he having unluckily disabled himself, by his own account of the matter, from prosecuting his suit any other way.

In answer, however, to Mr. Softly's request, I shall acquaint him with a method made use of by a young fellow in king Charles the Second's reign, whom I shall here call Silvio, who had long made love with much artifice and intrigue, to a rich widow, whose true name I shall conceal under that of Zelinda.

Silvio, who was much more smitten with her fortune than her person, finding a twelvemonth's application unsuccessful, was resolved to make a saving bargain of it; and since he could not get the widow's estate into his possession, to recover at least what he had laid out of his own in the pursuit of it.

In order to this he presented her with a bill of costs, having particularized in it the several expenses he had been at in his long perplexed amour. Zelinda was so pleased with the humour of the fellow, and his frank way of dealing, that, upon the perusal of the bill, she sent him a purse of fifteen hundred guineas; by the right application of which, the lover in less than a year, got a woman of greater fortune than her he had missed. The several articles in the bill of costs I pretty well remember, though I have forgotten the particular sum charged to each article.

Laid out in supernumerary full-bottomed wigs.

Fiddles for a serenade, with a speaking trumpet.

Gilt paper in letters, and billet-doux, with perfumed wax.

A ream of sonnets and love verses, purchased at different times of Mr. Triplet, at a crown a sheet.

To Zelinda two sticks of may-cherries.

Last summer at several times, a bushel of peaches.

Three porters whom I planted about her, to watch her motions.

The first who stood sentry near her door.

The second who had his stand at the stables where her coach was put up.

The third who kept watch at the corner of the street where Ned Courtall lives, who has since married her.

Two additional porters planted over her, during the whole month of May.

Five conjurors kept in pay all last winter.

Spy-money to John Trott her footman, and Mrs. Sarah Wheedle her companion.

A new Conningsmark blade to fight Ned Courtall.

To Zelinda's woman, Mrs. Abigail, an Indian fan, a dozen pair of white kid gloves, a piece of Flanders lace, and fifteen guineas in dry money.

Secret-service money to Betty at the ring.

Ditto to Mrs. Tape the mantua-maker.

Loss of time.



No. 98. FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1713.

In sese redit.—

VIRG. GEORG. iv. 444.

He resumes himself.

THE first who undertook to instruct the world in single papers was Isaac Bickerstaff of famous memory : a man nearly related to the family of the Ironsides. We have often smoked a pipe together ; for I was so much in his books*, that at his decease, he left me a silver standish, a pair of spectacles, and the lamp by which he used to write his lucubrations.

The venerable Isaac was succeeded by a gentleman of the same family, very memorable for the shortness of his face and of his speeches. This ingenious author published his thoughts, and held his tongue with great applause, for two years together.

I, Nestor Ironside, have now for some time undertaken to fill the place of these my two renowned

* Books, i. e. good graces.

kinsmen and predecessors. For it is observed of every branch of our family, that we have all of us a wonderful inclination to give good advice, though it is remarked of some of us, that we are apt, on this occasion, rather to give than take*.

However it be, I cannot but observe with some secret pride, that this way of writing diurnal papers has not succeeded for any space of time in the hands of any persons who are not of our line. I believe I speak within compass, when I affirm, that above a hundred different authors have endeavoured after our family-way of writing, some of which have been writers in other kinds of the greatest eminence in the kingdom†: but I do not know how it has happened, they have none of them hit upon the art. Their projects have always dropt after a few unsuccessful essays. It puts me in mind of a story which was lately told me by a pleasant friend of mine, who has a very fine hand on the violin. His maid-servant seeing his instrument lying upon the table, and being sensible there was music in it, if she knew how to fetch it out, drew the bow over every part of the strings, and at last told her master she had tried the fiddle all over, but could not for her heart find where about the tune lay.

But though the whole burthen of such a paper is only fit to rest on the shoulders of a Bickerstaff or an Ironside; there are several who can acquit themselves of a single day's labour in it with suitable abilities. There are gentlemen whom I have often invited to this trial of wit, and who have several of them acquitted themselves to my private emolument; as well as to their own reputation. My paper, among the republic of letters, is the Ulysses his bow, in which every man of wit or learning

* An allusion to Steele.

† An allusion to Swift.

may try his strength. One who does not care to write a book without being sure of his abilities, may see by this means if his parts and talents are to the public taste.

This I take to be of great advantage to men of the best sense, who are always diffident of their private judgement, till it receives a sanction from the public. *Provoco ad populum.* 'I appeal to the people,' was the usual saying of a very excellent dramatic poet, when he had any dispute with particular persons about the justness and regularity of his productions. It is but a melancholy comfort for an author to be satisfied that he has written up to the rules of art, when he finds he has no admirers in the world besides himself. Common modesty should, on this occasion, make a man suspect his own judgement, and that he misapplies the rules of his art, when he finds himself singular in the applause which he bestows upon his own writings.

The public is always even with an author who has not a just deference for them. The contempt is reciprocal. 'I laugh at every one,' said an old cynic, 'who laughs at me.' 'Do you so,' replied the philosopher; 'then let me tell you, you live the merriest life of any man in Athens.'

It is not, therefore, the least use of this my paper, that it gives a timorous writer, and such is every good one, an opportunity of putting his abilities to the proof, and of sounding the public before he launches into it. For this reason, I look upon my paper as a kind of nursery for authors, and question not but some who have made a good figure here, will hereafter flourish under their own names in more long and elaborate works.

After having thus far enlarged upon this particular, I have one favour to beg of the candid and courteous reader, that when he meets with any thing

in this paper which may appear a little dull or heavy, though I hope this will not be often, he will believe it is the work of some other person, and not of Nester Ironside.

I have, I know not how, been drawn into tattle of myself, *more majorum*, almost the length of a whole Guardian; I shall therefore fill up the remaining part of it with what still relates to my own person, and my correspondents. Now I would have them all know, that on the twentieth instant it is my intention to erect a lion's head in imitation of those I have described in Venice, through which all the private intelligence of that commonwealth is said to pass. This head is to open a most wide and voracious mouth, which shall take in such letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correspondents, it being my resolution to have a particular regard to all such matters as come to my hands through the mouth of the lion. There will be under it a box, of which the key will be in my own custody, to receive such papers as are dropped into it. Whatever the lion swallows, I shall digest for the use of the public. This head requires some time to finish, the workman being resolved to give it several masterly touches, and to represent it as ravenous as possible. It will be set up in Button's coffee-house in Covent-garden*, who is directed to shew the way to the lion's head, and to instruct any young author how to convey his works into the mouth of it with safety and secrecy.



* The lion's head, formerly at Button's coffee-house, is still preserved at the Shakespeare tavern in Covent-garden. There is under it an inscription incorrectly formed from the two following detached lines of Martial:

Servantur magnis isti cervicibus ungues : EP. i. 23.
Non nisi delectá pascitur ille ferá. ib. 61.

See the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lvii. p. 311.

No. 99. SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1713.

*Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solidâ ; neque Auster
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus :
Sî fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. HOR. CAR. iii. 3. 1.*

PARAPHRASED.

The man resolved and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless ciampours, and tumultuous cries :
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulph, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtues of his soul can move.
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world. ANON.

THERE is no virtue so truly great and godlike as justice. Most of the other virtues are the virtues of created beings, or accommodated to our nature as we are men. Justice is that which is practised by God himself, and to be practised in its perfection by none but him. Omniscience and omnipotence are requisite

for the full exertion of it. The one to discover every degree of uprightness or iniquity in thoughts, words, and actions. The other, to measure out and impart suitable rewards and punishments.

As to be perfectly just is an attribute of the Divine Nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of a man. Such an one who has the public administration in his hands, acts like the representative of his Maker, in recompensing the virtuous, and punishing the offender. By the extirpating of a criminal he averts the judgements of Heaven, when ready to fall upon an impious people; or as my friend Cato expresses it much better in a sentiment conformable to his character,

When by just vengeance impious mortals perish,
The Gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.

When a nation once loses its regard to justice; when they do not look upon it as something venerable, holy, and inviolable; when any of them dare presume to lessen, affront, or terrify those who have the distribution of it in their hands; when a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cause may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own merits, we may venture to pronounce that such a nation is hastening to its ruin.

For this reason, the best law that has ever past in our days, is that which continues our judges in their posts during their good behaviour, without leaving them to the mercy of such who in ill times might, by an undue influence over them, trouble and pervert the course of justice. I dare say the extraordinary person who is now posted in the chief station of the law *, would have been the same had that act never

* Sir Thomas Parker, l. c. j. of the queen's bench, afterwards earl of Macclesfield and lord chancellor.

past ; but it is a great satisfaction to all honest men, that while we see the greatest ornament of the profession in its highest post, we are sure he cannot hurt himself by that assiduous, regular, and impartial administration of justice, for which he is so universally celebrated by the whole kingdom. Such men are to be reckoned among the greatest national blessings, and should have that honour paid them whilst they are yet living, which will not fail to crown their memory when dead.

I always rejoice when I see a tribunal filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who, in the execution of his country's laws, can overcome all private fear, resentment, solicitation, and even pity itself. Whatever passion enters into a sentence or decision, so far will there be in it a tincture of injustice. In short, justice discards party, friendship, kindred, and is therefore always represented as blind, that we may suppose her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of a cause, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it.

I shall conclude this paper with a Persian story, which is very suitable to my present subject. It will not a little please the reader, if he has the same taste of it which I myself have.

As one of the sultans lay encamped on the plains of Avala, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house, and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling and went to bed to her. The peasant complained the next morning to the sultan, and desired redress ; but was not able to point out the criminal. The emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that probably the offender might give his wife another visit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly, within two or

three days the officer entered again the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors ; who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corpse laid out upon the floor by the emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The sultan approaching it, looked upon the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up, he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food he had in the house. The peasant brought out a great deal of coarse fare, of which the emperor eat very heartily. The peasant seeing him in good-humour, presumed to ask of him why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer should be slain ; why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down by it in prayer ? And why, after this, he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily ? The sultan being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him in this manner. " Upon hearing the greatness of the offence which had been committed by one of the army, I had reason to think it might have been one of my own sons, for who else would have been so audacious and presuming ! I gave orders therefore for the lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray, by partiality or compassion, from doing justice on the criminal. Upon the lighting of the flambeaux a second time, I looked upon the face of the dead person, and, to my unspeakable

joy, found that it was not my son. It was for this reason that I immediately fell upon my knees and gave thanks to God. As for my eating heartily of the food you have set before me, you will cease to wonder at it, when you know that the great anxiety of mind I have been in upon this occasion since the first complaint you brought me, has hindered my eating any thing from that time till this very moment."



No. 100. MONDAY, JULY 6, 1713.

*Hoc vos præcipuè, niveæ, decet ; hoc ubi vidi,
Oscula ferre humero, quâ patet, usque libet.*

OVID. ARS AM. iii. 309.

If snowy-white your neck, you still should wear
That, and the shoulder of the left arm, bare ;
Such sights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
And make me pant to kiss the naked part.

CONGREVE.

THERE is a certain female ornament by some called a tucker, and by others the neck-piece, being a slip of fine linen or muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost verge of the woman's stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders and bosom. Having thus given a definition, or rather a description of the tucker, I must take notice that our ladies have of late thrown aside this fig-leaf, and exposed in its primitive nakedness that gentle swelling of the breast which it was used to conceal. What their design by it is, they themselves best know.

I observed this as I was sitting the other day by a famous she-visitant at my lady Lizard's, when accidentally as I was looking upon her face, letting my sight fall into her bosom, I was surprised with beauties which I never before discovered, and do not know where my eye would have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The lady herself could not forbear blushing, when she observed by my looks that she had made her neck too beautiful and glaring an object, even for a man of my character and gravity. I could scarce forbear making use of my hand to cover so unseemly a sight.

If we survey the pictures of our great grandmothers in queen Elizabeth's time, we see them clothed down to the very wrists, and up to the very chin. The hands and face were the only samples they gave of their beautiful persons. The following age of females made larger discoveries of their complexion. They first of all tucked up their garments to the elbow, and notwithstanding the tenderness of the sex, were content, for the information of mankind, to expose their arms to the coldness of the air, and injuries of the weather. This artifice hath succeeded to their wishes, and betrayed many to their arms, who might have escaped them had they been still concealed.

About the same time the ladies considering that the neck was a very modest part in the human body, they freed it from those yokes, I mean those monstrous linen ruffs, in which the simplicity of their grandmothers had enclosed it. In proportion as the age refined, the dress still sunk lower; so that when we now say a woman has a handsome neck, we reckon into it many of the adjacent parts. The disuse of the tucker has still enlarged it, insomuch that the neck of a fine woman at present takes in almost half the body.

Since the female neck thus grows upon us, and the ladies seem disposed to discover themselves to us more and more, I would fain have them tell us once for all, how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themselves where to make a stop.

For my own part, their necks, as they call them, are no more than busts of alabaster in my eye. I can look upon

The yielding marble of a snowy breast,

with as much coldness as this line of Mr. Waller represents in the object itself. But my fair readers ought to consider that all their beholders are not Nestors. Every man is not sufficiently qualified with age and philosophy, to be an indifferent spectator of such allurements. The eyes of young men are curious and penetrating, their imaginations of a roving nature, and their passions under no discipline or restraint. I am in pain for a woman of rank, when I see her thus exposing herself to the regards of every impudent staring fellow. How can she expect that her quality can defend her, when she gives such provocation? I could not but observe last winter, that upon the disuse of the neck-piece, the ladies will pardon me, if it is not the fashionable term of art, the whole tribe of oglers gave their eyes a new determination, and stared the fair sex in the neck rather than in the face. To prevent these saucy familiar glances, I would entreat my gentle readers to sew on their tuckers again, to retrieve the modesty of their characters, and not to imitate the nakedness, but the innocence, of their mother Eve.

What most troubles, and indeed surprises me in this particular, I have observed that the ladies in this fashion were most of them married women. What

their design can be in making themselves bare I cannot possibly imagine. Nobody exposes wares that are appropriated. When the bird is taken, the snare ought to be removed. It was a remarkable circumstance in the institution of the severe Lycurgus: as that great lawgiver knew that the wealth and strength of a republic consisted in the multitude of citizens, he did all he could to encourage marriage. In order to it he prescribed a certain loose dress for the Spartan maids, in which there were several artificial rents and openings, that, upon putting themselves in motion, discovered several limbs of the body to the beholders. Such were the baits and temptations made use of by that wise lawgiver, to incline the young men of his age to marriage. But when the maid was once sped, she was not suffered to tantalize the male part of the commonwealth. Her garments were closed up, and stitched together with the greatest care imaginable. The shape of her limbs, and complexion of her body had gained their ends, and were ever after to be concealed from the notice of the public.

