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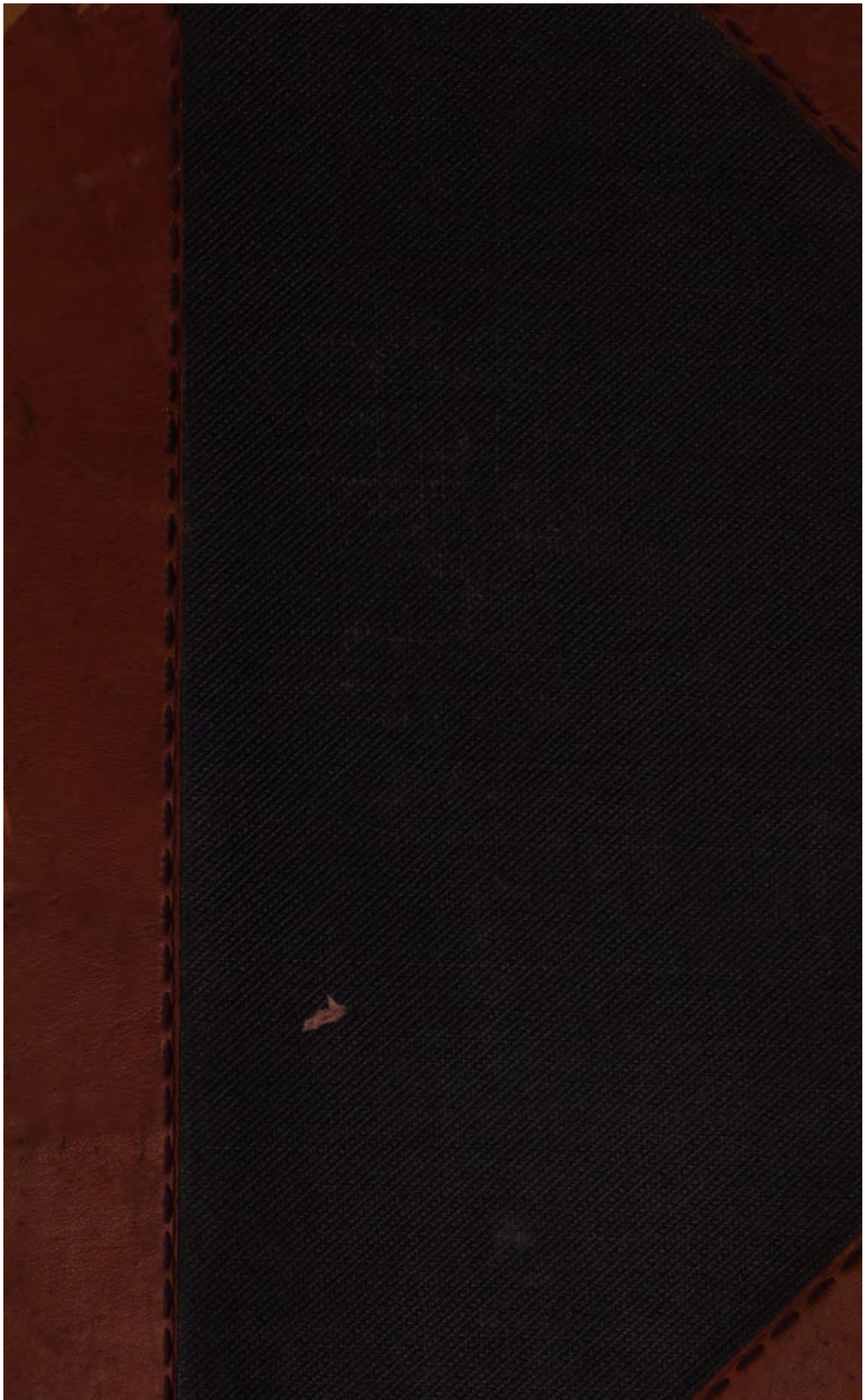
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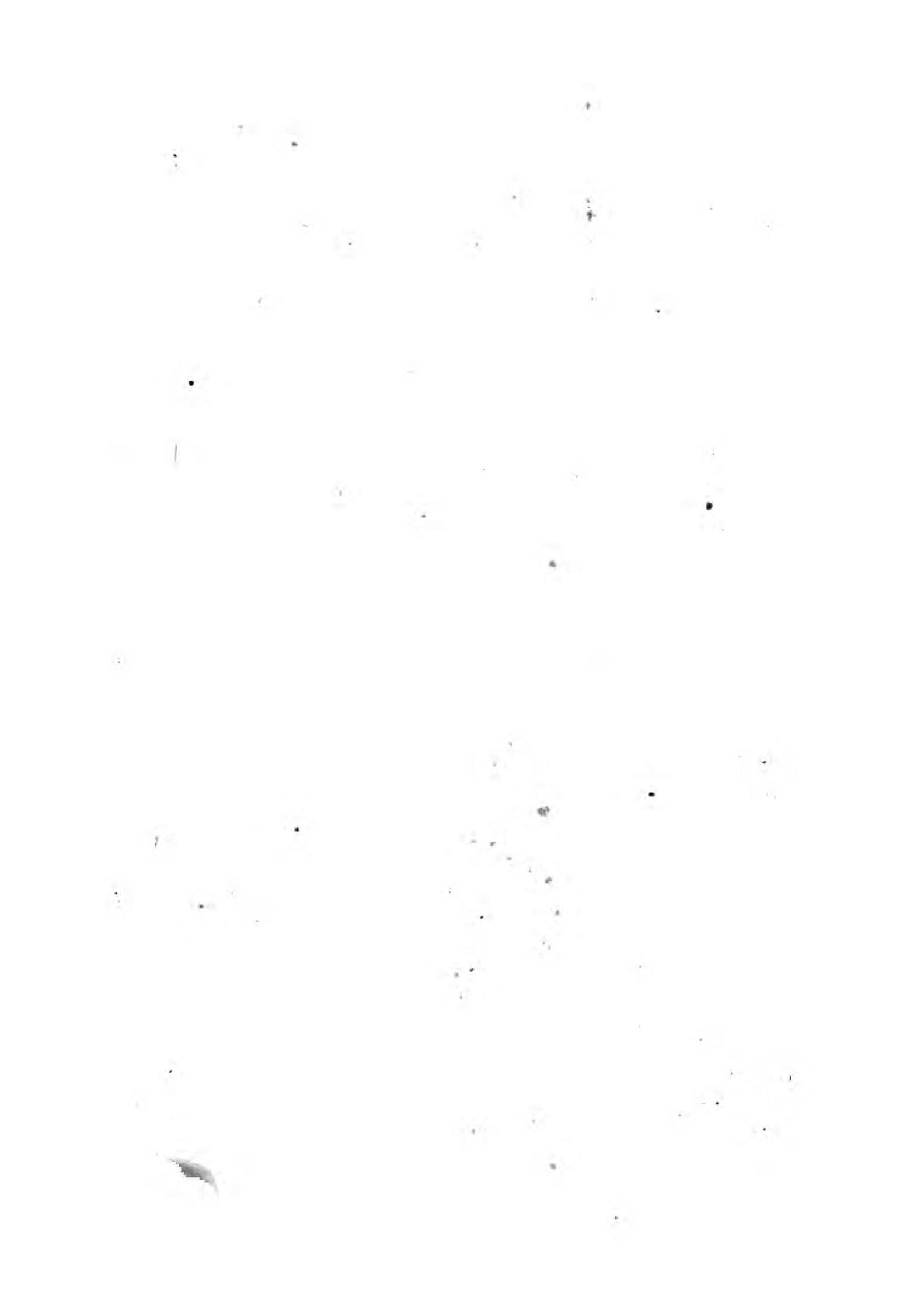


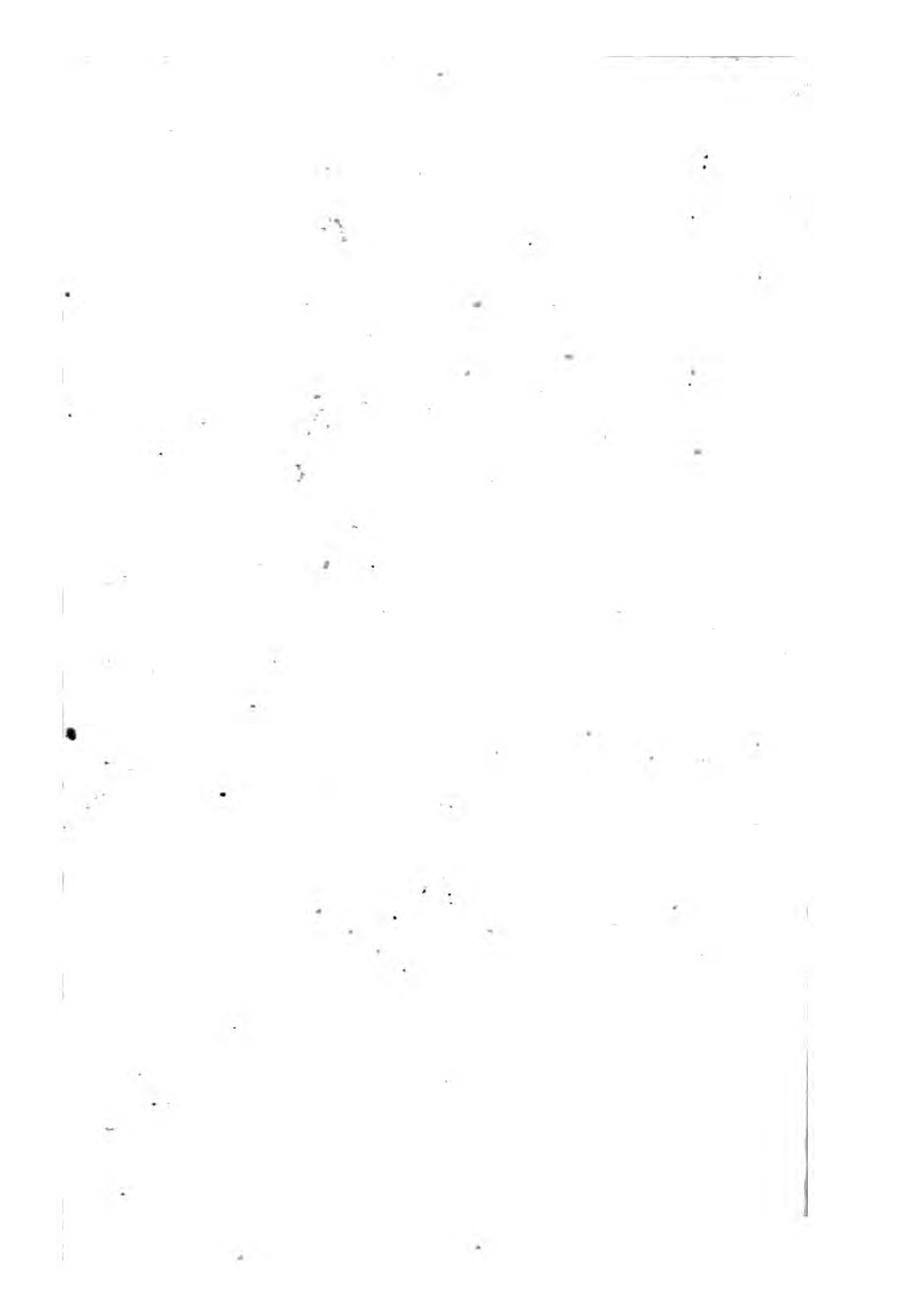


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THE
BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

VOL. XXXV.

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GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

THE
BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.

VOL. XXXV.



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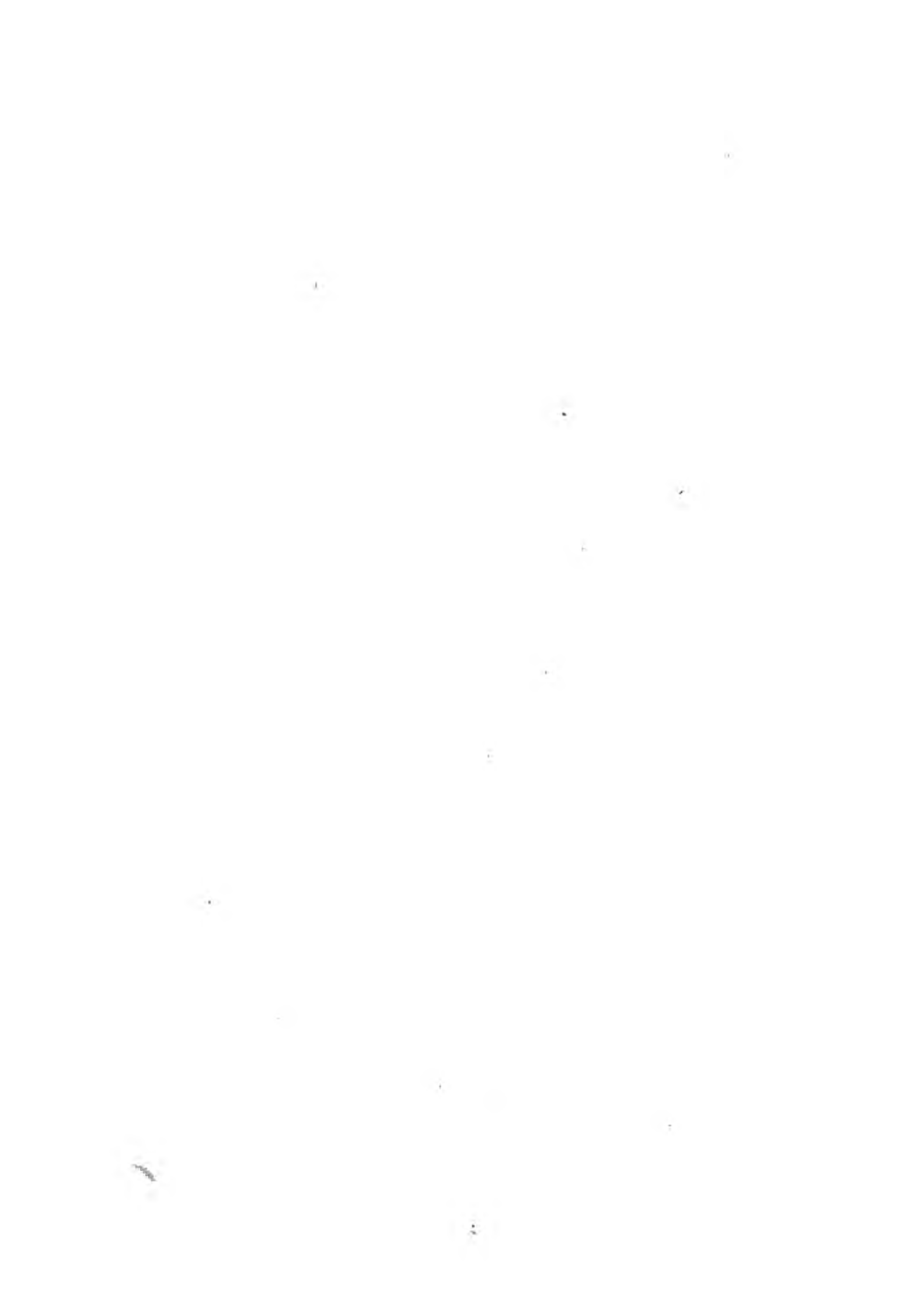
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LOOKER-ON.



No. 1—32.



THESE PAPERS

**ARE DUTIFULLY INSCRIBED TO HIS BEST BENEFACTOR
AND PATRON,**

HIS MUCH-HONOURED FATHER,

AS A HUMBLE EXPRESSION OF HIS LOVE,

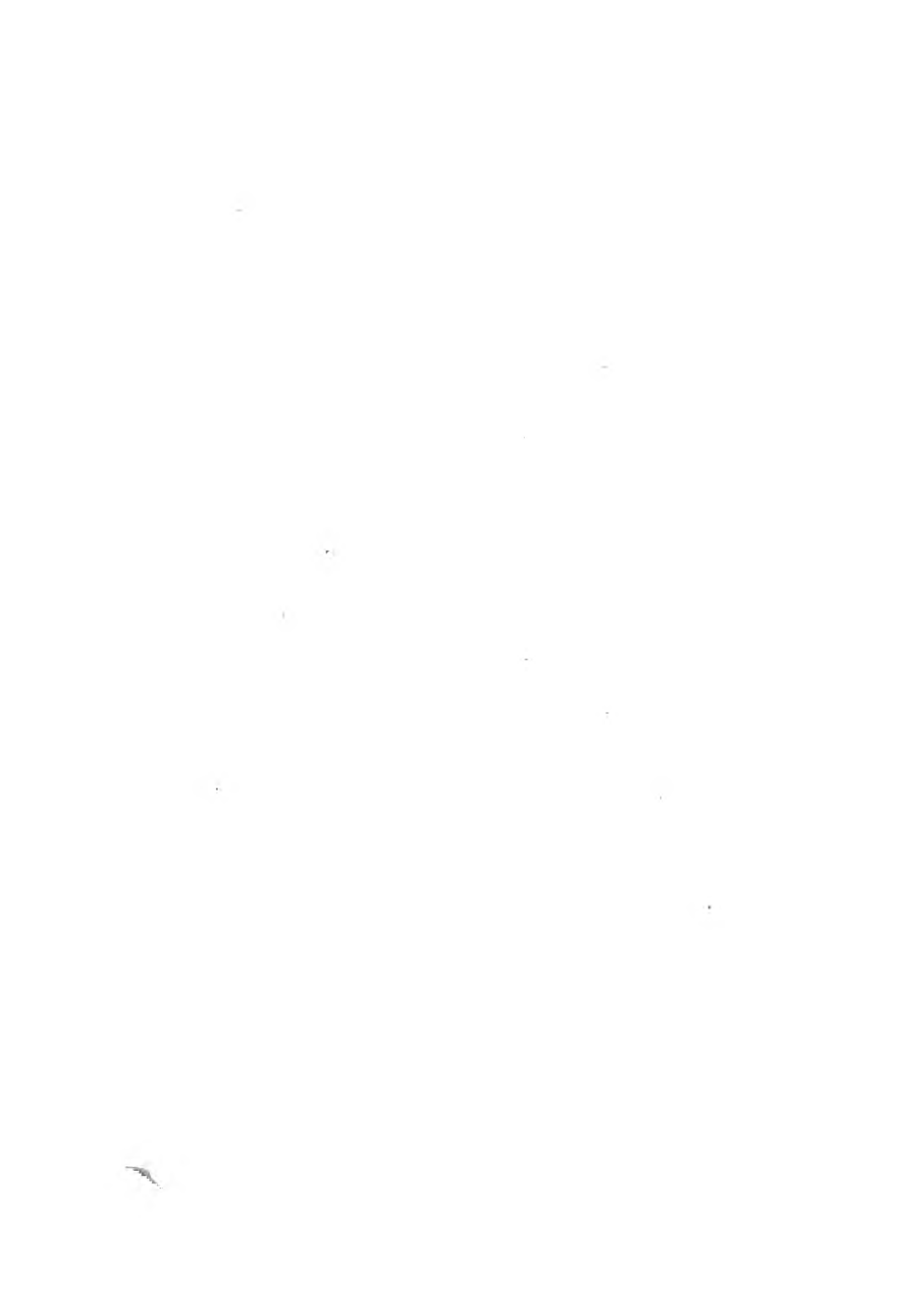
AND

**A STILL HUMBLER TRIBUTE TO MANLY VIRTUE AND
UNBLEMISHED INTEGRITY OF LIFE,**

BY

WILLIAM ROBERTS, A. M.,

Late Fellow of C. C. Coll., Oxon.



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INTRODUCTION.

IN the present state of literature, I am doubtful whether it be an evidence of merit, that a fourth edition of this book is called for. The popularity which the dullest performances can, under certain circumstances, obtain, robs my friend Mr. OLIVEBRANCH of this ground of self-commendation; or, at best, leaves it very equivocal. The absence of those circumstances, which bring to the productions of the day their popularity, should be shown, before this testimony is cleared of its ambiguity, and public favour becomes an argument of genuine desert. These papers will demonstrate for themselves, how far they are entitled to this distinction, to such as are disposed and qualified to examine their spirit and tendency. To those, however, whose observations have led them to draw no favourable inferences from public patronage, I deem it a respect due to their prejudices, to assure them, that, by this little work of my friend's, religion is not philosophised, and philosophy is not sophisticated; truth is not made to consist in infidelity; and the old distinctions of virtue and vice are maintained. Magnetically fixed on an axis of immutable direction, the tenor of these volumes have kept at polar distances

the denominations of good and ill ; and the ear of profligacy has been tickled with no soft appellations, confounding things in their natures irreconcilable. Ancient and prescriptive rules have been adhered to, in rejection of modern discoveries in morals ; and sense, experience, and conscience, are gravely set up, in defiance of the polite system of ethics which at present prevails. Yet, with all these disadvantages in the plan of the *LOOKER-ON*, it has lived to a fourth edition : and it is pleasing to think, that there is yet a party in the country which can relish the formal cut of Mr. *OLIVE-BRANCH*'s morality. There must needs (my friendship and these facts suggest to me) be something in the manner and character of this pious old gentleman that resists the unpropitiating effect of his doctrines, and disguises the salutary roughness of his admonitions. Vigorous in mind, though puny in structure ; waxing in virtue, though waning in strength ; a certain adolescence about the heart counteracts the decline of his years, and gives a spreading and active effect to his goodness, at a time of life when virtue for the greater part consists in negatives, and gives no proofs of its existence, but in the forbearances of impotency. He has collected these transcripts of instruction from among a multiplicity of papers, devolved to him through a prudent ancestry, remarkable for their inheritance of innocence, and the antiquity of their estate, in a characteristic probity. He chose this juncture (it should have seemed an inauspicious one) to produce this little fund of morality, assuming to himself the task of giving it applicability to the times, and furnishing it with the vehicle which he thought might most attractively display it. Nothing as it appeared to him, was better suited to this purpose than a periodical paper,

on account of the scope and variety of such a work, and the versatility of its style and matter, as the interests of virtue might require, or as this or that folly might seem ripest for reprobation. He did not think that this branch of literature was exhausted; for besides its infinite capability of diversification, which tends so much to protract its interest, its successful cultivators had been comparatively but few. Its difficulty had been proved by a multitude of imbecile imitations of the original Spectatorial plan. Some bolder writers, in affecting to deviate from that plan, have been instances to show, that where a great and original genius has primarily trodden, guided as it were by the hand of nature, he has struck out the true path; and though the footsteps of the first adventurer may be avoided, the same track must still be pursued.

Rules insensibly form themselves upon his model, and the design of the great projector must lead all subsequent attempts. It is the description indeed of a liberal, as distinguished from a servile imitation, that it is studious only of the principle and spirit of its model; and, without straining the resemblance to a mechanical conformity, raises a likeness not discernible in the detail, but stamped upon the generality of the whole; not existing in outward admeasurement and correspondence of feature, but furtively produced from a latent consentaneity of genius and character. Ignorance of these rules, or inability to follow them, has been one of the causes of the common failure of attempts to copy the graces and urbanity of the Spectator. There is, indeed, a sort of physical languor in all imitations; the conception and execution must be connate in the mind, to carry to their perfection the productions of genius. It is not so in the manual and mechanical.

arts; and the ground of the distinction is obvious. What is sensible and tangible, and what is purely ideal and intellectual, must proceed by very different principles of growth to their consummation; and it is easy to see, that the nature of one will scarcely endure the handling of different operators, and perishes under the ponderous accumulation of pretended improvements; while the perfection of the other arises from use and repetition, and the multiplied efforts of ingenuity and industry.

As there is no room for originality in this species of composition, disadvantaged as in many respects are the efforts of imitation, yet it is all that we can aspire to; and grace and dignity in the execution of a secondary part must content our ambition. The delicacy of Addison's morality, the vivacity of his comments, and above all the spirit of his plan, are the just objects of judicious imitation; and he will most egregiously have failed, who aims only at forcing into his work a few of the principal ingredients of the Spectator, without having sounded the secret of those happy combinations of language, and that easy controul of imagery and illustration, which finish and adorn the admonitions, the raillery, and the reasonings of that master production. Many of our late periodical writers, disdainng to imitate another's plan, have struck out a course in which no plan has been disclosed. They have miscarried, I think, in their attempts. A mere succession of essays, not connected by any common design, and conspiring to no general effect, is accordingly all that they have produced; and for want of that characteristic colouring, which in some instances has made this sort of publication the history of the mind of a thoughtful individual, whose character, insinuated through the work, has fixed the regards

of the reader, there is a total failure of that collateral interest which carries one forwards from subject to subject with a superadded curiosity and delight. Something to organize the parts into correspondence, and to constitute a whole ; some common attraction to a general design ; touches of moral painting, that produce a sort of portrait of the writer, and clothes him with a conciliating parental character ; a varied intertexture of narration and anecdote ; and a polished freedom of general railery ; are, I think, among the essential requisites of this kind of composition : and a loose compilation of essays, having no cement or lining of this sort, must consequently fail of producing all this satisfaction in the reader's mind.

Thus much has been said on the requisites and perfections of a periodical paper, because it appears to have been treated too much as a branch of composition to which no rules were applicable, as dispensing with all order and design, and implying nothing more than a succession of detached essays. Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Wimble, and the Short-faced Silent Man, are not characters necessary to a periodical paper ; but they serve as illustrations of the principles and perfections alluded to ; and true taste will condescend to imitation, and choose rather to proceed in the track already marked out by original excellence, than proudly to take a new course that justifies its departure from models by no hope or promise of compensation to the reader.

Great things are done by the gratuitous endowments of nature ; but if the richest in those endowments will choose a path where great geniuses have already trodden, they must bound their ambition to the praise of vigorous imitation.

As affording room for a great diversity of topic and instruction, and as a powerful agent of moral culture, Mr. OLIVE-BRANCH adopted the plan of a periodical paper: and the public are to assign him his portion of credit in the conduct of it. Happily for the success of his scheme, his own character, as it floats upon the surface of these papers, is well adapted to aid the impression of his morality; for something there surely is, in almost every heart of common goodness, that bespeaks attention to the mild admonitions of considerate age, where gray hairs are the blossoms of wisdom, and not the fruit of worldly anxieties.

These papers upon the whole, therefore, it must be said, owe much to the personal and complexional advantages of the writer: they have given an exterior comeliness to his lessons and persuasions, more efficacious by much than the decorations of an artificial style, or the agency of personal satire. His morality is grave and independent, and his good humour would be ill understood if construed into courtesy to fashionable vices; it is in him only the boon of temperance, and the health of an honest and cheerful mind. In respect to the matter of these volumes, the reader will find that the vices of fashionable life, and the characteristic infirmities of the rich, are not endeavoured to be discountenanced by raising a fictitious contrast in the pretended exemptions of the poor. And the author seems to have thought, that the needy and the affluent, the vulgar and the great, are not distinguished in the substance of immorality, but in the modes; that profligacy is not the prerogative of the rich; and that sin and folly are not less in degree, because more homely in their practice, and less notorious in their career. Vice is of a subtile and mutable na-

ture, and contracts itself to every size of understanding or estate. His censures and reprobation are therefore fastened on the quality of the thing ; and the inherent turpitude of base actions are exposed, in whatever guise they may appear.

On the other hand, it is a gross mistake to regard vice as less vicious, because it dazzles with the glitter of polished life ; or that the tones of satire are to be softened into complaisance, because injustice and profligacy are decorated with ribands, and operate through the medium of softer habitudes. The pleasantry in which the Spectator abounds was not meant as indulgence to crime and infamy, or to alter the old rules of ethics by giving new names and notions to actions authentically virtuous or vicious. Mr. Addison employed that fine raillery of his, where severer treatment had been justified ; because he felt that the first consideration with the writer was to attract readers ; and the votaries of pleasure and ease will only bear to hear the exposure of their own errors and immoralities, where the satire is sheathed in a courtesy of phrase ; and where truth, in the disguise of raillery and ridicule, plays amusively about the heart, and penetrates by the avenues of pleasure to the seat of corruption.

The reader will perhaps think that Mr. OLIVEBRANCH is not without a share of this seasonable and sober sort of humour, where he has treated on subjects that called for the exercise of it ; and perhaps he might be justified in a little less frequent use of it than some of his predecessors, because, in the present conjuncture, a hardihood, the effect of the spreading infidelity of the times, has entered into the vices of every class of society, which seems to require a robuster satire, and a less qualified exposure.

Politics and Religion are introduced with some

reserve : and, I think, he should totally have declined them, as not suited to a light and popular production, if the attacks of the present innovators on those subjects had not been characterized by such a vulgar intrepidity as to need no subtlety of argument to encounter them. The appeal from these fanatics is only to common sense and common nature. The **LOOKER-ON**, therefore, contains a few papers on the subjects of religion and politics. Religion, because it is the soul of morality, and the basis of every felicity and grace of life : politics, because of the great question to which it is now generalized, human society itself is become a part, and the interests of man are involved, not only as he is the member of a corporation, but as a member of humanity ; not only as having a person and property to be protected, or civil rights to be maintained, but as having an understanding to be improved, passions to be restrained, a body to be nourished, and a soul to be saved. The particular state of these subjects, brought home, as they are, to every man's bosom, seem to make it necessary for Mr. **OLIVEBRANCH** to bestow some consideration upon them ; to rescue them a little, according to his power, from mischievous misrepresentation ; to save them from the gripe of a mercenary philosophy, the hungry ravings of garretteers ; and a little to resist the quackery, cant, and cunning of prostituted scribblers. To allure the reader to these graver matters, tales and fables, the common artifices of moralists, have been made use of. The good effects of this mode of instruction are happily illustrated in a scheme lately instituted for distributing cheap publications among the poor ; a labour of love above all praise, and a scheme fraught with more unequivocal good to mankind, as far as it goes, than philanthropy or patriotism have yet devised.

To have been silent on the subjects of criticism and polite letters, might have looked like a disregard in the author for these interesting and important inquiries, and would have very much circumscribed that variety of matter by which a production of this sort requires to be diversified. The present state, however, of literature in the country, had given Mr. OLIVE-BRANCH a disrelish for this part of his undertaking. But little is furnished from modern exertions to exercise criticism or taste; and the round of criticism on ancient authors has been travelled almost to satiety. Every classic is half smothered in commentaries; and there is now but little encouragement to prosecute an inquiry where the theme no longer delights the fancy, or interests the curiosity of his contemporaries. The papers, therefore, which are bestowed on the subjects of literature, are generally of a desponding cast; they lament the sensible decay of learning and taste among us, and lament it the more, because our country is, perhaps, arrived at that period of its course, when the example of history hardly suffers us to hope that the age of genius will return. I own, for myself, I much doubt, whether that vigorous efflorescence of national maturity in science, and learning, and taste, can be recalled, when once the fated æra is passed, and things are returning in a descending climax to the slow consummation of national fortunes. Without being of the persuasion, that there is any necessity in the constitution of things, which carries nations along in a course analogous to the progress of individuals from infancy to decrepitude; I cannot but think, that, however different the things may be in their causes and their natures, there is sometimes a striking resemblance in procedure that gives a plausibility to these fanciful notions.

There certainly is a period in the growth of states when a florid health appears to circulate through the system,—a transitory period, and placed, I think, somewhere between the struggles of unformed empire, and the secure enjoyment of political greatness, while the stimulating effects of public agitations yet remain, and show themselves in a glowing vivacity of national character ; and when there is a sufficient exemption from actual commotions, to give opportunity for the display of these intellectual advantages. It is to be hoped, that the imaginations of speculators have carried this parallel beyond the truth, when they tell us, that when once the race is run, when once the national welfare is betrayed by individual profligacy, the period is then come which corresponds with the physical decay of old-age in man ; that nothing can restore the departed vigour ; and that luxury, grown into second nature, becomes necessary to the life of the state, interposing a lingering suspense between disease and dissolution. But though it be confessed, that the tumults of rising states are well fitted to provoke the powers of the mind, yet it seems clear that such commotions as take place in nations in an advanced stage of their history, are not productive of the same effects. They are very different from the fermentation of youthful ardours, and the effects which arise from the contests of emulation and the fierce desire of glory ; they are ungenerous strifes, of which avarice, envy, and the baser passions, are the stimulants and fomenters. When the bottom is dry, we shake the vessel in vain. In the early struggles of rising Rome, contentions for power and superiority called forth individual manhood and exercised the national vigour ; in the declining periods of that great nation, the revolutions of state were only

fruitful in changes for the worse, and hardened depravity into desperation. Few, indeed, of the nations of modern Europe are still standing at the highest point of their elevation. With a declination more or less rapid, they are leaving this altitude; and some, perhaps, viewing the course of ancient states and kingdoms, may think that this altitude can never again be arrived at by the same people, and never, perhaps, again be seen on the same spot, unless a fresh incursion of barbarous invaders shall again pitch upon it their desolating camps, and resolve things again into primæval rudeness, and the inceptive forms of society.

There is, to be sure, a spring and vigour in these green establishments, which after-times can seldom supply; and there does seem to be a succeeding period, when early agitations have yet an operation, and work upon a system of things that allows leisure for decoration and improvement: there then comes a sickly second childhood of national infirmity, wantoning in the imbecilities of decayed genius, and displaying the hoary puerilities of political dotage. I fear there is no magical kettle in which this national old-age can be concocted, and its virility reproduced: no revolutions seem able to affect this transformation; nor do the present convulsions of the political world promise any such compensation for the miseries they occasion. In the present view of things, however, there are circumstances in our own country that offer some consolation. The other nations of Europe have not proceeded as we have done in our political advancement. Many of them have forestalled their constitutional decay, by leaping at once out of barbarism into luxury, and have become rotten before they were ripe. In our own country, the growth and maturation of our

national strength has slowly and gradually proceeded, and a long time has been taken in travelling to its accomplishment. Initiated and exercised in its progress in almost every form of policy, it has at length obtained a constitution in which the best ingredients of different states of society are admirably compounded ; and has brought with it a strong experimental sagacity on the spirit of governments and laws, that may ensure to it a longer continuance of its greatness than other nations have enjoyed. It seems, however, as if there was a certain self-moving principle, a sort of acquired mechanical velocity, in the progress of a great nation, that forces it on in a career of outward prosperity, long after the national spirit has been on the decline. It is much to be hoped, that this is not the case with England, and that the public spirit of the people has not for some time been moving in a direction retrograde to the national wealth and exterior aggrandisement. But it is not this exterior importance, and this political splendour, that cherishes the exertions of genius: true taste, and a noble relish of the arts, can only consist with a vigorous state of the public mind, and a prevailing bent towards objects that exalt the feelings and expand the intellect. Public spirit, national virtue, and a severe sense of the sublime in morals, must predominate greatly among a people, to inspire that true sentiment of taste, which is the foundation of intellectual eminence.

When the manners rest at a polished luxury, which finds its gratification in the real embellishments of life, and the national energies are not yet corrupted and enfeebled by excess; when the fierce prejudices of ruder times have made way for a gentler, though not less animated system of manners; it is then that literature and the arts are placed in

the soil most propitious to their growth. May we hope that this golden crisis is not over with our own country, and that its capacities in the elegant attainments of genius and taste have not yet arrived at their greatest allowable perfection? It may be temporary, but the fact is too apparent, that there is, at this period, a general neglect of letters among us. The justness of this observation will be clear, while there remains to us a competent discernment between the true and the false sublime, between chaste and meretricious beauty in composition.

The same fate has attended the fine arts, under similar circumstances, in every period of history. And the hand of Providence, clearly discernible in this disposition, seems to have set certain bounds to national improvement, agreeably to his dispensations with respect to individuals, and to have stamped every thing in this preparatory world with the same revolutionary character. The plot of our adversities is laid in our felicities; and the consequence of a high degree of national prosperity is the subduction of national virtue, and the loss of that principle, that sentiment, and sensibility, which as they are the grace and support of taste and genius in the individual, so do they nourish the fine arts among a people, and give a happy turn to their collective industry. It is much too wide a position which some are so fond of maintaining, that commerce, luxury, or war, is favourable to the growth of genius. The dispassionate observer, and the sound politician, will think, perhaps, that there are kinds of luxury, and degrees of commerce, diametrically opposite in their effects; he will discern the proximity of extremes, and that excess of refinement is on the confines of barbarity itself; he will see, perhaps, that there is a degree

of commerce which administers only to depraved enjoyments, and nourishes capricious and sickly appetites; and that there is a degree of it which operates as the spring of political life, and opens all the streams of population and resource. So luxury, according to the nature of its objects, may decorate or debase society.

Of the effects of war, too, very different accounts may be given. In former times, ere funding systems were thought of, war brought only its immediate evils. Quarrels between states were the means of a circulation of treasure which peace had accumulated, and supplied, in some measure, the want of commerce: in modern times it proceeds by an anticipation of resource, and contrives that future generations, though no sharers in its iniquity, shall yet be visited with its worst effects.

There cannot, to be sure, be imagined an æra more destructive than the present of the arts and polite literature. In the midst of times that are but too much calculated to repress the growth of genius, by the spirit of profligacy that prevails, and by a distraction of mean pursuits in social life, that enervates the force of every generous sentiment, there has sprung up a wasting war, founded on an irreconcilable strife of opinion, and interwoven with so many domestic wrongs and animosities, as to disclose no prospects of permanent peace to Europe, till the pride of ancestry and the ties of blood are forgotten.

Yet, in the midst of these national sorrows, luxury and debauchery are no where checked in their career, but are become, by the crooked chicane of modern policy, a great and standing source of revenue. The English go sullenly on in their wasteful pleasures, and gild their despondency with unre-

mitted profusion. Almost converted, by the recurrence of public loans, into a nation of annuitants, they all rush to the capital whence their incomes arise, which, by its present injurious plan of extension, promises to become the universal mart of vicious profusion.

Bribed by their miserable wealth to an apostacy from all intellectual interests, the inhabitants of this country turn all their eyes to the National Bank, as the great centre of their hopes and fears; a pedlar principle of profit and loss has absorbed all greater cares, and dignity is departed from the public mind. The state of science and letters is as low as might be expected from the circumstances of the nation. Though the number of writers may not be decreased, yet the contributors to the genuine stock of literature are easily counted. A prurience towards authorship produces some literary volunteers among the rich, who find it cheaper to purchase flattery than to patronise wit. What province of genius or letters maintains any longer a struggle with this declining destiny? Oratory, which, until the dimensions of the human capacity shrinks, will always mount towards its perfection in times of political fermentation, still remains to console the friends of genius, if consolation can arise from the successes of an art that is cherished by public calamities. Posterity will see whether the present æra of astonishing events is able to revive among them the sober spirit of history, gravely and impartially to record these violent transactions, to extricate them from the perplexity in which they are involved, and give life to those embryon lessons of wisdom with which they are impregnated.

At present the solidity of history is crumbled into anecdotes; and its ill-digested compilations no

longer promote the study of man, or hold up to nations the mirror of their own imperfections. Poetry is banished from our island, as effectually as if Plato had moulded its institutions: but if a Plato had done it, he might have given us a little good philosophy in its place. It is strange that such an æra as this has not bred a single satirist of ability. There is, surely, enough in our political fantasies and literary absurdities to employ this salutary talent, if there was any genius to be provoked.

This inquiry would lead me, if I were to follow it further, into a wearisome extent of investigation; and my excuse for pursuing it thus far, must be the extreme importance of the subject, the provocation of existing circumstances, and the difficulty of disengaging the thoughts from a subject which includes such a variety of facts and inferences reciprocally illustrative and corroborative of each other. I was led moreover into the consideration, by the desire of accounting for the infrequency of papers, in the *LOOKER-ON*, upon the subjects of literature and the arts; topics which have principally exercised the pens of his predecessors. I shall conclude with making over to the reader what has been committed to me, in trust for him, by Mr. *SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH*. They are, in great part, the collected sentiments of a race of virtuous and sober-minded men, whose philosophy it has been to keep clear of all sects of opinionists; whose ethics have been honesty and simplicity of dealing; and whose politics have been compounded of sincere patriotism and the love of their kind.

THE
LOOKER-ON.

No. 1. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1792.

Spargens rore levi et ramo felicis Olivæ.

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 230.

And dipp'd an Olive-branch in holy dew,
Which next he sprinkled round.

DRYDEN.

I AM an old man, whose best years have been employed less in the service than the survey of my fellow-creatures. It has been with me as it fares with most of us ; the season of action was spent in speculation, and in husbanding up wise resolutions to be executed by and by. This by-and-by is a sort of phantom which seduces us on till we drop into old age ; and upon the first serious attack of the gout, it vanishes for ever, and carries along with it all our gay projects and cherishing hopes. Thus a youth of expectation is sure to prepare an old-age of regret ; especially if, under favour of these holiday resolutions and speculative atonements, we think we may fairly contract a few debts to virtue, and intrench a little upon our future stock by the rule of anticipation. As I never went upon this calculation myself, and was culpable for the most part

only on the side of omission, I have committed very little depredation on the health of my body, or the integrity of my intellect; and though advancing towards my grand climacteric, have still a competency of vigour about me, and am in a better condition than most of my age to fetch up the arrears of my youth.

These considerations tempt me to my present undertaking, as the gravest use I can make of this twilight that remains to me; and as it is the most salutary kind of atonement for evil to render it productive of good, I consider myself as going the directest way to work, in thus turning the indolent contemplations of my younger years to the account of virtue and morality. The same assurance and consolation, which, as Cicero tells us, encouraged the old husbandman to plant his oak while he was drooping himself, animates me also in the culture of my little plantation, and gives me warmth and alacrity in my gray years. I thought it proper in the first place to announce my age to my readers, that they might lay their account to find some old-fashioned opinions and remarks in the course of my work, and to bespeak some excuse for those freedoms which I may allow myself with the fair sex in particular. Not that I look upon them to stand most in need of my corrections, but because I consider them as maintaining a very great influence over our sex in general, and as the authors in some measure of the excellences and depravities of our social conduct. If I can bargain for a little more liberty on that account, I will promise always to promote their interests and empire, and to follow the example of Socrates, who was ever their firm friend, and who once delivered a discourse at the feast of Xenophon, which sent home both

bachelors and married men, some to provide themselves with wives, and others to cultivate the possession of those they already enjoyed. As I have no aches or pains about me but such as arise from sympathy with the sufferings of others, my readers will find in general that I have some good-humour in my old blood, and that cast of good-humour which flows from inward complacency of mind, and not the hey-day of animal spirits and constitutional ardour.

The present age, methinks, affords some proofs that the World is growing old as well as myself; and this crisis seems clearly to be announced by many characteristic infirmities. I do not pretend to discern any material change of physiognomy: she wears the same freshness and floridity in her looks; and though her habit has always been somewhat dropsical and gouty, her constant motion seems to have maintained her in tolerable health. Her passion for finery, too, is as great as ever; she is still as gay as before in her green and azure, and the rose and the lily still bloom in her countenance; nor is it suspected that her long journeys are performed with less ease and despatch than in her earlier years. Her symptoms of decay are of a moral, and not a physical nature. I think I have observed, that she grows every day more prone to talk, and less patient to hear; go where you will, it is a noisy World, always holding forth, always haranguing; nothing but long speeches, from the gallows to the conventicle. She is always pointing her proof, or proving her point, and using her best endeavours to reduce the price of eloquence by an economy of thought. I consider indeed the debating-clubs as a fortunate kind of drain to this superabundance of loquacity, where much of its impertinence does periodically expend itself. The reading-clubs also, where the World

goes entirely to talk, very much assist this object ; and it is a sensible pleasure to look forward to the time when the reading-clubs and debating-clubs together may prevent this garrulity from overflowing our churches. It is also a consolation to reflect how sacred from all this clamour is the gaming-table, where nothing interrupts the silence, the order, the *religio loci*, but now and then a hollow murmur of repentance, or a burst of pious resolutions.

The solace, however, which we feel in these considerations, is checked by the reflection, that the mental decay of the World is so apparent in many other instances. No small suspicion of it is conveyed in that nice and difficult humour which she has of late contracted ; her many odd appetites and caprices ; her strange affection for wizards, witches, and conjurers ; her dotage in respect to some of her youngest children, who consume her substance on the lowest pleasures ; her jealousy of such as discover any real worth and growing promise ; and above all, her unwearied course of repetition, and the manifest decay of her inventive and original powers. To repair this loss of intellectual vigour, and to remove these moral complaints, is fairly out of the reach of any medicines of the mind, however administered. I could wish it were not too sanguine to hope that something might yet be done, while there is a portion of stamina remaining, in the way of palliation and diversion. Medicines of rude operation do not much agree with the patient's habit ; and I should doubt of the success of any but those which act in a slow and alterative manner, and require to be administered in slight and regular doses.

Here I think I may drop my allegory, and tell my readers in unfigurative terms, that it is my design to devote four sheets of paper a-week, to such as can

be amused without the sacrifice of decency, or the prostitution of language ; who can be grave without chagrin, inquisitive without malice, merry without victims ; who are parties to whatever touches humanity, and can view with just sorrow the follies and infirmities of our nature, but without any contractedness of heart, or unsocialness of sentiment. I have always found myself, I don't know how, insensibly drawn towards the opinion of the Philosophical Bedlamite, who, being visited by an old friend, called him aside with a look of much importance, in order to disclose to him a very valuable secret, the purport of which was, that the bulk of mankind were mad, and had shut up within those walls all the sensible people they could find. I shall not undertake for the whole and literal acceptance of my friend the Madman's remark : but perhaps it might only be a mad kind of figure, by which he meant no more than that, if all those who are disturbed in their intellects were inclosed within the pale of that charity, the professions would be considerably thinned, and that we should have very good elbow-room in all our public places ; that to go down a country-dance would no longer be fatiguing ; and that grass enough would grow in our squares to maintain all our coach and saddle horses, while the asses and goats might soon pick up a very comfortable subsistence on the road side between Charing-Cross and Temple-Bar. If our Madman had any such meaning as this, I do not see it in a light of such great absurdity ; and perhaps some of those who shall follow up my papers, may be more and more reconciled to it as they proceed. In the mean time I shall do no more than my duty, in giving some account of myself, and of my qualifications for this undertaking.

I am descended from an ancient family by my

mother's side, who, besides being an heiress, was a woman of great virtue and understanding. It so happened, that she was forbidden, by the conditions of the estate, to lay aside her name; a circumstance which might have brought her into difficulties, if she had not found in my father, a man who, having no particular obligations to his own name, was not unwilling to adopt hers for the sake of her good qualities. As I was the only child, I came in for a very large share of my good mother's attention; and the first piece of instruction she impressed on my mind, and which has certainly had a ruling influence on my subsequent conduct and behaviour, was drawn from a circumstance relating to her family which can never be sufficiently admired. As far back as she could trace, and she could trace very far back by the help of a variety of old records anxiously preserved, there was not one of her ancestors who had not been distinguished for a singular mildness of character, and serenity of deportment: none of them had figured at a tilt or tournament, or borne arms by profession; but in peaceful and domestic occupations, they had followed each other in quiet order to the grave, like the soft undulations of a silvery lake, where each wave that dies is renewed in its successor, which makes way for another, and another, and another, just to fill its place and depart. From this peaceful line I inherit the name of Olive-branch, to which that of Simon was added, in memory of my mother's grandfather, who was the most of a philosopher of the whole race.

Together with the name, I believe I may say I inherit some of the qualities also of the good family of the Olive-branches. What makes me think I am not degenerate, is, that I can conscientiously declare that I never was much ruffled or provoked but once, about thirty years ago, when a careless ser-

vant threw by mistake into the fire a curious antique tobacco-stopper of my great grandfather's, which my mother assured me it was his custom to play with between his fingers, when the buz of any debate grew high around him, with his eyes fixed on a little figure of Harpocrates, not badly expressed upon it, to prevent the danger of an appeal from either party. My mother had a pious regard for this relic, which was always one of her little *penates*, or pocket-gods; and as it had been my plaything when an infant, and constantly cured me of crying, she had almost brought herself to consider it as endued with certain sedative properties, and capable of calming the spirits under any provocation or disappointment.

My father died while I was young, and left to my mother the sole care of my education. To acquit herself of this trust, she sent me to Oxford in the year 1740. The succeeding ten years of my life passed so evenly and quietly, that they furnish me with no incident, except the considerable diminution of my mother's fortune, which arose from her own inattention to these matters, added to the mismanagement of her steward. This was somewhat made up to us, however, by my election to a fellowship of the college, in the year 1751, to which my quiet inoffensive character principally recommended me. From this time I spent a great many years in the pursuits of literature and philosophy, but chiefly in the observation of what passed around me; without ever forgetting the rule of my forefathers, to maintain a rigid neutrality among my friends and neighbours, and a catholic charity towards all mankind.

In this manner did forty years of my life steal on ingloriously, without occupation, without noise,

without notoriety, and with little variation of pulse or principle. My ease, however, was not of a slumbering or torpid kind : it was always a pleasure to me to speculate on the good of my species, to study the dispositions and characters of men, and to treasure up rules of life and conduct, in order to add to that store of observations and maxims, which it had been the ancient custom of our family to collect. Circumstances have since persuaded me to make a free offer to my contemporaries of this whole patrimony of common sense, accumulated and approved through many generations of the Olive-branch family. The public will as easily distinguish between what I have added myself, and what I have borrowed from my mother's manuscripts, as between old Hock or Canary, and the flavour of *English* port ; or, to carry the allusion more home to the Olive-branches, they will find in my own produce none of that essential balsamic *oil*, which my ancestors had the art of expressing and bottling for preservation ; and where I make an attempt to mix them together, they will think of those lines of Dryden's on the poor poet laureate :

But so transfus'd as oil and water flow,
Theirs always floats above—thine sinks below.

But to go on with my history—When I had attained to the age of forty-five, my mother, who loved tranquillity, but not in occupation, persuaded me to enter into holy orders ; and in ten years afterwards she was able to purchase the living I at present enjoy in Northamptonshire, where I have now spent six years of my life with my usual serenity, and in perfect good understanding with all my parishioners, young and old. It is a great happiness to me, to have my mother still with me, and in good general health,

abating some necessary infirmities ; a circumstance I attribute to her even economy and hereditary composure of spirits, which have kept the stream of life from exhausting itself in floods and torrents. To this smooth turn of character I do also attribute the great age to which most of my ancestors have arrived. I never shall forget one of my great-grandfather's letters on the death of his youngest brother, who was cut off at the age of seventy-one, wherein, after calling him a giddy young fellow, he tells us that he met his death in the act of pulling on a tight pair of boots after eating a bason of broth with Cayenne pepper. It has ever since been looked upon in our family as an unpardonable debauch to swallow any thing that can raise the smallest combustion within us.

No. 2. TUESDAY, MARCH 13.

Olet lucernam.

It smells of OIL.

BEFORE I proceed in this my undertaking, I think it necessary to give a hint respecting it to my worthy contemporaries. As my mother and myself are the last of the Olive-branch family, and as it is one of our hereditary statutes, to which we always pay implicit obedience, to let none of our manuscripts stray into other hands, I hope to be encouraged to prosecute a plan, which, if pursued for any length of time, will put my countrymen in possession of this valuable stock of ancestral wisdom before we

take our leave of them, without any breach of our family institutes, which are as solemn as those of the Medes and Persians. The fruits also of the quiet and impartial observation of what hath passed around me these five-and-forty years, may be of some importance to them ; and as the complacent turn of thought and morality peculiar to our race will perish with me, I wish to persuade the public to make the most of me while they have me, and to follow the example of the philosopher Thales, who, foreseeing a future dearth of *olives*, bought up all he could find, on a prudent speculation, to convince the world that he knew how to be rich if he chose it. Should I meet with this good disposition in the public towards me, I engage, on my part, to render these my lucubrations as various and amusing as possible ; and as an Englishman is a fickle being, and in the space of one week will be full of whim, wit, wine, satire, sentiment, and sorrow, which succeed each other like the farming courses of turnips, barley, clover, wheat, the one making preparation for the other, I shall take pains to suit this diversity of character as much as may consist with the discretion and decency which are to run uniformly through the whole. I shall procure also, on the same account, the very best barometer that can be made, in order to consult the state and influence of the weather in this precarious climate ; having enough to contend with, without entering into a contest with the elements. For I could wish that such of my papers as are of a gay and sprightly turn, should not have to combat with chronic pains and a cloudy atmosphere, and that my recommendation of rural pleasures should not fall on the rainiest day of the year. I would be cautious, too, of dwelling too much on domestic occupations, when

all the world are invited abroad by the salubrity and cheerfulness of the weather ;

And young and old come forth to play,
On a sunshine holiday.

This complaisance will be sufficiently rewarded, if it gain me the appellation of a polite writer. I would fain be *felix Oliva* and not *foliis Oleaster amaris* ; which phrases I beg such of my readers as have been at school to translate to their mothers, aunts, and wives, that the ladies in particular may know what they have to expect from me ; for my natural complacency of temper has always inspired me with a peculiar regard to the softer sex. I promise not to handle them more roughly than their old friend Mr. Ironside, or the gentle and courtly Spectator. When I venture on the subject of their failings, it is not by violence, but by reiterated endeavours, that I shall expect to carry my point ; and where it is my fate to encounter a flinty bosom, I shall cherish a hope, that the unwearied train of my admonitions may at length leave some track or vestige, like the footpath which Pliny tells us is sometimes worn on the hardest stones, by the constant passage of the little pismires with their stores and merchandise.

If any choleric spirit, or gentleman whose honesty is swallowed up in his honour, any green gamester, any *prætextatus adulter*, any knight of industry, or loose-stocking hero, imagine himself reflected upon in the course of the work, the only revenge he can have of me will be to speak in praise of my speculations ; for as to fighting, I assure him, I am a very peaceful man, and will not, if I can help it, meet him either in this world or in the

next. I declare also, as plainly, that I write only to those in whose breasts there is some portion of native English worth, however modified or obscured: some original stuff there must be of staunch and staple quality, or nothing can be done effectually in the way of embellishment.

I give up all pretensions to please minds without religion, sense, or sensibility; for to such there is no access: and before any young gentleman, returned from his Italian tour, take my paper into his hand, I should wish him to have resided a year with his friends in the country, to have worn out his silk coat, and to have recovered a little of our tramon-tane principles, and the rustic probity of his rude forefathers. But, however frequently I shall appeal to religion and morality for the support of my observations, I shall allow myself a reasonable use of ridicule and satire, softening them as much as possible with all the urbanity that can enter into their composition; for as the sharpest vinegar is made from the sweetest wines, so that raillery is the keenest which flows from good-humour and complacency.

On this subject it may be necessary to add a caution to some of our London sparks, against supposing that they can elude the observation of a country parson amidst the press of folly and fashion; for I assure them that I have correspondents who send me the most secret accounts of their histories and characters. It is well known to my correspondent, myself, and his mother, that the haughty Appius does not know his own father; and if the gallant Clodius cannot write a grammatical sentence, it is a circumstance which I am apprized of as well as his mistress.

I consider it as one of the severest conditions of this my undertaking, that I must counteract in

many instances the natural complacency of my temper, which leads me to be tender towards all mankind, and to qualify rather than expose their failings and their vices. A pusillanimous attack would only serve to provoke the courage of the enemy, by betraying a diffidence of the strength of my cause. I have therefore thoroughly made up my mind to pursue folly and depravity into all their entrenchments, to follow them from the gaming-house to the palace, and keep up with them in their curricles and phaëtons.

I shall consider nothing as sacred, but Virtue, Poverty, and Misfortune. No sacrifice will be made to the mode, but where the mode has sacrificed to nature and to reason; on the contrary, frequent attempts will be made to rescue many obsolete usages of our ancestors, which had utility and good sense on their side, from perishing in the lump with long-curled periwigs, pug-dogs, and body-coachmen. For the necessary information in the prosecution of this plan, I trust to the fidelity and exertions of my correspondents in town, who have promised me their best endeavours towards the supply of such facts as will serve to ground my reflections upon. I feel indeed already all the weight of my undertaking; but am animated by the persuasion that some of the most intelligent of my countrymen or countrywomen will now and then give me a holiday, by a seasonable contribution.

The first check my courage received was in the very threshold of my work; I was not able, with all my pains, to discover a name for it, in the whole compass of the English language, that could meet the approbation of any three of my friends. Some were too short, some were too long, some were too high, some were too low; some they did not like,

they did not know why; they liked another better, they did not know what: in some there was nothing, in others there was a sort of something. My mother liked the Rover; but my curate's wife had lost a spaniel of that name. The Prophet, the Trumpet, and Budget, were too full of pretension. Telescope was too technical, Ordinary was too common-place, and Salmagunda would not be pretty in the mouth. The Old Bachelor was thought to be too taxable a shape to appear in. I was inclined, for some time, to Breakfast; but it occurred to me, that the fashionable world have no stomach for this meal. For a fortnight I pleased myself with Bubble and Squeak; but this, it appeared to some of my wary friends, would create a suspicion of its originality. I was a simple By-stander for some days, and very comfortable I was; till being pushed out of my place by a low scribbler, who claimed it as his own, I contented myself with being a Looker-on, in one as remote from it as possible.

My thoughts have been so much occupied about the matter of my papers, ever since I determined finally on the name, that it is to be supposed I have had some dreams concerning them. One particularly has left such connected impressions on my memory, that I cannot forbear communicating it. Some persons, I know, are fond of collecting these pranks and vagaries of thought; for my part, I consider them as the mere pastime of the soul—the frolics and gambols of a high-mettled horse, just loosed from the slavery of his collar, and turned out amidst the gay herbage of a green meadow.

I happened to sit up, the night before last, rather later than usual; and, as my mother had retired to her pillow, I seated myself in a great chair, opposite a brisk fire, thinking over various subjects for

my future speculations ; when, as was natural, I fell asleep, and had the following vision : There appeared before me an immense gallery, the sides of which were entirely filled up with books : methought the room was capable of containing every book of the least note in the English language. At the further extremity was a beautiful arch, built up with the works of different authors, and which I concluded to be the most considerable, as I observed the keystone was represented by the Bible itself. In the middle of the room, there was an exact pyramid of the same materials, which I had not leisure to examine thoroughly ; I remember only to have seen near the bottom some of our best authors in algebra and the mathematics.

What surprised me most, in the scene before me, was the great distraction of lights that prevailed every where ; some whole compartments were perfectly illuminated, while others were in total obscurity. In the Critic's corner there was a broken frittered light ; and I could not but observe it to be the coldest part of the room. In the Philosophical division it was curious enough to mark the gradation : the works of Roger Bacon were wrapt in a gray sombre kind of light, which grew stronger and stronger, till it blazed out at the other extremity, where stood the volumes of Boyle, Newton, and Locke. In the divisions set apart for Polemic writers, there was a sullen sort of light with little or no radiance, something like the sun seen through a darkening medium : as I passed by this compartment, however, I felt the suffocating heat of a glass-house. In the Poet's range there was a prodigious glare, like the effect of crystals : it was particularly dazzling about the wits of our own time ; but grew chaster and purer, as I cast my eyes back towards

the earlier writers. I would fain have satisfied my curiosity a little further ; but suddenly a murmur of people talking diverted my attention. I observed a stately person, whom I knew to be Alfred the Great, not by the assistance of our historical engravers, but by certain associations in my own mind. He marched up, in a very dignified manner to a large table, by the side of which there was a costly urn, decorated with hieroglyphical figures. Some attendants followed, and stood around him, as if to wait his commands ; while he was seated upon a throne of some folio volumes magnificently bound, which I guessed to be the Cyclopaedia. I was struck with awe at his imposing appearance, and shrank behind a huge Atlas, peeping over it to see the ceremony.

A very great pile of books was presently laid upon the table ; by which I rightly conjectured, that this first patron of English literature was about to enter on an inquisition of all the works which had appeared since his time. My curiosity was greatly inflamed, when I perceived that the object of this day's examination was the periodical works ; and that, upon his taking up the top of the urn, there blazed out a clear bluish flame. I was amazed to see him throw the four volumes of the Tatler into the urn ; and more so, when I observed enough only to compose three and a half come out again. After a little thought, however, on this phænomenon, it occurred to me, that this must be a purifying flame, which consumed only what was idle or immoral in the works committed to it.

Very few of the periodical essays lost any thing on the account of immorality ; but the want of originality, strength, or elegance, sunk a good deal in most of them. Ungrammatical sentences, repetitions, and false wit, supplied plenty of nourishment

to the flame ; and all our late productions suffered much on this score. When the Rambler was thrown in, there was a terrible crackling noise ; not a sentence, however, seemed to have been consumed, though many of them had lost a sounding word or two. A multitude of other productions of the same denomination went through the same ordeal. Some very voluminous essays were reduced to single duodecimos ; some, from plump octavos, came out six-penny pamphlets ; of some there only survived a paper or two ; of many there remained only their mottos ; and some perished altogether. In the Spectator alone I could perceive no diminution of size : it came out with only the loss of its outside covers ; which, happening to be of sheep-skin, were perhaps sacrificed as too ordinary for such a work. Its urbanity of criticism, its elegance of morality, its playfulness of allusion, and that humorous arrangement of words which a breath might almost discompose, came out whole and untouched as the asbestos. At this instant a prodigious pile of News-papers and Magazines was thrown into the urn, which suddenly emitted such a fierce flame, accompanied with so black a smoke, that I imagined myself on the point of being burned or suffocated, and could not for a long time see my hand before me.

As soon as the room was a little cleared, I perceived walking towards the table a grave old man, who resembled exactly the portrait of my great-grandfather, the legislator of our family ; and I thought I discovered in one hand the First Number of my work, and his favourite tobacco-stopper fast clenched in the other : he seemed to deliver it to the judge, who threw it into the inquisitorial flame. At that moment my apprehensions for the fate of my dear infant were so great, that I awoke

in the struggle, and was surprised to find myself in a crouching attitude, behind the back of my great chair, which I never see, without thinking of my old friend the Atlas: and even the tea-urn has never since made its appearance, without calling up a visible suffusion in my cheeks.

No. 3. SATURDAY, MARCH 17.

Πῆμα κακὸς γείτων ὅσον τ' ἀγαθὸς μέγ' ὄνειαρ

HESIOD.