I shall conclude this discourse of the tucker with a moral which I have taught upon all occasions, and shall still continue to inculcate into my female readers; namely, that nothing bestows so much beauty on a woman as modesty. This is a maxim laid down by Ovid himself, the greatest master in the art of love. He observes upon it, that Venus pleases most when she appears, *semi-reducta*, in a figure withdrawing herself from the eye of the beholder. It is very probable he had in his thoughts the statue which we see in the Venus de Medicis, where she is represented in such a shy retiring posture, and covers her bosom with one of her hands. In short, modesty gives the maid greater beauty than even the bloom of youth. It bestows on the wife the

dignity of the matron, and reinstates the widow in her virginity.



No. 101. TUESDAY, JULY 7, 1713.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

VIRG. ÆN. i. 578.

Trojan and Tyrian differ but in name,
Both to my favour have an equal claim.

THIS being the great day of thanksgiving for the peace, I shall present my reader with a couple of letters that are the fruits of it. They are written by a gentleman who has taken this opportunity to see France, and has given his friends in England a general account of what he has there met with, in several epistles. Those which follow were put into my hands with liberty to make them public, and I question not but my reader will think himself obliged to me for so doing.

‘ SIR,

‘ SINCE I had the happiness to see you last, I have encountered as many misfortunes as a knight-errant. I had a fall into the water at Calais, and since that several bruises upon land, lame post-horses by day, and hard beds at night, with many other dismal adventures,

Quorum animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit.

VIRG. ÆN. ii. 12.

At which my memory with grief recoils.

‘ My arrival at Paris was at first no less uncomfortable, where I could not see a face, nor hear a word that I ever met with before ; so that my most agreeable companions have been statues and pictures, which are many of them very extraordinary ; but what particularly recommends them to me is, that they do not speak French, and have a very good quality, rarely to be met with in this country, of not being too talkative.

‘ I am settled for some time at Paris. Since my being here I have made the tour of all the king’s palaces, which has been I think the pleasantest part of my life. I could not believe it was in the power of art, to furnish out such a multitude of noble scenes as I there met with, or that so many delightful prospects could lie within the compass of a man’s imagination. There is every thing done that can be expected from a prince who removes mountains, turns the course of rivers, raises woods in a day’s time, and plants a village or town on such a particular spot of ground only for the bettering of a view. One would wonder to see how many tricks he has made the water play for his diversion. It turns itself into pyramids, triumphal arches, glass bottles, imitates a fire-work, rises in a mist, or tells a story out of *Æsop*.

‘ I do not believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer landscapes than those about the king’s houses, or with all your descriptions raise a more magnificent palace than Versailles. I am however so singular as to prefer Fontainebleau to all the rest. It is situated among rocks and woods, that give you a fine variety of savage prospects. The king has humoured the genius of the place, and only made use of so much art as is necessary to help and regulate nature, without reforming her too much. The cascades seem to break through the clefts and

cracks of rocks that are covered over with moss, and look as if they were piled upon one another by accident. There is an artificial wildness in the meadows, walks, and canals ; and the garden, instead of a wall, is fenced on the lower end by a natural mound of rock-work that strikes the eye very agreeably. For my part, I think there is something more charming in these rude heaps of stone than in so many statues, and would as soon see a river winding through woods and meadows, as when it is tossed up in so many whimsical figures at Versailles. To pass from works of nature to those of art. In my opinion, the pleasantest part of Versailles is the gallery. Every one sees on each side of it something that will be sure to please him. For one of them commands a view of the finest garden in the world, and the other is wainscotted with looking-glass*. The history of the present king till the year 16... is painted on the roof by Le Brun, so that his majesty has actions enough by him to furnish another gallery much longer than the present.

‘ The painter has represented his most Christian majesty under the figure of Jupiter, throwing thunderbolts all about the ceiling, and striking terror into the Danube and Rhine, that lie astonished and blasted with lightning a little above the cornice.

‘ But what makes all these shows the more agreeable, is the great kindness and affability that is shown to strangers. If the French do not excel the English in all the arts of humanity, they do at least in the outward expressions of it. And upon this as well as other accounts, though I believe the English are a much wiser nation, the French are undoubtedly

* There are vast windows into the garden, and the same in looking glass opposite to them, on the blank side, which produce a fine effect, for you see the garden on both sides of you as you walk along the gallery.

much more happy. Their old men in particular are, I believe, the most agreeable in the world. An antediluvian could not have more life and briskness in him at threescore and ten: for that fire and levity which makes the young ones scarce conversible, when a little wasted and tempered by years, makes a very pleasant gay old age. Beside, this national fault of being so very talkative looks natural and graceful in one that has gray hairs to countenance it. The mentioning this fault in the French must put me in mind to finish my letter, lest you think me already too much infected by their conversation; but I must desire you to consider, that travelling does, in this respect lay, a little claim to the privilege of old age.

‘ I am Sir,’ &c.

‘ SIR,

‘ I CANNOT pretend to trouble you with any news from this place, where the only advantage I have besides getting the language, is to see the manners and tempers of the people, which I believe may be better learned here than in courts and greater cities, where artifice and disguise are more in fashion.

“ I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the king’s palaces, and have now seen a great part of the country. I never thought there had been in the world such an excessive magnificence or poverty as I have met with in both together. One can scarce conceive the pomp that appears in every thing about the king; but at the same time it makes half his subjects go barefoot. The people are, however, the happiest in the world, and enjoy from the benefit of their climate, and natural constitution, such a perpetual gladness of heart and easiness of temper as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations. It is not in the power of want or slavery, to make them miserable. There is nothing

to be met with in the country, but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable: for if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to show it. They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight, that a long intimacy or abundance of wine can scarce draw from an Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses in this art of showing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best airs. Every one knows how to give herself as charming a look and posture as Sir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in. I cannot end my letter without observing, that from what I have already seen of the world, I cannot but set a particular mark of distinction upon those who abound most in the virtues of their nation, and least with its imperfections. When, therefore, I see the good sense of an Englishman in its highest perfection, without any mixture of the spleen, I hope you will excuse me, if I admire the character, and am ambitious of subscribing myself,

‘ Sir, yours,’ &c.

‘ Blois, May 15, N. S.’



No. 102. WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1713.

— *Natos ad flumina primùm
Deferimus, sævoque gelu duramus et undis.*

VIRG. ÆN. IX. 603.

Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
There bathed, amid the stream, our boys we hold,
With winter hardened and inured to cold.

DRYDEN.

I AM always beating about in my thoughts for something that may turn to the benefit of my dear countrymen. The present season of the year having put most of them in slight summer-suits has turned my speculations to a subject that concerns every one who is sensible of cold or heat, which I believe takes in the greatest part of my readers.

There is nothing in nature more inconstant than the British climate, if we except the humour of its inhabitants. We have frequently in one day all the seasons of the year. I have shivered in the dog-days, and been forced to throw off my coat in January. I have gone to bed in August, and rose in December. Summer has often caught me in my Drap de Berry, and winter in my Doily* suit.

I remember a very whimsical fellow, commonly known by the name of Posture-master†, in king Charles the Second's reign, who was the plague of

* Doily was a famous draper about this time, probably the inventor, certainly a principal vender of this kind of cloth, &c.

† Mr. Joseph Clark, commonly called the posture-master.

all the tailors about town. He would often send for one of them to take measure of him, but would so contrive it as to have a most immoderate rising in one of his shoulders. When the clothes were brought home and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder. Upon which the tailor begged pardon for the mistake, and mended it as fast as he could, but, upon a third trial, found him a straight-shouldered man as one would desire to see, but a little unfortunate in a hump back. In short, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. My reader will apply this to any one who would adapt a suit to a season of our English climate.

After this short descant on the uncertainty of our English weather, I come to my moral.

A man should take care that his body be not too soft for his climate; but rather, if possible, harden and season himself beyond the degree of cold wherein he lives. Daily experience teaches us how we may inure ourselves by custom to bear the extremities of weather without injury. The inhabitants of Nova Zembla go naked, without complaining of the bleakness of the air, in which they are born, as the armies of the northern nations keep the field all winter. The softest of our British ladies expose their arms and necks to the open air, which the men could not do without catching cold, for want of being accustomed to it. The whole body, by the same means, might contract the same firmness and temper. The Scythian that was asked how it was possible for the inhabitants of his frozen climate to go naked, replied, "Because we are all over face." Mr. Locke advises parents to have their children's feet washed every morning in cold water, which might probably prolong multitudes of lives.

I verily believe a cold bath would be one of the most healthful exercises in the world, were it made use of in the education of youth. It would make their bodies more than proof to the injuries of the air and weather. It would be somewhat like what the poets tell us of Achilles, whom his mother is said to have dipped, when he was a child, in the river Styx. The story adds, that this made him invulnerable all over, excepting that part which his mother held in her hand during this immersion, and which, by that means, lost the benefit of these hardening waters. Our common practice runs in a quite contrary method. We are perpetually softening ourselves by good fires and warm clothes. The air within our rooms has generally two or three more degrees of heat in it than the air without doors.

Crassus is an old lethargic valetudinarian. For these twenty years last past he has been clothed in frieze of the same colour, and of the same piece. He fancies he should catch his death in any other kind of manufacture; and though his avarice would incline him to wear it till it was threadbare, he dares not do it least he should take cold when the nap is off. He could no more live without his frieze-coat, than without his skin. It is not, indeed, so properly his coat, as what the anatomists call one of the integuments of the body.

How different an old man is Crassus from myself! It is, indeed, the particular distinction of the Ironsides to be robust and hardy, to defy the cold and rain, and let the weather do its worst. My father lived till a hundred without a cough; and we have a tradition in the family, that my grandfather used to throw off his hat, and go open-breasted, after fourscore. As for myself, they used to souse me over head and ears in water when I was a boy, so that I am now looked upon as one of the most case-har-

dened of the whole family of the Ironsides. In short, I have been so plunged in water, and inured to the cold, that I regard myself as a piece of true-tempered Steel, and can say with the above-mentioned Scythian, that I am face, or, if my enemies please, forehead all over.



No. 103. THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1713.

Dum flammæ Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 586.

With mimic thunder impiously he plays,
And darts the artificial lightning's blaze.

I AM considering how most of the great phenomena or appearances in nature, have been imitated by the art of man. Thunder is grown a common drug among the chemists. Lightning may be bought by the pound. If a man has occasion for a lambent flame, you have whole sheets of it in a handful of phosphor. Showers of rain are to be met with in every water-work; and we are informed, that some years ago the virtuosoës of France covered a little vault with artificial snow, which they made to fall above an hour together for the entertainment of his present majesty.

I am led into this train of thinking by the noble firework that was exhibited last night upon the Thames. You might there see a little sky filled with innumerable blazing stars and meteors. Nothing could be more astonishing than the pillars of flame, clouds of smoke, and multitudes of stars mingled

together in such an agreeable confusion. Every rocket ended in a constellation, and strowed the air with such a shower of silver spangles, as opened and enlightened the whole scene from time to time. It put me in mind of the lines in *Œdipus*,

Why from the bleeding womb of monstrous night
Burst forth such myriads of abortive stars?

In short, the artist did his part to admiration, and was so encompassed with fire and smoke, that one would have thought nothing but a Salamander could have been safe in such a situation.

I was in company with two or three fanciful friends during this whole show. One of them being a critic, that is, a man who on all occasions is more attentive to what is wanting than what is present, began to exert his talent upon the several objects we had before us. 'I am mightily pleased,' says he, 'with that burning cypher. There is no matter in the world so proper to write with as wildfire, as no characters can be more legible than those which are read by their own light. But as for your cardinal virtues, I do not care for seeing them in such combustible figures. Who can imagine Chastity with a body of fire, or Temperance in a flame? Justice, indeed, may be furnished out of this element as far as her sword goes, and Courage may be all over one continued blaze, if the artist pleases.'

Our companion observing that we laughed at this unseasonable severity, let drop the critic, and proposed a subject for a firework, which he thought would be very amusing, if executed by so able an artist* as he who was at that time entertaining us. The plan

* There were two artists on this occasion, colonel Hopkey, and colonel Boigard.

he mentioned was a scene in Milton. He would have a large piece of machinery represent the Pandæmonium, where

— From the arched roof
 Pendant by subtle magic, many a row
 Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed
 With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
 As from a sky. —

P. L. i. 726.

This might be finely represented by several illuminations disposed in a great frame of wood, with ten thousand beautiful exhalations of fire, which men versed in this art know very well how to raise. The evil spirits at the same time might very properly appear in vehicles of flame, and employ all the tricks of art to terrify and surprise the spectator.

We were well enough pleased with this start of thought, but fancied there was something in it too serious, and perhaps too horrid, to be put in execution.

Upon this a friend of mine gave us an account of a fire-work described, if I am not mistaken, by Strada. A prince of Italy, it seems, entertained his mistress with it upon a great lake. In the midst of this lake was a huge floating mountain, made by art. The mountain represented *Ætna*, being bored through the top with a monstrous orifice. Upon a signal given the eruption began. Fire and smoke, mixed with several unusual prodigies and figures, made their appearance for some time. On a sudden, there was heard a most dreadful rumbling noise within the entrails of the machine. After which the mountain burst, and discovered a vast cavity in that side which faced the prince and his court. Within this hollow was *Vulcan's* shop full of fire, and clock-work. A column of blue flames issued out incessantly from the forge. *Vulcan* was employed in hammering out

thunderbolts, that every now and then flew up from the anvil with dreadful cracks and flashes. Venus stood by him in a figure of the brightest fire, with numberless Cupids on all sides of her, that shot out volleys of burning arrows. Before her was an altar with hearts of fire flaming on it. I have forgot several other particulars no less curious, and have only mentioned these to show that there may be a sort of fable or design in a fire-work which may give an additional beauty to those surprising objects.

I seldom see any thing that raises wonder in me, which does not give my thoughts a turn that makes my heart the better for it. As I was lying in my bed, and ruminating on what I had seen, I could not forbear reflecting on the insignificancy of human art, when set in comparison with the designs of Providence. In the pursuit of this thought I considered a comet, or, in the language of the vulgar, a blazing-star, as a sky-rocket discharged by a hand that is Almighty. Many of my readers saw that in the year 1680, and if they are not mathematicians, will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater degree of swiftness than a cannon-ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was fourscore millions of miles in length. What an amazing thought is it to consider this stupendous body traversing the immensity of the creation with such a rapidity, and at the same time wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has prescribed for it! that it should move in such inconceivable fury and combustion, and at the same time with such an exact regularity! How spacious must the universe be that gives such bodies as these their full play, without suffering the least disorder or confusion by it! What a glorious show are those beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and see myriads of such tremendous objects wandering through those

immeasurable depths of ether, and running their appointed courses! Our eyes may hereafter be strong enough to command this magnificent prospect, and our understandings able to find out the several uses of these great parts of the universe. In the mean time they are very proper objects for our imaginations to contemplate, that we may form more exalted notions of Infinite Wisdom and Power, and learn to think humbly of ourselves, and of all the little works of human invention.