It is hard to say which is the greater, the inconvenience of a bad neighbour, or the advantage of a good one.

WE are told, that Themistocles, having a farm to dispose of, took particular care to make it known that it had the advantage of a good neighbour; considering this as a circumstance that would greatly recommend it. I am so strongly of this opinion myself, that I regard it as the most fortunate occurrence of my life that I am surrounded by a worthy set of parishioners, who all study to make my residence among them the most agreeable in the world. It is true, indeed, I had the advantage of succeeding to a rector, who was not of the same contented turn, and was more frequently at issue with his brethren on a point of law than a point of doctrine. My placid temper was no sooner discovered, than it gained me the hearts of most of my flock; and I observe that this friendly disposition towards me is hourly improving in them, as they find that they

can reckon upon a continuance of this content and tranquillity on my part.

I have often thought that a small augmentation of tithes is dearly purchased by the sacrifice of this mutual cordiality and confidence. There is something in the consciousness that others share our joys and enter into our feelings, and that our health and happiness are a real concern to our neighbours, which cherishes the soul and seems to dilate its capacities. I glow with satisfaction, when, after some days' confinement, I see sincere congratulations in the looks of every one I meet: methinks at that moment I love myself the more for their sakes; and the delight of my honest parishioners is multiplied into my own.

Since I have been settled here, we have been gradually forming ourselves into a society that has something novel in its principle and constitution. Our number is sixteen, and includes many of the principal gentlemen in the neighbourhood. We have a discipline among us, the object of which is to promote the ends of company and conversation, by maintaining the most perfect order, sobriety, and peace. My quiet behaviour, and known habits of complacency, have raised me, though with some reluctance on my part, to the place of perpetual president.

The fundamental article of our constitution is the prohibition of every species of noise; for, as long as this is inadmissible, we think ourselves out of all danger of quarrelling, from which a degree of noise is inseparable: and though nonsense is not statutable among us, yet we are not afraid of its going to any great lengths under the evident disadvantages of order and tranquillity. There is a certain severity in silence, which will often check the

course of an idle argument, when opposition and ridicule are employed in vain. I remember hearing a plethoric young man run on with surprising volubility for an hour and a half, by the help only of two ideas, during the violence of a debate; till a sudden pause in the rest of the company proved clearly that he was talking about a matter which bore no relation to the point in dispute. The attention of the company being now wholly turned towards him, he began to totter under the mass of confusion he had so long been accumulating: when with one spring he cleared the present difficulty, and leaped from Seringapatam into the minister's budget: here, however, being nearly smothered, he made a violent effort; and before we could turn about to assist him, he was up to his neck in tar-water. He was twice, after this, in danger of being lost in the Southern Ocean; but an African slave-vessel took him up each time, and landed him, some how or other, at Nootka Sound. If I remember right, he held out till the siege of Oczakow, where he was put out of his misery by a summons from Tartary to the teatable.—Thus a great deal of precious time is husbanded by this rule of silent attention among the members of our society; and many an idle speech falls to the ground ere it can get three sentences forwards, and is strangled like a Turkish criminal by dumb executioners.

Any elevation of voice above a certain pitch is highly illegal, and punishable accordingly; and to ascertain this proportion as duly as possible, we have taken a room for our purpose, in which there is a very distinct echo, which must not be roused from its dormant state, under very heavy penalties. Any man provoking it to repeat his last word, is judged to be defeated in the argument he is maintaining, and

the dispute must be abandoned altogether; the echo pronounces his sentence, from which there is no appeal. The abuse of superlatives is also cognizable among us; and no man is allowed to say, that his house is the pleasantest in the neighbourhood, that his dogs run the best, or that his crops are the most plentiful. Whatever carries the notion of a challenge with it, or can lead to a wager, we are pledged to discountenance. We admit neither toasting nor singing upon any pretext; and it would be as great an offence to raise a horse-laugh in a quaker's meeting, as to encourage any rude expression of joy among us. An ancient gentleman, lately admitted, was bound over last Saturday, for an eulogy upon old Mr. Shapely's fresh countenance, and a hint at his maid Kitty's corpulency, accompanied with a wink to Mr. Barnaby the churchwarden.

We admit no bets upon any question whatever; and gaming is proscribed by the most solemn inhibitions. The merits of our neighbours is a topic we are forbid to descant upon; and it was a question at our last meeting but one, whether the mention of Mr. Courtly's carbuncle was not unconstitutional. As we are old fellows, and have pretty well lived over the petulance and heyday of passion, these restraints bear less hard upon us, and forfeits become every day less frequent among us; insomuch that we are likely soon to be forced upon some regular contributions, in place of the fines from which we have hitherto drawn our support. I am in hopes we shall at last bring our plan to that state of perfection, that a breach of any statute will stand upon our records as a remarkable occurrence.

The first visit of a new member is a spectacle diverting enough, and it is generally a full half-year before we can shape him and clip him to our stand-

ard. It is now about three years since 'squire Blunt bought a large estate in our neighbourhood; and, during the first twelve months, we heard of nothing but this gentleman's quarrels and litigations. As I sometimes walk in his chesnut-groves to meditate upon matter for the entertainment of my worthy readers, I have been twice prosecuted for a trespass, and for breaking down his palings in pursuit of game; and, happening one day to take a telescope out with me, I was again threatened with the vengeance of the law for carrying a gun on his manor.

As it is looked upon as some honour to be of our society, this rough gentleman was suddenly seized with an unaccountable inclination to become a member; and it was astonishing to every body, that, after being well apprized of the inconvenience and rigour of our institution, and his own inability to perform the engagements of it, his ambition seemed no wise discouraged, and he still persisted in his design of proposing himself. As we have a certain term of probation, we rarely refuse to any body above the age of fifty, which is the age of admission, the favour of a trial. The following is a list of Mr. Blunt's forfeits in the black book.

- 1st day—Endured his own silence so long that he fell asleep. On being awakened at the hour of separation, swore a great oath, and paid a guinea.
- 2d day—Had three shillings'-worth of superlatives, and a sixpenny whistle; besides paying a crown to the echo.
- 3d day—Offered to lay a bottle that he would eat two hundred oysters, and paid five shillings:—went to sleep for the rest of the evening.

5th day—Called for a song, and paid a shilling instead: nine shillings and sixpence for disturbing the echo; paid thirty shillings and sixpence for contumacy, and swore himself to Coventry.

Here there was an interval of some months, during which our novice absented himself. We were surprised, however, one day, with his company, after we had given him up as irreclaimable. He appeared, indeed, to bring with him a disposition greatly corrected, and actually incurred only two forfeits the whole evening; namely, for bursting into a horse-laugh on Mr. Sidebottom's missing his chair, and giving Mr. Barnaby a slap on the back that raised the echo, and a violent fit of coughing. Since this time he has been twice off and on; but has at last so far accommodated himself to the conditions of the society, as to be counted a valuable member. Having made a great progress in the science of self-correction, his understanding has obtained its proper poise; his reason has had room to exert itself, and has given life and energy to a mass of much good meaning that lay buried at the bottom of his mind.

The fame of this mighty cure hath brought us a great accumulation of credit and power; and it hath actually been in speculation among the freeholders and other voters in the county, to elect their representatives in future from our society; a rule that would ensure to them men of ripe understandings and regular habits. We are subject, as every good institution is, to ridicule from without: the young gentlemen are very pleasant upon us; and we pass under a variety of names among them, as, the Automats, the Quietists, the Meeting, the Dummies,

the Wig Club, the Rough Riders' Company, the Bearded Magdalens, the Grey Friars, the Court of Death, and the House of Correction. Such as have not quite turned the corner of fifty, and want a few months of being eligible, are very severe upon our age, call us the Antediluvians, and talk much of an opposition club of young fellows. While we have daily proofs, however, of the good effects of our institution, we are indifferent to attacks of every kind. We have the sensible pleasure of finding that the operation of our system is spreading; our married men return with sober spirits to their homes and hearths, and adopt, in part, our peaceful regulations in the bosom of their families; and it is not uncommon to see one of our old bachelors preferred by the ladies to beaux of five-and-twenty.

But the advantages resulting from these our institutions are not merely of a moral kind; topics of literature and criticism come frequently under our consideration, which will necessarily flourish under circumstances of peace and good order; and as at our meetings, which happen weekly, papers and communications on various subjects are read to us, I promise my readers to present them from time to time with such specimens as I think may amuse them.

On points of religion and politics, it is but rare that we allow ourselves to expatiate: religion, being throughout a connected and analogous system, is never fairly viewed but when we take in the whole, and, therefore, can never properly become the object of broken and desultory conversation: politics being a question that produces much heat, and little satisfaction, where obliquity of views and attractions of interest are sure to falsify the balance of our minds, we have almost entirely proscribed it; and if it be

by accident introduced, it is presently condemned by the spiritual censures of the infallible echo. Yet, although we think these matters too delicate and dangerous to be treated of in an argument, we often hear them touched upon in papers which are the lubrications of such of our members as have leisure to commit their thoughts to writing; and, since very agreeable presents of this kind are sometimes made to us, I shall beg my reader's acceptance of such as I think will be most to his purpose.

But although we place great dependance on the efficacy of this regimen of tranquillity and order for the cure of a great many complaints in our social system, yet there are some which we are obliged to abandon to severer modes of chastisement.

Not to undertake above our ability, we exclude a certain description of characters from the privilege of a trial.

An avowed party-man is utterly inadmissible, whatever may be his other pretensions:—we set a higher value upon truth and temper, than upon the finest philippic in the world.

We have no room for atheists or idiots, or any such enemies to rule; especially as we hear that they have a club of their own, which meets sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, as *chance* directs; but very often in a street called Pall-Mall, or Pell-Mell, from some analogy in the name; which association, in strict conformity to their principles of confusion, is composed of all sorts except the good; and includes princes, and lords, and jockeys, who are jumbled together like their world of atoms.

We admit no man who keeps a woman, while he is kept by his wife.

We admit no notorious parasites or hangers-on.

Mr. Sykes, the curate of the next parish, has been refused, for having the run of the squire's kitchen, and the combing of my lady's lap-dog. Mr. Barnaby, the churchwarden, has complained of fleas, and the smell of parsnips, ever since he came to propose himself. When this gentleman is disposed to be facetious, he suggests the idea of a parasitical club, on the plan of one that was formerly established among the turnspit-dogs, when this fraternity was in its full glory and consequence, who were observed to meet every morning in the Grove at Bath, for the sake of business, friendship, or gallantry, and then distribute themselves about the town according to their different destinations.

We have a rooted abhorrence of all gamesters, liars, and debauchees: we are therefore particularly on our guard against all such as have aspired to the infamy of certain great connections. Bad husbands and sons, and all those who sin against these sacred duties and charities of life, we include under one solemn sentence of proscription.

We are very shy of a man who, after the age of fifty, continues to be called Dick or Jack such-a-one; such men have probably sacrificed too much to notoriety to deserve respect.

We give little encouragement to geniuses, as geniuses are at present; whose wit principally consists in a habit of negligence, uncleanness, and absence, and arises out of their want of judgment.

We have also a prejudice against a description of persons who are called ingenious gentlemen, who have in general no other claim to this title than what is derived from the solution of an enigma in the *Lady's Magazine*, or a contribution to the *Poets' Corner*. A rage for riddles and impromptues, were it to get footing among us, would be a mighty hin-

derance to the flow of conversation. It creates a kind of scramble in the mind of one that has a turn for these pleasantries, and scatters abroad his ideas like a ruined ant's nest; while those who are used to reason right forward, and to keep a steady point in view, are forced to sit in vacant silence, with their faculties bound up in a stupid thralldom.

It is the humour of our society to denominate all such as cannot be admitted among us, outlaws; which general term is meant to answer to the *οἱ Βάρβαροι* of the Greeks, with this difference, that the reproach conveyed in it does not fall indiscriminately on such as are without the circle, but merely on those to whom all entrance into it is for ever barred.

I shall conclude my paper of to-day with informing my readers, that the gentleman, who hath had the principal share in drawing up our code of laws, is a Mr. Anthony Allworth, a most valuable member of this our society, of whom I shall have frequent occasion to speak in the course of my speculations, when I wish to hold up a more animated picture than ordinary of sublime virtue and practical religion. This gentleman is now in his seventieth year, and keeps himself in health by the diversion of his mind, and the exercise of his body, in his unwearied search after objects for his beneficence. He was one of our earliest members, and still suffers no weather to prevent his constant attendance. As he passes through many scenes in the course of every day, he never fails to introduce some agreeable or pathetic story, that sends us away more cheerful, or more resigned. His examples and admonitions are principally instrumental in conciliating new members, and rendering them more docile and tractable: he has completely won Mr.

Blunt's esteem; and has never been known to raise the echo himself, but in the cause of unprotected innocence, or forsaken truth.

No. 4. TUESDAY, MARCH 20.

*Licet superbus ambules pecuniâ,
Fortuna non mutat genus.*

HOR. EP. IV.

Fortune cannot change your blood,
Although you strut as if it could.

IN this land of industry and commerce, where fortunes are ever in a constant flux, it is curious to observe the rapid changes which perpetually occur in the consequence and figure of different individuals. These revolutions have, without doubt, their social advantages: they break the force of pride, which is always attended with an exclusive spirit; they open a wider field for the emulation of talents; and, by diffusing the feelings of fellowship, and the ties of affinity among us, give a freer range to the duties of benevolence and the practice of virtue. If such be a natural result of this community and participation of riches and honour, it is painful to observe the exceptions exhibited in the conduct of certain individuals. There are some ordinary spirits among us, who, having just emerged, by a perverse partiality of fortune, from the lowest conditions, conceive that the only way of showing themselves qualified to maintain their new character, is to manifest an extreme

scorn of the old one; and that, to evince an elevation of mind proportioned to their rise of fortune, they have only to discard the associates and witnesses of their humble beginnings.—A gentleman who finds himself in this description of deserted friends, has made the following complaint to me, by letter, permitting me to make my own use of it.

TO THE REV. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

DEAR SIMON,

Oxford.

YOU remember, no doubt, your old fellow collegian Tom Varnish, whose principal recommendation was his apparent good-nature, and his companionable qualities. You will be surprised to hear, that, by a fortunate connection, he is become dean of——. The first time I saw him after his preferment, I stretched out my hand to him, to wish him joy, in quality of an old friend and associate, but could only grasp the tip of his longest finger: he made me, however, a very polite bow, and told me his dinner was always on table at half after five, if I ever came his way. He left me in such utter surprise, that I was fixed on the spot for some moments. It occurred to me, however, upon a little reflection, that this must have been a mere joke, which would serve us to laugh over at some snug meeting at the deanery. His subsequent conduct has undeceived me; and I plainly see that I am never to be acknowledged on the ancient footing. I own I should feel a very violent indignation towards this poltron, and should be provoked to some signal revenge, if such behaviour did not in a great measure carry its punishment with it; but I observe, that since his elevation there are fewer smiles on his countenance, and there seems to be a constraint in his looks and demeanour, which

betrays an inward perplexity, the constant companion of pride. There is always, methinks, a sort of treason in these abuses of friendship, that leaves a conscious stain upon the mind; a secret sense of unworthiness, that sinks us amidst our triumphs, and falsifies our greatness.

I happened to meet him the other day in a large company, where it was my fortune to be seated next to him. I thought this a favourable opportunity for pressing some anecdotes home to his recollection, that might stir up some ancient regards, if any were left at the bottom of his mind. I talked to him of the old tree, under whose shade we had passed so many hours, in reading a story of Chaucer, a play of Shakspeare, or the humours of the knight of La Mancha. I reminded him of our names cut out together on the examining-chair in the schools. I told him, that his likeness was still hanging over my mantle-piece, which brought to my mind a thousand soothing remembrances of my youth; and that I often pleased myself with contemplating the unconsciousness that appeared in my friend's countenance, of any views towards that elevation which he has since experienced. I assured him, that our little laundress, though not in the pride of her looks, was still fresh, florid, and good-natured; and often talked of Tom Varnish's genteel leg, and sociable temper.

All this, however, appeared to give him rather offence than pleasure. At the mention indeed of Miss Jenny, his eyes seemed to sparkle a little, and his fingers involuntarily moved towards his band, which had formerly passed through the renovating hands of the pretty laundress. I returned home, chagrined at the littleness of human pride, and the sorry make of our minds, which can be content thus

to barter the real enjoyments of life for its pageantry and impositions. Seeing a loose bit of paper and a pen on my table, the thought occurred to me of putting down certain obligations conferred upon our worthy dean in the days of our intimacy, which serve to point out the meanness from which he has emerged. As I think myself justified in keeping no measures with such a character, I authorize you to insert the following list in one of your periodical essays, if you think it worth your notice.

- Dec. 25, 1778. Being Christmas-day, lent to Tom Varnish a clean shirt and a sermon on the occasion.
- Jan. 3. A crown for a Christmas-box to Jenny.
— 31. Corrected a declamation for him, by making a new one.
- March 1. Lent him a pair of worsted gloves during the hard frost.
- April 4. Paid Mr. Gangrene for the setting of his collar-bone; also his forfeits to the free-and-easy club.
- June 22. Paid two-thirds of the expence of Jenny's misfortune.
- Aug. 28. Saved him from drowning, in a scheme down the river to Henley.
- Oct. 6. Lent him a pair of boots, a whip, and a shilling for the turnpikes, besides paying for his horse, to enable him to ride over to his uncle the cow-doctor, who lay ill of a dropsy.
- March 3, 1779. Puffed him off to Sir H. O'N., by whose interest he went with the lord-lieutenant to Ireland.
- July 15. Made up a quarrel about potatoes, which took place at the moment of his landing.

Aug. 7. Saved him from a challenge from the rev. Dr. Patrick O'Bryan, by proving that he had no meaning in any thing he said.

A multitude of little services have escaped my recollection; but these will be sufficient to show, that the dean of — has clean forgotten Tom Varnish, and Tom Varnish's friends. Be so good as to make a memorandum of this letter; and if I perceive any future changes in this self-tormentor, I will not fail to give you some further accounts of him.

Yours ever,

ANTHONY TRUEMAN.

I thought there was so much honesty and good sense in this letter, that I determined to make a present of it to my readers: and though the catalogue which my friend Trueman has sent me may seem to bear rather too hard upon the reverend dean, yet a pride of this sort does so eminently misbecome a teacher of Christianity, and betrays such a corruption of heart, that I cannot think the punishment improper either in kind or degree.

For my part, with my sedate habits, and sober complexion, these frightful transformations of my countrymen surprise me strangely. For as, in my own family, whole generations have exactly agreed, and the father has regularly reproduced himself in the son, I am the more astonished to see a man so much at variance with himself. There must certainly have been some witchcraft in Tom Varnish's history; which puts me very much in mind of the poet's account of the metamorphosis of Atlas into a mountain: his beard and hair shot up into a huge forest; his shoulders and hands became ridges; his head supplied the place of a pinnacle; his bones were converted into rocks; then his whole person

swelled out to a monstrous size, on which all the stars of heaven reposed.

Quantus erat mons factus Atlas : jam barba comæque
 In silvas abeunt, juga sunt humerique manusque ;
 Quod caput ante fuit, summo est in monte cacumen ;
 Ossa lapis fiunt. Tum partes auctus in omnes
 Crevit in immensum (sic Dî statuistis), et omne
 Cum tot sideribus cœlum requievit in illo.

OV. MET. iv. 656.

Cicarella, in his life of Pope Sixtus Quintus, tells us, that that pontiff used frequently to please himself with jesting upon the meanness of his origin. He would say that he was *domo natus perillustri*; the cottage wherein he was born being so out of repair, that the sun shone through every part of it. Cicero, with more gravity, observes, *Satius est meis gestis florere quam majorem auctoritatibus inniti, et ita vivere ut sim posteris meis nobilitatis initium et virtutis exemplum.* "It is more honourable for me to be dignified by my own actions, than to lean upon the authority of my ancestors; and so to live that I may be a fountain of nobility and an example of virtue to my descendants."

Our worthy dean does not appear at present to feel all the force of these laudable sentiments; but I depend upon his coming over to our party, at some period of his life. When old-age and sickness press upon him, he will look around him, perhaps in vain, for his old friend Anthony Trueman, to refresh his mind with the pleasing recollections of his youth, and to talk with him about young Jenny and the old tree.

Yesterday, as I was pursuing my reflections on this subject, it occurred to me, that some good advice to such characters as I have been describing, might be conveyed in the notion of a letter from a

man's former self to his present self, which might run as follows :

“ WORSHIPFUL SIR,

“ Though perhaps you recollect with no great cordiality or esteem the person who now takes the liberty of addressing you, I feel so much interest in your honour and happiness, that I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of laying before you some truths which you may turn greatly to account. I own I cannot but complain bitterly of the contempt with which you treat a person born of as good a family as yourself, and bred to the same expectations; and one too whom you formerly loved better than your father or mother, and as much as your own life.

“ If I am rightly informed, Sir, you have extended this illiberal conduct to my friends, and have represented Mr. Shortland as a person of mean condition, to whom, nevertheless, you are in a great measure obliged for your present elevation. As to myself, be assured, Sir, your efforts to cast oblivion and obscurity around me, will only make me the more noticed; and that, whatever comparisons shall be made, they will be to the disadvantage of yourself. I do not conceive in what circumstance you pretend to be my superior, except in the base article of wealth. You may be a greater man; but you have not so much ease, so much leisure, so much youth, so much health, so much strength, so many real friends, and so much content. I am pretty sure, too, that a certain lady, whom we have both addressed, prefers in her own breast my little farm to your fine house and your laced liveries : but I respect your happiness so much, that I would resign her to you, if you would but adopt a more amiable and rational way of thinking.

“ I shall never make any farther overtures towards a reconciliation ; but shall always be ready to embrace you whenever you feel yourself disposed to sink this awkward distance between us. You will be most likely to find me, on such an occasion, in the poplar-groves behind your house, or on the terrace just out of the village, at the hours of nine and ten in the evening, particularly if it be moonlight. Be assured, you will never hear of me at any public places ; for crowds are my abomination. I am sensible that the pride and deceit of these corrupt resorts first produced the melancholy separation that has taken place between us.

“ I knew what was to be my fate, from the moment that old lady Margaret Mildmay whispered in your ear the words ‘ seducing arts,’ and ‘ delicate situations.’ Ever since these ominous phrases, you have kept me at the most mortifying distance ; but finding it rather difficult to shake me off at once, you pinched, buckram’d, and pomatum’d me up to such a degree, that I could not hold out any longer. I have often tried to meet you since our total separation ; but as I have not been used to the smell of perrumes, I could never come within your atmosphere, except once indeed, when, in flying from two unmannerly catchpoles, you ran full against me in turning a corner, and did me the favour of jostling me into the kennel.

“ One thing, however, Sir, I must insist upon, which is, that you will forbear any contemptuous insinuations respecting my friend Dick Shortland’s family, since you cannot boast so good a one : and as to myself, Sir, you cannot be ignorant that your great-grandfather was a chimney-sweeper, as well as my own ; and that, if it were not for that noble invention, for which the world is indebted to a per-

son who was great-uncle to both of us, of liquid shining blacking for shoes, you could never have expected to maintain so much consequence in life, as even your neglected friend and humble servant,
 “ HUMPTRY QUONDAM.”

I cannot forbear following up this letter with an exhortation to my readers, to reflect, that the humane and social duties press equally on all situations of life; and that, if prosperity deprive us of our unbought friendships, it must ever after remain in hopeless arrears to us, whatever degree of plenty it may shower into our bosoms: it has robbed us of the day-light, which no borrowed glare of lamps and crystals can supply.

No. 5. SATURDAY, MARCH 24.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui.

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 266.

To spread those words abroad I cannot fear,
 Which virgins speak, and saints unblushing hear.

THOUGH I am an old bachelor, and naturally of a cold constitution, yet I have always been fond of mixing among my fair countrywomen wherever I have seen an opportunity. A fine eye affects me like a fine day, which sets my spirits afloat, and gives spring and vigour to my fancy. My vacant composure of countenance makes me less suspected of impertinent curiosity; and as I am never heard to speak ill of my neighbours, I am supposed to be without malice, or without meaning. I have conse-

quently been treated with a great deal of female anecdote, and female eloquence. Scarce a day passes, but my mother has a little levee of the young and old of her own sex, who are all enamoured of her complacency, her old-fashioned sense, and historical memory.

There is a sort of treaty of commerce between them, that turns to their mutual account. My mother has a way of reviving the remembrances of her youth, and of retailing her curious stock of obsolete anecdotes and usages, that gathers around her the most rational part of her own sex, who are glad to exchange, for this antiquated merchandise, all the articles and modes of daily intelligence. By this channel I come into possession of a great deal of history respecting the female world, and shall let my readers in for a part of the pillage.

These meetings are not yet formed into a regular society; but I think I can perceive a strong tendency that way; and they seem to be insensibly drawing towards the spirit of our own. They have their readings in imitation of ours: which are so much the more interesting, as the women are more communicative by nature than the men. No information comes from town, in the way of private correspondence, that is not shared among them. Anecdotes of high life, and occurrences that mark the manners of the times, and particularly those of their own sex, are perused with great eagerness; and I owe to these meetings many sage rules and maxims for female conduct, which will run through these my papers.

There is a delicacy of distinction and feeling in the morality of the ladies, that renders it generally attractive and interesting; and if they knew how much it became their mouths, and what sweetness

it bestowed on their smiles, they would redeem a still larger portion of their time from the topics of dissipation to devote it to a subject in which virtue and vanity may in some sort coalesce. What put me upon this remark, was an opportunity which was the other day afforded me, of hearing some very excellent observations on the present state of female manners, at one of those little councils in my mother's apartment.

Me thought the dignified sentiments which came from each in her turn, lighted up the countenance, and brought the very soul into the eyes; insomuch that I never shall be persuaded, that the happiest lover is able to provoke a sweeter look, or a more glowing smile, in the object of his adoration, than the consciousness of virtuous feelings at this moment excited; and that inward homage which we pay to ourselves, when we speak with ability in an amiable cause. There was a complacency in my old mother's forehead, which I would not have exchanged for the courtesy of a princess; and I observed that her shagreen spectacle-case dropped twice out of her hand, while her eyes were fixed on my great-grandfather's portrait with a look of pious satisfaction.

This becoming effort of virtuous conversation on the female face, and the irresistible force it lends to the expression, was well instanced in a few observations made by Miranda on the subject they were upon. "It has always appeared to me," she remarked, turning to my mother, who always sits in a sort of oracular state in these assemblies, speaking but seldom, as was the custom of her ancestors, "that we are to ascribe the principal faults that degrade at this moment the female character, to the sort of education we receive at our most

fashionable schools. This blame, however, does by no means rest with these places of instruction, but falls more deservedly upon parents and guardians, whose vanity and false judgements interpose between the true interests of the scholars, and the persons to whom they are committed. If the main stream be discoloured, the rivulets which join it in its course will take the same complexion. However that may be, nothing is more certain than that we, poor females are educated as if we had no souls to be saved, or old age to be provided for. To figure away with a fine exterior, and to share the stupid admiration of coxcombs, with their horses and their equipages, seems to be all that is required of us by our grave instructors. When this view is accomplished, we are brought forward, in all the mockery of dress, for the entertainment of the men, cased up like Indian idols, or carried out as victims to the altar.

“ Only that little of our lives is consulted which can contribute to the brilliancy of a ball-room, or the decoration of a court; so that just the prime and middle of our days is called for, the rest being thrown away like the tops and tails of radishes. To accomplish us in the flourishing trade and mystery of multiplying words without knowledge, to enable us to propagate repetition, and give wings to nonsense, we are taught as many languages as our memories can hold; without any enlargement of capacity, or accession of ideas; without any exercise of reason, or elevation of thought.

“ Nothing, however,” she continued, “ gives me such serious concern, as to observe, in the system of modish education, the perverse direction of the noble principle of shame, which was given us for the greatest purposes. That tender conscious spirit,

which was designed to be the principle guard of our virtue, and the support of all the great qualities of womankind, is applied to circumstances and occasions the most frivolous and absurd. To be hungry, healthy, rosy, and robust, are circumstances of shame to a girl of fashion. To run is rude, to laugh is vulgar, and to play is monstrous, because it is natural. Ignorance of cards is shocking, ignorance of fashions is abominable, and ignorance of French is heretical. But while they are taught shame at these excesses or deficiencies, they can brave the recollection of an uncharitable or unjust action; they can tell untruths without flinching; they can read the memoirs of stale actresses and battered demireps without confusion; they can ogle without a blush; and hug themselves in visions of rope-ladders and chaises and four, accomplished dancing-masters, and sentimental staymakers,

“Methinks,” continued Miranda, “that a truly fashionable school might consistently enough advertise to refine and reduce the appetite so common in young people educated at ordinary schools; to banish all disagreeable redness from the cheeks; to correct the errors of nature, in the vulgar propensity youth have to exercise and play; to contract the waste, where nature has forgotten to do it; to pinch the foot to a sizeable disproportion and beautiful deformity; to comprehend all religious duties within a very small compass, and teach sound morals and virtuous principles at moderate rates.

“To the misapplication of these generous rudiments of virtue, given us with our nature, are ascribable all those vanities and petty ambitions, which so predominate amongst us, as to give a sort of title to the satirist to thunder out his catholic censures

against us, and with an unqualifying severity to talk of the ruling passions of women as absolute universalities. The poets and moralists of ancient and modern times are stuffed with this common-place against us; and even the petit-maitre of philosophy, the flimsy Fontenelle, amidst all his gallantries, has not scrupled to put the following confession into the mouth of a queen of Syria, who, in one of his dialogues of the dead, tells her story to Dido, as illustrative of our ruling passion of vanity.—‘A painter, who was of the court of my husband, had long owed me a grudge; and, to gratify his resentment, he painted me in the arms of a soldier. The picture was exposed, and the artist absconded. My subjects, zealous for my honour, were on the point of burning the piece in the public street; but as I was, to say the truth, most admirably painted, and every way charming, although it must be acknowledged the attitude in which I was represented was not much to the advantage of my virtue, yet I rescued the picture, and pardoned the painter.’

“It is surprising what transformations are sometimes formed by this perverse direction of the principle of shame. I remember a very promising girl, the daughter of a worthy neighbour, who had learned, under her mother’s instructions, many useful arts and accomplishments: she could make pastry and pickles, knew the price and quality of meat, and was a tolerable proficient in carving: she could write legibly, spell correctly, and speak her own language purely and grammatically: in short, her mind was so vulgarized, that she knew more of the Bible than of lord Chesterfield or Voltaire; and I really once detected her knitting stockings for prizes to the Sunday-school girls, whom she often instructed herself. On the death of her mother, she was sent by her father to a place of fashionable

education ; and, in the course of three weeks, rose to such a pitch of modesty, as to blush at the mention of her former meannesses. She is now squared and tortured into a very fine married lady ; and so sensibly delicate, that, on passing by a butcher's shop the other day, she was seized with an agony in every joint ; and on meeting by accident a charity-girl, when she was far gone in her pregnancy, she has ever since been under the terrible apprehension of bringing into the world a child with a pair of knit-stockings on its legs.

“ I would not pretend to suggest any new system, in the place of that against which I have so much descanted ; I would only presume to recommend a little more of the Christian religion, and a little less of fashionable idolatry. I do not desire that learning or politics, or riding astride, should succeed to this mischievous culture ; I wish only to see the native ornaments of a woman's mind primarily attended to ; I wish to see her arrayed in all her natural perfections of sensibility, softness, and grace ; and to contemplate, through a curtain of unaffected modesty, an understanding furnished with every thing that has a tendency to make the heart good, and the conduct exemplary.

“ How can I here resist the temptation to quote a passage from an admirable writer ? to quote whom cannot be pedantry even in a woman ; while not to have read and studied him, is want of taste in man or woman. It is thus that Dr. Hawkesworth sums up the character of Stella, in his life of Swift : — ‘ Beauty, which alone has been the object of universal admiration and desire, which alone has elevated the possessor from the lowest to the highest situation, has given dominion to folly, and armed caprice with the power of life and death, was in Stella only the ornament of intellectual greatness ;

and wit, which had rendered deformity lovely, and conferred honour upon vice, was in her only the decoration of such virtue, as without either wit or beauty would have compelled affection, esteem, and reverence.'

"I am very far from desiring to level these distinctions which custom has established between the virtues and excellences of the male and female character. Nature has clearly enough appointed our different offices and destinations ; and, by the many domestic wants and dependences with which she has encompassed us, has circumscribed the sphere of our exertions and our ambitions within the circle of our families and our houses. When I see a woman launching out beyond this natural line of her ability, and challenging the rewards of popular talents, I look upon her as a kind of deserter, or as a soldier fighting under foreign banners, whose renown is infamy, and whose victories are disgraces.

"The expediency of life, and the moral order of the world, demand the observance of this natural distinction between our duties and capacities ; and not only our greatest pleasures, but the highest concerns of our being, depend upon their separation. I regard the social system of the world as a great machine, which requires a regular distribution of labour, for the uniform course of its operation : a deficiency of hands in one part of it is little remedied by the superfluity of them in another ; and such as are out of their place, can only be regarded as so much loss in quality, and incumbrance in quantity.

"We surely can never reasonably complain of our unimportance in the system, when we consider ourselves as charged with the first care of the species, and intrusted with the heirs of immortality,

during that important interval, when the seeds of virtue or of vice are sown in their minds. For the execution of so high and delicate a trust, we have a right to every advantage of culture and instruction in our youth, which will be necessary to correct our judgements, to regulate our desires, and multiply our innocent pleasures ; but the duties, which this paramount object of our lives imposes upon us, require also that nothing should enter into the scheme of our education that can taint our minds with a relish for those attainments and exertions, which belong to a different sphere of action, and another range of obligations.

“By keeping these objects, I mean the care of infant minds, and the management of our families, constantly in our view, we shall obtain a rational rule of female education, and a proper estimate of female worth. This measure will direct us in the cast of our studies, and the choice of our amusements. It will exclude, as well all the follies of the mode and the laborious impertinence of fashionable culture, as the dangerous and distorted lessons of ambition and enterprise ; while it will let in all those sensibilities and graces of the heart and understanding, which are of real weight and utility in the tender concerns of a wife or a mother, and are the ornaments of the female character in every scene and allotment of life.”

Here Miranda finished her discourse, which was very much applauded by the rest of the company, and seemed to speak the general sense. For my part as my natural tenderness for the sex leads me always to mix a great deal of encomium in every question concerning them, I could not help thinking Miranda a little deficient on this head, and only excusable as a party concerned : I endeavoured, there-

fore, to fill up this deficiency, by quoting some very fine things said in their commendation by very wise ancients. I perceived that I recommended myself much to them all by this piece of gallantry; and that my quotations from Plutarch, to which I took care to give the handsomest turn I could in my translation, were particularly admired.

Miranda, who was still a little heated from the great part she had taken in the conversation, went so far as to propose that the bust of that entertaining author should be placed in a part of the room, together with my own. The old lady, my mother, who smiled more than was usual with her at this idea, putting her hand into her pocket with much significancy, drew out of it the County Chronicle, and pointing with her knitting-needle to a particular advertisement, bid me read it aloud; declaring, that if we would consent to put the advertiser's head between those of Plutarch and Simon Olive-branch, she would agree to the proposal.

“ Woman is the master-piece of the Almighty.
“ Has any of us beauty, softness, or grace, to
“ compare with hers? Is not her mind the arcana
“ of all that is desirable? Seek for elegance, you
“ find it in her shape; for penetration, you find it
“ in her eye; for beauty, you find it in every fea-
“ ture, especially if she has consulted the im-
“ provement of her charms so far as to adorn them
“ with Vickery's incomparable têtes.”

I assure my readers that the project of the busts is totally laid aside.

No. 6. TUESDAY, MARCH 27.

Θεόν καὶ προνοίαν ἰπίστυεν ἰξ ὧν ἰθαύμαζεν.

C. ALEXANDRINUS.

Their admiration of God's might, displayed in his works, produced in them a conviction also of his providence and moral government.

THERE is an agreeable parallel drawn in Cicero's *Nature of the Gods*, which throws considerable ridicule on the obstinacy of an atheist: "His case," says he, "is like that of a person, who, upon entering a large house beautifully constructed and commodiously arranged, and finding it untenanted by any animal of greater power, sagely concludes it to have been built by the mice he sees running about it." Thus the atheist disbelieves in Providence, for no other reason than because he does not see him actually at the great work. He has, however, the choice only of two conclusions: he must either attribute the creation of the world, and its moral government, to God; or he must attribute unwearied constancy and unfailing order to chance.

When I see our reason thus raised in rebellion against our hopes, and nursing errors so frightful and monstrous, I am tempted to repine at this privilege and distinction of our nature, and can almost regret the possession of an instrument we may so easily handle to our own destruction. The sensible proofs of the existence of a God are so very manifest, and, to speak in scriptural language, are

so scattered about our paths, that one can hardly think this primary article of our faith a part of our probation, or that any degree of merit is attached to it. I have seen, however, in some men, a sort of foggy understanding, which outrages every object, and melts down proportion and colour into a mass of mighty confusion, in which there is no susceptibility of beauty, and whence light and order are for ever excluded. To one of this temper, the harmony of the system in which we move appeals in vain; the return of the seasons can make no impression upon him; and the revival of the verdure, and the regeneration of the blossom, brings him no delight or consolation.

I have ever considered it as one of the most touching instances of the benevolence of our Maker, that he has afforded us this great variety of sensible proofs of his existence and providence in the vast scene which lies before us: and our sense of this bounty and condescension is very much raised by considering, that it not only sustains our hopes, and confirms our faith, but reaches to the mere concerns of this world, and diverts and refreshes the spirits, in the seasons of disappointment, of exertion, and of sorrow.

Sir William Temple has observed, that there is a kind of sensual pleasure in a fine day; our very organs and fibres seem to feel its invigorating influence; our veins riot, and our spirits bound. If it be a sensual pleasure, it is not only the most innocent, but it is ennobled by its relation to those which are intellectual: and it is plain how much it is our interest to enlarge the sphere of these sorts of enjoyments, which we may indulge in without reproach, and persevere in without satiety.

It was a favourite idea of the stoics, that to con-

template and admire the excellences of Nature's works, forms a capital part of our duty and destination in this world. We may observe also, that, when they dwell on these testimonies of a providential government of the world, the unity of design that every where discovers itself, obliges them to speak of one great Omnipotent. For the same reason does Cicero deify the world itself, rather than ascribe such integrity and perfection of plan to the counsels and agency of the gods in general.

Among all the animals which walk upon the earth, and inhale the breezes of a summer-day, man, alone erect and contemplative, is conscious of the benefaction, and capable of its delights: it should, methinks, therefore, be somewhat affronting to the Deity, to pass by these tokens of his benevolence, without either tribute, or homage, or grace, or sensibility. For my part, I find no recreation so agreeable to my temper and my years, as the study of nature. I work under my mother's tuition in the school of botany; a science she has followed up, the greater part of her long life, with much perseverance and delight. She frequently bestows upon me great commendation for my specimens, but thinks I waste too much time in my comments and reasonings upon them; and the other day, on my forgetting the names of some of her favourites, she called me a giddy boy, and touching my cheek softly with her hand, observed, with a melancholy smile, that thus would the names and chronicles of the house of the Olive-branches be forgotten after our departure.

But to return to my subject: I was going to remark, that the study of nature is as much distinguished from other subjects by the variety of its topics, as by the value of its conclusions. All our

different tastes and geniuses may here be severally consulted. As the colour and tendency of our minds dispose us, we find a suitable order of proofs; and while one is struck with the solemn and unwearied return of seasons and of fruits, another is better pleased with considering the bland and unerring powers of instinct, which gathers under the mother's wing the little brood of helpless stragglers, and makes its voice heard amidst the howlings of the desert. It is by these contemplations that we learn, in the scriptural phrase, to walk with God; and cherish towards him a certain loyalty of heart, that brings all the ardours and sensibilities of our nature to the side of religion.

I cannot admit among those who reap the true advantage of this study, our modern collectors of cabinets, whose ambition is generally to accumulate rarities only for the distinction they confer, and to swell their lists from a sterile sort of ostentation, without any advancement of real knowledge. The true philosophical observer finds his cabinet of curiosities in his own and his neighbour's fields and gardens; and the interest he feels in every object is not in proportion to its unfrequency, but to the indication it affords of design and providence in the government of the world.

This consoling testimony, so abundantly spread over the face of nature, seems, if I may so express myself, to be distributed into different masses and portions, in the examination of which we may follow the bent of our particular tastes and studies. Thus some have been principally captivated by the stated motions of the heavenly bodies, as most inimical to the notion of chance; others consider the Divine wisdom as most emphatically announced in the structure of the human frame; and not a

small number are best pleased with contemplating it in the properties and affections given to plants. The playfulness and innocent joys of young children are to others the kindest proofs of a superintending Providence: and Sir Isaac Newton was of opinion, that a primary mover of all things was incontrovertibly shown by the revolutions of the planets in their orbits, which are the combined effects of a projectile and centripetal force; the latter of which is accounted for by the laws of nature, but the former supposes the voluntary impulse of a predisposing hand.

Thus the various classes of Nature's works present to the studious and contemplative a various arrangement of proofs, as different tastes and opinions decide. New discoveries enrich this valuable collection; and, as we advance in the knowledge of Nature's varieties, we find fresh ornament in truth, fresh dignity in devotion, and fresh reason in religion. If, after this partial consideration, we mount a stage higher in the argument, and take a view of the whole plan and order of our system, the unity of design and connection of parts force us upon concluding that one pervading Spirit directs the whole.

At this point did the excellent author of the Analogy take up the argument, and, bending his thoughts to discover how far this unity of plan lay open to human penetration, he has shown us that we can trace it through the course of natural and revealed religion: he has shown us that the same character of goodness and wisdom is stamped upon each portion of God's government; that the same venerable order and progression is every where observed; that the great truths of each unfold themselves in the same course of patient and gradual

discovery ; and that in each he has opposed certain limits to our investigations, and spread, with jealous might, his pavilion of darkness.

The argument therefore from analogy, which reconciles the scheme of natural and revealed religion to the course and constitution of nature, is the highest in the scale of those proofs with which the study of Nature's works supplies us, and closes a series of testimony of the most complete and beautiful kind.

I shall now present my readers with a passage from Xenophon's Anecdotes of Socrates, where that philosopher makes a very noble use of the argument from analogy. After producing a great variety of instances in the economy of nature, to persuade his disciple to embrace the belief of a Providence, he calls upon him to yield to such convincing proofs, unless he is determined to wait until God shall please to render himself visible.

"This," says he, "would be a very unreasonable expectation, since, in this world, circumstances often reduce us to receive benefits from unknown hands ; nor, in this case, are we so ungrateful as to attribute our felicity to the operation of chance. There may be something too that displeases the Deity in such an expectation ; for there is great audacity, doubtless, in hoping to see our Creator with faculties probably incapable of sustaining such an interview.

"Consider," says he, "that the Sun, while he refreshes us with his kindly influence, does not allow himself to be too attentively regarded, and almost deprives him of sight who attempts it. The Deity also chooses to act by an invisible ministry. We hear the thunder rolling above us, and we know that it subdues whatever it encounters ; but we

behold neither its coming-on, nor its career, nor its departure. The winds also we cannot discern, but in their effects, which are very manifest; and we can feel them rushing by us. Moreover, the soul of man comes nearest to the Deity of any thing which belongs to us: that it reigns within us, is manifest; but no man has ever seen his own soul."

This has always struck me as one of the noblest passages in all antiquity, and is the best specimen of this argument from analogy I recollect in any heathen work. I have clothed the thoughts in English, without attempting to translate the Greek words, which are in this place so inimitably emphatic, that they may challenge any language to express them adequately.

It is my intention to carry on this subject through many of my future papers, if I see a disposition in my readers to attend to it. I think myself engaged, however, by the promise I have given, to present them with a perpetual variety; and, like a good farmer, I bind myself never to take two successive crops of the same produce from the same piece of land. My excellent friend Mr. Anthony Allworth, whose character I have given in a former paper, insists upon my consecrating a portion of my labours to the subject of religion; and I know of no way of rendering it so generally interesting and amusing to my readers, as by considering its analogies with the course and constitution of nature.

I know how well this road has been pointed out before; but if I can throw any entertainment in the way by the discovery of new objects, or render it more sprightly and cheerful by new veins of thought, and fresh illustrations of fancy, I shall thank my friend very heartily for having suggested the idea. The loose form of this argument from

analogy is what particularly recommends it to me, as on that account it will bear the numerous interruptions it must submit to with less relaxation of its force.

The rank growth of perishable pamphlets and sermons which daily crowd our presses, serves only to dissipate and distract our attentions: they irritate our minds by occupying them ever on little disputed points, and divert us from the more comprehensive works of a graver age, wherein wide views of the subject are disclosed, and great bodies of proof collected. I considered, therefore, that it would be doing some service to my countrymen, if, instead of labouring either to increase the bulk of sacred literature, already grown unwieldy, or to swell the muddy stream of peevish controversy, I could allure my young readers to a portion of religious inquiry, which is perhaps the most inexhaustible of any, and which is of so spreading and various a nature, as to accommodate itself to almost every size of understanding, and every system of study.

There is moreover, in this argument from analogy, a strong tendency to liberalize the mind, by the removal of prejudices; while it provokes curiosity by the order and connection it produces wherever it enters, by its pleasing display of happy coincidences, and its allusions to common life and common observation. It is of small concern to me whether these my speculations upon the analogies of religion and nature be perused before or after that admirable work of the excellent Dr. Butler: in the former case they may serve as a sort of initiation to the reader; in the latter they will tend to keep up in his memory a perishable tenure, which requires frequent examination and repair.

I shall conclude this day's work with repeating my promise to be sparing of such grave subjects.

They will be ranged at suitable distances from each other, like the sainted chapels by the road side, where the traveller was used to repose, till, after offering up his little orison, he gathered fresh spirits for his journey. I submit the arrangement of all my papers to the old lady, my mother; hoping thereby to come at the taste and humour of my female readers; and I think she seems little disposed to satiate them with this topic. Not that any person can entertain a purer zeal than this complacent old dowager for the propagation of religion; but it is her humour to think that the party of profligacy is grown so strong and numerous, that, should religion find its way thither, it would be less likely to communicate its own advantages, than to share in the reproach of its new connections. She knows how religion has fared among fashionable philosophers, and your flimsy pretenders to a *liberal* devotion. She mourns too with a genuine sorrow for the wrongs it has suffered from many of its avowed friends, who have taken it under their insidious protection only to dishonour it more at their leisure; and have used what influence they have acquired over it by faithless and hollow professions, to gain credit to the plausible mischiefs they prepare against it, and to plunder it in secret of some of its fairest distinctions and firmest consolations. She tells me sometimes, with a sober sort of humour in her countenance, that, should religion be any how introduced into the fashionable world, it might come away so painted, patched, and disfigured, that she would hardly know it again.

I cannot wonder much at my mother's apprehensions, being sensible myself of correspondent feelings, in turning my eyes on fashionable life. When we become old, and have known the value of religion, we find so much comfort and repose in

its pledges and assurances, and are so near its consummation and its rewards, that we cannot help regarding this solemn and final dependance with an aching and irritable anxiety. For my part, I never leave a large company wherein doubts and paradoxes have been thrown about with sportive temerity, without questioning myself immediately as to the state of my mind, whether any article of my faith has been shaken or dislodged ; like a certain prime-minister of Persia, whose custom it was always to feel about for his head upon leaving the audience-chamber of the despot his master.

No. 7. SATURDAY, MARCH 31.

Plus vident oculi quam oculus.

Many eyes see more than one.

IT is one of the hardest conditions of my undertaking, that I must bend my thoughts so many various ways for the entertainment of the public. Like a good prince, I am expected to have no favourites among my subjects, but to stretch my regards equally to all. I have taken therefore the greatest pains to exercise myself in this versatility of attention, and have actually had three or four papers going on at once, to inure myself to this distraction of lights, and perplexity of objects.

The confusion which this flying study has sometimes produced in my essays has been whimsical enough: upon reading over some of them for correction the other morning, I found fiddler, faro, Sunday, princes, cards, crows, curricles, conjurors;

all in the space of ten lines. I had delivered an old maid of two fine children; I had taken a judge off the bench; and carried him to a bagnio. In one place I had landed a vessel at Birmingham; and in another, the dissenters were furnished with copper bottoms. Some great statesmen were at church for the first time in their lives. A man of fashion produced an edition of Antoninus Pius, in one line; and a grave doctor of divinity led down a country-dance, in the next. I carried the whole house of lords to Newmarket in one of my papers, and a jockey brought in a bill in another; a parliament-man was put into a leaden coffin, came out presently after with a new constitution, and was soon followed by the corpse and undertakers. Grave as I am, I could not help laughing heartily, to find a petit-maitre ogling a chimney sweeper in one sentence, and the object of his vows half-way up the chimney in the next; and a young lady, who had bestowed a kiss upon an auctioneer, knocked down soon after by her lover.

There were many other strange combinations and coincidences; such as a reverend divine in a hoop-petticoat, and an old woman mounted into his pulpit; a common-councilman feasting upon true religion, and a turtle filling and expanding the mind. After an infinite number of mistakes and puzzles of this sort, I came at last to despatch this multifarious business with surprising accuracy and discrimination; and am now arrived at such perfection, that I can round a period, turn a sentiment, and begin a story, in a hop, step, and a jump.

My mother happening to come into my room while I was running from paper to paper, supposed me to be agonized by some inward pains; and asking me, with much tenderness and concern, what I

would have, I replied with great rapidity, having just completed at once three different sentences, "Expansion of thought, honour and virtue, a beautiful princess." This demand appeared so strange and exorbitant, that the old lady began in good earnest to suspect that my brain was injured by my late application, and was more ruffled than ever I remember her to have been since the æra of that fatal accident which happened about thirty years ago to my great-grandfather's tobacco-stopper. This talent, which I have taken such extraordinary pains to acquire, will contribute very much to render me independent; so that, if such as are capable of affording me assistance by their communications, should be determined to withhold it, and think to starve me to a surrender, I shall show them that I can hold out longer than they imagine, upon my own stock.

Another very great advantage of this my craft and mystery of writing is, that it makes me superior to common casualties, and puts me entirely out of the reach of all atmospherical influence. I can force myself to be grave or gay in spite of wind and weather, just as it may suit the interests of my paper: thus, upon occasion, I can rear a smile out of season; and am as proud of it as is the farmer behind the 'Change of raising a dish of peas at Christmas. I can launch forth a lively paper in the gloom of November; and can be merry in my little study, while my neighbours are shooting themselves in their bedchambers.

I do not wish, however, my readers to imagine that I have not yet been able to start any contributors: I have received many kind testimonies of a good disposition towards my undertaking from very unexpected quarters. The other day a letter was brought

me from a young nobleman, which I may perhaps insert for the instruction of my readers, after a thorough correction of the spelling: a young gentleman-commoner of one of our colleges favoured me with a very long epistle, as soon as my first number was published; the back of which will be of use, in containing many loose hints and memorandums for a future paper. Some anecdotes of great men, such as Lackington, Whittington, &c. have been obligingly sent to me; and the other day I received a very ingenious poem from an advertising dentist and dancing-master. Some treatises have been forwarded to me on the price of sugars, which I have despatched to my grocer, to make the best use he can of them; and some popular preachers have presented me with sermons, the covers of which will be useful in making my common-place books. Some honest traders have sent me proposals to take in their advertisements; tempting me with a promise of ornamenting them with little cuts of carved Bacchuses, sugar-loaves, pairs of scales, bunches of grapes, and tobacco-rolls. One of this order intreats me to recommend his geometrical breeches; another has made a wig that will go in a letter; and a third has invented patent pistols for the cure of ruptures. I return my thanks to Dr. Lobb and Dr. Giranio, who have been so kind as to recommend to me their angelic snuff for the clearing of my head, and the advantage of my papers; and to that famous showman in the Borough, who courteously offers me a gratuitous admittance if I will advertise the public, that he has just imported two white Greenland bears, that are to be spoken with at any hour.

I have the advantage, too, of a very confidential correspondence with a great projector, who was formerly my intimate friend at the university; and

who, having a vast turn for invention, and an extraordinary share of patriotism, is determined to devote the remainder of his days to the public service. He is therefore always on the watch for some new discovery, that may contribute any way to the honour and happiness of his countrymen. I introduce him to my readers, not as a temporary acquaintance, but as a person they will often encounter in the course of these papers. As he was determined not to be behindhand in manifesting his regard for his old friend, he no sooner heard of my undertaking, than he sent to me the advertisement of an eminent stationer, whose patron he declares himself to be, and whom I suspect to be indebted to him for most of his inventions.

“ Mr. Wright gives notice, that there may be had,
 “ at his library in the Strand, pocket-books for
 “ writing in the dark. These books are so contrived,
 “ that a person may, with great ease, in any pos-
 “ ture, write any thing thereon, beginning where
 “ he left off. He is not even obliged to take his
 “ hand from beneath the bed-clothes. This way
 “ of writing may be as swift, lineal, and legible, as
 “ the operations of day-light, and must be ex-
 “ ceedingly useful to philosophers and poets. The
 “ copper instrument is neat and handy.”

As my task, however, is such as to require more alleviation than even these honourable assistances supply, I must still invite those who have the means and the leisure, to afford me their aid. The Greek proverb, εἷς ἀνὴρ οὐδεὶς ἀνὴρ, applies to my present undertaking; for one man cannot well act a sufficient number of parts to suit so many tastes and complexions. I will therefore adopt any thing that I

think will conduce to the ends of my work, which is to encourage innocent mirth, and to administer religion, morality, and criticism, in the most palatable forms.

It is my design, after the example of the most venerable of those who have preceded me in this undertaking, to set up for a redresser, or an avenger of ordinary grievances, in the commerce of society; and I invite particularly the ladies to make application to me, when they deign to think that an old man can be of any use to them. If they have children that torment them, or husbands that neglect them, or lovers that deceive them, they may depend upon my assistance, the mode of which they themselves may prescribe. I promise also to attend to the complaints of my own sex, when they do not originate in their own misconduct, and upon undoubted proofs being given that every thing has been done on their part towards the cure of the evil.

I shall now give my reasons for not taking notice of some requisitions which have already been made to me on the score of grievances, &c.

The lamentation of Mr. T—, the tall Irishman, on his being disappointed of his new liveries on his marriage with old Mrs. Ogleby, I considered as a very heavy charge, till upon inquiry I discovered, that there was a bill upon him ever since he wore his first pair of callimanco breeches, and turned his pepper-and-salt coat to walk in the procession on St. Patrick's day. When my Irish client has paid off his arrears, if his tailor continue to disappoint him, I promise to keep no *measures* with the delinquent.

The gentleman who complains to me that his Sunday's dinner is commonly spoiled by the length of Dr. H—r's sermons, may at any time remove

the grievance by begging the Doctor's company to dinner.

A married lady makes affidavit to me, that she scarcely ever goes into public, but a man of fashion attacks her with indecent conversation. She complains very bitterly of this outrage upon decorum, and this cowardly assassination of virtue and modesty; but declares that she cannot be so singularly ill-bred as to take umbrage at any thing that is offered her by so fine a gentleman. This lady is yet to learn, that to be fine gentlemen we must begin with being men of honour. She has either forgotten or never knew, that Sir Philip Sidney, who was esteemed the most accomplished cavalier in Christendom, was no less conspicuous for the spotless integrity of his life; that the same man wrote and felt elegantly on the subject of love, produced a version of the Psalms, and perished in battle at the age of thirty-two, brightening his last moments with a well-known act of Christian heroism. I would advise my fair client to improve her ideas of good breeding by some truer model than the one she has before her, and to try a little of her husband's company, who perhaps may be nearer the mark. I can assure her that the true gentleman is of much nobler metal than any of our swaggering youths about town; and, to borrow the phrase of that gallant Englishman whose name has been mentioned above, he must be distinguished by "high-erected thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy."

The cheesemonger who takes it so ill that he cannot obtain a gentlemanly satisfaction of Mr. Holiday, the hatter, may apply to Sir Lucius O'Trotter, who lodges with a widow on Snow-hill, and who will be very glad to pay his bill to Mr. H. by *discharging the contents* of his pistol at him.

The Welsh gentleman who thinks it so hard that his jokes are never regarded, must send for a fresh pipe of Madeira, add another dish to his table, and one story more to his chin.

The young nobleman who complains that my papers are not merry enough, may interleave them with some scenes out of our latest tragedies.

The discerning part of my readers will enter into my reasons for not listening to such kind of complaints, while they cannot but applaud my design of embarking in so laudable a career as that of an avenger of wrongs. The allegations I hope to receive from different quarters will greatly enrich my stock of temporary matter, and bring me acquainted with the various shapes of folly and infamy, as they start up with a rank and fungous luxuriance in the walks of business and pleasure.

No. 8. TUESDAY, APRIL 3.

Ἄναχωρήσεις αὐτοῖς ζήτουσιν ἀγροικίας καὶ αἰγιαλοὺς καὶ ὄρη· εἰώθας δὲ καὶ σὺ τὰ τοιαῦτα μάλιστα πόθειν· ὅλον δὲ τοῦτο ἰδιωτικώτατόν ἐστιν, ἐξὸν ἧς ἀνῶρας ἐβελήσης εἰς ἑαυτὸν ἀναχώρειν· Οὐδαμοῦ γὰρ οὔτε ἡσυχιώτερον οὔτε ἀπραγμονέστερον ἄνθρωπος ἀναχώρει, ἢ εἰς τὸν ἑαυτοῦ ψύχην· μάλισθ' ὅστις ἔχει ἔνδον τοιαῦτα, εἰς ἃ ἔγχυψας, ἐν πασῇ εὐμαρείᾳ εὐθύς γίνεται· τὴν δὲ εὐμαρείαν λέγω οὐδὲν ἄλλο ἢ εὐκοσμίαν. Συνεκῶς οὖν δίδου σεαυτῷ ταύτην τὴν ἀναχώρησιν, καὶ ἀνανέου σεαυτόν.

MARC. ANTON. iv. 3.

There are those who look out for solitary retreats, such as hamlets, shores, and mountains: you yourself discover a vast inclination for such abodes. All this, however, is a vulgar resource, since in fact you carry this retreat about you, to enjoy it whenever you please; for no where will a man find a more tranquil and abstracted refuge than in the recesses of his own soul—especially if he possess within himself a fund for that sober contemplation, which begets serenity of mind. By serenity I mean that internal repose of the spirits, which implies a certain mental equilibrium and economy. Court, as it becomes you, this true retirement, and thus renew, from time to time, your acquaintance with yourself.

LAST night, after a day's close application in my study, I resolved to give my thoughts a little stretch; and for that purpose took a walk into the fields of my neighbour Blunt. As the reader is already acquainted with the transformation that has been wrought in this gentleman's character, he will not be surprised to hear that I am at present free to range where I please over his grounds; and that he

has actually erected a seat for me in his chesnut groves, where, to do me all possible honour, he has caused two statues to be placed, the one representing Harpocrates, the god of silence, with his finger on his lip, and his two feet joined together; while the other, in the character of Fame, is blowing, a little rudely, her trumpet in his ear.

The evening, however, of yesterday was so fine and tranquil, that before I visited this consecrated spot, I amused myself, in the open fields, with contemplating the blue canopy over my head, and the soft effects of light and shadow on the waving corn. The author of the Plurality of Worlds has some pretty thoughts on this subject. "*Il me semble pendant la nuit que tout soit en repos : on s'imagine que les étoiles marchent avec plus de silence que le soleil ; les objets que le ciel présente, sont plus doux ; la vue s'y arrête plus aisément : enfin, on rêve mieux parce qu'on se flatte d'être alors dans toute la nature la seule personne occupée à rêver. Peut-être aussi que le spectacle du jour est trop uniforme ; ce n'est qu'un soleil et une voûte bleue : mais il se peut que la vue de toutes ces étoiles, semées confusément, et disposées au hasard en mille figures différentes, favorise la rêverie, et un certain désordre de pensées où l'on ne tombe point sans plaisir.*"

For my own part, I do not always feel these last-mentioned sensations; my mind is better pleased with revolving the immensity of a scheme which folds up in one mysterious order this boundless variety, which stretches through eternity, and fills up the measure of existence. Thus do I generally raise my thoughts to imagine as many entire worlds and systems as I see little stars above me; and am almost in the case of the crazy philosopher in *Rasselas*, who conceived that he had the care of the universe

on his head. Last night, however, my thoughts ran chiefly on the miserable loss which those sustain, whose noisy avocations, or corrupted tastes, deny them these pleasures of contemplation, and shut them out from the knowledge of themselves, and from every opportunity of regulating and composing their thoughts by the salutary counsels of their own hearts. That δεύτερον ὄμμα, that sort of second sight, is only to be obtained by strong habits of reflection, and severe contemplation.

To estimate the actions of others, we must look into the springs and motives of our own; and I know not how this reckoning is to be made, unless in the secret hours of repose and solitude. The commerce of company and fashion, in what is called high life, produces nothing but a beggarly confusion of ideas, and teaches only the completest methods of forgetting one's self and one's natural destination.

The difficulty of coming at the knowledge of themselves must be necessarily greater in those ill-assorted classes where so many are acting parts they were never by nature designed for, and the clumsy munificence of fortune is decorating her swine with pearls—where ladies, consummated for the duties of the kitchen and the scullery, are burlesquing the follies of fashionable life; and fine gentlemen are wearing the coats they ought to have been occupied in making—where, amidst the miracles of the moral world, we see beings rising in a counter direction to their gravity, and the dross of the community sublimed into the vapour and volatility of fashion. These topsy-turvy dispositions, and this desperate disorder, has ever made me turn from fashionable life with disgust and contempt; with a mixture, however, of compassion for those of my fellow-

creatures whose lives are squared to this melancholy rule, and who are constrained to act in such dull scenes to the end of the drama.