No. 104. FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1713.

Quæ è longinquo magis placent.

TACIT.

The further fetch'd, the more they please.

ON Tuesday last I published two letters written by a gentleman in his travels. As they were applauded by my best readers, I shall this day publish two more from the same hand. The first of them contains a matter of fact which is very curious, and may deserve the attention of those who are versed in our British antiquities.

“ SIR,

“ BECAUSE I am at present out of the road of news, I shall send you a story that was lately given me by a gentleman of this country, who is descended from one of the persons concerned in the relation, and very inquisitive to know if there be any of the family now in England.

“ I shall only premise to it, that this story is preserved with great care among the writings of this gentleman's family, and that it has been given to two or three of our English nobility, when they were in these parts, who could not return any satisfactory answer to the gentleman, whether there be any of that family now remaining in Great Britain.

‘ In the reign of king John there lived a nobleman called John de Sigonia, lord of that place in Touraine: his brothers were, Philip and Briant. Briant, when very young, was made one of the French king's pages, and served him in that quality when he was taken prisoner by the English. The king of England chanced to see the youth, and being much pleased with his person and behaviour, begged him of the king his prisoner. It happened, some years after this, that John, the other brother, who in the course of the war had raised himself to a considerable post in the French army, was taken prisoner by Briant, who at that time was an officer in the king of England's guards. Briant knew nothing of his brother, and being naturally of a haughty temper, treated him very insolently, and more like a criminal than a prisoner of war. This John resented so highly, that he challenged him to a single combat. The challenge was accepted, and time and place assigned them by the king's appointment. Both appeared on the day prefixed, and entered the lists completely armed amidst a great multitude of spectators. Their first encounters were very furious, and the success equal on both sides; till after some toil and bloodshed they were parted by their seconds to fetch breath, and prepare themselves afresh for the combat. Briant, in the mean time, had cast his eye upon his brother's escutcheon, which he saw agree in all points with his own. I

need not tell you after this, with what joy and surprise the story ends. King Edward, who knew all the particulars of it, as a mark of his esteem, gave to each of them by the king of France's consent, the following coat of arms, which I will send you in the original language, not being herald enough to blazon it in English.

‘ Le Roi d’Angleterre par permission du Roi de France, pour perpetuelle mémoire de leurs grands faits d’armes et fidélité envers leurs Rois, leur donna par ampliation à leurs armes en une croix d’argent cantonnée de quatre coquilles d’or en champ de sable, qu’ils avoient auparavant, une endenteuse faite en façons de croix de guëulle inserée au dedans de la ditte croix d’argent et par le milieu d’icelle qui est participation des deux croix que portent les dits Rois en la guerre.’

“ I am afraid by this time you begin to wonder that I should send you for news a tale of three or four hundred years old ; and I dare say never thought, when you desired me to write to you, that I should trouble you with a story of king John, especially at a time when there is a monarch on the French throne that furnishes discourse for all Europe. But I confess I am the more fond of the relation, because it brings to mind the noble exploits of our own countrymen : though at the same time I must own it is not so much the vanity of an Englishman which puts me upon writing it, as that I have of taking any occasion to subscribe myself,

“ Blois, May 15, N. S.”

“ Sir, yours,” &c.

‘ SIR,

‘ I AM extremely obliged to you for your last kind letter, which was the only English that had been

spoken to me for some months together, for I am at present forced to think the absence of my countrymen my good fortune :

Votum in amante novum ! vellem, quod amamus, abesset.
OVID. MET. iii. 468.

Strange wish, to harbour in a lover's breast ;
 I wish that absent, which I love the best.

This is an advantage that I could not have hoped for, had I stayed near the French court, though I must confess I would not but have seen it, because I believe it showed me some of the finest places, and of the greatest persons in the world. One cannot hear a name mentioned in it that does not bring to mind a piece of a gazette, nor see a man that has not signalized himself in a battle. One would fancy one's self to be in the enchanted palaces of a romance ; one meets with so many heroes, and finds something so like scenes of magic in the gardens, statues, and water-works. I am ashamed that I am not able to make quicker progress through the French tongue, because I believe it is impossible for a learner of a language to find in any nation such advantages as in this, where every body is so very courteous, and so very talkative. They always take care to make a noise as long as they are in company, and are as loud any hour of the morning, as our own countrymen at midnight. By what I have seen, there is more mirth in the French conversation, and more wit in the English. You abound more in jests, but they in laughter. Their language is indeed extremely proper to tattle in, it is made up of so much repetition and compliment. One may know a foreigner by his answering only No or Yes to a question, which a Frenchman generally makes a sentence of. They have a set of ceremonious phrases that run through all ranks and degrees among them. Nothing is more common than to hear a shopkeeper desiring his neighbour to have the goodness to tell him

what it is o'clock; or a couple of cobblers, that are extremely glad of the honour of seeing one another.

“ The face of the whole country where I now am, is at this season pleasant beyond imagination. I cannot but fancy the birds of this place, as well as the men, a great deal merrier than those of our own nation. I am sure the French year has got the start of ours more in the works of nature, than in the new style. I have passed one March in my life without being ruffled by the winds, and one April without being washed with rains.

“ I am, SIR, yours,” &c.

“ Blois, May 20, N. S.”



No. 105. SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1713.

*Hoc neque in Armeniis tigres fecere latebris :
Perdere nec factus ausu læana suos.
At teneræ faciunt, sed non impune, puellæ ;
Sæpe, suos utero quæ necat, ipsa perit.*

OVID. AM. ii. 14. 35.

The tigresses, that haunt th' Armenian wood,
Will spare their proper young, though pinch'd for food !
Nor will the Libyan lionesses slay
Their whelps : but women are more fierce than they,
More barbarous to the tender fruit they bear ;
Nor Nature's call, though loud she cries, will hear.
But righteous vengeance oft their crimes pursues,
And they are lost themselves who would their children lose.

ANON.

THERE was no part of the show on the thanksgiving-day that so much pleased and affected me as the little boys and girls who were ranged with so much

order and decency in that part of the Strand which reaches from the May-pole to Exeter-change. Such a numerous and innocent multitude, clothed in the charity of their benefactors, was a spectacle pleasing both to God and man, and a more beautiful expression of joy and thanksgiving than could have been exhibited by all the pomps of a Roman triumph. Never did a more full and unspotted chorus of human creatures join together in a hymn of devotion. The care and tenderness which appeared in the looks of their several instructors, who were disposed among this little helpless people, could not forbear touching every heart that had any sentiments of humanity.

I am very sorry that her majesty did not see this assembly of objects, so proper to excite that charity and compassion which she bears to all who stand in need of it, though at the same time I question not but her royal bounty will extend itself to them. A charity bestowed on the education of so many of her young subjects, has more merit in it than a thousand pensions to those of a higher fortune who are in greater stations in life.

I have always looked on this institution of charity-schools, which of late years has so universally prevailed through the whole nation, as the glory of the age we live in, and the most proper means that can be made use of to recover it out of its present degeneracy and depravation of manners. It seems to promise us an honest and virtuous posterity. There will be few in the next generation, who will not at least be able to write and read, and have not had the early tincture of religion. It is therefore to be hoped that the several persons of wealth and quality, who made their procession through the members of these new-erected seminaries, will not regard them only as an empty spectacle, or the materials of a fine show, but contribute to their maintenance and increase.

For my part, I can scarce forbear looking on the astonishing victories our arms have been crowned with, to be in some measure the blessings returned upon that national charity which has been so conspicuous of late ; and that the great successes of the last war, for which we lately offered up our thanks, were in some measure occasioned by the several objects which then stood before us.

Since I am upon this subject, I shall mention a piece of charity which has not been yet exerted among us, and which deserves our attention the more, because it is practised by most of the nations about us. I mean a provision for foundlings, or for those children, who, through want of such a provision, are exposed to the barbarity of cruel and unnatural parents. One does not know how to speak on such a subject without horror: but what multitudes of infants have been made away by those who brought them into the world, and were afterwards either ashamed, or unable to provide for them !

There is scarce an assizes where some unhappy wretch is not executed for the murder of a child. And how many more of these monsters of inhumanity may we suppose to be wholly undiscovered, or cleared for want of legal evidence ! Not to mention those, who by unnatural practices do in some measure defeat the intentions of Providence, and destroy their conceptions even before they see the light. In all these the guilt is equal, though the punishment is not so. But to pass by the greatness of the crime, which is not to be expressed by words, if we only consider it as it robs the commonwealth of its full number of citizens, it certainly deserves the utmost application and wisdom of a people to prevent it.

It is certain, that which generally betrays these profligate women into it, and overcomes the tenderness which is natural to them on other occasions, is

the fear of shame, or their inability to support those whom they give life to. I shall therefore show how this evil is prevented in other countries, as I have learned from those who have been conversant in the several great cities in Europe.

There are at Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, Rome, and many other large towns, great hospitals built like our colleges. In the walls of these hospitals are placed machines, in the shape of large lanterns, with a little door in the side of them turned towards the street, and a bell hanging by them. The child is deposited in this lantern, which is immediately turned about into the inside of the hospital. The person who conveys the child rings the bell, and leaves it there, upon which the proper officer comes and receives it without making further inquiries. The parent, or her friend, who lays the child there, generally leaves a note with it, declaring whether it be yet christened, the name it should be called by, the particular marks upon it, and the like.

It often happens that the parent leaves a note for the maintenance and education of the child, or takes it out after it has been some years in the hospital. Nay, it has been known that the father has afterwards owned the young foundling for his son, or left his estate to him. This is certain, that many are by this means preserved and do signal services to their country, who, without such a provision, might have perished as abortives, or have come to an untimely end, and perhaps have brought upon their guilty parents the like destruction.

This, I think, is a subject that deserves our most serious consideration, for which reason I hope I shall not be thought impertinent in laying it before my readers.



No. 106. MONDAY, JULY 13, 1713.

Quod latet arcanâ, non enarrabile, fibrâ.

PERS. SAT. V. 29.

The deep recesses of the human breast.

As I was making up my Monday's provision for the public, I received the following letter, which being a better entertainment than any I can furnish out myself, I shall set it before the reader, and desire him to fall on without further ceremony.

“ SIR,

“ YOUR two kinsmen and predecessors of immortal memory, were very famous for their dreams and visions, and, contrary to all other authors, never pleased their readers more than when they were nodding. Now it is observed, that the second sight generally runs in the blood; and, Sir, we are in hopes that you yourself, like the rest of your family, may at length prove a dreamer of dreams, and a seer of visions. In the mean while I beg leave to make you a present of a dream, which may serve to lull your readers till such time as you yourself shall think to gratify the public with any of your nocturnal discoveries.

“ You must understand, Sir, I had yesterday been reading and ruminating upon that passage where Momus is said to have found fault with the make of a man, because he had not a window in his breast. The moral of this story is very obvious, and means no more than that the heart of man is so full of wiles and artifices, treachery and deceit, that there is no

guessing at what he is, from his speeches, and outward appearances. I was immediately reflecting how happy each of the sexes would be, if there was a window in the breast of every one that makes or receives love. What protestations and perjuries would be saved on the one side, what hypocrisy and dissimulation on the other! I am myself very far gone in this passion for Aurelia, a woman of an unsearchable heart. I would give the world to know the secrets of it, and particularly whether I am really in her good graces, or, if not, who is the happy person.

“ I fell asleep in this agreeable reverie, when on a sudden, methought Aurelia lay by my side. I was placed by her in the posture of Milton's Adam, and ‘with looks of cordial love hung over her enamour'd.’ As I cast my eye upon her bosom, it appeared to be all of crystal, and so wonderfully transparent that I saw every thought in her heart. The first images I discovered in it were fans, silk, ribands, laces, and many other gewgaws, which lay so thick together, that the whole heart was nothing else but a toy-shop. These all faded away and vanished, when immediately I discerned a long train of coaches and six, equipages and liveries, that ran through the heart, one after another, in a very great hurry, for above half an hour together. After this, looking very attentively, I observed the whole space to be filled with a hand of cards, in which I could see distinctly three matadores. There then followed a quick succession of different scenes. A playhouse, a church, a court, a puppet-show, rose up one after another, till at last they all of them gave place to a pair of new shoes, which kept footing in the heart for a whole hour. These were driven off at last by a lap-dog, who was succeeded by a guinea-pig, a squirrel, and a monkey. I myself, to my no small joy, brought up the rear of these worthy favourites. I was ravished at being so

happily posted, and in full possession of the heart ; but as I saw the little figure of myself simpering and mightily pleased with its situation, on a sudden the heart, methought, gave a sigh, in which, as I found afterwards, my little representative vanished ; for, upon applying my eye, I found my place taken up by an ill-bred, awkward puppy, with a money-bag under each arm. This gentleman, however, did not keep his station long, before he yielded it up to a wight as disagreeable as himself, with a white stick in his hand. These three last figures represented to me, in a lively manner, the conflicts in Aurelia's heart, between love, avarice, and ambition, for we justled one another out by turns, and disputed the point for a great while. But at last, to my unspeakable satisfaction, I saw myself entirely settled in it. I was so transported with my success, that I could not forbear hugging my dear piece of crystal, when, to my unspeakable mortification, I awaked, and found my mistress metamorphosed into a pillow.

“ This is not the first time I have been thus disappointed.

“ O venerable Nestor, if you have any skill in dreams, let me know whether I have the same place in the real heart, that I had in the visionary one. To tell you truly, I am perplexed to death between hope and fear. I was very sanguine till eleven o'clock this morning, when I overheard an unlucky old woman telling her neighbour that dreams always went by contraries. I did not, indeed, before, much like the crystal heart, remembering that confounded simile in Valentinian, of a maid ‘ as cold as crystal never to be thawed.’ Besides, I verily believe if I had slept a little longer, that aukward whelp with his money-bags would certainly have made his second entrance. If you can tell the fair one's mind, it will be no small proof of your art, for I dare say it

is more than she herself can do. Every sentence she speaks is a riddle; all that I can be certain of is, that I am her and

“ Your humble servant,

“ PETER PUZZLE.”



No. 107. TUESDAY, JULY 14, 1713.

— *Tentanda via est.* —

VIRG. GEOR. iii. 8.

I'll try the experiment.

I HAVE lately entertained my reader with two or three letters from a traveller, and may possibly, in some of my future papers, oblige him with more from the same hand. The following one comes from a projector, which is a sort of correspondent as diverting as a traveller; his subject having the same grace of novelty to recommend it, and being equally adapted to the curiosity of the reader. For my own part, I have always had a particular fondness for a project, and may say, without vanity, that I have a pretty tolerable genius that way myself. I could mention some which I have brought to maturity, others which have miscarried, and many more which I have by me, and are to take their fate in the world when I see a proper juncture: I had a hand in the land bank*, and was consulted with upon the reformation

* The land bank was once really proposed, and designed as a rival bank, to lend money upon land security.

of manners. I have had several designs upon the Thames and the New River*, not to mention my refinements upon lotteries†, and insurances, and that never-to-be forgotten project, which, if it had succeeded to my wishes, would have made gold as plentiful in this nation as tin or copper‡. If my countrymen have not reaped any advantages from these my designs, it was not for the want of any good-will towards them. They are obliged to me for my kind intentions as much as if they had taken effect. Projects are of a twofold nature: the first arising from public-spirited persons, in which number I declare myself: the other proceeding from a regard to our private interest, of which nature is that in the following letter:

“SIR,

“A MAN of your reading knows very well that there were a set of men in old Rome, called by the name of Nomenclators, that is, in English, men who could call every one by his name. When a great man stood for any public office, as that of a tribune, a consul, or a censor, he had always one of these nomenclators at his elbow, who whispered in his ear the name of every one he met with, and by that means enabled him to salute every Roman citizen by his name when he asked him for his vote. To come to my purpose: I have with much pains and assiduity

* This seems to refer to Steele's contrivance for bringing fish to London, which was not completed till four or five years after the date of this paper, and did not succeed.

† This seems to allude to Steele's Multiplication Table; a species of lottery which proved illegal.

‡ This appears to be another of Addison's oblique strokes at Steele, who is said to have been one of the last eminent men in this country who wasted money in search of the philosopher's stone.

qualified myself for a nomenclator to this great city, and shall gladly enter upon my office as soon as I meet with suitable encouragement. I will let myself out by the week to any curious country gentleman or foreigner. If he takes me with him in a coach to the Ring*, I will undertake to teach him, in two or three evenings, the names of the most celebrated persons who frequent that place. If he plants me by his side in the pit, I will call over to him, in the same manner, the whole circle of beauties that are disposed among the boxes, and at the same time point out to him the persons who ogle them from their respective stations. I need not tell you that I may be of the same use in any other public assembly. Nor do I only profess the teaching of names, but of things. Upon the sight of a reigning beauty, I shall mention her admirers, and discover her gallantries, if they are of public notoriety. I shall likewise mark out every toast, the club in which she was elected, and the number of votes that were on her side. Not a woman shall be unexplained that makes a figure either as a maid, a wife, or a widow. The men too shall be set out in their distinguishing characters, and declared whose properties they are. Their wit, wealth, or good-humour, their persons, stations, and titles, shall be described at large.

“ I have a wife who is a nomenclatress, and will be ready, on any occasion, to attend the ladies. She is of a much more communicative nature than myself, and is acquainted with all the private history of London and Westminster, and ten miles round. She has fifty private amours which nobody yet knows any thing of but herself, and thirty clandestine marriages that have not been touched by the tip of a

* In Hyde-park, then a fashionable place of resort.

tongue. She will wait upon any lady at her own lodgings, and talk by the clock after the rate of three guineas an hour.

“ N. B. She is a near kinswoman of the author of the *New Atalantis* *.

“ I need not recommend to a man of your sagacity, the usefulness of this project, and do therefore beg your encouragement of it, which will lay a very great obligation upon

“ Your humble servant.”

After this letter from my whimsical correspondent, I shall publish one of a more serious nature, which deserves the utmost attention of the public, and in particular of such who are lovers of mankind. It is on no less a subject than that of discovering the longitude, and deserves a much higher name than that of a project, if our language afforded any such term. But all I can say on this subject will be superfluous when the reader sees the names of those persons by whom this letter is subscribed, and who have done me the honour to send it me. I must only take notice, that the first of these gentlemen is the same person who has lately obliged the world with that noble plan, entitled, *A Scheme of the Solar System, with the orbits of the planets and comets belonging thereto described from Dr. Halley's accurate Table of Comets, Philosoph. Trans. No. 297, founded on Sir Isaac Newton's wonderful discoveries, by William Whiston, M. A.*

* Mrs. A. D. Manley.

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ At Button’s Coffee-House, near Covent-Garden.

“ SIR,

“ HAVING a discovery of considerable importance to communicate to the public, and finding that you are pleased to concern yourself in any thing that tends to the common benefit of mankind, we take the liberty to desire the insertion of this letter into your Guardian. We expect no other recommendation of it from you, but the allowing of it a place in so useful a paper. Nor do we insist on any protection from you, if what we propose should fall short of what we pretend to; since any disgrace, which in that case must be expected, ought to lie wholly at our own doors, and to be entirely borne by ourselves, which we hope we have provided for by putting our own names to this paper.

“ It is well known, Sir, to yourself and to the learned, and trading, and sailing world, that the great defect of the art of navigation is, that a ship at sea has no certain method, in either her eastern or western voyages, or even in her less distant sailing from the coasts, to know her longitude, or how much she is gone eastward or westward, as it can easily be known in any clear day or night, how much she is gone northward or southward. The several methods by lunar eclipses, by those of Jupiter’s satellites, by the appulses of the moon to fixed stars, and by the even motions of pendulum clocks and watches, upon how solid foundations soever they are built, still failing in long voyages at sea, when they come to be practised; and leaving the poor sailors frequently to the great inaccuracy of a log-line, or dead reckoning. This defect is so great, and so many ships have been lost by it, and this has been so long and so sensibly known by trading nations, that great rewards are said to be publicly offered for its supply. We are well

satisfied, that the discovery we have to make as to this matter is easily intelligible by all, and readily to be practised at sea as well as at land; that the latitude will thereby be likewise found at the same time; and that with proper charges it may be made as universal as the world shall please; nay, that the longitude and latitude may be generally hereby determined to a greater degree of exactness than the latitude itself is now usually found at sea. So that on all accounts we hope it will appear very worthy the public consideration. We are ready to disclose it to the world, if we may be assured that no other persons shall be allowed to deprive us of those rewards which the public shall think fit to bestow for such a discovery; but do not desire actually to receive any benefit of that nature, till Sir Isaac Newton himself, with such other proper persons as shall be chosen to assist him, have given their opinion in favour of this discovery. If Mr. Ironside pleases so far to oblige the public as to communicate this proposal to the world, he will also lay a great obligation on

“ His very humble servants,

“ WILL. WHISTON,

“ HUMPHRY DITTON.”

“ London, July 11, 1713.”



No. 108. WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1713.

Abietibus juvenes patriis et montibus æquios.

VIRG. ÆN. IX. 674.

—Youths, of height and size,
Like firs that on their mother-mountain rise.

DRYDEN.

I do not care for burning my fingers in a quarrel, but since I have communicated to the world a plan which has given offence to some gentlemen, whom it would not be very safe to disoblige, I must insert the following remonstrance; and at the same time promise those of my correspondents, who have drawn this upon themselves, to exhibit to the public any such answer as they shall think proper to make to it.

“ MR. GUARDIAN,

“ I WAS very much troubled to see the two letters which you lately published concerning the short club. You cannot imagine what airs all the little pragmatistical fellows about us have given themselves since the reading of those papers. Every one cocks and struts upon it, and pretends to overlook us who are two foot higher than themselves. I met with one the other day, who was at least three inches above five foot, which you know is the statutable measure of that club. This overgrown runt has struck off his heels, lowered his foretop, and con-

tracted his figure, that he might be looked upon as a member of this new-erected society; nay, so far did his vanity carry him, that he talked familiarly of Tom Tiptoe, and pretends to be an intimate acquaintance of Tim Tuck. For my part, I scorn to speak any thing to the diminution of these little creatures, and should not have minded them, had they been still shuffled among the crowd. Shrubs and underwoods look well enough while they grow within the shades of oaks and cedars; but when these pygmies pretend to draw themselves out from the rest of the world, and form themselves into a body, it is time for us, who are men of figure, to look about us. If the ladies should once take a liking to such a diminutive race of lovers, we should, in a little time, see mankind epitomized, and the whole species in miniature; daisy roots* would grow a fashionable diet. In order, therefore, to keep our posterity from dwindling, and fetch down the pride of this aspiring race of upstarts, we have here instituted a Tall Club.

“As the short club consists of those who are under five foot, ours is to be composed of such as are above six. These we look upon as the two extremes and antagonists of the species: considering all those as neuters, who fill up the middle space. When a man rises beyond six foot, he is an hypermeter, and may be admitted into the tall club.

“We have already chosen thirty members, the most sightly of all her majesty’s subjects. We elected a president, as many of the ancients did their kings, by reason of his height, having only confirmed him in that station above us which nature had given

* Daisy roots, boiled in milk, are said to check the growth of puppies.

him. He is a Scotch Highlander, and within an inch of a show. As for my own part, I am but a sesquipedal, having only six foot and a half of stature. Being the shortest member of the club, I am appointed secretary. If you saw us all together, you would take us for the sons of Anak. Our meetings are held, like the old Gothic parliaments, *sub dio*, in open air; but we shall make an interest, if we can, that we may hold our assemblies in Westminster-hall when it is not term-time. I must add, to the honour of our club, that it is one of our society who is now finding out the longitude*. The device of our public seal is, a crane grasping a pygmy in his right foot.

“ I know the short club value themselves very much upon Mr. Distich, who may possibly play some of his pentameters upon us, but if he does, he shall certainly be answered in Alexandrines. For we have a poet among us of a genius as exalted as his stature, and who is very well read in Longinus his treatise concerning the sublimet†. Besides, I would have Mr. Distich consider, that if Horace was a short man, Musæus, who makes such a noble figure in Virgil’s sixth Æneid, was taller by the head and shoulders than all the people of Elysium. I shall therefore confront his *lepidissimum homuncionem*, a short quotation, and fit for a member of their club, with one that is much longer, and therefore more suitable to a member of ours :

*Quos circumfusos sic est affata Sibylla ;
Musæum ante omnes : medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suscipit altis.*

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 666.

* Probably Mr. Whiston.

† Leonard Welsted, whose translation of Longinus first appeared in 1712.

To these the Sibyl thus her speech addressed :
 And first to him * surrounded by the rest :
 Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast.

DRYDEN.

“ If, after all, this society of little men proceed as they have begun, to magnify themselves, and lessen men of higher stature, we have resolved to make a detachment, some evening or other, that shall bring away their whole club in a pair of panniers, and imprison them in a cupboard which we have set apart for that use, till they have made a public recantation. As for the little bully, Tim Tuck, if he pretends to be choleric, we shall treat him like his friend little Dicky, and hang him upon a peg till he comes to himself. I have told you our design, and let their little Machiavel prevent it if he can.

“ This is, Sir, the long and the short of the matter. I am sensible I shall stir up a nest of wasps by it, but let them do their worst. I think that we serve our country by discouraging this little breed, and hindering it from coming into fashion. If the fair sex look upon us with an eye of favour, we shall make some attempts to lengthen out the human figure, and restore it to its ancient procerity. In the mean time, we hope old age has not inclined you in favour of our antagonists ; for I do assure you, Sir, we are all your high admirers, though none more than,

☞

“ SIR, yours,” &c.

* Musæus.

No. 109. THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1713.

Pugnabat tunicâ sed tamen illa tegi.

OID. ARS AM. i. 5. 14.

Yet still she strove her naked charms to hide.

I HAVE received many letters from persons of all conditions in reference to my late discourse concerning the tucker. Some of them are filled with reproaches and invectives. A lady, who subscribes herself Teraminta, bids me, in a very pert manner, mind my own affairs, and not pretend to meddle with their linen; for that they do not dress for an old fellow, who cannot see them without a pair of spectacles. Another, who calls herself Bubnelia, vents her passion in scurrilous terms; an old ninny-hammer, a dotard, a nincompoop, is the best language she can afford me. Florilla indeed expostulates with me upon this subject, and only complains that she is forced to return a pair of stays, which were made in the extremity of the fashion, that she might not be thought to encourage peeping.

But if on the one side I have been used ill, the common fate of all reformers, I have on the other side received great applauses and acknowledgements for what I have done, in having put a seasonable stop to this unaccountable humour of stripping, that was got among our British ladies. As I would much rather the world should know what is said to my praise, than to my disadvantage, I shall suppress what has been written to me by those, who have re-

viled me on this occasion, and only publish those letters which approve my proceedings.

“ SIR,

“ I AM to give you thanks in the name of half a dozen superannuated beauties, for your paper of the 6th instant. We all of us pass for women of fifty, and a man of your sense knows how many additional years are always to be thrown into female computations of this nature. We are very sensible that several young flirts about town had a design to cast us out of the fashionable world, and to leave us in the lurch, by some of their late refinements. Two or three of them have been heard to say, that they would kill every old woman about town. In order to it, they began to throw off their clothes as fast as they could, and have played all those pranks, which you have so seasonably taken notice of. We were forced to uncover after them, being unwilling to give out so soon, and be regarded as veterans in the *beau monde*. Some of us have already caught our deaths by it. For my own part, I have not been without a cold ever since this foolish fashion came up. I have followed it thus far with the hazard of my life; and how much further I must go, nobody knows, if your paper does not bring us relief. You may assure yourself that all the antiquated necks about town are very much obliged to you. Whatever fires and flames are concealed in our bosoms, in which perhaps we vie with the youngest of the sex, they are not sufficient to preserve us against the wind and weather. In taking so many old women under your care, you have been a real Guardian to us, and saved the life of many of your contemporaries. In short, we all of us beg leave to subscribe ourselves,

“ Most venerable Nestor,

“ Your humble servants and sisters.’

I am very well pleased with this approbation of my good sisters. I must confess, I have always looked on the tucker to be the '*decus et tutamen* *,' the ornament and defence, of the female neck. My good old lady, the lady Lizard, condemned this fashion from the beginning, and has observed to me, with some concern, that her sex at the same time they are letting down their stays, are tucking up their petticoats, which grow shorter and shorter every day. The leg discovers itself in proportion with the neck. But I may possibly take another occasion of handling this extremity, it being my design to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to foot. In the mean time I shall fill up my paper with a letter which comes to me from another of my obliged correspondents.

“ DEAR GUARDEE,

“ THIS comes to you from one of those untucked ladies whom you were so sharp upon on Monday was se'nnight. I think myself mightily beholden to you for the reprehension you then gave us. You must know I am a famous olive beauty. But though this complexion makes a very good face when there are a couple of black sparkling eyes set in it, it makes but a very indifferent neck. Your fair women, therefore, thought of this fashion to insult the olives and the brunettes. They know very well that a neck of ivory does not make so fine a show as one of alabaster. It is for this reason, Mr. Ironside, that they are so liberal in their discoveries. We know very well, that a woman of the whitest neck in the world, is to you no more than a woman of snow; but Ovid, in Mr. Duke's

* The words milled on the larger silver and gold coins of this kingdom.

translation of him, seems to look upon it with another eye, when he talks of Corinna, and mentions,

—her heaving breast,
Courting the hand, and suing to be prest.