It is curious to observe the different ways which different men use of shunning themselves, and the society of their own thoughts. I have known a person consume an hour in looking over a game at chess, without understanding the moves; and a neighbour of mine, being confined the other morning to his chamber by a slight cold, was found by a visitor far advanced in his fourth rubber with three dummies. A young man of fashion will travel you fifty miles in five hours, and kill a horse or two, rather than endure his own company half an hour longer; and I remember a contemporary of mine at college, who would always reserve the choosing of a coat, or the trial of a new pair of boots, for a rainy morning, when there was the greatest danger of his being left to himself. I observe, that nobody cares to walk or ride, except he can find company; so that few of my countrymen can yet *go alone*. Dull company, or any company, is better than our own; and the barking of a cur by our side is very useful in breaking the tranquil currency of thought, and producing that agreeable confusion of mind, that "*désordre de pensées*," of which the French philosopher, quoted at the beginning of this paper, was so fond.

How different in the frame of his mind from the young men of the present day was Eugenio; whose greatest pleasure was the cultivation of his own thoughts, and the free indulgence of meditation! It was on the lessons of his own mind that he grafted that fine judgment in human actions and affairs, from which I reaped such profit and amusement about twenty years ago. But Eugenio is gone; and though I should live to a greater age than the oldest

of the Olive-Branches, I never shall forget the sweetness of his countenance, and the manliness of his deportment. I have still a pleasure in recollecting the person of Eugenio: his figure was tall and graceful; but his shoulders were a little rounded, and his head drooped a little between them; the effect, perhaps, of sorrow and meditation; for, during our acquaintance together, he was under the constant pressure of bitter disappointments. In his limbs there was the finest moulding, and a certain finish about them, such as we remark in an high-bred racer: his complexion was a ruddy brown; his forehead ample: and his temple was relieved with two or three eloquent veins, where the blood rose like the mercury in a barometer, and betrayed every emotion of his mind. There was a tenderness mixed with vivacity in his eyes, that was felt and confessed by all who conversed with him: his air was open, frank, and noble; his manners easy and unconscious; his assiduities delicate and interesting.

I never shall forget an evening walk I once had with Eugenio, when I was on a visit at his father's house in Shropshire: it was in a little vista, formed in a wood, about half a mile from the house. As soon as we had entered it, he took me by the hand and addressed me thus:—"As it was here I first began to know himself, I propose here also to bring you more acquainted with your friend than you have hitherto been. To know myself, and to subdue myself, is the great lesson I have learned from my commerce with the genius of this place. It was here that I felt the force of that fine comment on the precept of Delphos, which Socrates makes to the vain-glorious Alcibiades, 'that, as the eye sees its image in the pupil of another, so the soul of man, to know itself, must look into the divine soul of wisdom and

knowledge, and contemplate the whole Deity therein.' There is no part of this ground that has not been witness to some victory I have obtained over myself. At the foot of that spotted beech, I laid down my resentment towards a scandalous neighbour of ours: near that festoon of honeysuckle, I determined to lose my right, rather than enter into a lawsuit with one of my kindred: leaning against the branch of that elm which has grown into the one that is next to it, I determined to refuse an estate offered me by a rich old gentleman, in exclusion of his nearest relation: where that hornbeam and that oak mix their foliage together, I resolved to guard the secret of a friend, though it should cost me my peace and my feelings: and where you see that weeping birch, and that little rivulet that runs murmuring by it (here he heaved a profound sigh), I determined, though with many—many struggles, to shun for ever the presence of Amelia, on hearing that a person to whom she had promised herself, and who had long been supposed dead in a distant country, was returning." At these words, his head sunk upon his bosom, and his whole frame underwent a violent agitation; he stood fixed in a melancholy reverie for some moments; and as I put my hand upon his, a warm tear dropped upon it,—the last, I believe, he ever shed upon this occasion.

I little suspected, at that time, how much this last sacrifice would cost Eugenio: he sunk into a settled melancholy; and every day I could trace fresh inroads on the graces of his person, and the integrity of his understanding. About a month before his departure, his despondency was visibly abated, and his spirits grew more tranquil and composed; his mind too recovered its former strength; but there was an abstraction in his looks and deportment,

which indicated that his peace was built upon the prospect of a future life, and not a reconciliation with the present. He never after spoke to me of his love, or desired my company in his evening walks to the wood; but fell, by swift degrees, into a hectic fever, which ended in a consumption; and Eugenio died in my arms.

About an hour before his departure, he put into my hands a little packet, which I afterwards found to contain many passages of his life, and some letters to his dear Amelia, which, in the course of my papers, I shall give to the public, to serve as an example to the gay youths of the present day, and those dull merry fellows to whom solitude is penance, and reflection is loss of time. Ever since the death of my poor friend Eugenio, I have loved to indulge the melancholy recollection of him in solitary moonlight walks, and have ever entertained a particular fancy for natural vistas. I revere, methinks, St. Austin the more, because his conversion happened in a grove; and my contempt for Xerxes is lessened, when I consider, that, in passing through Achaia, he would not permit a grove that was dedicated to Jupiter to be violated, but ordered his army to regard it as sacred.

But for these meditations and reckonings with one's self, little that is decent or honourable would ripen into action; life would be the anarchy of humours, and glory the grave of virtue. I am no friend to the Platonic system of ravings and reveries; but sometimes to cultivate the soul, and dilate its capacities by silent thought and reflection, is to turn our rest and indolence to account, and fit ourselves for the seasons of labour and exertion. A habit of serious thinking arms us at every point, and plants securities round our virtue in the moment of greatest

danger when our minds are careless and unbent, and most accessible to passion and vice.

I shall conclude my paper of to-day with an agreeable little poem, though I cannot tell the reader how I came by it. I can only tell him it is not my own : it was among some loose papers, and caught my eye yesterday as they lay on my table. I introduce it, as being applicable to my present purpose.

Says BODY to MIND, 'Tis amazing to see,
 We're so nearly related, yet ne'er can agree ;
 But lead a most wrangling strange sort of life,
 As great plagues to each other as husband and wife.
 The fault, sir, is yours, who with flagrant oppression,
 Inroach'd ev'ry day on my lawful possession.
 The best room in my house you have seiz'd, for your own,
 And turn'd the whole tenement quite upside down ;
 Whilst you hourly bring in a disorderly crew
 Of vagabond rogues, who have nothing to do
 But to run in and out, hurry-scurry, and keep
 Such a horrible uproar, I can't get to sleep.
 My kitchen sometimes is as empty as sound :
 I call for my servants—not one to be found ;
 They are all sent out on your ladyship's errand—
 To fetch some more riotous guests in, I warrant.
 In short, things are growing, I find, worse and worse ;
 I'm determin'd to force you to alter your course.
 Poor MIND, who heard all with extreme moderation,
 Thought it now time to speak and make her accusation :—
 'Tis I, who methinks, have most cause to complain,
 For I'm cramp't and confin'd like a slave in a chain :
 I did but step out, on some weighty affairs,
 To visit last night my good friends in the stars,
 When, before I had got half as high as the moon,
 You dispatch'd Spleen and Vapours to hurry me down ;
Vi et armis they seiz'd me, in midst of my flight,
 And shut me in caverns as dark as the night.
 'Twas no more, replied BODY than what you deserv'd :
 While you rambled abroad, I at home was half starv'd ;
 And unless I had closely confin'd you in hold,
 You had left me to perish with hunger and cold.

I've a friend in reserve, who though slow is yet sure,
 And will ease me, says MIND, of these pains I endure;
 Will knock down your mud-walls, your fabric destroy,
 And leave you depriv'd of all force to annoy;
 And, whilst in the dust your dull ruins decay,
 I shall snap off my chains and fly freely away.

No. 9. SATURDAY, APRIL 7.

*Ορα γε μὴν δὴ, καὶ γυναιξὶν ὡς Ἄρης
 *Ενεστίη.

SOPHOCLES.

Take care, nor rouse the war of female minds.

WHEN I reflect upon the great influence which the characters of women have upon the lives and conduct of men; that our constitutions are determined, in a great measure, at our births; that our infancy is moulded by their methods and maxims; that the first tendencies of our minds depend chiefly upon the direction they give to them; and that it is in a great measure the pride and emulation of our youth to gain their commendation and regard; I cannot think I have chosen my part ill, in determining to dedicate to them a great portion of my labours. The scheme of education is usually first considered in every endeavour to reform the manners of an age: but I look upon this as only watering the root of the tree; while such labours as have in view the improvement of the female world, reach to the very nature and condition of the soil itself, and render it more kindly and productive.

What led me to this subject, was an account I received, a day or two ago, from a correspondent in town, who is always on the watch for any sudden growth of idle opinions that have novelty enough to seduce, and speciousness enough to betray. He tells me of a claim, just set up by some pretty theorists, about the rights of women. Now the worst of it is, that these rights of women involve a question of competency very difficult to adjust: for suppose they prove ever so plainly, that the order of things has been shamefully reversed, and that Nature designed that men should preside at the tea-table, regulate the household, and rule the nursery; while all the offices of state, and business of commerce, should pass into the hands of the ladies; yet it would be impossible for them to make unreasonable men come into these suitable arrangements, till they could acquire strength enough to strip us of our usurpations, confirmed to us by such long prescription, and such ancient prejudices.

As if, however, a violence of this nature was actually intended us, I find some very spirited lamentations, in a treatise that was handed about at our female society a few days ago, on the pernicious neglect of all muscular exercises at our female boarding-schools; so that it is plain how little the fair author agrees with Mons. Rousseau on that head, who thinks that "the empire of woman is the empire of softness, of address, of complacency: her commands are caresses; her menaces are tears."

In this clamour about rights, my friend the projector has contrived to make himself heard; and is actually on the point of finishing the draught of a new system of female education, on a basis of justice, nature, and truth. He has favoured me with an abridgment of his plan, which I read at the last

meeting of our society, till my neighbour Blunt, and some of our married men of the old school, began to draw in their *horns*; and Mr. Barnaby, the churchwarden, gave the table such a resolute blow, that the echo was raised, three tumblers were shattered, and a general shock was given, of so unusual a violence in our society, that it seemed like an earthquake, or the return of chaos: and my curate could not close his mouth upon a very fine Colchester oyster, for the space of half a minute.

My friend the projector lays down a regular course of discipline for the week, in which nothing seems neglected, that can fit his fair students to shine in the civil, ecclesiastical, or military departments.

Monday.—In the morning, being all equipped in buff jackets for the occasion, they will take their lessons in fencing, to bring their muscles into play after the repose of Sunday. The forenoon will be employed in their different studies, according to their different destinations. Some will be exercised in logic and polemic divinity; some will be lectured in litigation and forensic oratory; and others will be instructed in fortification and gunnery. The evening will be dedicated to athletic exercises and games, among which the Pyrrhic dance must never be omitted; in which, according to ancient custom, the young ladies will be armed with swords of box.

Tuesday.—This day is to be devoted to polite arts: there will be models in each kind exhibited for the direction of their respective talents and geniuses; care being taken to select such as are calculated to fill their conceptions with the sublime and noble. A Hercules, or Gladiator, are to be preferred to a Venus or a Niobe; and the soft graces of a Titian or a Guido, must give place to the bolder de-

signs of a Michael Angelo or a Salvator Rosa. So, in music, those compositions which inspire grand and lofty ideas, will exclude such as soothe and enervate; and a march, or an Indian war-song, will be esteemed above any pastoral or melting strains whatever. To blow the horn, will be considered as a first rate accomplishment in this branch.

Wednesday.—Mathematics, algebraic questions, and chemistry, shall be the objects of this day. In the prosecution of the first, their ambition shall always be pointed towards the quadrature of the circle, and the discovery of perpetual motion. By the energies of their minds also, we may possibly come at the solution of that question which so puzzled the monks some ages ago; namely, how many square inches, in the regions below, might suffice for all the souls that were there lodged, so as for each ghost to have elbow-room? By their efforts in chemistry, we shall not despair of arriving at the knowledge of the philosopher's stone, and the ingredients of Medea's kettle.

Thursday.—Classical reading will take its turn this day, in which it must be remembered, the greatest female names of antiquity are to be constantly held up to view: such as Semiramis, Sheba, Thalestris, Penthesilea, and Camilla; the contemplation of which will give them the spirit of ancient hardihood, and teach them their own strength. It is proper also that the young ladies drop their own names of Maria, Dorothea, &c. and adopt those of Sappho, Erinna, Demophila, Cleobulina, Corinna, Telesilla, Aspasia, Lastthemia, Axiothea, Hipparchia, Cornelia, Sempronia, Polla, Argentaria, Cornificia, and Sulpitia.

Friday.—This day will be divided between poetry, oratory, and the polite languages. In poetry,

the lyric will be preferred for its fire and irregularity; unless, perhaps, the feminine verse, which consists of thirteen syllables, be judged more favourable to female volubility, which it will be the object of this institution to promote. Thus has Mr. Pope thought proper to make Camilla “fly o’er th’ unbending corn” with a longer train of syllables than an ordinary person, to give dignity to her stride, and spring to her activity. Their principal subjects will be chosen with a view to the terrible and sublime; such as the burning of Persepolis, the labours of Hercules, the discoveries of Achilles, the murder of Orpheus, the spells of Medea.—In oratory, the vehemence of Demosthenes will be chiefly commendable, into which they may throw as much of the spleen of the Satirist as they please: taking care always to be sufficiently long; for which reason we shall recommend to their imitation those British senators only who can persist for four hours together. The living languages will be eminently useful to our fair disciples, in exercising their organs so variously, that the most rattling and tremendous words will give them no pain in the utterance; and by being thus enabled to multiply sound, and ring changes on the same idea, they may fill up every interval of conversation, to the entire exclusion of male impertinence.

Saturday—must be left whole for political inquiry: the conduct of persons in power will be rigorously canvassed; and such as have brought the nation to the brink of ruin shall be burned or beheaded in effigy. A rigid discipline shall be maintained to-day; and something will be saved to the institution in the banyan beverage of black broth and onions.

Sunday.—Devout exercises will constitute the business of to-day: two by two they shall march to

church twice a-day, suffering their lines to be broken by no Sunday cavaliers ; nobly asserting the wall, as the most powerful, and not claiming it as the weakest. In the evening, their ardour will be called forth on disputed points ; in the course of which, if any quarrel take place, the decision of it will be postponed till Monday morning.

My friend has said a great deal more on each day's employment ; but the limits of my paper oblige me to content myself with mentioning only the most remarkable particulars. He dwells much on the necessity of making an entire alteration in the mode of their dress, which he wishes to be rendered as expedite as possible, and compatible with the fullest play of their muscles and proportions ; and those who are destined to military lives are to be arrayed like the "*florentes æra catervæ*," or *brazen* troops of Camilla. In the article of food, the firmest aliments, and those which throw in the greatest nourishment, should in all cases be preferred : and according to him, the morning, noon and evening repast, should all consist of solid meat, or marrow puddings, diluted with home-brewed ale, or stout October.

Tea is entirely banished from his ideal republic, as only fit to please the masculine effeminacy of male housewives. He makes it a great point, that their games should be the most athletic and robust ; such as wrestling, coits, cricket, hop-scotch, and Hunt the devil to Highgate.

Whether our projector will ever bring this laudable plan to bear, is yet a doubt with me, notwithstanding the fondness of the age for novelties and inversions. I am sure, however, my friend will put forth all his might, in a cause which he has so much at heart.

As his plan is to be laid very broad, he has form-

ed a club of Bill-of-Rights Women who have drawn up a Magna Charta, or *Charta Foresta*, which they propose to send to the heads of the nation, by whom if they be not weighed as they could wish, they will throw into the lighter balance the sword of Brennus. For my own part, being an old man, and somewhat timorous, I do not enter into this ingenious plan with all the warmth it may deserve: I have been so long used to love my countrywomen in their usual forms, that I do not like to hazard any change. Nor am I sure they would be gainers by the promotion, or I might perhaps be tempted to become of their party, out of pure love and veneration. I am a friend to the sense of that ancient epigram, which represents the naked Venus as more formidable than Pallas with her shield and buckler.

My mother is decidedly against the scheme, and raises her voice above her usual tones in speaking about it. She reminds me, that Rome (for the old lady is more of a classic than she desires to be thought) was rescued from two imminent catastrophes by the blandishments of her sex; alluding to the story of Coriolanus's wife and mother, who turned that exasperated chief from his fatal purpose by their tears and entreaties; and that of the Sabine ladies, who reconciled by the same means two furious armies, on the point of falling upon each other.

I shall, however, wait till I see the effects of my correspondent's plan, before I declare myself more decidedly about it; and shall remain in tranquil suspense till I see a regiment of female dragoons, and a woman in armour at the Lord Mayor's show. We are much afraid that a few of these spirited female adventurers will claim to be admitted into our club: for some of our old bachelors who pique

themselves greatly upon their gallantry, would be very much chagrined at being forced upon a refusal. Mr. Barnaby the churchwarden, who is a very plain speaker upon all occasions, and very jealous of the credit of our society, raised the echo three times about it last night, and paid a guinea for declaring, with a tremendous oath, that he would never give up the exclusive, unalienable, hereditary right of wearing breeches, which he conceived to be transmitted to us through as long a line of ancestry as any privilege we enjoy, and as sacred as our property and our lives. But I will venture to break in upon Mr. Barnaby's harangue, for the sake of introducing a little story, which some of my readers may be pleased with.

One of the latest European travellers to the interior parts of South America, as he pursued his journey along the famous river of Orelana, in the country of Amazonia, came up with an old man who was employed in catching tortoises. He put many questions to him, and found him very communicative and full of information. Among other anecdotes, he obtained from him the following.—In the centre of the mountains of Guiana, lived a nation of *Cougnontain Secouima* (women without husbands), who had separated themselves entirely from men, and went about in armed troops. Though they admitted the males among them once a year, yet they abstained from forming any attachments; and it was one of their most sacred and inviolable laws, that new connections should be made at every fresh intercourse with our sex. The offspring, if male, was sent to the father to be educated by him; if female, it was brought up by the mother. The favourite ornament of these female warriors was a certain green gem, which they found in great abundance on the other

side of a river called the Black river ; and hither the young women of quality used to repair every month in armed bodies, in search of this decoration of their ears and wrists.

It happened on a certain day, as some of the flower of the Amazonian maidens were out on this errand, they fell in with a troop of Indian youths, who were going on an embassy to a neighbouring tribe. The young men were so struck with the beauty of these adventurers, that they immediately laid at their feet a part of the presents with which they were loaded for the purposes of their commission. The desire of pleasing each other soon became mutual, and grew so rapidly, that the next day they joined in building little temporary cottages on the spot. Every month they met together at the same place, where the strictest decorum was preserved. The women slept always in separate lodgings ; their heads reposing on their bucklers, and their feet covered with the fleeces of the lama, the presents of their lovers. The youths also assisted them in gathering the green gems, and were delighted with the occupation of decorating their persons and their arms with the costliest they could find. At every fresh meeting they brought with them the plumage of green parrots for their helmets, and chains of lions' teeth for their necks and wrists ; not forgetting to load themselves with presents of fish and venison, and fruits of the fairest kinds, such as guavas, bananas, pomegranates, and pine-apples. By the force of these assiduities, they obtained a promise from the female warriors, to choose them for their temporary husbands, when the time should arrive which was appointed by the laws of the Amazonian state for the intercourse of the sexes.

This moment at length came, and their tender

engagements were faithfully performed. The short interval allowed them was passed in the fondest endearments; but at the end of the fourth day the terrible order for separation was issued, and proclaimed by the rattling of their spears against their corselets, and such funeral shouts as it was their custom to raise in sorrow for departed friends. They took a final leave of each other, never to meet again but in the land of souls. The male pledges of their loves were sent back to their fathers; and the females were brought up by their mothers for the supply of the commonwealth.

It so happened, that in the course of some sixteen years, a war broke out between the very tribe to which these Indians belonged, and the nation of the Amazons. After many desperate encounters, and a great deal of bloodshed, the men proved an overmatch for the women, burned and laid waste their country, and advanced towards their last town, with minds prepared to revenge their fallen associates. The little devoted capital was thrown into terrible consternation; the air was filled with the shrieks of helpless virgins miserably murdered by their own mothers, to save them from the bloody hands of an exasperated enemy.

In the midst of this cruel disorder, one of those very women who had been made mothers in the amorous adventure with the Indian youths, was inspired by her guardian spirit with a thought that saved the remnant of her countrywomen. Gathering together all she could muster of her comrades, who had shared in the expedition after the green gems, she made a short harangue, full of the most touching remonstrances, on the necessity of laying aside all measures of resistance; and besought them vehemently to try what the force of nature might do for them,

and the tender pleadings of those bosom recollections which their presence must awaken in the minds of their former lovers. Scarcely had she finished, when actuated by a common spirit, with a shout that ran along the mountains in ominous echoes, they all threw away their targets of canes, and their half-moon bucklers, and rushed out with naked breasts to meet the enemy. The novelty of the sight arrested for some moments the march of the Indians. A solemn silence prevailed; taking advantage of which, the forlorn females raised their voices, and called upon their temporary husbands, and the sons of their pleasures and their vows, repeating their names, and reminding them of the crowns of parrots' feathers, and all the pledges of their former loves.

As these Indians were originally a Peruvian colony, they had inherited a portion of that softness, and humanity of character, which distinguished that tranquil race. When they beheld the offspring of that tender rencounter, and those breasts which they had pressed so often with fond delight, their heads fell upon their bosoms, and their axes dropped from their hands; they rushed forwards, and embraced with enthusiasm their wives and their mothers, and spared for their sakes the remains of the Amazonian nation. Admonished by this event, these warrior women relinquished their bows and their spears, and resolved in future to trust more to their weakness than their strength, to their tears than their arrows, to their extended arms than to their half moon bucklers, to their soft bosoms than their adamantine corslets: and, whatever imposing travellers may relate, there are no more such people to be found in the mountains of Guiana.

No. 10. TUESDAY, APRIL 10.

Stultitia plerumque exitio est.

Foolery is often fatal.

TO THE REV. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

April 2, 1792.

SIR,

YOUR great predecessor, the Spectator, has noticed the custom, even in his time an ancient one, of distinguishing the first day of the present month by the practice of what has always been called "making April fools." It is his idea, that the pleasure we feel from this exercise of our understanding is nothing more than a self-satisfaction, which is excited in our bosoms by the discovery of another's disparity. Such a pride, however, one should be tender of condemning too widely, lest, on examination, it should be found, in some shape, or with some modification, at the bottom of most of our great exertions and great achievements: yet this pride, when it can triumph in the overthrow of a person unprepared, can construe simplicity into ignorance, and be content with such equivocal proofs of superiority as the successes of artifice and untruth, must be of a very ordinary and unproductive kind: in its higher degrees, it is cruel; in its lower, contemptible.

How it has happened that a particular day has long been appropriated, though by no means exclusively, to the exercise of this amusement, and

why the first of April was destined to that purpose, I leave to the investigation of antiquaries; hazarding only one conjecture, that, at some very remote period, the worshippers of the goddess Folly, the idlers and witlings of the world, in imitation of other heathens, established this anniversary celebration of their deity; and perhaps some analogy may be traced between the sacrifices of the ancients and the offerings which Folly's votaries continue to heap before her altar on this her high festival: nay, though the heathen system of theology is long since exploded, this deity finds her power over the world by no means on the decline: and while Venus is no longer invoked by our belles, while pickpockets forget their obligations to Mercury, and Neptune is neglected even on his own element, Folly has splendid temples in every city, priests in every family, and whole hecatombs of human victims, if you allow the expression, swell the honours of her *red-letter day*.

What led me into this train of thought was an accidental visit, which I paid yesterday, to an old acquaintance, formerly a domestic in the family of my grandfather, and by him established, above forty years ago, in a little shop, where he has found means to acquire a decent subsistence. When but a boy, as I have heard my father say, he was esteemed an oddity by all the neighbourhood, and always had a strong propensity to little mischievous exploits. He would stalk through the churchyard at night, wrapped in a tablecloth; he would hide the maid's shoes, blacken his face to frighten the children, and grease the strings of the chaplain's violin. Indeed, my grandfather, though he had a regard for the boy, was at length obliged to discard him, for fastening his grand-aunt Anna Maria's

lappet to the chair, while she sat at dinner, to her utter confusion as soon as she attempted to quit her place.

I found him in the little apartment behind his shop, with a large book open before him, in which he seemed to have been writing; and on the back of which was lettered, not unaptly, as will appear from what follows, *DAY-BOOK*.

He observed that he had been just bringing up his accounts to the close of yesterday; but added, with a shake of the head, "How unlucky it is, it should have happened on a Sunday!—I shall be below *par* this year.—I believe I may say without vanity," said he, seeing me somewhat at a loss to understand him, "that there is not a man in the parish who makes so many fools as myself. Why, Sir, I have averaged, for the last fourteen years, thirty fools *per annum*; and it would have been more, but for that plaguy gout which confined me last spring.—Ah! it was a great loss to me; I had not a single fool, except my apothecary's apprentice, whom I sent to the upper end of Islington to get me some genuine *pantilum pulverosum*;—but then, the year before was a plentiful year, a very plentiful year. Do, Sir, let me read you my journal for the first of April in that year." I assented: he put on his spectacles, and read as follows.

"1st April, 1790.—Got up early this morning, to prepare for business—Sally still a-bed—Flung the watchman a shilling out of the window, to rap at my door, and cry *fire*—Sally started up in a fright, overturned my best wig, which stood in the passage, and ran into the street half naked—Was obliged to give her a shilling, to quiet her.

- “ Ten o'clock.—Sent a letter to Mr. Plume, the undertaker, telling him that my neighbour old Frank Fuz, who was married on Monday to his late wife's step-daughter, had died suddenly last night—Saw six of Plume's men go in, and heard old Fuz very loud with them.
- “ Invited all our club to dine at deputy Dripping's, and invited him to dine with alderman Grub, at Hampstead.—N.B. The alderman is on a visit to his son-in-law in Kent.
- “ Twelve o'clock.—Received an order, in the name of a customer in Essex, for six pounds of snuff, to be sent by the coach—Smoked the bite, and kicked the messenger out of the shop—N.B. Not catch old birds, &c.
- “ One o'clock—Afraid Sally would play some trick upon me in dressing my dinner; so went to get a steak at a coffee-house—Chalked the waiter's back as he gave me my change.—N.B. Two bad shillings.
- “ Asked an old woman in Cheapside, what was the matter with her hat?—She took it off; and while I was calling her April fool, a boy ran off with my handkerchief in his hand.
- “ Tapped a Blue-school boy on the shoulder, and asked what he had got behind him? He answered, A fool—The people laughed at this: I did not see much in it.
- “ Three o'clock.—Sent Sally to the Tower, to see a democrat; carried the key of the cellar with her, and spent me half-a-crown in coach-hire.
- “ Gave Giles my shopman a glass of brandy, which he took for a glass of wine. Giles unable to attend shop the next day.”

“ I readily prevailed on my old acquaintance to

give me a copy of this diary, on my promising to transmit it to you. It was with more difficulty I drew from him, that his neighbour Fuz never from that day bought any more tobacco at his shop ; and that, two days afterwards, he received a letter by post, from his Essex customer, threatening him with an action for assaulting his servant, and ordering him to furnish his bill immediately : that the club had sent him to *Coventry* ; and that he had lost deputy Dripping's interest for the office of churchwarden, to which he then aspired.

“ But, to quit my old acquaintance and his diary, even this custom, Sir, absurd as it is, will afford the moralist a topic of useful instruction: the danger of credulity on the one hand, and of over-caution on the other, may be inferred from the exploits of an April-day fool-maker. The young and inexperienced will find this one day within the circle of their own acquaintance, no bad sketch of the world as it is every day, and in every age : much deception, much falsehood ; every body suspicious of his neighbour, and every body more ready to join in the shout of triumph at an instance of successful imposition, than to unite in detecting and punishing the deceiver. The practical professor of this honourable art too, if he have any sense remaining, may take an useful hint, that, however successful he may be, he is open to the same imposition from his more skilful brethren ; and that ridicule, when it falls on him, will fall with augmented force : at all events, that this contemptible and vulgar talent, though in season but for a day, may produce most lasting effects ; and that a friend may be lost, and an enemy created, by the momentary triumph of ill-founded pride and bastard humour.

“ OCTAVIUS.”

The letter of Mr. Octavius was read at our society, and judged worthy of admission.—Mr. Barnaby and Mr. Blunt made some trifling objections, which were soon over-ruled by Mr. Allworth. I was tempted almost myself to enter a clause in favour of those industrious mechanics, whose turn to be witty comes round only once a-year. I own it has sometimes given me a sensible pleasure to contemplate, among the petty triumphers of this one day, those worthy gentlemen who have served as butts all the other 364. The muddy-headed part of society, or what Lucian calls the *παχέεις τῶν ἀνθρώπων* must be kept in good humour with themselves, or they will not proceed with cheerfulness and activity in the duties of life which they are destined to fulfil. I think therefore, that, in regard to this description of men, there is a degree of injustice and impolicy in discountenancing their jokes, and in refusing to open our gates to them for twelve hours, while we sport without scruple on their manors as long as it is convenient.

I am very easy myself in this particular; and, if it were not for the dignity and interests of my calling, the whole parish might try their wit upon me, so long as the effects of it were confined to the first of April: and I think there would be no great fear of their lasting much longer, as, for want of Attic salt, these jokes do rarely keep above a day. I am a voluntary martyr to the facetiousness of an old maid-servant, who acts in quality of housekeeper, at every return of this Saturnalia: for these twenty years she has regularly sent us up a pie with nothing but the crust; and my mother and myself as regularly fall to, as if we had set our hearts upon this part of the dinner alone. If she should ever throw up this long-established custom, which she

holds by a sort of charter, we should feel much chagrined at the disappointment, and regard it as one of those ominous lapses of time, in which some cement is loosened, or some prop succumbs, to warn us of the ruin of the fabric of life.

Yet, although this holiday humour may, I think, be fairly allowed to a certain description of persons, whose play is innocent, and whose jokes are powerless, yet it is a dangerous engine in the hands of those who have malice enough to meditate mischiefs, and wit enough to render them successful. In such a case, however, the victor has nothing but a laugh to support him, and the vanquished has nothing to shame him, unless truth and unsuspection can do it. It is in fact in this instance a disgrace to be triumphant, and an honour to be defeated. Yet the mere momentary feelings of the parties are not alone to be considered; for, as my correspondent observes, very solid mischiefs may frequently result from this meretricious mirth. I have seen an amiable woman seriously disordered by the false alarm it has occasioned her; and many a very manly mind has been disqualified for the business of the whole day before him, by some dreadful intelligence at his entrance into the breakfast-room. But, besides all this, it is ever a dangerous thing to tamper with truth; and, however good-natured our meaning may be, the habit may take root in the most diminutive trifles, and may gain upon us under the cover of various denominations and excuses, till it usurps a leading influence on our conduct and deportment.

There is surely something sacred in simplicity; and no well-constituted mind can bear to abuse it. To one of this make, it is like leading the blind into the ditch, to foster the mistakes of a person

in order to oppress him with ridicule. The world, with its disappointments, is quick enough in wearing away the sanguine and ingenuous bloom of our thoughts, which we bring with us at first into the commerce of mankind. Let us leave it therefore untouched as long as we can, and reverence it as a testimony that does honour to our nature, and the original constitution of our minds.