“ Women of my complexion ought to be more modest, especially since our faces debar us from all artificial whitening. Could you examine many of these ladies, who present you with such beautiful snowy chests, you would find that they are not all of a piece. Good father Nestor, do not let us alone till you have shortened our necks, and reduced them to their ancient standard.

“ I am,
“ Your most obliged humble servant,
“ OLIVIA.”

I shall have a just regard to Olivia's remonstrance, though at the same time I cannot but observe that her modesty seems to be entirely the result of her complexion.



No. 110. FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1713.

— *Non ego paucis*
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parùm cavit natura. —

HOR. ARS POET. 351.

I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,
 Such as our nature's frailty may excuse.

ROSCOMMON.

THE candour which Horace shows in the motto of my paper, is that which distinguishes a critic from a caviller. He declares that he is not offended with those little faults in a poetical composition, which may be imputed to inadvertency, or to the imperfection of human nature. The truth of it is, there can be no more a perfect work in the world, than a perfect man. To say of a celebrated piece that there are faults in it, is in effect to say no more, than that the author of it was a man. For this reason, I consider every critic that attacks an author in high reputation, as the slave in the Roman triumph, who was to call out to the conqueror, 'Remember, Sir, that you are a man.' I speak this in relation to the following letter, which criticises the works of a great poet, whose very faults have more beauty in them than the most elaborate compositions of many more correct writers. The remarks are very curious and just, and introduced by a compliment to the work of an author, who, I am sure, would not care for being praised at the expense of another's reputation. I

must therefore desire my correspondent to excuse me, if I do not publish either the preface or conclusion of his letter, but only the critical part of it.

“ SIR,

* * * * *
* * * * *

“ OUR tragedy writers have been notoriously defective in giving proper sentiments to the persons they introduce. Nothing is more common than to hear an heathen talking of angels and devils, the joys of heaven, and the pains of hell, according to the Christian system. Lee's Alcander discovers himself to be a Cartesian in the first page of *Œdipus* :

— The sun's sick too,
Shortly he'll be an earth—

As Dryden's Cleomenes is acquainted with the Copernican hypothesis two thousand years before its invention :

I am pleased with my own work ; Jove was not more
With infant nature, when his spacious hand
Had rounded this huge ball of earth and seas,
To give it the first push, and see it roll
Along the vast abyss. —

“ I have now Mr. Dryden's *Don Sebastian* before me, in which I find frequent allusions to ancient history, and the old mythology of the heathen. It is not very natural to suppose a king of Portugal would be borrowing thoughts out of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* when he talked even to those of his own court ; but to allude to these Roman fables, when he talks to an emperor of Barbary, seems very ex-

traordinary. But observe how he defies him out of the classics, in the following lines :

Why didst not thou engage me man to man,
And try the virtue of that Gorgon face,
To stare me into statue ?

“ Almeyda at the same time is more book learned than Don Sebastian. She plays an hydra upon the emperor that is full as good as the Gorgon :

O that I had the fruitful heads of hydra,
That one might bourgeon where another fell !
Still would I give thee work, still, still, thou tyrant,
And hiss thee with the last. —

“ She afterwards, in allusion to Hercules, bids him ‘ lay down the lion’s skin, and take the distaff ;’ and in the following speech utters her passion still more learnedly :

No, were we joined, even though it were in death,
Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,
The prodigy of Thebes would be renew’d,
And my divided flame should break from thine.

“ The emperor of Barbary shows himself acquainted with the Roman poets as well as either of his prisoners, and answers the foregoing speech in the same classic strain :

Serpent, I will engender poison with thee ;
Our offspring, like the seed of dragons’ teeth,
Shall issue arm’d, and fight themselves to death.

“ Ovid seems to have been Muley Molock’s favorite author, witness the lines that follow :

She still inexorable, still imperious
And loud, as if like Bacchus born in thunder.

“ I shall conclude my remarks on his part, with that poetical complaint of his being in love, and leave my reader to consider how prettily it would sound in the mouth of an emperor of Morocco :

The god of love once more has shot his fires
Into my soul, and my whole heart receives him.

“ Muley Zeydan is as ingenious a man as his brother Muley Molock ; as where he hints at the story of Castor and Pollux :

— May we ne'er meet !
For like the twins of Leda, when I mount,
He gallops down the skies. —

“ As for the mufti, we will suppose that he was bred up a scholar, and not only versed in the law of Mahomet, but acquainted with all kinds of polite learning. For this reason, he is not at all surprised when Dorax calls him a Phaëton in one place, and in another tells him he is like Archimedes.

“ The mufti afterwards mentions Ximenes, Albornoz, and cardinal Wolsey, by name. The poet seems to think he may make every person in his play know as much as himself, and talk as well as he could have done on the same occasion. At least I believe every reader will agree with me, that the above-mentioned sentiments, to which I might have added several others, would have been better suited to the court of Augustus, than that of Muley Molock. I grant they are beautiful in themselves, and much more so in that noble language which was peculiar to this great poet. I only observe that they are improper for the persons who make use of them. Dryden is indeed generally wrong in his sentiments. Let any one read the dialogue between Octavia and Cleopatra, and he will be amazed to hear a Roman lady's mouth filled with

such obscene raillery. If the virtuous Octavia departs from her character, the loose Dolabella is no less inconsistent with himself, when all of a sudden he drops the pagan, and talks in the sentiments of revealed religion :

— Heaven has but
Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights
To pardon erring man. Sweet mercy seems
Its darling attribute, which limits justice ;
As if there were degrees in infinite :
And infinite would rather want perfection
Than punish to extent.—

“ I might show several faults of the same nature in the celebrated Aurenge Zebe. The impropriety of thoughts in the speeches of the great mogul and his empress has been generally censured. Take the sentiments out of the shining dress of words, and they would be too coarse for a scene in Billingsgate.

* * * * *
* * * * *



“ I am,” &c.

No. 111. SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1713.

*Hic aliquis de gente hircosâ Centurionum
Dicat : quod satis est sapio mihi ; non ego curo
Esse quod Arcesilas, ærumnosique Solones.*

PERS. SAT. iii. 77.

But, here, some captain of the land or fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit,
Cries, ' I have sense, to serve my turn, in store ;
And he's a rascal who pretends to more :
Damme, whate'er those book-learned blockheads say,
Solon's the veriest fool in all the play.'

DRYDEN.

I AM very much concerned when I see young gentlemen of fortune and quality so wholly set upon pleasures and diversions, that they neglect all those improvements in wisdom and knowledge which may make them easy to themselves, and useful to the world. The greatest part of our British youth lose their figure, and grow out of fashion by that time they are five and twenty. As soon as the natural gaiety and amiableness of the young man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but lie by the rest of their lives among the lumber and refuse of their species. It sometimes happens, indeed, that for want of applying themselves in due time to the pursuits of knowledge, they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful scholars by that time they are threescore. I must therefore earnestly press my readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at those accomplishments which may set off their persons when their bloom is gone,

and to lay in timely provisions for manhood and old age. In short, I would advise the youth of fifteen to be dressing up every day the man of fifty, or to consider how to make himself venerable at three-score.

Young men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest men of antiquity made it their ambition, to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæsar and Alexander, the most celebrated instances of human greatness, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences. We have still extant several remains of the former, which justify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known saying of his, 'that he was more obliged to Aristotle, who had instructed him, than to Philip who had given him life and empire.' There is a letter of his recorded by Plutarch and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Aristotle upon hearing that he had published those lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words, at a time when he was in the height of his Persian conquests :

‘ALEXANDER TO ARISTOTLE, GREETING.

‘ You have not done well to publish your books of Select Knowledge ; for what is there now in which I can surpass others, if those things which I have been instructed in are communicated to every body ? For my own part, I declare to you, I would rather excel others in knowledge than in power. Farewell.’

We see by this letter, that the love of conquest was but the second ambition in Alexander's soul. Knowledge is indeed that which, next to virtue, truly

and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes being pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratifications. It gives ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement. It fills a public station with suitable abilities, and adds a lustre to those who are in possession of them.

Learning, by which I mean all useful knowledge, whether speculative or practical, is in popular and mixt governments the natural source of wealth and honour. If we look into most of the reigns from the Conquest, we shall find that the favourites of each reign have been those who have raised themselves. The greatest men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flourish. A superior capacity for business, and a more extensive knowledge, are the steps by which a new man often mounts to favour, and outshines the rest of his contemporaries. But when men are actually born to titles, it is almost impossible that they should fail of receiving an additional greatness, if they take care to accomplish themselves for it.

The story of Solomon's choice does not only instruct us in that point of history, but furnishes out a very fine moral to us, namely, that he who applies his heart to wisdom, does at the same time take the most proper method of gaining long life, riches, and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards but the effects of wisdom.

As it is very suitable to my present subject, I shall first of all quote this passage in the words of sacred writ, and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole passage is represented by a famous French poet: not questioning but it will be very pleasing to such of my readers as have a taste of fine writing.

“ In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a

dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee. And Solomon said, Thou hast showed unto thy servant David my father great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee, and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king, instead of David my father, and I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in. Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people? And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgement: Behold I have done according to thy words: Lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honour, so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream."—

The French poet has shadowed this story in an allegory, of which he seems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three goddesses appearing to Paris, or rather from the vision of Hercules, recorded by Xenophon, where Pleasure and Virtue are represented as real persons making their court to the hero

with all their several charms and allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour, are introduced successively in their proper emblems and characters, each of them spreading her temptations, and recommending herself to the young monarch's choice. Wisdom enters the last, and so captivates him with her appearance, that he gives himself up to her. Upon which she informs him, that those who appeared before her were nothing else but her equipage: and that since he had placed his heart upon Wisdom; Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour, should always wait on her as her handmaids.



No. 112. MONDAY, JULY 20, 1713.

— *Udam*

Spernit humum fugiente pennâ. HOR. CAR. iii. 2. 23.

Scorns the base earth, and crowd below;
And with a soaring wing still mounts on high.

CREECH.

THE philosophers of king Charles's reign were busy in finding out the art of flying. The famous bishop Wilkins was so confident of success in it, that he says he does not question but in the next age it will be as usual to hear a man call for his wings when he is going a journey, as it is now to call for his boots. The humour so prevailed among the virtuosoës of this reign, that they were actually making parties to go up to the moon together, and were more put to it in their thoughts, how to meet with accommodations by

the way, than how to get thither. Every one knows the story of the great lady*, who at the same time was building castles in the air for their reception†. I always leave such trite quotations to my reader's private recollection. For which reason, also, I shall forbear extracting out of authors several instances of particular persons, who have arrived at some perfection in this art, and exhibited specimens of it before multitudes of beholders. Instead of this, I shall present my reader with the following letter from an artist, who is now taken up with this invention, and conceals his true name under that of Dædalus :

“ MR. IRONSIDE,

“ KNOWING that you are a great encourager of ingenuity, I think fit to acquaint you that I have made a considerable progress in the art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in a morning, and when my wings are on, can go above a hundred yards at a hop, step, and jump. I can fly already as well as a turkey-cock, and improve every day. If I proceed as I have begun, I intend to give the world a proof of my proficiency in this art. Upon the next public thanksgiving-day it is my design to sit astride the dragon upon Bow steeple, from whence, after the first discharge of the tower guns, I intend to mount into the air, fly over Fleet-street, and pitch upon the May-pole in the Strand. From thence by a gradual descent, I shall make the best of my way for St. James's-park, and light upon the ground near

* Margaret, duchess of Newcastle.

† The duchess of Newcastle objected to bishop Wilkins, the want of baiting-places in the way to his New World ; the bishop expressed his surprise that this objection should be made by a lady who has been all her life employed in building castles in the air.

Rosamond's pond. This I doubt not will convince the world that I am no pretender ; but before I set out, I shall desire to have a patent for making of wings, and that none shall presume to fly, under pain of death, with wings of any other man's making. I intend to work for the court myself, and will have journeymen under me to furnish the rest of the nation. I likewise desire, that I may have the sole teaching of persons of quality, in which I shall spare neither time nor pains till I have made them as expert as myself. I will fly with the women upon my back for the first fortnight. I shall appear at the next masquerade dressed up in my feathers and plumage like an Indian prince, that the quality may see how pretty they will look in their travelling habits. You know, Sir, there is an unaccountable prejudice to projectors of all kinds, for which reason, when I talk of practising to fly, silly people think me an owl for my pains ; but, Sir, you know better things. I need not enumerate to you the benefits which will accrue to the public from this invention ; as how the roads of England will be saved when we travel through these new highways, and how all family accounts will be lessened in the article of coaches and horses. I need not mention post and packet-boats, with many other conveniences of life, which will be supplied this way. In short, Sir, when mankind are in possession of this art, they will be able to do more business in threescore and ten years, than they could do in a thousand by the methods now in use. I therefore recommend myself and art to your patronage, and am your most humble servant,

“ DÆDALUS.”

I have fully considered the project of these our modern Dædalists, and am resolved so far to discourage it, as to prevent any person from flying in my

time. It would fill the world with innumerable immoralities, and give such occasions for intrigues as people cannot meet with who have nothing but legs to carry them. You should have a couple of lovers make a midnight assignation upon the top of the monument, and see the cupola of St. Paul's covered with both sexes like the outside of a pigeon-house. Nothing would be more frequent than to see a beau flying in at a garret window, or a gallant giving chase to his mistress, like a hawk after a lark. There would be no walking in a shady wood without springing a covey of toasts. The poor husband could not dream what was doing over his head. If he were jealous, indeed, he might clip his wife's wings, but would this avail when there were flocks of whoremasters perpetually hovering over his house? What concern would the father of a family be in all the time his daughter was upon the wing? Every heiress must have an old woman flying at her heels. In short, the whole air would be full of this kind of gibier*, as the French call it. I do allow, with my correspondent, that there would be much more business done than there is at present. However, should he apply for such a patent as he speaks of, I question not but there would be more petitions out of the city against it, than ever yet appeared against any other monopoly whatsoever. Every tradesman that cannot keep his wife a coach, could keep her a pair of wings, and there is no doubt but she would be every morning and evening taking the air with them.

I have here only considered the ill consequences of this invention in the influences it would have on love-affairs. I have many more objections to make on

* Gibier signifies no more than flying-game,

other accounts; but these I shall defer publishing till I see my friend astride the dragon.



No. 113. TUESDAY, JULY 21, 1713.

— *Amphora cœpit
Institui; currente rotâ cur urceus exit?*

HOR. ARS POET. 21.

When you begin with so much pomp and show,
Why is the end so little and so low?

ROSCOMMON.

I LAST night received a letter from an honest citizen, who, it seems, is in his honey-moon. It is written by a plain man on a plain subject, but has an air of good sense and natural honesty in it, which may, perhaps, please the public as much as myself. I shall not, therefore, scruple the giving it a place in my paper, which is designed for common use, and for the benefit of the poor as well as rich.

“ GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,

“ I HAVE lately married a very pretty body, who being something younger and richer than myself, I was advised to go a wooing to her in a finer suit of clothes than ever I wore in my life; for I love to dress plain, and suitable to a man of my rank. However, I gained her heart by it. Upon the wedding

day I put myself, according to custom, in another suit, fire-new, with silver buttons to it. I am so out of countenance among my neighbours, upon being so fine, that I heartily wish my clothes well worn out. I fancy every body observes me as I walk the street, and long to be in my own plain geer again. Besides, forsooth, they have put me in a silk night-gown and a gaudy fool's cap, and make me now and then stand in the window with it. I am ashamed to be dandled thus, and cannot look in the glass without blushing to see myself turned into such a pretty little master. They tell me I must appear in my wedding-suit for the first month at least ; after which I am resolved to come again to my every day's clothes, for at present every day is Sunday with me. Now, in my mind, Mr. Ironside, this is the wrongest way of proceeding in the world. When a man's person is new and unaccustomed to a young body, he does not want any thing else to set him off. The novelty of the lover has more charms than a wedding suit. I should think, therefore, that a man should keep his finery for the latter seasons of marriage, and not begin to dress till the honey-moon is over. I have observed at a lord-mayor's feast, that the sweetmeats do not make their appearance till people are cloyed with beef and mutton, and begin to lose their stomachs. But, instead of this, we serve up delicacies to our guests, when their appetites are keen, and coarse diet when their bellies are full. As bad as I hate my silver-buttoned coat and silk night-gown, I am afraid of leaving them off, not knowing whether my wife would not repent of her marriage when she sees what a plain man she has to her husband. Pray, Mr. Ironside, write something to prepare her for it, and let me know whether you think she can ever love me in a hair button.

“ I am, &c.

“ P. S. I forgot to tell you of my white gloves, which they say too, I must wear all the first month.”

“ Cheapside, July 18.”

My correspondent's observations are very just, and may be useful in low life; but to turn them to the advantage of people in higher stations, I shall raise the moral, and observe something parallel to the wooing and wedding suit, in the behaviour of persons of figure. After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occasion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is not very much attended to. What I mean is this. Every man in the time of courtship, and in the first entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like my correspondent's holiday suit, which is to last no longer than till he is settled in the possession of his mistress. He resigns his inclinations and understanding to her humour and opinion. He neither loves nor hates, nor talks nor thinks, in contradiction to her. He is controlled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and transported by a smile. The poor young lady falls in love with this supple creature, and expects of him the same behaviour for life. In a little time she finds that he has a will of his own, that he pretends to dislike what she approves, and that, instead of treating her like a goddess, he uses her like a woman. What still makes the misfortune worse, we find the most abject flatterers degenerate into the greatest tyrants. This naturally fills the spouse with sullenness and discontent, spleen and vapour, which, with a little discreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend Tom Truelove in this particular. Tom made love to a woman of sense, and always treated her as such during the whole time of courtship. His natural temper and good breeding hindered him from doing any thing disagreeable, as his sincerity and frankness

of behaviour made him converse with her, before marriage, in the same manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. Tom would often tell her, 'Madam, you see what a sort of man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promise to mend rather than grow worse.' I remember Tom was once hinting his dislike of some little trifle, his mistress had said or done. Upon which she asked him, how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before? 'No, Madam,' says Tom, 'I mention this now because you are at your own disposal; were you at mine, I should be too generous to do it.' In short, Tom succeeded, and has ever since been better than his word. The lady has been disappointed on the right side, and has found nothing more disagreeable in the husband than she discovered in the lover.



No. 114. WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1713.

*Alveos accipite, ceris opus infundite :
Fuci recusant, apibus conditio placet.*

PHÆDR. FAB. iii. 13. 9.

Take the hives, and empty your work into the combs; the drones refuse, the bees accept the proposal.

I THINK myself obliged to acquaint the public that the lion's head, of which I advertised them about a fortnight ago, is now erected at Button's coffee-house in Russell-street, Covent-garden, where it opens its

mouth, at all hours, for the reception of such intelligence as shall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanship, and was designed by a great hand in imitation of the antique Ægyptian lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizard. The features are strong and well furrowed. The whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the western side of the coffee-house, holding its paws under the chin upon a box, which contains every thing that he swallows. He is indeed a proper emblem of knowledge and action, being all head and paws. I need not acquaint my readers, that my lion, like a moth, or book-worm, feeds upon nothing but paper, and shall only beg of them to diet him with wholesome and substantial food. I must, therefore, desire that they will not gorge him either with nonsense or obscenity; and must likewise insist, that his mouth be not defiled with scandal, for I would not make use of him to revile the human species, and satirize those who are his betters. I shall not suffer him to worry any man's reputation, nor indeed fall on any person whatsoever, such only excepted as disgrace the name of this generous animal, and, under the title of lions, contrive the ruin of their fellow-subjects. I must desire, likewise, that intriguers will not make a pimp of my lion, and by his means convey their thoughts to one another. Those who are read in the history of the popes, observe that the Leos have been the best, and the Innocents the worst of that species, and I hope that I shall not be thought to derogate from my lion's character, by representing him as such a peaceable good-natured well-designing beast.

I intend to publish once every week, "the roarings of the lion," and hope to make him roar so loud as to be heard all over the British nation.

If my correspondents will do their parts in prompt-

ing him, and supplying him with suitable provision, I question not but the lion's head will be reckoned the best head in England.

There is a notion generally received in the world, that a lion is a dangerous creature to all women who are not virgins : which may have given occasion to a foolish report, that my lion's jaws are so contrived, as to snap the hands of any of the female sex, who are not thus qualified to approach it with safety. I shall not spend much time in exposing the falsity of this report, which I believe will not weigh any thing with women of sense. I shall only say, that there is not one of the sex in all the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, who may not put her hand in the mouth with the same security as if she were a vestal. However, that the ladies may not be deterred from corresponding with me by this method, I must acquaint them, that the coffee-man has a little daughter of about four years old, who has been virtuously educated, and will lend her hand upon this occasion to any lady that shall desire it of her.

In the mean time, I must further acquaint my fair readers, that I have thoughts of making a further provision for them at my ingenious friend Mr. Motteux's, or at Corticelli's, or some other place frequented by the wits and beauties of the sex. As I have here a lion's head for the men, I shall there erect a unicorn's head for the ladies, and will so contrive it, that they may put in their intelligence at the top of the horn, which shall convey it into a little receptacle at the bottom prepared for that purpose. Out of these two magazines I shall supply the town from time to time with what may tend to their edification, and at the same time carry on an epistolary correspondence between the two heads, not a little beneficial both to the public and to myself. As both these monsters will be very insatiable, and devour great

quantities of paper, there will be no small use redound from them to that manufacture in particular.

The following letter having been left with the keeper of the lion, with a request from the writer, that it may be the first morsel which is put into his mouth, I shall communicate it to the public as it came to my hand, without examining whether it be proper nourishment, as I intend to do for the future.

“ MR. GUARDIAN,

“ YOUR predecessor, the Spectator, endeavoured, but in vain, to improve the charms of the fair sex, by exposing their dress whenever it launched into extremities. Among the rest, the great petticoat came under his consideration, but in contradiction to whatever he has said, they still resolutely persist in this fashion. The form of their bottom is not, I confess, altogether the same ; for whereas before it was of an orbicular make, they now look as if they were pressed, so that they seem to deny access to any part but the middle. Many are the inconveniences that accrue to her Majesty’s loving subjects from the said petticoats, as hurting men’s shins, sweeping down the ware of industrious females in the street, &c. I saw a young lady fall down the other day ; and believe me, Sir, she very much resembled an overturned bell, without a clapper. Many other disasters I could tell you of, that befall themselves, as well as others, by means of this unwieldy garment. I wish, Mr. Guardian, you would join with me in showing your dislike of such a monstrous fashion, and I hope when the ladies see it is the opinion of two of the wisest men in England, they will be convinced of their folly.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your daily reader and admirer,



“ TOM PLAIN.”

No. 115. THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1713.

Ingenium par materiae. —

JUV. SAT. i. 151.

A genius equal to the subject.

WHEN I read rules of criticism I immediately inquire after the works of the author who has written them, and by that means discover what it is he likes in a composition ; for there is no question but every man aims at least at what he thinks beautiful in others. If I find by his own manner of writing that he is heavy and tasteless, I throw aside his criticisms with a secret indignation, to see a man without genius or politeness, dictating to the world on subjects which I find are above his reach.

If the critic has published nothing but rules and observations in criticism, I then consider whether there be a propriety and elegance in his thoughts and words, clearness and delicacy in his remarks, wit and good-breeding in his raillery ; but if, in the place of all these, I find nothing but dogmatical stupidity, I must beg such a writer's pardon if I have no manner of deference for his judgement, and refuse to conform myself to his taste.

So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
 And write in rugged prose the softer rules of rhymes.
 Well do they play the careful critic's part,
 Instructing doubly by their matchless art :
 Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
 Then show us what are bad by what they write.

MR. CONGREVE TO SIR R. TEMPLE.

The greatest critics among the ancients are those who have the most excelled in all other kinds of composition, and have shown the height of good writing even in the precepts which they have given for it.

Among the moderns likewise no critic has ever pleased, or been looked upon as authentic, who did not show by his practice that he was a master of the theory. I have now one before me, who, after having given many proofs of his performances both in poetry and prose, obliged the world with several critical works. The author I mean is Strada. His prolusion* on the style of the most famous among the ancient Latin poets who are extant, and have written in epic verse, is one of the most entertaining, as well as the most just pieces of criticism that I have ever read. I shall make the plan of it the subject of this day's paper.

It is commonly known that Pope Leo the Tenth, was a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the performances, conversations, and disputes of all the most polite writers of his time. Upon this bottom Strada founds the following narrative. When this pope was at his villa, that stood upon an eminence on the banks of the Tiber, the poets contrived the following pageant or machine for his entertainment. They made a huge floating mountain, that was split at the top in imitation of Parnassus. There were several marks on it that distinguished it for the habitations of heroic poets. Of all the muses Calliope only made her appearance. It was covered up and down with groves of laurel. Pegasus appeared hanging off the side of a rock, with a fountain running from his heel. This floating Parnassus fell down the river to the sound of trumpets, and in

* Stradæ Prol. Acad. lib. ii. Prol. Poet. v.

a kind of epic measure, for it was rowed forward by six huge wheels, three on each side, that, by their constant motion, carried on the machine, till it arrived before the pope's villa.

The representatives of the ancient poets were disposed in stations suitable to their respective characters. Statius was posted on the highest of the two summits, which was fashioned in the form of a precipice, and hung over the rest of the mountain in a dreadful manner, so that people regarded him with the same terror and curiosity as they look upon a daring rope-dancer whom they expect to fall every moment.

Claudian was seated on the other summit, which was lower, and at the same time more smooth and even than the former. It was observed likewise to be more barren, and to produce, on some spots of it, plants that are unknown to Italy, and such as the gardeners call exotics.

Lucretius was very busy about the roots of the mountain, being wholly intent upon the motion and management of the machine which was under his conduct, and was indeed of his invention. He was sometimes so engaged among the wheels, and covered with machinery, that not above half the poet appeared to the spectators, though at other times, by the working of the engines, he was raised up, and became as conspicuous as any of the brotherhood.

Ovid did not settle in any particular place; but ranged over all Parnassus with great nimbleness and activity. But as he did not much care for the toils and pains, that were requisite to climb the upper part of the hill, he was generally roving about the bottom of it.

But there was none who was placed in a more eminent station, and had a greater prospect under him than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegasus with

all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and seemed desirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horse stuck to the mountain while the body reared up in the air, the poet with great difficulty kept himself from sliding off his back, insomuch that the people often gave him for gone, and cried out every now and then that he was tumbling.

Virgil, with great modesty in his looks, was seated by Calliope, in the midst of a plantation of laurels which grew thick about him, and almost covered him with their shade. He would not perhaps have been seen in this retirement, but that it was impossible to look upon Calliope, without seeing Virgil at the same time.

This poetical masquerade was no sooner arrived before the pope's villa, but they received an invitation to land, which they did accordingly. The hall prepared for their reception was filled with an audience of the greatest eminence for quality and politeness. The poets took their places, and repeated each of them a poem written in the style and spirit of those immortal authors, whom they represented. The subjects of these several poems, with the judgements passed upon each of them, may be an agreeable entertainment for another day's paper.



No. 116. FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1713.

—*Ridiculum acri*
Fortius et melius.—

HOR. SAT. i. 10. 14.

A jest in scorn points out, and hits the thing
 More home, than the morosest satire's sting.

THERE are many little enormities in the world, which our preachers would be very glad to see removed ; but at the same time dare not meddle with them, for fear of betraying the dignity of the pulpit. Should they recommend the tucker in a pathetic discourse, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a parish, where the top woman of it used always to appear with a patch upon some part of her forehead. The good man of the place preached at it with great zeal for almost a twelvemonth : but instead of fetching out the spot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of Parson Patch for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of Doctor Topknot, for reasons of the same nature. I remember the clergy during the time of Cromwell's usurpation, were very much taken up in reforming the female world, and showing the vanity of those outward ornaments, in which the sex so much delights. I have heard a whole sermon against a white-wash, and have known a coloured riband made the mark of the unconverted. The clergy of the present age are not transported with these indiscreet fervours, as knowing that it is hard for a reformer to avoid ridicule, when he is severe upon subjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than seriousness. For

this reason, I look upon myself to be of great use to these good men. While they are employed in extirpating mortal sins, and crimes of a higher nature, I should be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial transgressions. While the doctor is curing distempers that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the merry-andrew has his separate packet for the megrims and tooth-ach.

Thus much I thought fit to premise before I resume the subject which I have already handled, I mean the naked bosoms of our British ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I still beg that they will be covered. I shall here present them with a letter on that particular, as it was yesterday conveyed to me through the lion's mouth. It comes from a quaker, and is as follows :

“ NESTOR IRONSIDE,

“ OUR friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou beginnest to have a glimmering of the light in thee. We shall pray for thee, that thou mayest be more and more enlightened. Thou givest good advice to the women of this world to clothe themselves like unto our friends, and not to expose their fleshly temptations, for it is against the record. Thy lion is a good lion ; he roareth loud, and is heard a great way, even unto the sink of Babylon ! for the scarlet whore is governed by the voice of thy lion. Look on his order.