No. 11. SATURDAY, APRIL 14.

Ipse ordo annalium mediocriter nos retinet quasi enumeratione fastorum ; at viri sæpe excellentis ancipites variique casus habent admirationem, expectationem, lætitiã, molestiam, spem, timorem.

CICERO.

Annals, by their very nature, can interest us but little more than almanacks ; but the changes and distresses in the life of an excellent character, raise in our bosoms admiration, expectation, joy, sorrow, hope, fear.

It is a common custom with me, when my mother is gone to bed, to take up some entertaining book for a quarter of an hour, in order to steal my mind from the weight of this undertaking, which otherwise would so oppress my brain that I should not be able to take my due rest : for there is a sort of tenacity in one's thoughts, that makes them adhere to what they have been exercised upon, in spite of one's self ; just as iron which has been rubbed upon a loadstone is drawn towards it with a greater force of attraction.

The other night, feeling myself in the predicament I have been describing, I took up the first

book that offered itself, which happened to be a volume of Tacitus. It opened itself at that passage which is at the end of the life of Julius Agricola, where the author pours forth his feelings in that pious apostrophe, and sums up, in a few sentences, all that is great or amiable in the human character. There is something in these unbought testimonies of genuine praise, that reaches to the hearts of those who are simple lookers-on; and I always feel that I have this advantage over the parties themselves, that whereas they can have but a single object of admiration or gratitude, I can venerate and admire both at the same time, and feel a double portion of sensibility and delight.

This is one among the many reasons which render biography the most agreeable kind of reading in the world. It is the business of History to trace, through a long succession of events, the remote relations of cause and effect, to mark the different gradations in the progress of society, and to hold out to man the humiliating lesson of national vicissitude: but Biography is studious of finding out the paths which lead to our finest sensibilities, and, by acquainting us with the domestic transactions, introducing us to the private hours, and disclosing to us the secret propensities, enjoyments, and weaknesses of celebrated persons, increase our sympathy in proportion to our intimacy with the object held up to us, and heighten our curiosity with the touches of affection and interest.

Even in the contemplation of characters eminently flagitious, from this close inspection afforded us by the minuteness of biography, we feel a gloomy sort of satisfaction, in witnessing their moments of remorse and sorrow, and, as the heart is rarely abandoned to total depravity, in tracing out those

solitary features of humanity which save the blank and hopeless extinction of all virtue. But if the character held up to our view be such as to call forth our love and admiration, our ardours and sympathies are excited with so much the greater vehemence, as they are accumulated upon one object, like the rays of the sun collected into a focus. Nothing is more pleasing than thus to gain a distinct and steady view of those of whom we have hitherto caught only a transient glimpse, through the medium of history, amidst a crowd of contending objects; to be able in a manner to erect for our favourite hero a separate altar, and to offer up at his shrine peculiar adoration and appropriate honours.

The advantages of biography in a moral view are no less apparent: for as our sympathies are more strongly excited, when our attention is drawn towards a single object, than in the more cursory and crowded prospects of human actions; in the same proportion is the simple and narrow course of biography more capable of aiding the cause of virtue, than the more extended and ostentatious plan of historical composition.

Our respect for biography is still further increased when we consider that a prevailing taste for it is some indication of the good dispositions of an age, as it argues a spirit of emulation, and a general admiration of virtuous excellence: "*Virtutes iisdem temporibus optimè estimantur quibus facillimi gignuntur.*" "Virtues have most credit given to them in that age which is most fertile in producing them." But these advantages do not of necessity arise out of biography, but depend entirely upon its proper management and cultivation. Its fairest opportunities and noblest designs may be defeated and lost, by a neglect of those rules and principles to which

it should ever conform, or without a competent share of genius and penetration. The choice of incidents, the developement of character, the arrangement of matter, the harmony of colouring, the seasonable introduction of subordinate actors, and the due gradation of importance bestowed upon them, are essentials in this species of composition greatly beyond the reach of ordinary capacities; and the delicacy and difficulty which attends it have been signally proved in the many unsuccessful attempts which have been made to mould into an interesting and impressive form the memoirs of a very virtuous and wise, though partial and austere, character of the present age.

What at first view may appear to be a considerable advantage in the nature of biographical writings, may ultimately prove a source of much inconvenience. The exemption to which it seems entitled from the graver and chaster rules of history, has caused many to abuse this indulgence, and to fall into the extreme of irregularity and licentiousness. They have thought it enough to scrape together a loose and undigested mass of anecdotes, without attending to the great points of arrangement and colouring; they have heaped a pile of facts together, without troubling themselves to observe if they united in their conclusions: so that the reader is at last abandoned to his own unaided judgment and undecided opinions, unable to reconcile the multifarious collection of contradictory elements and incongruous parts.

It is true, the varieties of every man's conduct, when viewed at different times, and under different circumstances, present an unaccountable medley to the superficial observer; but such as study human nature attentively, and examine deeply into the motives and spirit of human actions, discover a latent

order and analogy in these contradictory appearances, and perceive that the same passions of the human breast produce very different effects and phenomena in different situations, while the springs and principles are still the same ; and that we still propose to ourselves the same ends and gratifications, while we frequently change our modes of pursuit, and adopt various and even opposite means, as expediency or humour directs.

To make up a perfect whole, and to afford the mind an opportunity of deducing those general conclusions on which it is ever so fond of reposing, to unfold the leading principles of action in the character under contemplation, and to single out those facts and incidents which exhibit the principal object in the fullest point of view, is the proper task of biography ; our respect for which is heightened by thus considering its extent and importance ; and we cannot but allow that it exercises a great portion of taste and imagination, and combines the excellences of robust and solid parts, with those which spring from brilliant capacities and delicate perceptions.

It is worth while also to remark with what advantage this spirit of biography will sometimes enter into the plan of history, the most attractive and animated parts of which are often those partial delineations of select and favourite characters, where the vehemence of admiration overcomes the general sobriety and equal tenour of historical representation ; and the heat of the writer's bosom prevails above the ceremony of rules, and shows itself in bold and enthusiastical touches of extraordinary splendor.

These hints upon the nature and rules of biography came from my friend Mr. Allworth's mouth,

at the last meeting of our society, where the conversation happened to turn upon that subject; and as they appeared to be judicious, I put them together as well as I could remember them, for the entertainment of my readers. I certainly have often felt the truth of my friend's observation, in reading some of our best histories. I love those genuine passages, in which the dignity of the historian gives way to the feelings of the man, and the heart conspires with the head in the eulogy or vindication of a great and virtuous character. This will only be permitted, however, to a grave and weighty historian; nor indeed will these partial bursts have much effect upon the reader, unless they be contrasted with the general abstinence and equability of the whole. This remark is particularly applicable to our countryman David Hume; and I challenge any person of sensibility to contemplate the portraits he has drawn of the dukes of Montrose and Ormond, and the lords Strafford and Ossory, without feeling their spirits raised almost to rapture and enthusiasm. The original intention of this excellent historian, to write only the reigns of the Stuarts, has given to his work those lively dashes of biography, which have greatly contributed to render it so popular and interesting.

Never, perhaps, has there existed a greater rage for biography, than at the present moment. I cannot, however, help considering it as grossly prostituted, when I see it rendered a vehicle for profligate examples, or the purposes of scandal and abuse. The memoirs of impure females, of petits-mâtres and buffoons, which are every day poured in upon us, will in the end, I fear, bring discredit upon this species of writing; and it will be considered as an honour to go out of life, without getting INTO

print. Thus, in another century, instead of containing a list of British worthies, biography will be the sink of British infamy ; and all that our great men will aspire to, will be the negative renown of escaping the bookseller's shop, and of giving up the ghost without being entered at Stationers' Hall.

I live in hopes that the peaceful tenour of my life will put me out of all danger ; and on that account am disposed to congratulate myself very much upon the obscurity in which I have lived, I must not, however, depend too much upon this obscurity ; for I observe that many of my fellow subjects, who have never been spoken of while they lived, have made a great noise by their deaths, and have gone off with an explosion like an air-gun.

About half a year ago died Mr. Stentor, my clerk, who had held his post under a succession of rectors for the space of fifty years. I did not think it possible to rake up sufficient matter concerning him, to make a solitary rural distich for his tombstone ; but Mr. Crossbones the sexton had hardly put him into his grave, before he produced a neat little duodecimo history of his life, with a very sleek and comely portrait, a motto from the hundredth psalm, and a very handsome dedication to the Rev. Simon Olive-Branch.

It would be well enough if this biographical mania could be confined to such harmless subjects ; but I am informed by my correspondent in town, that many of those lives which used to be bought of a cryer in the street for a half-penny the day after an execution, will now cost you two-and-six-pence at a reputable bookseller's shop. I am assured also that an evening lecturer in town is engaged in a work which is to be called *Biographical Sketches of Eminent Swindlers, &c. or the Young*

Gentleman's Pocket Companion, with all the smart sayings and gallantries of those brave youths, and their portraits at full length, executed by the most celebrated artists in the kingdom.

Some little time ago, as my correspondent reports, there lodged, within a few doors of St. Sepulchre's church, a biographical genius, who lived three years very comfortably on the death of his friends, till, having lost his credit with the booksellers, and in consequence all means of livelihood, by the recovery of an old uncle, whose life and death he had already put into their hands, he took the heroical resolution of killing himself, in order to provide for his family; and I am told his memoirs have already apprenticed out his eldest son to an undertaker.

It is a remark of Mr. Allworth's, who, in regard to his fellow-creatures, may be said, like the traveller in the fable, to blow hot and cold upon them with the same breath, whose expressions pinch like the frost, and whose charity drops like the dew—I say, it is an observation of his, that the cant of biography is growing so broad and common-place, and mankind are so ambitious of generalizing their conduct to one common standard of depravity, that we shall soon buy ready-made lives in our shops, as the village landlord first purchase a human likeness, and then determines between Admiral Keppel and the Emperor of Germany. I hardly think I should outrage this remark of my excellent friend, if I were to carry it a little further, and observe that even the brute creation might be comprehended in this general extension and simplification of the biographical plan. The heads and particulars of the life of an ass maintain a sort of parallelism with that of a modern adventurer, and might run as follows:

How he was born in an obscure village in Yorkshire, and was christened Jack.

How his youth was spent in play, &c.

How he became very wild, as he came to years of discretion.

How he formed some bad connections, and saw many troubles.

How he ran away with a young gipsy-wench.

How he came up to London, and found many rich relations.

How he forsook the gipsy-wench, and carried about a market-girl to all the public places.

How he made a great noise, and kicked up a great dust.

How he took part in many dirty occupations.

How he changed sides like the Vicar of Bray.

How he became callous to all correction.

How successful he was in haranguing the populace, and commanding attention.

How he was loaded with more employment than he could bear.

How he raised his hopes to the woolsack.

How he was promised a stall for his brother, and the Order of the Thistle for himself; and how he was turned out of place without any provision.

How he was bribed to hold his tongue by a lady in the straw.

How he lay in clover for three years.

How he grew very amorous, and how the queen's zebra was talked of.

How he was bought and sold by people in power.

How he put on a lion's skin, and grew very formidable.

How he turned tail, on being pulled by the ears.

How he sat upon thorns.

How he was turned out of place, fell again into

obscurity, died, and left all he possessed among his natural children.

I shall conclude my paper of to-day with a little conversation in the shades below, between a modern biographer and a kennel-scraper; in imitation of Mr. Fontenelle's fourth dialogue between Anacreon and Aristotle.

BIOGRAPHER.

I never should have imagined that a vile kennel-scraper could have the effrontery to compare his occupation on earth to the dignified task of the biographer.

KENNEL-SCRAPER.

You make a great bustle about the dignity of a biographer; but I should be glad to be informed on what circumstance, except the Greek origin of your name, you can found your claim to superiority.

BIOGRAPHER.

I desire, Sir, first of all, to know what pretensions your office on earth has given you to challenge an equal honour with a man who has employed his talents for the entertainment and instruction of mankind.

KENNEL-SCRAPER.

The point of utility I can very boldly assert; and I see no reason to blush in your presence, if the dignity of our trades be made the question. I think, Sir, with submission, that my old nails and broken horse-shoes are discoveries as valuable to the world, as those scraps and shreds of immorality, impertinence, and prostitution, you were so earnestly employed in collecting. Is it not of more consequence to the community that one industrious man gets his bread in peace, than that fifty names and follies

should be supported by the pains of the biographer? And as to dignity, I maintain that to rake up the trash and rubbish of a noisy fellow's history, and wait upon his memory backwards and forwards, from the gaming-house to the brothel, is the most degrading office in the world; and sooner than have any hand in such a business, I would have them both immersed a whole day in the most pestilential abyss in his Majesty's three dominions.

BIOGRAPHER.

You make no distinctions between the different orders and degrees in which biographers may be classed. Your intellect is as muddy as your occupation. You will not surely rank yourself with Plutarch, and with geniuses of a similar order in our own country.

KENNEL-SCRAPER.

Pardon me, Sir; my business was always to separate and select. I wish to be understood to speak only of the latest biographers. I have a very proper respect for those great men to whom you allude; and I observe that they have enough for themselves, to keep as distant from you as possible; for in yonder meadow, covered with the bloom of the amaranth, and intersected with amber streams, I can discern the venerable Plutarch, surrounded by a set of heroes and philosophers, who strive with each other in their testimonies of gratitude and esteem.

No. 12. TUESDAY, APRIL 17.

— *Est mollis flamma medullas
Interea, et tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus.*

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 66.

A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.

DRYDEN.

My good-natured readers will pardon me if some times I discover the vanity of a gray-headed man in speaking of these papers, which I consider in a manner as my grandchildren. When I take my usual saunter in our little filbert-walk, before our old lady summons me to breakfast, I am tempted, I own, to make a comparison between the gradual opening of my plan in these essays, and the lively progress of vegetation at this cherishing time of the year. The same kindling influence which unfolds the bud, and spreads out the blossom, seems also to impart a sort of growth to my fancy, and to fructify within me every germ of thought, of feeling, and of affection.

Now turning from the wintry signs, the Sun
His course exalted through the Ram had run,
And, whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
Through Taurus, and the lightsome realms of Love ;
Where Venus from her orb descends in showers,
To glad the ground, and paint the fields with flowers ;
When first the tender blades of grass appear,
And buds that yet the blast of Eurus fear
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year ;
Till gentle heat, and soft repeated rains,
Make their green blood to dance within their veins ;

Then, at the call embolden'd out they come,
And swell the gems, and burst the narrow room.

FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

Without these physical aids of fine weather, and the sort of renovation which the spring seems to produce in me, I do not know how such a little frosty old fellow as myself could ever find sufficient animation in his bosom to give my fair countrywomen a chapter upon love. It is almost impossible, indeed, amidst this universal "passion of the groves," when every feathered songster is warbling out his sweet pain, and every sprig is conscious of the double weight of some newly-wedded pair—it is almost impossible, I say, for a heart that is disengaged from low pursuits and pleasures, not to yield to these gentle sympathies and gay emotions. It was at this season of the year, when the honeysuckle sends forth new shoots, and the bosom new desires; when the passions feel a fresh impulse towards their object, and the ivy embraces the elm anew; that my mother used to make her strongest efforts to persuade me to marry.

That the Olive-Branch family should become extinct after me, was a thought which she never could dwell upon without uneasiness; and I really would have married fifty times over, to have spared her this pain, but that my little pinched-up mummy-like figure, would never let me think of matrimony without shame and confusion. Besides which, after my poor friend Eugenio's death, after he had breathed out on my breast his last hope and his last sorrow, all my care and assistance were wanting to console the virtuous Amelia, who survived her lover about ten years, and then died a virgin, in purest faith, and thought, and act, at the age of thirty-six.

For these reasons I used to avail myself of the same subterfuge which was used by the philosopher Thales, who, when his mother pressed him to marry, would excuse himself for a length of years, by alleging that he was yet too young, till, after turning a critical corner in life, he suddenly shifted his ground, and maintained that he was now too old to think of it. By these evasions I gained leisure to cultivate the friendship of the chaste Amelia, during the course of ten years: and whatever tenderness mingled itself in our intercourse and correspondence, it was borrowed from the soft recollection of Eugenio, which cast over it a sombre and refracted light, like that which remains to the world after the sun has abandoned it.

I never could prevail on myself to open the little packet which Eugenio had put into my hands, till the death of Amelia, when my thoughts could rest on no other object but the loves of this gentle pair; and there was a sort of void and craving in my mind, which could only be satisfied by the constant repetition of the names and the sentiments of my poor young friends. This looked most like conversing with them, and has always been a balm to my spirits which I would not have foregone for any pleasures or preferments the world could offer me. Since I am become old, these letters are still the lecture I most delight in: oftentimes, in reading them, I stretch out my hand to find Eugenio's, and take off my eyes to meet the blue languish that used to beam from those of Amelia.

Now then, since the worms have preyed upon what was mortal of these tender friends, and no heart remains but my own, to beat at the recollection of their sorrows, I shall take out from my parcel

the letters which have passed between them, and single out such as I think will give most entertainment; hoping that they will meet with some sympathising bosoms even in this shallow age, and moisten the cheeks of some of my female readers, in honour of faithful love and virtuous calamity.

As to those vulgar spirits whose time is spent in the gross amusements of the town, or those dull plodders whose hearts are stuffed with pedlar principles and mean cares, or those pigmy politicians who have frittered away their feelings with puzzle and chicane, I tell them fairly, whenever, in turning their eyes over one of my papers, they encounter the name of Eugenio, to lay it down as no concern of theirs; for there is something mysterious in love, as there is also something sacred in its sufferings, by which they are veiled over in the presence of the uninitiated and profane;—it is only here and there that we find a tender bosom which has a true feeling and conception of the pangs or the pleasures of this generous passion.

I shall give these letters to the public as nearly as I can, according to the order in which they were written. The following one seems to have been composed just after the false news had been received of the death of the young gentleman in the East-Indies, to whom Amelia had been long promised, but for whom it does not appear that she ever felt more than a great regard.

“ MY DEAREST AMELIA,

“ IT has of late become a part of my plan of conduct, to prevent a too great elation or depression under circumstances of joy or sorrow, by sometimes forcing my thoughts, as far as I am able, on subjects which stand opposed to the actual state of things

around me. At this moment I ought to be, and really feel myself, one of the happiest beings that walk upon the earth, since I am loved by one of the fairest and worthiest. And yet forgive me if sometimes I steal a few minutes from the happiness that will ever accompany the thought of the sweet avowal you made me yesterday, to devote them to a melancholy subject, which, though the foundation of all my joys, does yet continue to tinge them with a sombre sort of colouring. The subject I mean, is the death of the poor youth who had been taught to expect at his return from a long and perilous expedition, the greatest compensation this life could yield him—the hand of Amelia. And yet how could the hand of Amelia have made him happy, without that heart which Amelia tells me was never his?—A truth but lately known to herself, and too late discovered by half the females who receive the professions of their lovers. If, however, his own passion were great as he declared it, gracious God! how great must have been his want of thy merciful consolations to soften the seeming severity of thy decree! How heavy the sentence must have appeared to him, which robbed him even of the gloomy comfort of straining his last looks on his dear Amelia, and of locking up her hand within his own in the struggle of death, as if to perpetuate so sweet a property beyond the grave!

“The other night a dream presented him to me in the moment of his dissolution; and I thought I heard him sigh forth these words—‘Farewell, dear Amelia! alas! how bitter it is to die at such a distance from thee! Death itself would be sweet in your society; but since I am never to see thee again with these mortal eyes, my spirit shall seek thee over the wide sea, and pre-

sent thee with a purer homage when dismantled of this fleshy incumbrance.' When I awoke, I found my pillow bedewed with my tears, which I thought a sufficient tribute to the memory of a departed rival; and turning myself about, went again to sleep, when, by a strange perverseness of my fancy, I imagined myself in the same situation in which I had before pictured the poor Horatio. Methought I too died at a distance from Amelia, though no sea was betwixt us; and somehow or other I seemed to have a confused notion that Horatio was in existence and in perfect health. The agitation which this occasioned within me soon broke through my sleep, and I awoke in terrible perturbation.

"After this I resolved to go to sleep no more, but lay many hours awake, cheering my brain with the prospect of that happiness I am soon to taste in the undisturbed possession of my beloved Amelia. I pictured to myself our little cottage; stocked our farm with horses, cows, and poultry; made a variety of agricultural arrangements; and employed a full hour in forming a little collection of books, such as I knew would engage my Amelia to sit with me often in my hours of reading and study.

"Ah! when will these happy times come! Something at my heart tells me this delay is dangerous. Why must we give up a precious month of our lives to an idle punctilio? Time is so apt to traverse and overthrow the petty schemes and gay promises of life, that I tremble at giving him such latitude to work his mischiefs in; and yet what a sorry calculator am I, who am a being destined to eternity, and can yet be so anxious about a little month! Let it comfort us, sweet girl, to think that so dread an engine as Time, is in the hands of one that is the rewarder of virtue, and the protector of innocence. Adieu."

I shall here drop my little history for some time, which, however, I shall resume and drop again by starts, till my readers are tired of myself and my friends. After treating of the pathos of love, some general rules for the direction and controul of this passion might reasonably have been expected; and yet, perhaps, there is no concern of life in which rules are of less avail: for so silent and imperceptible are the attacks of love, that we are always half overcome before we are sensible of our danger. In this conflict, too, our reason will often prove an arrant deserter; and when we come to muster our forces, we find our principal dependance already gone over to the enemy. The only real security in circumstances so delicate and dangerous, consists in the general seasoning of a good education, and the early influence of virtuous models and examples. When by long habits and due preparation, her judgement and taste are rectified, and a kind of poise given to her humours and affections, a young woman comes forth ready disciplined to encounter the trials of her sex; and the impertinence of flattery will provoke the pride of her understanding, as much as the sophistry of seduction will shock the rectitude of her principles.

In a future paper the female reader may expect some rules from Miranda, who has already shown her zeal in the cause of her sex, tending to establish some criteria by which true love may be distinguished from false love. At present there is only room for a very pretty little poetical contribution, the author of which, whoever he be, I shall be very glad to see in our filbert-walk in Northamptonshire. Those who admire the well-known poem beginning with "Come live with me, and be my love," will not despise the efforts of this kind contributor.

WINTER.

Stern Winter, though thy rugged reign
 Chills the pale bosom of the plain,
 And in deep sighs thy hollow blast
 Tells me the happy hours are past
 That saw meek Spring her blossoms rear,
 And lead along the infant year ;
 Thy thickening blooms, and leafless tree,
 Have charms for Emma and for me.

And though the light-wing'd breeze no more
 Wafts the rich sweets of Summer's store,
 Though Autumn's scene no more beguiles,
 My cot is warm, and Emma smiles.
 Then, Winter, come ! thy storms and rain
 Beat on this happy roof in vain :
 The shivering blast, and leafless tree,
 Have charms for Emma and for me.

Then what avail thy wind and storm,
 That Nature's withering face deform,
 If Fancy's brisk and sportive lay,
 Awake to Pleasure's willing sway ;
 If the quick jest and lively song,
 Bid the slow night move blithe along ?
 For then thy glooms, and leafless tree,
 Have charms for Emma and for me,

Thus, when the bloom of youth is dead,
 And Fancy's frolic hours are fled,
 Tranquil, and free from passion's rage,
 I'll meet the hoary frost of age.
 Then, Winter, come ! these blessings bring ;
 I sigh not for the gaudy Spring :
 So shall thy glooms, and leafless tree,
 Have charms for Emma and for me.



No. 13. SATURDAY, APRIL 21.

—*Vestra, inquit, munera vobis
Certa manent, pueri, et palmam movet ordine nemo.*

VIRG. ÆN. V. 348.

Let no disputes arise;
Where Fortune plac'd it, I adjudge the prize.

DRYDEN.

It is a greater difficulty than the world may imagine, to adjust the measure of my thoughts to the dimensions of my paper: on some subjects I must exert great pains to coax them out to the usual length: while, on others, they disdain their ordinary bounds, and demand room to range and expatiate. *Mon esprit ne marche qu'à son huere*, is, I remember, a phrase of a French writer, which very well expresses the unaccommodating character of the mind. I never could have imagined, before I entered upon my present career, that our thoughts could rise in this sort of mutiny, and create such an involuntary confusion in our minds, as to disappoint all our endeavours towards consistency.

“Man,” I have somewhere read, “is not the monarchy of reason, but the democracy of humours;” and I think, if we allow sufficiently for the subjugation of our minds to the influence of external circumstances, we shall not think the expression extravagant. There is, no doubt, a certain sort of organization and predisposition necessary, before we can write happily on any subject; and whatever we force from ourselves, without consulting this internal guide, is for the most part an un-

kindly sort of produce, that turns to but little account. This morning it was my design to touch upon the politics of a neighbouring country, had I not been detained at home by a kind of contrary wind in the channel of my thoughts.

The subject of biography, to which last Saturday's speculation was devoted, has still a claim upon me, as the limits of my paper excluded several observations it was my wish to subjoin: I must yield therefore to this arbitrary humour of the moment, and pursue with the best grace I can, the subject to which it impels me. In my paper of Saturday, no notice was taken of the advantage to be derived from a comparative view of the great particulars in the lives of illustrious men; from which extension of plan, many new sources of pleasure and instruction are opened in this species of writing.

Every object of curiosity or study rises in value and importance, in proportion as it branches out into new connections and analogies. It is as true an observation in respect to a portion of knowledge, as a portion of matter, that the more points it touches, the more closely it settles, and the more indissoluble it becomes.—Thus, nothing is more clear, both in science and morality, than that, in proportion as the mind is supplied with the means of comparing, its judgement is improved and strengthened, and its fund of knowledge enriched, not with loose and miscellaneous articles, but with compacted truths and solid axioms. A mind stored with this sort of intelligence, may be compared to the owner of a rich and united territory, where there is no intervening slip of dubious land than can produce cause of anxiety to the owner, or of litigation to his neighbours.

It is the same with persons as it is with things : our judgements are never good, but when they are furnished from a great stock of materials, and a copious range of observations. Thus, to estimate and to feel the value of a great character, we must place it by the side of other great characters ; and to know what we ought reasonably to expect from a virtuous man, in such or such a contingency, we must have a rule in our minds, drawn from the observation of many virtuous men, acting under similar circumstances.—It is on this principle that comparative biography may afford us great assistance in making up our judgements as to the separate characters held up to our view: Augustus Cæsar looks less by the side of the czar Peter, and the czar Peter himself turns a little pale at the approach of Alfred the Great; sir Walter Raleigh must strike his colours to sir Thomas More, and sir Thomas More is a head shorter when sir Philip Sidney makes his appearance.

It is by bringing in this manner those who have figured in each other's absence, face to face, and by placing them at the same time before us in the corresponding scenes of their lives, that we are enabled fairly to discriminate between them, and to proportion our esteem and admiration ; whereas, in the successive and changing prospects which history presents, the hero that comes last into the field is almost sure of gaining the completest victory over us: still, however, the impressions which he leaves, grow weaker and weaker, as the object becomes more remote ; and the fickle lover is scarcely more inconstant amidst the various influence of contending beauty. There is no better remedy for this evil, than the mode of comparing together characters illustrious in history ; and these comparisons in

general will interest and surprise, in proportion to the distance, in the order of time, between the heroes they approximate : they are a sort of artificial medium, by the help of which we bring antiquity nearer to our own times, and gain a distincter view of those august forms of magnanimity and heroism which history has preserved.

We may make too some flattering discoveries by this proximity of comparison, and convince ourselves that in many instances fancy alone, aided by a superstitious reverence for past ages, has magnified ancient prowess and ancient worth so much above modern excellence : thus, in these solemn kinds of trials, the admirable personages in modern history will often come forth with fairer fame and greener laurels, and recover what they have lost by overbearing partiality and pedantic preference.

To these particular advantages we may add others of a more general nature ; by the strong resemblance and vivacity of such pictures, the imagination is heightened and invigorated ; by what it opens to us of the analagous constitution of our minds, our views of human nature are enlarged ; by the sudden effects of coincidence and contrast, our thoughts are pleasingly suspended and relieved ; and by discovering the relationship and sympathy of great souls, our feelings are raised to rapture, and our hearts are expanded with delight.

I do not know any writer who has been more successful in the execution of this idea, or who has hit upon a juster parallel between two characters famous in history, than a living author, who has brought under one view the lives of Philip of Macedon and Frederick of Prussia. These conquerors are perhaps as much entitled to our attention as any whom history records, both on account of their

own peculiar complexions, and the nature of the events which surrounded them. In the life of Philip are involved the causes and beginnings of an entire change in the condition of the ancient world; to the other is owing a more salutary revolution in the political state of modern Europe, than the struggles of a whole age without his assistance would have been able to produce.

Something also appropriate in these characters distinguishes them from the genius of the times in which they lived, and excites in a particular manner the attention of those who love to contemplate dispositions and qualities, which are the genuine progeny of human feelings, heightened by native nobility of soul, and directed by a great and independent understanding. This pre-eminence particularly belongs to Frederick the Second, who appears in a remarkable degree to have followed the councils of his own heart, in every concern, religious, moral, and political. All the leading measures and principles of his administration originated in himself; and the discipline of his army was not more exclusively the effort of his own genius, than those peaceful establishments which cast such lustre on his reign, and showed themselves, amidst the calamities of long and unequal wars, like the tops of mountains displaying themselves above the storm. From his attachment to antiquity, there was bred in his mind something of the hardihood of earlier times; and the stoical magnanimity of his end corresponded with the exits of ancient philosophers and heroes.

Philip was equally distinguished by qualities peculiar and complexional, and relieved, if the expression will be allowed me, from the genius of the age in which he lived. If Frederick borrowed something from the heroic examples of antiquity,

Philip seems to have anticipated the arts and stratagems of modern policy; and thus these two remarkable men met half-way in their career of glory; and, with their native and superinduced characters, exhibit an astonishing resemblance. Both were lovers of pleasure and lovers of money, but were governed by neither; both were inventors in the art of war; both possessed the qualities of a general in the highest perfection; and both were alike eminent in arts and arms. The turn of their minds was remarkably social; and both delighted to lay aside the incumbrance of majesty, and unbend in familiar conversation with their subjects; and as they partook in the liveliest manner of the pleasures of equal society, and the uncontroled commerce of sentiments and opinions, they alike considered it as their interest to overthrow the delusions of superstition, and to treat the grave impostures of philosophers and priests with contempt and derision. It is remarkable too, that the private feelings of both were embittered, the one by Voltaire, and the other by Theopompus the Chian. They agreed as well in their attachment to shows, amusements, and pleasures, as in the encouragement they held out to useful industry; and both equally signalized themselves by their activity in promoting objects of public utility, by their unexampled success in improving their dominions, and their extraordinary attention to the education of their subjects. In their situation with regard to foreign powers, the coincidence is no less remarkable: yet there are points of difference on this side of the comparison, which are very much to the advantage of the Prussian monarch, who was undoubtedly a prince of great honour and probity. In the gross, however, an attentive reader of the histories of these princes may push this parallel to a surprising length,

and discover such pleasing resemblances, as will tempt him to make similar comparisons of other eminent men who have figured in modern and ancient history.

It has often occurred to me, that a very entertaining and useful book might be written on these characteristical resemblances. Strong touches of similitude might be found between Cromwell and Pisistratus, Richard III. and Jugurtha, Dionysius and Harry VIII.; Lewis XIV., Augustus, and Alyattes; Mithridates and Hyder Ally:—on the fairer side of the comparison, between Henry VII. and Vespasian; between Washington, Timoleon, and Doria; Andrew Marvel, Aristides, and Scipio Nasica; Wolfe, Epaminondas, and the son of Cato the younger. The point of resemblance between the three last heroes, was the moment of their deaths: they all died in the lap of victory, rejoicing to think that the last instant of their lives should add a fresh laurel to their brows.

This leads me to observe another very solemn resemblance, which must come home to the memories and the bosoms of the sensible part of my readers. The illustrious earl Chatham, and that Crassus whom Cicero so feelingly deploras, sealed their patriotism with the last act of their lives, and sunk down, in the midst of an awe-struck senate, under the weight of their duty and the excess of their exertions. Cicero concludes his account of this melancholy event with these affecting expressions: “ *Illa tanquam cycnea fuit divini hominis vox et oratio, quam quasi expectantes post ejus interitum veniebamus in curiam, ut vestigium illud ipsum in quo ille postremum instisset, contueremur; namque tum latus ei dicenti condoluisse, sudoremque multum consecutum esse audiebamus; ex quo cum cohorrisset, cum febris do-*

mum rediit, dieque septimo lateris dolore consumptusest.—“The last words of this excellent man were like the dying notes of the swan. At the news of his death we repaired to the senate-house, where we dwelt with enthusiasm on this last trace of him, and almost worked up our fancies to the expectation of hearing again that voice which we had often listened to with delight. This last effort was too much for the frame of his body, which laboured under the ardour of his exertions. He proceeded with symptoms of great inward pain, and the sweat dropped from him in quantities; after which, he was seized with a shivering, and returned home in a raging fever, which terminated in his death at the end of seven days.”

Having now presented my readers with enough of my own reflections on the advantages and abuses of biography, I shall lay before them a letter which has been brought to me since the appearance of my paper of last Saturday: it is from the gentleman whom I have already introduced under the title of Projector.

“ MY OLD FRIEND,

“ I approve so much of most of your ideas on the subject of biography, that I have resolved to scheme a little upon them; and as soon as the distraction of my other engagements will allow me a moment's respite, I will send you the draught of a plan, in which you will recognize many of your favourite ideas. I have started so many embryos lately, that it is now a full week, by my housekeeper's almanack, since my beard has been shaved, or my watch wound up. But as soon as my diving-machine is finished, which is to disclose to us the kingdoms

of Behemoth and the great Leviathan, and to carry my wife and children to the bottom of the ocean, I shall have leisure to meditate some scheme of advantage to the art of biography.

“ Some thoughts occurred to me the other night in bed :—I was thinking that my countrymen might be distributed into twelve classes, or tribes ; and that for each of these classes there should be made twelve little bags, to answer to the months of the year ; that these bags again should be divided into four lots, representative of the four seasons ; and that in every bag there should be thirty tickets, numbered according to the days of the month ; that to each class also there should be twelve other bags, containing each thirty tickets, that, on every one of these last thirty tickets, there should be written some suitable and natural event, agreeable to the class to which it belonged.

“ With this apparatus, suppose me sitting down to the task of biography. The only assistance I require is that of a little boy who can put his hand into a bag, and reckon as far as thirty ; so that the saving of labour will be almost as one to a hundred. Suppose a two-and-sixpenny life of a man of fashion be wanted : I call for my twelve bags belonging to his class, which I shall name, for distinction sake, Bagatelles ; I give my boy the bag for January, and take the other bag into my own hand, containing the eventful tickets : he calls out with a solemn voice, ‘ No. 13.’ I draw my ticket, and find on it, ‘ Rose at twelve—breakfasted—took three turns in Bond-street—tried on a pair of pantaloons—sat two hours with —, while she thrummed on the piano—dined at the Piazza—went drunk to lady D—’s, and lost my money to the general.’ Now, by the help of these thirty tickets, contained in every bag,

which may be transposed and diversified like the letters of the alphabet, I can produce an exhaustless variety ; and though each person at the end of the month, will have gone through pretty much the same process with the rest of his class, yet the order and succession of events may always be different. My wife prefers getting into my bag, to going down in my diving-bell ; and my eldest boy, who has just finished the life of Whittington and his Cat, declares he will wait till he is lord-mayor of London, and then let the cat out of the bag, by getting into it himself.

“ Yours, &c.”

“ P. S. As fast as the emperors and kings of Sweden can die, I shall put them into my bags ; as I shall of course have a particular class for princes, popes, emperors, czars, chams, kings of the gipsies, sultans, bashaws, &c.

“ The idea of my bags is classical, inasmuch as it was suggested to me by the wind-bags of which Ulysses talks to Alcinoüs in the *Odyssey*.”

No. 14. TUESDAY, APRIL 24.

Nunc ego te in hac re mihi oro ut adjutrix fies.

TERENTIUS.

Now, reader, tell me what I shall do to satisfy such opposite demands.

I AM mightily encouraged in the prosecution of my work, by the notice that is taken of me by the ladies, who begin to favour me with their censures and commendations through the channel of a delightful correspondence. As none of these letters are sent to me with any limitations or injunctions, I shall make no scruple of laying them before the public.

“ OLD SIMON,

“ I am one of those who took in your first and second papers, but have since discontinued them: nor do I know why I should scruple to declare to you my reasons, since I am sure I shall be countenanced in them by all those ladies who live in the great world, and have the true dash and fire of fashion about them. I tell thee fairly then, Old Simon, that thou art too quakerish and formal for me; and there is in thy manner something too much of—of—I don't know what exactly, but I believe of virtue.

“ I expected something monstrously wicked and delightful was coming, when you called yourself the Looker-on. Well, I read over your first paper with great attention, and found it very chaste and very dull; but I made sure of being shocked at a

little in the second, and determined to think of something very frightful all the while my maid was reading it to me, that no double meaning might escape me. Betty cried out, 'It's too bad! it's too bad!' and looked very pleased at several passages, particularly when you talked about your infant: but I own it was not wicked enough for me, and produced neither flushing in my cheeks, nor titillation in my thoughts.

"If you wish to sell your publication among us dashing women, you must let your humour come home to our business and bosoms, like those shocking allusions on the stage, which penetrate the clouded understandings of the gods in the galleries, and run through and through the delicate part of the audience. Adieu—Take pains to become more shocking, and perhaps you may find a friend in

"BELINDA DAUB."

"P. S. If you want any shocking stuff, I know a most impertinent creature of a man who will send you some communications."

"REVEREND SIMON,

"Your age, your situation, your profession, and your promises, had all led me to expect a revival of that Spectatorial humour, in which it was difficult to decide whether there was most delicacy, wit, or wisdom. I must candidly confess that my expectations have every way been egregiously disappointed. Instead of that scrupulous reserve, and chastity of expression, which distinguished the labours of your great predecessor, there is an uncomeliness in your jokes, and an irreverence in your raillery, which offends the chaste ear, and

savours much of the theatrical gust. I cannot bear that desperate sort of humour, which, rather than miss of being understood in all its points, descends to be its own commentator. Your vessel will never come safe into harbour, if you make it thus a rule to spread out your canvas in all weathers.

“ Should my rude daughter-in-law, who is indelicate enough to doat upon your style and manner, have the assurance to write you word that I do not like to spare the money for your paper, you are desired to set her down for one of the falsest and most impertinent chits on earth. If I have discontinued to take in your paper, it is because I have chastised my notions to a certain rule of morality and decorum, which must not be sacrificed to the titillation of a rude jest. Forgive me the sincerity which I use towards you, and believe me to be

“ Your well-wisher,

“ SARAH SOLEMN.”

“ DEAR MR. SIMON,

“ I happened yesterday to see a letter on my mother-in-law’s table, directed to you, which most probably, contains a great many untruths, especially if she speak of me in the course of it; for you are to know we have just had a most terrible quarrel about your paper. I am very certain that the objection she makes to it is very far from being sincere, and is merely a cover to that regard for her money which only yields to certain selfish gratifications, which I am sure she will never own. The other evening a tall gentleman in the militia brought her some books, which she has kept in her drawers among lavender and rose-leaves all this week; and since she has been in possession of this treasure, she has been very bitter against what she calls the

loose turn of your papers. The other day, while she was out on a visit at captain Gorget's, I stole into her chamber, and, finding the drawer open, satisfied my curiosity at leisure.

“ I thought, to be sure, that I should find the *Whole Duty of Man*, or *Gregory's Last Legacy* to his Daughters, or some such instructive manual; when, to my great astonishment, I discovered that this treasure, which had been preserved with such pious care, was nothing less than the memoirs of a very notorious female, who has lately published her infamy in several volumes. I think, therefore, meek Mr. Olive-Branch, we may very charitably suppose her objections to your paper, on the score of indelicacy, insincere.

“ For my part, I am delighted with it, and have already wept over the urn of poor Eugenio. Alas! do try and find me such a man, for I have quite tired my imagination with fancying a young fellow after his mould, and myself the object of his admiration. Poor comfort! unsubstantial bliss! Do, do, Mr. Simon, either show me his parallel, or show me yourself, who were his friend; and if you can reconcile yourself to a young woman of some talents, and some beauty, and very fond of vistas, and moonlight walks, perhaps—but I have said enough. Remember, Rhodope fell in love with *Æsop*, who was, to the full, as much an oddity in figure as you have represented yourself. Adieu, dear little old man—Adieu.

“ Yours ever,

“ LUCINDA HEARTFREE.”

“ GOOD MR. OLIVE-BRANCH,

“ I am a constant reader of your papers; and, upon the whole, am very much pleased with

them. I cannot help thinking, however, that sometimes you treat us people of fashion with too much asperity: your taste too is a little rustic, in regard to the qualities of our sex. In solitude and in theory your simplicity, your nature, and your sensibility, may do admirably well; but believe me, the business of fashionable life cannot be carried on without a little duplicity, a little imposition, a little dishonour, a little impiety, and a great deal of effrontery; which, when mixed up in due proportion with virtue and religion, have a wonderfully accommodating influence upon them, and tend very powerfully to facilitate their diffusion, by adjusting their duties and principles to our worldly interest and gratifications. Thus, if you will compound for a little ogling, young women will go regularly to church; if you will allow a little feasting and speculation, a man of the world will concern himself with the affairs of the poor; if you will admit a little hypocrisy, a fine lady will be content to be religious; and a handsome wife will love her neighbour as herself, if you will but indulge her in a few freedoms with him.

“ You must not indeed, Mr. Simon, be so testy; you are for burning out our complaints with a hot iron, like the savages; and if you are sprightly for a moment, it is all malice in disguise; and your smiles are sure to end like the wedding of St. Bartholomew. Besides, Sir, this rigour will only provoke opposition; and you know but little of our sex, if you think we are to be reasoned into what is right.

“ About three months ago, my youngest sister was made desperately in love with a young gentleman, whom my father and mother thought a very prudent match for her, by telling her to be par-

ticularly cautious of fixing her affections upon Mr. Summers, as he was absolutely engaged to another. The consequence was, as might be expected; Lætitia was far gone in love with Mr. Summers before a week was over, and is since become a happy wife. If you tell me once more that you are determined never to marry, you will certainly provoke me to pay you a visit. In the mean time,

“ Yours,

“ GRACE LATITUDE.”

“ OLD BOY,

“ Since your paper on the Rights of Women, I have unordered a pair of half-boots for snipe-shooting, and have taken my name out of the eleven in the famous cricket-match that was to be played between the Maids of Kent and the Merry Wives of Windsor.

“ Yours ever,

“ MARTHA MUSCLE.”

“ MR. OLIVE-BRANCH,

“ I have now been married six years, but have only tasted the true delights of matrimony these last six weeks ; a circumstance to which you have the honour of being greatly instrumental. To make this clear to you, I will just give a sketch of my life since my wedding day.—My husband and myself are first-cousins, who were paired by our friends as soon as we had both finished our education, and had passed the critical age of twenty-one. As our fortunes were ample, and our persons not disagreeable, it was agreed on all hands, that, although we might not be happy, we could not be miserable.

“ No sooner had I promised obedience in due

form, than I began to assume the reins of authority; and, as soon as I had stepped out of the carriage which conveyed us home, I gave the servants to understand, that they were to receive all their orders from me: I appointed the time for the introduction of the chamber-candles, settled the breakfast hour, and adjusted the arrangements for the morning. All this was quietly acquiesced in; but, when I began to choose every pipe of wine according to my own fancy, and to name the price that should be given for my husband's saddle-horses; when I began to interfere between himself and his tailor, to lay wholesome restraint on his appetite, and to make a variety of petty articles contraband, which he saw were freely permitted in every family but his own; his pride was worked up to a great pitch of fury, and mutual hostilities began: the whole economy of the house was soon overturned; and the servants, from the fear of disobliging the one or the other, disobeyed us both: our provisions grew every day shorter and shorter; for, whatever joint was brought to table, it was sure to give some displeasure to one or the other; it was either too salt, or too fresh; too little, or too much done; and the baker was put to his inventions, to mottle a loaf of so dubious a gray, that both our tastes might be in some degree consulted.

“ Thus circumstanced were our affairs, when I found myself far advanced in the situation so natural to married women. At the birth of an infant, terrible contests arose about the three ways of bringing it up: either of these might have done; but the difficulty was to bring our disputes to an issue; and before this could be effected, the baby died. Grief for this accident produced a peace for one quarter of a year, when an unexpected wind-

fall raised a fresh hurricane about our ears. By the will of a distant relation, we were entitled to the sum of thirty thousand pounds, whenever we should make known to the executor the precise stock in which we could agree to have it invested. My husband, who, by the way, was never well instructed in the nature of the funds, peremptorily declared in favour of Bank Stock; whereas, ever since the proving of the will, I had set my mind upon South-Sea Annuities. This dissension, however, after having deprived us of the interest of the legacy for one twelvemonth, was too sensibly felt to last much longer; and as my husband promised to give me up a third part for my own disposal, the moment I should accede to his opinion, after much struggle, I gave up the point.

“ Now, then, for the first time since our nuptials, in the same room, in the same tone of voice, did we order the chariot to the door; and though we had full half a mile to ride, yet we both exerted wonderful forbearance, till we arrived at the house of Mr. C—, the executor. Here I ordered a very thundering rap at the door to be given, which a little disconcerted my husband, who had been afflicted the whole morning with a violent head-ache. Mr. C— was not at home, but we were assured he would return in five minutes. Well, Sir, with admirable patience did we support these five minutes: at last Mr. C— entered; but as my husband rushed by me, to pay his proper compliments, his knee-buckle caught in my delicate muslin gown, and away it flew into a hundred threads.—This was too much—I had only temper to bring out the words South-Sea Annuities; and throwing myself into my chariot, desired to be driven home.

“ From that time we ceased to eat at the same

table, and sleep in the same chamber; till my husband, one morning, to my great surprise, entered my apartment, with a countenance full of sorrow and softness. After a little conversation, he recommended to me the perusal of your third number; a request I could not refuse, as it was urged with such becoming humility. As soon as I had read it, he pressed me, with an irresistible grace, to join with him in adopting some of the regulations of your society, as the means of rendering our future lives harmonious. As I dote on oddity and whim, I struck a league with him on the spot. We accordingly agreed on the abolition of superlatives, and the establishment of an echo. The steward received a joint command to draw up articles of pacification, in which it was stipulated, that we might continue our arguments on every subject till the interference of the echo. The articles were signed with proper solemnity, and each party hastened to fit up a temple to the Goddess of Sound.

“ I saw, with silent horror, my drawing-room stripped of its furniture: its girandoles parted with, much under their value; my register-stove removed, to afford a passage to the air; and a very beautiful paper supplanted by a coarse brown stucco. I was not behindhand, however, in making reprisals, and my husband's study was presently dismantled. Besides all this, our chamber was stripped of its furniture, and for many nights did we sleep without curtains or tester; but all was in vain, for the coy spirit was not to be raised; we have therefore found it absolutely necessary to repair to the old mansion in Cumberland, where, as the doors unfolded, we were delighted to hear the grating of the hinges re-echo thrice along the moated castle. Here have we lived for five weeks,

and in such peace and harmony, as I had never any conception of before.

“ The other day, however, the tumbling of an unlucky tile put us so strongly in mind of our own windfall, that the ancient dispute was revived, and we immediately repaired to the hall, which is always the place of disputation. There it was carried on with various success, till the echo decided in my favour. Had I been content with a sober triumph, my glory might have lasted through my life ; but I must needs exult, and that in tones so forcible, that the whole roof was convulsed ; and nothing but South-Sea Annuities was heard for the space of twenty seconds.

“ Well, Sir, to dwell no longer on a part of my life of which I am thoroughly ashamed, the Bank Stock is bought, and we live in affluence and content : we are now the happiest couple in all the country ; and if curiosity should ever tempt you to visit the Lakes, you will find a most welcome reception at Noisy-Hall, from

“ Your obliged and faithful humble servant,

“ RACHEL UNRULY.”

Noisy-Hall, Cumberland.

No. 15. SATURDAY, APRIL 28.

Ex fronte et vultu, etiam in ipso oris silentio, natura loquitur.

LACTANTIUS.

Nature speaks in the forehead, and the looks, and even in our very silence.

It appears, without doubt, a little extraordinary, considering the returning fondness of the age for

the occult sciences, that I should so long have forborne to give the public a description of my physiognomy. The truth is, if I understand myself right, I have so just a sense of my own disparity in this particular, and am at the same time so apprehensive of forfeiting the little favour I may have conciliated among my fair countrywomen, that I dare not come forward with the whole truth. Without proclaiming, therefore, the length of my nose, or the width of my forehead, I shall merely give my readers the outline of my figure.

I am a little pinched-up old man, and look as if I had been cased up and embalmed a century and a half. My mother tells me that I am the very counterpart of my great-grandfather ; and that, when I have on my figured roquelaure, or my purple coat with the large cuffs, she can almost persuade herself that our ancestor's portrait is walking out of its frame. It has been a remarkable peculiarity in the Olive-Branch family, that they have all looked as old at twenty-five as at sixty-three: and it used to be no small diversion to me to see myself led to the great chair with a soft bottom to it by the fire-side, at every first visit at a neighbour's house, before I had turned the corner of thirty. Old lady Downhill, who had heard at least twenty cuckoos more than myself, would never let me stoop to pick up my glove, and would often make a tender of her arm in walking to church. It used to give me pleasure to remark the freedoms the young ladies would allow themselves in my presence ; and my ears have been regaled with little histories and confessions of the most interesting kind, while I have been thought fast asleep by the chimney-corner. I can very well remember that when I was at school, the formality of my face got me the nick-name of Conjurer ; and

in the year sixty-one, when I was about eight-and-twenty, I was asked if I remembered king William's landing. As I am even to this day without a beard (another characteristic of the Olive-Branch family), no change has been remarked in my appearance these forty years; and I seem to have stood in a sort of winter solstice ever since I came to the age of maturity. My friend the Projector, who is a mighty calculator of nativities, used to insist upon it, that I should die before I reached thirty; and is at a loss what to believe, when he looks in my patriarchal countenance, and considers the decay of his own constitution.

Having now said all that it is discreet to say respecting my own physiognomy, I shall go on to the consideration of the study itself, which seems to take so strong a possession of some persons' fancies. Physiognomy, like every other object of human inquiry, has been dyed in the various colours of caprice and enthusiasm. Our passion for systematizing all our perceptions has kept us ever at issue with the anomalies and irregularities of nature; and our struggles to bring them to an accommodation has forced us upon inventions and schemes, in which our imaginations have risen above all measure and control. No man, it is certain, should let himself loose in any new province of study, before he has well considered its nature, use, and limits. We may run mad in the soberest pursuits, without a due sense of the imbecility of our minds, and the imperfection of our plans.

There is a fundamental difference also to be attended to in the nature and capabilities of different subjects. Some are susceptible of demonstration as far as they go; while others are purely complexional and arbitrary, and depend upon our stock

of observation and the progress of our judgements. It is thus with physiognomy—No reasoning can raise it into a science, nor form it into a collection of general rules, to decide for all mankind: but every man will still determine for himself; and the same countenance will continue, in spite of our systems, to invite confidence, and alarm distrust, as it is viewed with different associations, impressions, and prejudices. It is in vain that we bring in the aids of analogy, and appeal to the support of authority; the system is daily discountenanced, as a system, by glaring facts, and positive experience.

But although the testimony of fixed signs, such as the length of the nose, or the shape of the forehead, can never run parallel with observation and experience, yet it has always been clear to me, that there are certain fluctuating evidences which may be pretty much depended upon. When I see a dimpled smile upon the face, that is not merely local, but shifts its place and prints itself in every corner of the countenance, too lubricous for the eye to follow, I am immediately thrown off my guard, my bosom is in a manner unlocked of its treasures, and my soul peeps out at my eyes. Such a smile had Eugenio, in giving utterance to some worthy sentiment, or in pronouncing the name of his Amelia.

There are doubtless a great many other running characters and expressions, which throw an unequivocal light on the qualities of the mind: but I would as soon pretend to judge of a book by its title-page, as pronounce upon my neighbour's disposition or genius from the shape of his features.

It must be owned, however, so far, in favour of fixed signs, that the constant exercise of particular muscles in the face, in the expression of the same

feelings of the mind, may give them in the end a particular contour and character. But the ancient philosophers, who were many of them great physiognomists, persuaded themselves that the original shape of the features invariably announced the original propensities of the mind; while they acknowledged that the interference of reason, education, and habit, might prevent the influence of these propensities on our lives. Thus Philemon reported as badly of Hippocrates, from the observation of his countenance, as Zopyrus of Socrates; and both their accounts were confirmed by the confession of those great men themselves, who at the same time expressed their obligations to philosophy, which had controlled this malignity of their stars, and given a new turn to their thoughts and behaviour.

All this, however, is vague and unsatisfactory, there being no proof but the confession of these sages themselves, that their dispositions were originally more dangerous than those of the rest of mankind; and there are no greater impositions than those which we practise on ourselves in the estimation of our own qualities. Our opinions, therefore, must always remain without confirmation, as to those qualities and dispositions of a man's heart or head, of which we have had no practical testimony. Thus, though it would be obstinacy to doubt that the influence of philosophy might meliorate dispositions, originally bad, yet no certain proofs can be obtained that such has been the case in this or that particular instance; and I should question, on the other hand, notwithstanding such grave authority, whether the most promising set of features in the world would redeem us from depravity or folly, without the aid of culture, and the exercise of reason.

Physiognomy, in its earliest state, was wrapped in

absurdity and error; and in its general notion included the doctrine of materialism, by supposing a closer connection between the mind and body than is consistent with religion or reason. Thus Plato, Aristotle, and Galen, held absurd conjectures on this head, and imagined an elemental affinity between our corporeal and spiritual natures. Hermes first adopted a different theory, and taught that there existed a certain analogy between the mind and body, without admitting any physical connection: thus, according to him, courage is represented by amplitude of chest; quickness of thought, by celerity of pace; and clearness of intellect, by composure of countenance: and this notion seems to have been favoured by Milton, in describing the person of the first man—

His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd
Absolute rule, &c.

Philo-Lacedæmonius comes nearer to the opinion I have already submitted to my readers, and attends almost solely to the temporary and changeable expressions of the face. I do not recognize any material improvement of this study in modern times, and I fear that our attempts to reduce it to a science will ever terminate in confusion and embarrassment. Every one may enrich it by the force of his own observations, may consult attentively the inexhaustible variety of specimens which every day supplies to him, and collect rules for his own judgement from the average of these experiences; but these rules must be bred afresh in every man's mind, and cannot devolve through any line of inheritance, or be propagated through any channels of instruction.

The reader may perhaps be amused by the following letters which were put into my hands yes-

terday morning, and which gave me thought on which my present paper has turned.

TO THE REV. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

“ COMPLACENT SIR,

“ What a succession of absurdities have flowed in upon us, since men began to philosophize ! A set of impostors in every art have at all times been spawned out of the weakness and credulity of our minds, who have found their account in obstructing the progress of truth and knowledge, by occupying as much as possible of our little lives about idle, unfruitful novelties. Thus augury, astrology, geomancy, koskinomancy, chiromancy, divination, witchcraft, magic, and magnetism, have all had their turns, as the posture of men’s minds, and the bias of the moment, have favoured the one or the other. Those must have been delightful times, when every family had some one belonging to it whose head was turned with one or other of these chimeras.

“ I can speak feelingly on this subject, as a nephew of mine, who has been long in my counting-house, and has hitherto given proofs of very solid parts, is lately gone wild with the prevailing conceits about physiognomy. When a merchant enters the room, he takes out his pencil, and instead of making memorandums, minutes down the proportions of his face, makes an entry of his nose and mouth ; and, if his business detain my customer long enough, will squeeze his whole head and shoulders into the margin of his waste-book.

“ I found the other day, instead of an order of great amount, half an ear, a high forehead, and a pair of lantern jaws ; and some of my best friends have been cavalierly treated for having too narrow a

mouth. My ledger, which it was once my pride to see clean and neat, is now dashed over with eyes and noses ; and my entries for blonds, lace, ribands, and fans, are made in the names of cardinal Bentivoglio, Charles XII., and the chevalier Bayard. I have frequently attacked him, though surrounded by these heroes, with threats and remonstrances, and have sometimes imagined myself on the point of prevailing. But if the malady gave way in one part, it is sure to break out somewhere else, and is a kind of inveterate humour that circulates through the whole mass.

“ Within these three or four days he is grown less studious of the face, and seems to lay much greater stress upon the hand-writing. He will accept a bill without looking at the signature, if the shape of the O be to his mind, and bears a proper testimony of openness and integrity. Every bit of paper that contains any writing upon it, is in jeopardy if it come within his reach ; and the other day a piece of roasting beef, discovering the back of a letter with a fine flourish upon it, was arrested in its progress before the fire, and stripped in a moment. I cannot help suspecting that I saw a scrap of my own hand-writing, at the tail of some stupid remarks on narrowness of mind ; and a little crooked E, which I learned from my father, has been brought in evidence against me and my whole family, for I don't know how many generations backwards.

“ When this flying disorder was thus lodged in the fingers' ends, I thought there was some hope of its going altogether ; but, alas ! it begins already to show itself in the legs ; and a man cannot walk a yard without betraying the emotions and qualities of his heart and head. I find also that he takes into the calculation the tones and inflexions of the voice ; and

his hair is cut above his ears, I suppose to facilitate the entrance of every cadence and semi-tone.

“ Now, Sir, if this rage should spread much, we must begin to talk with our fingers, and manufacture words like yarn ; for no man will be able to look you in the face, or speak or write, without disclosing every secret of his bosom. As my nephew reads the LOOKER-ON, your admission of this letter may turn out greatly to his benefit, and will much oblige

“ Yours, faithfully,

“ BENJ. INVOICE.”

TO THE REV. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

“ WORTHY SIMON,

“ I do not doubt but that it will give you greater pleasure to be informed of any new invention of public utility, than of any new shape or instance of folly or degeneracy. I am the author of a discovery which I think of great and general importance, as it supplies a method, that is perfectly innocent, of coming at the real characters of those with whom we are connected. When I was a little boy, I could tell, by my father’s manner of stirring the fire at his return from ’Change, the price of stocks, and the news at Lloyd’s. If things went ill, he would spend half an hour in beating it down, till the same gloom was created in the parlour that prevailed in the Alley ; but if a fleet had just arrived, he would be sure to raise a flame to give it a warm reception.

“ My observations stood me in great stead during my apprenticeship ; and the sound of the poker over head, when my master came home to dinner, like the bar before the entrance of an opera singer, acquainted me at once with the disposition I should find him in when I went up stairs ; whether I was to be

reproached for foppery and neglect, or commended for my decency and diligence.

“ I have since frequented clubs and parish meetings, and have always foreseen, by the aid of this criterion, who was to be the speaker, and what turn the argument was to take. I know, the moment a man advances towards the poker, that there is something stirring in his head; and, when the subject has been politicks, I have been able to pronounce, from a violent raking of the bottom bar, that his indignation would be directed against places and pensions. I can now determine, at a morning call, whether or not I am to be asked to dinner, by the use that is made of the poker. Whenever I have any business to settle, I desire to talk it over before the fire; and no man handles my money, till I know how he handles my poker. Authors are the only characters out of my reach, who are seldom seen to stir a fire on any provocation; either because they have no fire at home to stir, or because they are seldom placed within reach of them abroad.

“ Thus, Sir, do I call over the coals every man I meet; and the course of my discoveries can only be suspended by a warm summer, or a detention of the colliers. You will at once see the advantage of my practice over physiognomy, chiromancy, chiromancy, or any other occult art, as a touch of the wind-colic may stamp a very good-natured fellow a churl; hand-writing may be forged, and the hand itself be hardened by labour: but the plan I offer will always be practicable, while cold pinches and fire burns.

“ Yours, with great warmth,

“ PETER POKER.”

No. 16. TUESDAY, MAY 1.

O curas hominum ! O quantum est in rebus inane !

PERS. SAT. I. 1.

Oh, the ridiculous cares of men ! how much nothingness there
is in their pursuits !

EMPIRE OF NOTHING.

A VISION.

AMONG my qualifications for the undertaking in which I am embarked, I should do myself great injustice not to include my talent for dreaming. When my waking thoughts begin to fail me, I have nothing to do but to place myself in my mother's great chair, and fall deliberately asleep. This I do with such success, that the old lady says I have a genius this way ; and very much commends the felicity of my sleeping fancies. Upon these occasions, however, when, to prevent my readers from sleeping, I find it necessary to fall asleep myself, I never omit the ceremony of putting on my figured roque-laure, which exhibits a sort of mystical hieroglyphical pattern, and may, on that account, contain as much virtue and efficacy, as Mrs. Corbyn's original root for gold and silver dreams.

Yesterday being Thursday, there was a meeting of our society, in which Mr. Anthony Allworth delivered some excellent observations on the vulgar tautology of fashionable life, and the nonsense and nullity of most of those pursuits which fill out the measure of our existence and our exertions. I came home, determined to follow up my friend's remarks

through the course of a paper ; but finding myself sinking below my model, in spite of my utmost efforts, I called for my oracular gown, and dropping into the great chair, where I could neither see nor be seen, was presently charmed into a gentle sleep, that produced a new creation around me.

Methought I was wandering through a dark forest, and, propelled by an irresistible impulse, was pursuing my way, with pain and weariness, through a never-ending labyrinth of brakes and thickets, until on a sudden I found myself near the mouth of a prodigious cavern, out of which there issued vast clouds of fog and vapour. An unaccountable attraction drew me onwards, till I reached the spot, where I could not abstain from standing at the entrance of the cave, and stooping forwards as much as I could, to gain a view of the interior parts of it. At this moment I was attacked with such a giddiness and stupor, accompanied with such a strange singing in my head, that with all my efforts I could not keep my feet ; but, after a few turns, fell prone into the hollow abyss, and seemed to fall through a " vast vacuity " " ten thousand fathom deep,"

Τόσον ἐνέριθ' ὑπὸ γῆς ὕσαν οὐρανὸς ἔσται ἀπὸ γαίης.