‘ Rome, July 8, 1713. A placard is published here, forbidding women, of whatsoever quality, to go with naked breasts ; and the priests are ordered not to admit the transgressors of this law to confession, nor to communion, neither are they to enter the cathedrals, under severe penalties.’

“ These lines are faithfully copied from the nightly paper, with this title written over it, ‘ The Evening

Post, from Saturday, July the eighteenth, to Tuesday, July the twenty-first.'

"Seeing thy lion is obeyed at this distance, we hope the foolish women in thy own country will listen to thy admonitions. Otherwise thou art desired to make him still roar till all the beasts of the forest shall tremble. I must again repeat unto thee friend Nestor, the whole brotherhood have great hopes of thee, and expect to see thee so inspired with the light, as thou mayest speedily become a great preacher of the word. I wish it heartily.

"Thine, in every thing that is praiseworthy,

"Tom's coffee-house, in Birchin-lane, the 23rd day of the month called July." "TOM TREMBLE."

It happens very oddly that the pope and I should have the same thoughts much about the same time. My enemies will be apt to say, that we hold a correspondence together, and act by concert in this matter. Let that be as it will I shall not be ashamed to join with his holiness in those particulars which are indifferent between us, especially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of mankind. We are both of us about the same age, and consider this fashion in the same view. I hope that it will not be able to resist his bull and my lion. I am only afraid that our ladies will take occasion from hence to show their zeal for the Protestant religion, and pretend to expose their naked bosoms only in opposition to popery.



No. 117. SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1713.

Cura p̄i D̄is sunt. —

OID. MET. viii. 724.

The good are Heaven's peculiar care.

LOOKING over the late edition of Monsieur Boileau's Works, I was very much pleased with the article which he has added to his notes on the translation of Longinus. He there tells us, that the sublime in writing rises either from the nobleness of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phrase, and that the perfect sublime arises from all these three in conjunction together. He produces an instance of this perfect sublime in four verses from the Athaliah of Monsieur Racine. When Abner, one of the chief officers of the court, represents to Jehoiada the high-priest, that the queen was incensed against him, the high-priest, not in the least terrified at the news, returns this answer :

*Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait aussi des méchans arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.*

' He who ruleth the raging of the sea, knows also how to check the designs of the ungodly. I submit myself with reverence to his holy will. O Abner, I fear my God, and I fear none but him.' Such a thought gives no less a sublimity to human nature, than it does to good writing. This religious fear,

when it is produced by just apprehensions of a Divine power, naturally overlooks all human greatness that stands in competition with it, and extinguishes every other terror that can settle itself in the heart of man ; it lessens and contracts the figure of the most exalted person ; it disarms the tyrant and executioner ; and represents to our minds the most enraged and the most powerful as altogether harmless and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of so settled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from constitution very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it ; and when it is only a kind of instinct in the soul, breaks out on all occasions without judgment or discretion. That courage which proceeds from the sense of our duty, and from the fear of offending Him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.

What can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to please a Being that is omnipotent ? A Being who is able to crush all his adversaries ? A Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such misfortune to his advantage ? The person who lives with this constant and habitual regard to the great Superintendant of the world, is indeed sure that no real evil can come into his lot. Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments ; but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may rest satisfied that they will either not reach him ; or that, if they do, they will be the instruments of good to him. In short, he may look upon all crosses and accidents, sufferings and afflictions, as means which are made use of to bring him to happiness. This is even the worst

of that man's condition whose mind is possessed with the habitual fear of which I am now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear evils in our own eyes, appear also as such to Him who has human nature under his care; in which case they are certainly averted from the person who has made himself by this virtue an object of Divine favour. Histories are full of instances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary escapes out of such dangers as have enclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable.

There is no example of this kind in pagan history which more pleases me than that which is recorded in the life of Timoleon. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his successes to Providence. Cornelius Nepos acquaints us that he had in his house a private chapel, in which he used to pay his devotions to the goddess who represented Providence among the heathens. I think no man was ever more distinguished by the deity, whom he blindly worshipped, than the great person I am speaking of, in several occurrences of his life; but particularly in the following one, and which I shall relate out of Plutarch.

Three persons had entered into a conspiracy to assassinate Timoleon, as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it, they took their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at Timoleon's feet, and confessed the whole matter. The stranger, upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended assassination; but having several years before had a brother

killed by the conspirator, whom he here put to death, and having till now sought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himself there for the above-mentioned purpose. Plutarch cannot forbear on this occasion, speaking with a kind of rapture on the schemes of Providence ; which, in this particular, had so contrived it, that the stranger should, for so great a space of time, be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, till by the same blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of Timoleon's religion, should have his intrepidity and firmness of mind ; or that he should be distinguished by such a deliverance, as I have here related.



No. 118. MONDAY, JULY 27, 1713.

— *Largitor ingeni*
Venter.—

PERS. PROL. 10.

Witty want.

DRYDEN.

I AM very well pleased to find that my lion has given such universal content to all that have seen him. He has had a greater number of visitants than any of his brotherhood in the Tower. I this morning examined his maw, where, among much other food, I found the following delicious morsels.

D D 3

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ MR. GUARDIAN,

“ I AM a daily peruser of your papers. I have read over and over your discourse concerning the tucker ; as likewise your paper of Thursday the 16th instant, in which you say it is your intention to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to foot. Now, Sir, being by profession a mantua-maker, who am employed by the most fashionable ladies about town, I am admitted to them freely at all hours ; and seeing them both drest and undrest, I think there is no person better qualified than myself to serve you, if your honour pleases, in the nature of a lioness. I am in the whole secret of their fashion ; and if you think fit to entertain me in this character, I will have a constant watch over them, and doubt not I shall send you from time to time such private intelligence, as you will find of use to you in your future papers.

“ Sir, this being a new proposal, I hope you will not let me lose the benefit of it ; but that you will first hear me roar before you treat with any body else. As a sample of my intended services, I give you this timely notice of an improvement you will shortly see in the exposing of the female chest, which, in defiance of your gravity, is going to be uncovered yet more and more ; so that, to tell you truly, Mr. Ironside, I am in some fear lest my profession should in a little time become wholly unnecessary. I must here explain to you a small covering, if I may call it so, or rather an ornament for the neck, which you have not yet taken notice of. This consists of a narrow lace, or a small skirt of fine ruffled linen, which runs along the upper part of the stays before, and crosses the breast, without rising to the shoulders ; and being

as it were a part of the tucker, yet kept in use, is therefore by a particular name called the modesty-piece. Now, Sir, what I have to communicate to you at present is, that at a late meeting of the stripping ladies, in which were present several eminent toasts and beauties, it was resolved for the future to lay the modesty-piece wholly aside. It is intended at the same time to lower the stays considerably before, and nothing but the unsettled weather has hindered this design from being already put in execution. Some few indeed objected to this last improvement, but were over-ruled by the rest, who alleged it was their intention, as they ingeniously expressed it, to level their breast-works entirely, and to trust to no defence but their own virtue.

“ I am, SIR,

“ If you please, your secret servant,

“ LEONILLA FIGLEAF.”

“ DEAR SIR,

“ As by name, and duty bound, I yesterday brought in a prey of paper for my patron's dinner ; but, by the forwardness of his paws, he seemed ready to put it into his own mouth, which does not enough resemble its prototypes, whose throats are open sepulchres. I assure you, Sir, unless he gapes wider, he will sooner be felt than heard. Witness my hand,

“ JACKALL.”

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ SAGE NESTOR,

“ LIONS being esteemed by naturalists the most generous of beasts, the noble and majestic appearance they make in poetry, wherein they so often represent the hero himself, made me always think that

name very ill applied to a profligate set of men, at present going about seeking whom to devour : and though I cannot but acquiesce in your account of the derivation of that title to them, it is with great satisfaction I hear you are about to restore them to their former dignity, by producing one of that species so public spirited, as to roar for reformation of manners. ‘ I will roar,’ says the clown in Shakespeare, ‘ that it will do any man’s heart good to hear me ; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, Let him roar again, let him roar again.’ Such success, and such applause, I do not question but your lion will meet with, whilst, like that of Samson, his strength shall bring forth sweetness, and his entrails abound with honey.

“ At the same time that I congratulate with the republic of beasts upon this honour done to their king, I must condole with us poor mortals, who by distance of place are rendered incapable of paying our respects to him, with the same assiduity as those who are ushered into his presence by the discreet Mr. Button. Upon this account, Mr. Ironside, I am become a suitor to you, to constitute an out-riding lion ; or if you please, a jackall or two, to receive and remit our homage in a more particular manner than is hitherto provided. As it is, our tenders of duty every now and then miscarry by the way ; at least the natural self-love that makes us unwilling to think any thing that comes from us worthy of contempt, inclines us to believe so. Methinks it were likewise necessary to specify, by what means a present from a fair hand may reach his brindled majesty ; the place of his residence being very unfit for a lady’s personal appearance.

“ I am

“ Your most constant reader and admirer,

“ N. R.”

“ DEAR NESTOR,

“ IT is a well-known proverb in a certain part of this kingdom, ‘ Love me, love my dog ;’ and I hope you will take it as a mark of my respect for your person that I here bring a bit for your lion.”***

What follows being secret history, it will be printed in other papers ; wherein the lion will publish his private intelligence.



No. 119. TUESDAY, JULY 28, 1713.

— *Poëtarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi.*—

HOR. SAT. i. 4. 141.

A band of poets to my aid, I'll call.

CREECH.

THERE is nothing which more shows the want of taste and discernment in a writer than the decrying of any author in gross ; especially of an author who has been the admiration of multitudes, and that too in several ages of the world. This, however, is the general practice of all illiterate and undistinguishing critics. Because Homer, and Virgil, and Sophocles, have been commended by the learned of all times, every scribbler, who has no relish of their beauties, gives himself an air of rapture when he speaks of them. But as he praises these he knows not why, there are others whom he depreciates with the same vehemence, and upon the same account. We may see after what a different manner Strada proceeds in his judgement on the Latin poets ; for I intend to

publish, in this paper, a continuation of that pro-
lusion which was the subject of the last Thursday *.
I shall, therefore, give my reader a short account in
prose of every poem which was produced in the
learned assembly there described ; and if he is tho-
roughly conversant in the works of those ancient
authors, he will see with how much judgement every
subject is adapted to the poet who makes use of it,
and with how much delicacy every particular poet's
way of writing is characterized in the censure that is
passed upon it. Lucan's representative was the first
who recited before the august assembly. As Lucan
was a Spaniard, his poem does honour to that nation,
which at the same time makes the romantic bravery
in the hero of it more probable.

Alphonso was the governor of a town invested by
the Moors. During the blockade they made his only
son their prisoner, whom they brought before their
walls, and exposed to his father's sight, threatening
to put him to death, if he did not immediately give
up the town. The father tells them, if he had a hun-
dred sons he would rather see them all perish, than
do an ill action, or betray his country. ' But,' says
he, ' if you take a pleasure in destroying the inno-
cent, you may do it if you please ; behold a sword
for your purpose.' Upon which he threw his sword
from the wall, returned to his palace, and was able,
at such a juncture, to sit down to the repast which
was prepared for him. He was soon raised by the
shouts of the enemy, and the cries of the besieged.
Upon returning again to the walls, he saw his son
lying in the pangs of death ; but far from betraying
any weakness at such a spectacle, he upbraids his
friends for their sorrow, and returns to finish his
repast.

* See No. 115, and for the conclusion No. 122.

Upon the recital of this story, which is exquisitely drawn up in Lucan's spirit and language, the whole assembly declared their opinion of Lucan in a confused murmur. The poem was praised or censured according to the prejudices which every one had conceived in favour or disadvantage of the author. These were so very great, that some had placed him, in their opinions, above the highest, and others beneath the lowest of the Latin poets. Most of them, however, agreed that Lucan's genius was wonderfully great, but at the same time too haughty and headstrong to be governed by art, and that his style was like his genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too tragical and blustering. In a word, that he chose rather a great than a just reputation; to which they added, that he was the first of the Latin poets who deviated from the purity of the Roman language.

The representative of Lucretius told the assembly, that they should soon be sensible of the difference between a poet who was a native of Rome, and a stranger who had been adopted into it; after which he entered upon his subject, which I find exhibited to my hand in a speculation of one of my predecessors*.

' Strada, in the person of Lucretius, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such a virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made

* See Spect. No. 241, by Addison, who copies this whole paragraph verbatim from himself.

a kind of dial-plate inscribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eyes upon dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter, which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.'

The whole audience were pleased with the artifice of the poet who represented Lucretius, observing very well how he had laid asleep their attention to the simplicity of his style in some verses, and to the want of harmony in others, by fixing their minds to the novelty of his subject, and to the experiment which he related. Without such an artifice they were of opinion that nothing would have sounded more harsh than Lucretius's diction and numbers. But it was plain that the more learned part of the assembly were quite of another mind. These allowed that it was peculiar to Lucretius, above all

other poets, to be always doing or teaching something, that no other style was so proper to teach in, or gave a greater pleasure to those who had a true relish for the Roman tongue. They added further, that if Lucretius had not been embarrassed with the difficulty of his matter, and a little led away by an affectation of antiquity, there could not have been any thing more perfect than his poem.

Claudian succeeded Lucretius, having chosen for his subject the famous contest between the nightingale and the lutanist, which every one is acquainted with, especially since Mr. Philips has so finely improved that hint in one of his pastorals.

He had no sooner finished, but the assembly rung with acclamations made in his praise. His first beauty, which every one owned, was the great clearness and perspicuity which appeared in the plan of his poem. Others were wonderfully charmed with the smoothness of his verse and the flowing of his numbers, in which there were none of those elisions and cuttings off so frequent in the works of other poets. There were several, however, of a more refined judgement, who ridiculed that infusion of foreign phrases with which he had corrupted the Latin tongue, and spoke with contempt of the equability of his numbers, that cloyed and satiated the ear for want of variety; to which they likewise added, a frequent and unseasonable affectation of appearing sonorous and sublime.

The sequel of this prolusion shall be the work of another day*.



* See Strada, lib. ii. Prol. 6.

No. 120. WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1713.

—Nothing lovelier can be found
 In woman, than to study household good,
 And good works in her husband to promote.

MILTON'S P. L. IX. 232.

A BIT FOR THE LION.

“ SIR,

“ As soon as you have set up your unicorn*, there is no question but the ladies will make him push very furiously at the men ; for which reason, I think it is good to be before-hand with them, and make the lion roar aloud at female irregularities. Among these, I wonder how their gaming has so long escaped your notice. You who converse with the sober family of the Lizards, are perhaps a stranger to these viragos ; but what would you say, should you see a Sparkler shaking her elbow for a whole night together, and thumping the table with a dice-box ? Or how would you like to hear the good widow-lady herself returning to her house at midnight, and alarming the whole street with a most enormous rap, after having sat up till that time at crimp or ombre ? Sir, I am the husband of one of the female gamesters, and a great loser by it, both in my rest, and my pocket. As my wife reads your papers, one upon this subject might be of use both to her, and

“ Your humble servant.”

I should ill deserve the name of Guardian, did I not caution all my fair wards against a practice

* No. 114.

which, when it runs to excess, is the most shameful, but one, that the female world can fall into. The ill consequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I shall consider them; first, as they relate to the mind; secondly, as they relate to the body.

Could we look into the mind of the female gamester we should see it full of nothing but trumps and mattadores. Her slumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her, till the play-season returns, when, for half a dozen hours together, all her faculties are employed in shuffling, cutting, dealing, and sorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be discovered in a soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square figures of painted and spotted paper. Was the understanding, that divine part in our composition, given for such an use? Is it thus that we improve the greatest talent human nature is endowed with? What would a superior being think were he shown this intellectual faculty in a female gamester, and at the same time told, that it was by this she was distinguished from brutes, and allied to angels?

When our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the story I have lately heard of a new-born child that was marked with the five of clubs.

Their passions suffer no less by this practice than their understandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, sorrow and discontent, break out all at once in a fair assembly upon so noble an occasion as that of turning up a card! Who can consider, without a secret indignation, that all those affections of the mind which should be consecrated to their children, husbands, and parents, are thus vilely prostituted and thrown away upon a hand at loo!

For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I see a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from such trivial motives ; when I behold the face of an angel agitated and discomposed by the heart of a fury.

Our minds are of such a make, that they naturally give themselves up to every diversion which they are much accustomed to ; and we always find that play, when followed with assiduity, engrosses the whole woman. She quickly grows uneasy in her own family, takes but little pleasure in all the domestic innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of Pam, than of her husband. My friend Theophrastus, the best of husbands and fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his wife's conversation. ' When she returns to me with joy in her face, it does not arise,' says he, ' from the sight of her husband, but from the good luck she has had at cards. On the contrary,' says he, ' if she has been a loser, I am doubly a sufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with every body, displeased with all I can do or say, and in reality for no other reason, but because she has been throwing away my estate.' What charming bedfellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with that choose their wives out of such women of vogue and fashion ! What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes, must we expect from mothers of this make !

I come, in the next place, to consider the ill consequences which gaming has on the bodies of our female adventurers. It is so ordered that almost every thing which corrupts the soul decays the body. The beauties of the face and mind are generally destroyed by the same means. This consideration should have a particular weight with the female world, who were designed to please the eye, and attract the regards of the other half of the species.

Now there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gamester. Her morning sleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half-dead from bassette ; and have many a time grieved to see a person of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a spectre amidst a glare of flambeaux. In short, I never knew a thorough-paced female gamester hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is still another case, in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play-debts must be paid in specie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income pawns his estate ; the woman must find out something else to mortgage, when her pin-money is gone. The husband has his lands to dispose of, the wife her person. Now when the female body is once dipped, if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my reader to consider the consequences.



No. 121. THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1713.

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum.

VIRG. ÆN. vii. 15.

Hence to our ear the roar of lions came.

ROARINGS OF THE LION.

“ OLD NESTOR,

“ EVER since the first notice you gave of the erection of that useful monument of yours in Button’s coffee-house, I have had a restless ambition to imitate the renowned London ’Prentice, and boldly venture my hand down the throat of your lion. The subject of this letter is a relation of a club whereof I am a member, and which has made a considerable noise of late, I mean the Silent Club. The year of our institution is 1694, the number of members twelve, and the place of our meeting is Dumb’s-alley, in Holborn. We look upon ourselves as the relics of the old Pythagoreans, and have this maxim in common with them, which is the foundation of our design, that ‘Talking spoils company.’ The president of our society is one who was born deaf and dumb, and owes that blessing to nature, which in the rest of us is owing to industry alone. I find upon inquiry, that the greater part of us are married men, and such whose wives are remarkably loud at home. Hither we fly for refuge, and enjoy at once the two greatest and most valuable blessings, company and retirement. When that eminent relation of yours, the Spectator, published his weekly papers, and gave us that remarkable account of his silence, for you must know,

though we do not read, yet we inspect all such useful essays, we seemed unanimous to invite him to partake our secrecy, but it was unluckily objected, that he had just then published a discourse of his at his own club, and had not arrived to that happy inactivity of the tongue, which we expected from a man of his understanding. You will wonder, perhaps, how we managed this debate ; but it will be easily accounted for, when I tell you that our fingers are as nimble, and as infallible interpreters of our thoughts, as other men's tongues are ; yet even this mechanic eloquence is only allowed upon the weightiest occasions. We admire the wise institutions of the Turks, and other Eastern nations, where all commands are performed by officious mutes ; and we wonder that the polite courts of Christendom should come so far short of the majesty of the barbarians. Ben Jonson has gained an eternal reputation among us by his play called *The Silent Woman*. Every member here is another *Morose** while the club is sitting, but at home may talk as much and as fast as his family occasions require, without breach of statute. The advantages we find from this quaker-like assembly are many. We consider, that the understanding of man is liable to mistakes, and his will fond of contradictions ; that disputes, which are of no weight in themselves, are often very considerable in their effects. The disuse of the tongue is the only effectual remedy against these. All party concerns, all private scandal, all insults over another man's weaker reasons, must there be lost, where no disputes arise. Another advantage which follows from the first, and which is very rarely to be met with, is, that we are all upon the same level in conversation. A wag of my acquaintance used to add a third, viz. that if ever we

* The name of a character in *The Silent Woman*.

debate, we are sure to have all our arguments at our fingers' ends. Of all Longinus's remarks, we are most enamoured with that excellent passage, where he mentions Ajax's silence as one of the noblest instances of the sublime ; and, if you will allow me to be free with a namesake of yours, I should think that the everlasting story-teller Nestor*, had he been likened to the ass instead of our hero, he had suffered less by the comparison.

“ I have already described the practice and sentiments of this society, and shall but barely mention the report of the neighbourhood, that we are not only as mute as fishes, but that we drink like fishes too ; that we are like the Welshman's owl, though we do not sing, we pay it off with thinking. Others take us for an assembly of disaffected persons ; nay, their zeal to the government has carried them so far as to send, last week, a party of constables to surprise us. You may easily imagine how exactly we represented the Roman senators of old, sitting with majestic silence, and undaunted at the approach of an army of Gauls. If you approve of our undertaking, you need not declare it to the world ; your silence shall be interpreted as consent given to the honourable body of Mutes, and in particular to,

“ Your humble servant,

“ NED MUM.

“ P. S. We have had but one word spoken since the foundation, for which the member was expelled by the old Roman custom of bending back the thumb. He had just received the news of the battle of Hochstet, and being too impatient to communi-

* Meaning the character exhibited under the name of Nestor in Homer's Poems.

cate his joy, was unfortunately betrayed into a *lapsus linguæ*. We acted on the principles of the Roman Manlius, and though we approved of the cause of his error as just, we condemned the effect as a manifest violation of his duty."

I never could have thought a dumb man would have roared so well out of my lion's mouth. My next pretty correspondent, like Shakspeare's lion in Pyramus and Thisbe, roars as it were any nightingale.

"MR. IRONSIDE,

"I WAS afraid at first you were only in jest, and had a mind to expose our nakedness for the diversion of the town; but since I see that you are in good earnest, and have infallibility of your side, I cannot forbear returning my thanks to you for the care you take of us, having a friend who has promised me to give my letters to the lion, till we can communicate our thoughts to you through our own proper vehicle. Now you must know, dear Sir, that if you do not take care to suppress this exorbitant growth of the female chest, all that is left of my waist must inevitably perish. It is at this time reduced to the depth of four inches, by what I have already made over to my neck. But if the stripping design mentioned by Mrs. Figleaf yesterday should take effect, Sir, I dread to think what it will come to. In short, there is no help for it, my girdle and all must go. This is the naked truth of the matter. Have pity on me then, my dear Guardian, and preserve me from being so inhumanly exposed. I do assure you that I follow your precepts as much as a young woman can, who will live in the world without being laughed at. I have no hooped petticoat, and when I am a matron

will wear broad tuckers whether you succeed or no. If the flying project takes, I intend to be the last in wings, being resolved in every thing to behave myself as becomes

“ Your most obedient Ward.”

“ July 28, 1713.”



No. 122. FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1713.

Nec magis expressi vultus per ahenea signa.

HOR. EPIST. ii. l. 248.

IMITATED.

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august, of king, or conquering chief,
E'er swell'd on marble. —

POPE.

THAT I may get out of debt with the public as fast as I can, I shall here give them the remaining part of Strada's criticism on the Latin heroic poets. My readers may see the whole work in the three papers numbered 115, 119, 122. Those who are acquainted with the authors themselves cannot but be pleased to see them so justly represented; and as for those who have never perused the originals, they may form a judgement of them, from such accurate and entertaining copies. The whole piece will show at least how a man of genius, and none else, should call himself a critic, can make the driest art a pleasing amusement.

THE SEQUEL OF STRADA'S PROLUSION, LIB. II.
PROL. 6.

The poet, who personated Ovid, gives an account of the chryso-magnet, or of the load-stone which attracts gold, after the same manner as the common loadstone attracts iron. The author, that he might express Ovid's way of thinking, derives this virtue to the chryso-magnet from a poetical metamorphosis.

“As I was sitting by a well,” says he, “when I was a boy, my ring dropped into it, when immediately my father fastening a certain stone to the end of a line, let it down into the well. It no sooner touched the surface of the water, but the ring leaped up from the bottom, and clung to it in such a manner, that he drew it out like a fish. My father seeing me wonder at the experiment, gave me the following account of it. When Deucalion and Pyrrha went about the world to repair mankind by throwing stones over their heads; the men who rose from them differed in their inclinations according to the places on which the stones fell. Those, which fell in the fields became ploughmen and shepherds. Those, which fell into the water produced sailors and fishermen. Those that fell among the woods and forests, gave birth to huntsmen. Among the rest there were several that fell upon mountains, that had mines of gold and silver in them. This last race of men immediately betook themselves to the search of these precious metals; but nature being displeased to see herself ransacked, withdrew these her treasures towards the centre of the earth. The avarice of man, however, persisted in its former pursuits, and ransacked her inmost bowels, in quest of the riches which they contained. Nature seeing herself thus plun-

dered by a swarm of miners, was so highly incensed, that she shook the whole place with an earthquake, and buried the men under their own works. The Stygian flames, which lay in the neighbourhood of these deep mines, broke out at the same time with great fury, burning up the whole mass of human limbs and earth, till they were hardened and baked into stone. The human bodies that were delving in iron mines, were converted into those common load-stones which attract that metal. Those, which were in search of gold became chryso-magnets, and still keep their former avarice in their present state of petrification."

Ovid had no sooner given over speaking, but the assembly pronounced their opinions of him. Several were so taken with his easy way of writing, and had so formed their tastes upon it, that they had no relish for any composition, which was not framed in the Ovidian manner. A great many, however, were of a contrary opinion; till at length it was determined, by a plurality of voices, that Ovid highly deserved the name of a witty man, but that his language was vulgar and trivial, and of the nature of those things, which cost no labour in the invention, but are ready found out to a man's hand. In the last place they all agreed, that the greatest objection which lay against Ovid, both as to his life and writings, was his having too much wit, and that he would have succeeded better in both, had he rather checked than indulged it.

Staius stood up next with a swelling and haughty air, and made the following story the subject of his poem.

A German and a Portuguese, when Vienna was besieged, having had frequent contests of rivalry, were preparing for a single duel, when, on a sudden,

the walls were attacked by the enemy. Upon this both the German and Portuguese consented to sacrifice their private resentments to the public, and to see who could signalize himself most upon the common foe. Each of them did wonders in repelling the enemy from different parts of the wall. The German was at length engaged amidst a whole army of Turks until his left arm that held the shield was unfortunately lopped off, and he himself so stunned with a blow he had received, that he fell down as dead. The Portuguese, seeing the condition of his rival, very generously flew to his succour, dispersed the multitude that were gathered about him, and fought over him as he lay upon the ground. In the mean while the German recovered from his trance, and rose up to the assistance of the Portuguese, who a little after had his right arm, which held his sword, cut off by the blow of a sabre. He would have lost his life at the same time by a spear which was aimed at his back, had not the German slain the person who was aiming at him. These two competitors for fame having received such mutual obligations, now fought in conjunction, and as the one was only able to manage the sword, and the other a shield, made up but one warrior betwixt them. The Portuguese covered the German while the German dealt destruction among the enemy. At length finding themselves faint with loss of blood, and resolving to perish nobly, they advanced to the most shattered part of the wall, and threw themselves down, with a huge fragment of it, upon the heads of the besiegers.

When Statius ceased, the old factions immediately broke out concerning his manner of writing. Some gave him very loud acclamations, such as he had received in his life-time, declaring him the only man who had written in a style which was truly heroical,

and that he was above all others in his fame as well as in his diction. Others censured him as one who went beyond all bounds in his images and expressions, laughing at the cruelty of his conceptions, the rumbling of his numbers, and the dreadful pomp and bombast of his expressions. There were however a few select judges who moderated between both these extremes, and pronounced upon Statius, that there appeared in his style much poetical heat and fire, but withal so much smoke, as sullied the brightness of it. That there was a majesty in his verse, but that it was the majesty rather of a tyrant than of a king. That he was often towering among the clouds, but often met with the fate of Icarus. In a word, that Statius was among the poets, what Alexander the Great is among heroes, a man of great virtues and of great faults.

Virgil was the last of the ancient poets who produced himself upon this occasion. His subject was the story of Theutilla*, which being so near that of Judith in all its circumstances, and at the same time translated by a very ingenious gentleman in one of Mr. Dryden's Miscellanies, I shall here give no further account of it. When he had done, the whole assembly declared the works of this great poet a subject rather for their admiration than for their applause, and that if any thing was wanting in Virgil's poetry, it was to be ascribed to a deficiency in the art itself, and not in the genius of this great man. There were however some envious murmurs and detractions heard among the crowd, as if there were very frequently verses in him which flagged or wanted spirit, and were rather to be looked upon as faultless than beautiful. But these injudicious censures were heard with a general indignation.

* The rape of Theutilla, imitated from the Latin of Favian Strada. By Mr. Thomas Yalden.

I need not observe to my learned reader, that the foregoing story of the German and Portuguese, is almost the same in every particular with that of the two rival soldiers in Cæsar's Commentaries. This prolusion ends with the performance of an Italian poet full of those little witticisms and conceits which have infected the greatest part of modern poetry.



END OF VOL. XIV.