My fall seemed to resemble that of the Titans, who were nine days and nights in reaching the profundity of Tartarus ; and I had begun to think I never should regain my footing, when suddenly I found myself in the midst of a spacious plain, at one extremity of which I could discern the spires and turrets of a vast city. As the whole country was enveloped in a thick fog, every object appeared extremely large, and out of all proportion ; and a crowd of people that were amusing themselves with

some plays and gambols, in the champaign that stretched itself before me, put me strongly in mind of Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, which was very poetically named by the ancient Saxons, "The Dance of the Giants."

While I was looking about with the usual stare of a foreigner, there came running towards me, very much out of breath, a civil gentleman, with a body swollen out to a vast circumference, and a countenance extremely bloated, who offered very politely to be my conductor and interpreter, as I seemed to have no acquaintance in the place where I was. I thanked him very much for his condescension, and accepted his offer with the best grace I could, declaring myself a perfect stranger to the country in which I found myself. "I guessed as much," he replied, with great civility in his looks, but still puffing and blowing as if he never could have recovered himself. "You are not in that plump, high-fed condition so general among the natives of this country; and it is plain from your appearance, that you have not been nourished with our country foods, our saw-dust soups, and stews of oyster-shells. I must begin then with informing you that you are at this moment in the kingdom of Nothing, the most populous and flourishing empire of all the states of the universe." "Is it possible," cried I, "that this can be the case, when the very resistance of the ground to the pressure of my feet, and the perfect use I have of all my senses, prove incontestably that what moves before me is not inanity, but substance and matter?"

"Your remark," replied my new acquaintance, "is not unnatural; but you are to learn that the nothings of which this our country is composed, are not distinguished by their impalpability, but their vanity and inutility; not by their want of weight, but

their want of value : and we have no one article among us, that, on a fair valuation, would purchase an old song, in the island you have left—I say, on a *fair* valuation ; because, somehow or other, our inanities and vanities have risen to such high estimation among you of late years, and our emigrations have been so numerous and frequent, by means of our balloons, that his Inane Majesty has been obliged to oppose severe prohibitions and restrictions to this increasing rage, which would otherwise soon exhaust and depopulate his kingdom : he has therefore within these few days, recalled, by a very solemn edict, all his loving subjects wherever distributed ; and I doubt not, but that you will encounter, by and by, many old faces, if not old friends, who have taken much less time about the journey than probably you have done, by reason of their knowledge of the shortest way hither. When you return, you will be astonished at the depopulated state of your own country, and yet will wonder at the tumult and violence which prevails ; for those of our people who are latest arrived, report, that the virtuous and vicious parts of mankind, for want of some intermediate characters to break and divide their forces, are fallen upon each other with unqualified fury. But while your curiosity is so powerfully excited by the objects that lie before you, I will not detain you by any political discussions. We will now proceed towards the city, which is called Tintinabia ; and where one hour will give you a greater insight into our manners and customs, than a whole day spent in discoursing upon them. I have two or three very great philosophers to dine with me to-day on some of the best dephlogisticated air the country can produce ; and I hope for the pleasure of introducing you to them. I can promise you, besides, some various

kinds of steam, all excellent, and some of the froth of bottled small-beer, which has been in my cellar these twenty years."

After expressing my sense of this courtesy in the handsomest manner possible, we stepped together into the balloon of my conductor, and arrived in a few minutes in the largest street in the capital. As soon as we alighted, I was almost stunned with the noise which prevailed all around me, and which seemed to issue from every corner; so that I could scarcely catch a word that fell from my friend's mouth, though I could observe that he seemed to have no difficulty in hearing every thing I said; and appeared to be not at all surprised or embarrassed by the indistinct clamour which followed us wherever we went.

There was an appearance of trade in the city, though the articles exhibited for sale were such for the most part as would pass in the estimation of a May-day chimney-sweeper as paltry finery. The press and hurry of each person that was walking in the street was remarkable, and the more so, as none of them seemed to have any point in view, but went backwards and forwards, in the same track, with the utmost eagerness and precipitation in their countenances; and, look which way you would, you might have imagined a pick-pocket escorted to the pump, or an attorney to the pillory. I thought I recollected many farcically solemn persons in this crowd, whom I had formerly remarked at the Royal Exchange in London, and who, while they seemed to have the burden of Atlas upon their shoulders, were actually little more than noisy nothings, that puzzled business, and carried all their consequence in their looks.

As I passed on, I peeped into every shop to form

some judgment of their commerce, their wants, their fashions, and their tastes ; and feeling myself a little disordered by the foggy atmosphere of this region, called in at an apothecary's, where I swallowed a pill of whity-brown paper, which I was assured would remove my complaint ; and on my looking a little suspicious, my guide assured me that I had taken a most admirable alterative and sweetener of the blood, which had made the fortune of the first physician in the country. This naturally enough led to a conversation on the state of medicine as a science among them ; and I could find that it had its share of national cultivation, by the multitude of contradictory aphorisms that were daily promulged among their fashionable doctors. There was not a single article of diet or dress that had not been found out to be deleterious in the extreme, or fraught with every benefit to the constitution ; and every young licentiate raised himself into reputation by discrediting some ordinary aliment of general subsistence, or discovering the wholesome efficacy of some notorious poisons. Electricity, however, and factitious airs, and the water extracted from potatoes, were remedies of so established a name, that no one had yet been found sufficiently paradoxical to suggest any plain doubts of their efficacy, any more than of that of animal magnetism, which, of all the tribe of remedies in this country, held the foremost reputation. The large sum, however, required by government for a licence to practise as an animal magnetist, and the excise duties upon electricity and medicinal air, made them rather uncommon in their application. It must be owned, moreover, that these mighty remedies had lost a little of the public predilection, since the death of one of the daughters of his Inane Majesty,

who had lately been carried off by the measles, after having been treated by all the animal magnetists in the country, and in spite of a shock received from an electrical battery in a delirious stage of the disorder. The genius of this people, which certainly in most things was very peculiarly turned, was characterised, in respect to medicine, by a strange disposition towards experiment, without any regard to positive and direct experience; and it was told me, as a circumstance of very distinguishing merit in the physician to the royal household, that he had destroyed between five and six thousand kittens and puppies, to prove the rapid effect of carbonic acid air in occasioning death; and had killed a hundred horses with corrosive sublimate, to furnish an *à fortiori* proof of its deleterious efficacy on man. This curious indefatigable philanthropical experimenter has several acres of the finest land upon his estate planted, like the garden of Attalus, with poisonous vegetables, on which jack-asses are constantly feeding, to establish their virtues by experiment, without being aware of the good they are doing to mankind, or at what expense to themselves they are paying their debt of kindness to our species. The modes and causes of the deaths of these animals furnish very useful deductions as to their various effects on the vital principle. The obligations of his country to this great physiologist are incalculable, though his friends and neighbours are somewhat inconvenienced by the noise of a whole menagerie on the premises under the most ingenious torments of various kinds for various ends, who have no philosophy under the most philosophical experiments.

But to drop this digression, I shall proceed to detail things in the order in which they occurred.

The barbers' shops were surprisingly full; at which I ceased to be astonished, when I was told that state affairs were frequently adjusted in these places, and the cabinet-ministers had that day been sitting under the hair-dressers' hands, for despatch of business. The milliners' and haberdashers' shops were not less crowded; and it seems that the labour of twirling riband employed a million of able-bodied subjects. Many persons, whom I understood to be authors, and who seemed in very excellent case for authors, were regaling themselves with the steam which issued from a tavern-kitchen: and when they had satisfied nature, I observed that they consistently enough paid for their treat, by jingling their money in their breeches pockets.

The number of lottery-offices was prodigious, almost every twentieth house being devoted to this idle traffic. The prizes were paid in a paper money; and what sounded in their numeration like the revenue of a principality, would not have paid the tax upon a hungry spaniel in our own country. As a great many of these chance-merchants had been recalled by the late edict, it was pleasant enough to see written over their doors, "Removed from Cheapside," or "Fleet-street;" or, such a one, "late lottery office keeper in the Poultry."

I own it gave me much satisfaction to see the booksellers' shops so full; as this raised in me a pleasing hope of finding, on my return, much thinner and choicer collections in my own country; for I have always thought that the advantages arising from the discovery of printing are nearly overbalanced by the spreading ills its abuse and prostitution have occasioned. In most of these shops there was a prodigious number of dedications and panegyrics, which had been brought back

on speculation by the numerous tribe of bookmongers and authors who had been recalled. I saw prefixed to treatises, *de Chirothecis et Ocreis, de Lucernis et Candelabris, de Custellis et Furcis*, very splendid dedications, addressed to persons whom nobody has ever heard of under the titles of *Historiæ et Antiquitatum Instauratori felicissimo, Ecclesiæ Propugnatori acerrimo*. I could find, too, that Salmanaazar's Description of the Fortunate Island, the Travels into Abyssinia, Munchausen's Adventures, and Lucian's True History, were books of unquestionable authority in the literature of this country. In turning over a variety of volumes on the subject of philosophy, I could not but remark a great many folios of French discoveries in physics and metaphysics, mixed together with a heap of poems and novels. Almost all our late dramatic productions, it seems, had been recalled; and all our modern scribblers of prologues, farces, and musical pieces, together with our whole herd of wretched imitators of Shakspeare, had been summoned away in the midst of their triumphs and their gains, and ordered to bring their plays in their pockets.

To have gratified more minutely the curiosity I felt to investigate the true state of learning and the arts among this singular people, would have demanded more leisure than the multiplicity of objects yet before me would allow: by the help, however, of catalogues, and the assistances of my guide, I drew some satisfaction on these topics of inquiry. It was here that the most striking examples occurred, to illustrate what my conductor had told me of the nature of their nothings; for the ponderous folios and voluminous compilations that presented themselves to me on every side, were sufficient proofs that moral, and not physical levity,

constituted the nothingness of this nugatory world. No kind of reading, as was testified by the vast variety of this sort of publications, attracted so much the attention of their wits as collections of anecdotes, and what were announced under the various titles of *Curiosities of Literature*, *Gleanings*, or *Beauties*, or *Elegant Extracts*; and the inanity of their tastes was such, and whatever was solid or valuable in the books that had been the subject of these selections had been so cautiously and dextrously avoided, that future editions might be much improved and purified by these negative instructions, and might at once reduce their compass, and enhance their value, by striking out, with a similar caution, the adoptions of these busy purgators.

I had not been long engaged in this examination, in one of the largest shops in the city, before there flocked round me a great number of persons of both sexes, of whom each presented me with a long list of names, purporting to be the names of subscribers to works in contemplation to be published. I answered them with a bow and a smile, and made the best of my way into the street, where my obliging conductor paid me a handsome compliment upon my penetration.

In the course of my perambulation, it was impossible not to take notice of the many airy equipages which were passing to and fro; and, to judge from the multitude of ducal and other coronets which were painted thereon, there seemed to be a mighty number of most noble and right honourable peers: and my conductor told me, that so many of this number had been recalled, that I should find, on my return, the coachmakers' warehouses full of the second-hand carriages of the nobility; and should be able to call a state-coach from the stand

at Charing Cross, and ride in it to St. Paul's for eighteen-pence.

As there happened to be a stoppage of the balloon-coaches, in a narrow street called Frippery Row, I had leisure to observe the different faces of those who were carried along in them, and was pleased at recognising some very noisy members of our house of commons. There were also a great many sleek faces in full-bottomed wigs, and a vast deal of lawn and prunella, in many of these floating carriages.

I own I could not help being a little scandalized at the prodigious number of "Lookers-on" that choked up the streets: but my guide assured me that these were no observers of men and manners, but received from what was passing before them a sort of idiotic gratification, or such a pleasure as children experience in beholding a sky-rocket or catharine-wheel. "The most serious parts of these men's lives," said he, "are spent in *assisting* at dinners, or walking in processions: and it is surprising what numbers of this description have been recalled by our edict from the country to which you belong." Here I interrupted my guide, and begged to know the hour of the day; but he told me that no watches or clocks could be made to go in that country, owing to some quality in the air which relaxed their springs; a circumstance, however, the less to be regretted, as a people that had nothing to do, could have no great reckonings with time. He added, that they generally told the days of the week by the length of the men's beards in the market-places.

I remarked to my friend, as we continued our walk, the prodigious noise of tongues, which seemed to issue from almost every third house we passed; and was surprised at being told that there was no

less a number than five thousand debating-clubs in the city of Tintinabia ; and that, in a part of the town called Rag-Street, Echo Square, there was a perpetual rumbling, like the sound of hackney-coaches in London. I did not forget to pay my visit to some of the churches, which were all crowded like every other public place, and where all seemed to be talking as loud as they could, but the clergyman, with the help of his sounding-board, louder than them all ; and I could observe a great number of pious and plump devotees throw quantities of oyster-shells and rotten nuts into the poor's boxes.

In regard to the buildings, I could not but take notice, that they seemed throughout of a similar construction and consistency to those new rows of houses which have lately been pasted together in the suburbs of London ; and the place altogether looked more like the model of a city, or such a one as the pastry-cook in Cornhill will build for a lord-mayor's dinner, than a real and habitable metropolis.

I shall give the remaining part of the history of my vision in a future paper, which will contain a description of my travels up the country, and my introduction at court.

No. 17. SATURDAY, MAY 5.

Discrepet his alius. Geminos, horoscope, varo
Producis genio. PERS. SAT. 618.

Under the self-same planet born, we see
 E'en twins will in their natures disagree.

My constant attention to the various descriptions of characters into which mankind distribute them-

selves, has brought me acquainted with several smaller classes and subdivisions, which pass unobserved by those who watch these diversities less narrowly than myself. In my profession of a Looker-on, there is a skill in classing and arranging, not unlike that which is expected from the botanist in the detail of his particular science. It will often happen, that a curious individual among men, like a rare specimen among plants, will pass for a non-descript with those who have pushed their researches to but a moderate extent; while others, who have prosecuted their inquiries with greater accuracy and ardour, and have taken richer and wider views of their subject, will have no difficulty, for the most part, in referring to some separate division each fresh particular, and gaining a property in their new discoveries by thus bringing them within a sort of inclosure.

In the course of my observations, there have started up in my way a set of men who are occupied through all the prime part of their lives in hunting after their own genius without success; who, with unwearied pertinacity, are forcing their faculties into every channel but the right, and, after torturing their minds a thousand ways, yield to the depression of constant disappointment, and sink into barren despondency, or the ruinous resources of vulgar dissipation. Those who are without the restlessness of ambition, or the promptitude of talents, may easily find their proper level, and have only to live in harmless inoccupation, or toil under the directions of an active task-master: but such as feel a consciousness of ability, and a spirit to exert it, have a strong interest in discovering the employment most congenial to their characters, and proportionate to their capacities. Under this latter description the greater part of us most cer-

tainly may rank; for, happily, the instances are not common, wherein nature has sent mere blanks into life, of which no application can be made to the general advantage: and I am apt to think, that many of the least gifted among us, have fire enough within us to yield a spark, if our destiny do but bring us into collision with the proper object.

I remember, about five-and-thirty years ago, at college, a youth of a fair face, a plump condition, and a vivacity of deportment, who was most sanguinely bent upon discovering that particular spot, in the whole range of human excellence, which nature had designed him to illuminate, and where his genius might claim a sort of home and inheritance. Dick Addle, without being obliged to Plato, had accidentally fallen upon the ancient doctrine of reminiscence; and it was a blind opinion of his, that if we could but hit upon the pursuit that corresponded with the stress and tendency of our genius, we should have little else to do but to exert the faculty of memory in resuming those ideas which had been given us at our births, and which only needed to encounter their congenial objects to be summoned into life and activity.

Dick set out on his discoveries with amazing ardour, and proceeded with uncommon perseverance: all the ocean of his intellect was sailed over, and its shallows ascertained with plummet and line; but Dick saw nothing but a barren sea, *α πόντος ἀτελεύγτος*: and still, as he urged his course, there was opened before him a wider and more disconsolate expanse of sullen uniformity. I used to pity this young gentleman very much, on the account of his repeated failures; and could not help lamenting that so much good meaning should meet with so much ill luck.

But Dick was indefatigable in his endeavours: sometimes he was an author, sometimes a patron,

sometimes a politician, sometimes a jester, sometimes a philosopher, and sometimes a fiddler; now a magistrate, now a mechanic, an antiquary, an algebraist, an astrologer; but all would not do; for before Dick had got half through with his metamorphoses and experiments, he was robbed, ridiculed, cheated, cuffed, lampooned, posted, pelted, roasted, cut up, tossed in a blanket, and so often kicked, that, as we read in Hudibras, he rose at last to such nicety of discrimination, as to tell, by his sensations alone, the difference between Spanish and neat's leather.

Under all these trials and defeats, Dick's face grew longer, and his purse shorter, every day; till, by one of the luckiest accidents in the world, Dick married a wife; and at the end of three years being the father of five rosy children, he appeared every where with the most smiling and contented face in the world: declaring to all his friends, that his pains were at last rewarded, by the discovery of his particular talent, which lay, as was proved, in supplying the community with healthy children, and in teaching them to ride on broomsticks.

Not all the gravity, however, of his more important situation in life, could ever banish from the memories of his college-acquaintance the ludicrous name that was given to him, of Doubting Dicky. I am informed too, that his original character has frequently discovered itself afresh, in the embarrassment he has laboured under in the disposal of his children; and that his eldest son after being drubbed as a wit, thrown into a ditch in the character of a fox-hunter, and cashiered as a soldier, was, about a month ago, with great difficulty recovered from drowning by the process of the Humane Society, after courageously setting the

Thames at defiance, with his diving-bell and balloon, in the character of a modern philosopher.

I beg leave to follow up this account of poor Dick Addle, with a rule, that may perhaps be serviceable to those who may happen to find themselves in a similar distress. Let such as doubt, like Dick, of their proper destination, make choice at once of some humble handicraft employment in which there is little risk to themselves, and a sure profit to the community. In these unambitious walks of life, a failure can terminate in no very important evils; while, on the contrary, the unsuccessful trials which are every day made in the provinces of genius and taste, spread wide their mischievous effects, and leave lasting impressions of injury and discredit.

I have no doubt but that society must gain greatly by the general adoption of such a rule as I have laid down; for where it loses one man of real genius, it will escape a score of pretenders. Besides which, perhaps it will be found, that out of the mass of mechanical industry, into which I would throw all these hesitating gentlemen, the more subtile and volatile parts would rise with a chemical alacrity, and leave behind them the heavier and solid substances, to occupy their natural places in the order of life.

One of my ancestors, who was the greatest droll of all the Olive-Branches, among other odd particulars, has left us a list of the accidental discoveries which his different acquaintances have made of their own talents, and the occasions of those discoveries; a few articles of which I will lay before my readers. His motto is,

*Plus enim fati valet hora benigni
Quam si te Veneris commendet epistola Marti.*

Try all you can, by int'rest, love, or letter:
A lucky hit will do your business better.

11th of March, 1672.—Sam Stunt, happening to put himself into a pair of scales in the course of some experiments on the effects of air on the human body, discovered himself to be the exact weight for a horse ; and, instead of a ridiculous philosopher, is become a very learned jockey.

1st of April.—Tom Hardcastle, in endeavouring to be witty this day on all mankind, found he did better as a butt, and has since served in that capacity, to the great entertainment of his friends.

4th of June.—Ned Spare-rib began to walk the hospital this day, and convinced himself and the world, before night, that nature had designed him for a carcass-butcher.

17th of August.—Will Cross-stick, who had written several pamphlets, and much treason, without turning a penny, as he was whistling out his meditations, saw a rusty razor lying on the road : his genius took fire at the omen, and he is since become a topping barber at Shore-ditch.

2d of September.—Jack Parsnip, who had begun his career as a parish-officer, and had since stepped forward as a great politician, being pursued hard by the bailiffs, hid himself in a dung-cart : his genius for gardening began immediately to make great shoots ; and the best melons in the country are now of his raising.

4th of November.—Bob Smirk, after following the business of an attorney without success for many years, found out his talent for mimicry as he followed a rich uncle to the grave.

1st of December.—Ben Bodkin was a fellow of sprightly parts : he felt conscious of a genius for something, but he did not know what : he

tried various callings and occupations, till, being hired at the theatre to assist in the procession in the tragedy of Alexander the Great, he scraped acquaintance with a journeyman tailor: his genius developed itself in a moment; and before Alexander could well get into Babylon, he drew a pair of scissors from his pocket, and made a desperate effort to cabbage the skirt of his royal mantle. I am told that at this day there is nothing in the whole trade so capital as the cut of Ben Bodkin's coats.

24th of December.—As Bob Furbish was turning the corner of a street, his hat was blown off into an auctioneer's pulpit: he followed it close, and mounted the rostrum just as they had begun to bid for it. The moment he saw the crowd below him, the workings of his mind were prodigious; he declared himself inspired, and hurried down without his hat: the next day he entered into the profession; and no man handles the hammer like Bob Furbish at this hour.

2d of January, 1673.—Paul Puff had acted as pedlar, puppetshow-man, and quack-doctor, till being tempted on the evening of this day to take a hot mutton-pie in exchange for a box of pills, all the pastry cook was lighted up in his soul, and his shop is now the most considerable in the city.

But I must drop these drolleries of Mr. Isaac Olive-Branch, my great-great-grandfather, in order to leave room for the following letter.

“ SIR,

“ I am a constant reader of the ‘Looker-on,’ and confess I am pleased with your manner of treat-

ing those diseases of the mind which have fallen under your contemplation. I have not yet, however, had the good fortune to find in it a sufficient remedy for my own. In order therefore that my case may be taken into consideration, I will give you as accurate an account as I can, both of the symptoms of the complaint, and of the methods I have used towards its cure ; requesting that whatever may appear to promise relief to your distressed patient, may be published in your paper as soon as possible.

“ I am a bachelor of about fifty years of age, and am a prey to a passion that consumes me. I can rest neither night nor day for the rage I feel for authorship and the honours of genius ; the trophies of some Miltiades or other are for ever disturbing my peace. How early this passion gained possession of my mind, I cannot accurately inform you ; but to the best of my remembrance I perceived the first intrusions of it about fifteen years ago, when I was admitted a member of the Royal Society. My whole distress arises from my inability to discover whether I am a man of genius or not. This is a discovery which I am extremely anxious to make, before I either entirely resign the thoughts of becoming an author, or determine to enter upon this toilsome career.

“ Various are the means which I have pursued, and laborious are the researches which I have made, to convince myself of a truth so necessary to the establishment of my peace or the increase of my fame : among others, I collect from all quarters the lives and anecdotes of great men ; and according as I find a similarity between their habits and my own, I judge of the extent of my capacity. The consequence of this is, that when I discover in myself a congeniality of thought or coincidence of be-

haviour with them, I am elated above measure, consider such an agreement as an undoubted proof of my genius, and feel my soul expand with secret assurances of immortality on earth ; but if no points of similitude discover themselves, I am thrown at once into despondency, and feel myself sinking to the level of those who have lain long forgotten in their tombs. As I look upon superiority of genius to be the highest felicity here below, and dulness as a terrible visitation, my mind is continually bandied between hope and despair, dejection and pride.

“ All the night before last I passed in waking dreams of greatness, occasioned by my having somewhere read, that, after the ordinary attendance at college, the great John Locke had, like myself, been judged unqualified to take his degrees. But this happiness was only of a night’s duration : in the morning my hopes were at once blasted, by reading in Plutarch’s Lives, that Cæsar was afflicted with an epilepsy ; a disorder from which I unfortunately found myself free. The melancholy impressions produced by this discovery were very soon removed by overhearing my landlady tell one of her neighbours, that during the paroxysms of a violent fever I had acted as dean Swift used to do in his periodical fits.

“ My manners also are as variable as my happiness is uncertain ; for when I can detect no traces of similitude between my ordinary habits, and those of the great man whose life I am reading, I take violent pains to accommodate myself to the model I so much admire. I have suffered, however, greatly in the course of this laudable ambition ; for having heard that Ben Jonson used commonly to write without his coat, forgetting to inquire at what time of the year, I sat at my desk all January last in my

doublet and hose, till I caught a rheumatism that nearly cost me my life. Hence the different lives I read have as great effect upon my conduct as the passions of theameleon upon the colour of its body. At one time I am silent and sober, like Addison; at another, convivial and loquacious, like Steele: this day I assume the sternness and incivility of Johnson; again, I am all submission, like Gay: now, I am proud and imperious, like Swift; then, like Thomson, modest and unassuming: in short, I constantly carry along with me the spirit of the author whose life I am perusing.

“ In the pursuit of this great object of my life, I have often pushed my inquiries very far into the profundity of natural causes, but have been as unsuccessful in this as in my other attempts. My escapes, however, from a total discovery of dulness on the one hand, and my disappointments in not attaining to a complete confirmation of my ingenuity on the other, have been narrow and numerous. All hopes of immortalizing my name were very lately almost entirely cut off, by reading an account of giants and pygmies in Goldsmith's Natural History. Here in opposition to my favourite theory, that the minds of men are great in proportion to the size of their bodies, that author attempts to prove, that the middle stature is best fitted to nourish intellectual powers; and that any great deviation from this size, whether above or below it, argues in general an imbecility of intellect.

“ I was more than relieved from the depression of mind occasioned by this senseless theory, when I found that Fenton the poet was six feet two inches high, which is precisely my size. I recovered from a similar dejection, that arose from reading somewhere that the powers of the mind begin to decay

from the age to which mine is approaching ; when I recollected that Milton was older than I am when he began his *Paradise Lost*.

“ But the question which has given me the greatest trouble to investigate, is, whether my head be of that particular shape which is necessary to constitute a man of genius. I have been the more intent upon this object, as I thought it offered the most promising appearance of a complete demonstration. Lavater I have perused with great attention, as also a number of other famous physiognomists ; but though I do not suppose myself deficient in point of mathematical genius, I have never been able to perform the mensuration according to the rules they lay down.

“ I would recommend it, as well worthy the attention of some person who has arrived at a due estimate of his abilities by the aid of this criterion, to construct a machine of such a nature, that, upon its admitting or excluding the head, the extent or weakness of the capacity may be ascertained without further trouble. I should consider it, too, as a great improvement of such a machine, if, since some are fitted by nature to excel in one branch of literature and some in another, it could have the additional property of pointing out a direction of our talents conformable to the design of nature.

“ This would be one of the most solid inventions with which the genius of man has yet been inspired. Its utility would diffuse itself over all professions, trades, and degrees : agriculture would recover her sons, of which the pulpit, the bar, and the senate, had robbed her ; and many a Cincinnatus would be recalled from the plough, to the bench and the cabinet. I cannot help being surprised, that in this age, in which a spirit for the improvement in manu-

factures and agriculture so much prevails, and has been so successfully cultivated, an invention of this kind should never have been attempted, which must tend so powerfully to facilitate labour, by distributing it in such due proportions, and with such just appropriations and appointments.

“I shall conclude my application to you with suggesting, that, as there is probably a numerous class of men who sympathize exactly with me in the case which I have submitted to you, a particular attention to my complaint may be of public service, and will greatly console

“Your distressed and obedient humble servant,
“WILL. WHETHERALL.”

No. 18. TUESDAY, MAY 8.

Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of gifts, which Nature to her votaries yields,
The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields,
All that the genial ray of Morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of Even,
All that the shelt'ring mountain's bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven—
Oh! how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven.

MINSTREL.

I HAVE often thought it a sad reflection on my countrymen, that at this season of the year, and in this month especially, when the country puts on a new dress to attract us, and spreads out her green carpet

for us to tread upon, we should still prefer the tinselled frippery and artificial splendor of public places in town, to the unpurchasable beauties and chaste decorations of rural scenery. It is to be admired that a nation so studious of novelty should still love to linger in the dull confines of fashionable uniformity, while Nature, with an universal and progressive variety, in her great plan, is painting the fields and the gardens with a rich succession of colours, deepening the gloom of her arbours, heightening the vivacity of her lawns, and purpling over the distant hills to terminate her groves and her vistas. But there is a something in the pleasures of the country, that reaches much beyond the gratification of the eye; a something that invigorates the mind, that erects its hopes, that allays its perturbations, that mellows its affections; and it will generally be found, that our happiest schemes and wisest resolutions are formed under the mild influence of a country scene, and the soft obscurities of rural retirement.

I don't know how it is, but, to my abstracted notions of things, man always appears a much less important animal when I view him in all his relations with society, in the midst of a large city, than when I behold him in his retirement, walking over his fields, and contemplating his prospects. A real and relative importance, I consider as different things; and while all around me are paying their homage to what we call personal influence, and power of connections, I keep all my veneration for him who has obtained the greatest command over himself, and lives the most independently of others. I look upon such as are engaged in the busy pursuits of gain, as subordinate characters to those who are arrived at the actual relish of innocent pleasure; and the man

who has enlarged his mind to the enjoyment of all the beauties of nature which his eye can encircle, is in my thoughts a greater personage, and has a larger property in effect, than one who has risen to what is called weight in the country, by the force of connections or riches.

It is doubtless a great unhappiness to want a sense of rural pleasures: he who has no heart for delights so pure and natural, must bribe his appetite with a forced and artificial kind of enjoyment, for which costly preparations must sometimes be made, sometimes the invention must be racked, and sometimes the principles subdued. This mortality, which mixes with our rural pleasures, gives to them that security of innocence, which is so necessary to constitute complete happiness, and vindicates their superiority over all the gaieties of town dissipation, which are at best but negative in a moral view, and which, in feeling minds, are generally attended with a sense of unworthiness, and the disquietude of inward reproach.

But, when I talk of the charms of a country life, I have not in my contemplation the sports and exercises of the field, which, however, I have no intention to disparage; but my thoughts are turned towards those deep and durable pleasures, which are supported by their connections with great objects and noble conclusions, and require no effort or uproar to maintain their vigour and vivacity. Such pleasures are those which we feel in contemplating the blue canopy of the heavens, reflected on the hazy valleys, and wrapping them in rich confusion, when our minds catch the sympathy, and open their internal prospects into visions of immensity, varied by the colours of fancy, and brightened by the radiance of hope; such pleasures are

those which expand the bosom in surveying the kind provisions of Nature, and in pursuing in thought the bounties of Providence, through all the classes of his visible government; such pleasures as presented themselves to the mind of our great poet, when he wrote that feeling eulogy on rural gratifications,

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds, &c.

The first of this month is a day which I love to honour in my parish by some little celebration; and the green before my house is usually on this occasion the scene of much genuine mirth and seasonable jollity. It is on this day that all the young women of the parish seize, with earnestness, the opportunity of testifying their gratitude to my mother, for her bounties through the year, by building up for her a little bower, which they decorate with garlands, and what devices they are capable of inventing.

Last Tuesday they were bent upon doing her particular honour; for which purpose, the way from our garden-door to the arbour was covered with a carpeting of cowslips, enclosed with chains of flowers; and two young girls came to my door early in the morning, each with a honeycomb in her hand, and begged to be permitted to carry the great chair in triumph to the temple which they had consecrated to my mother. This I saw done amidst a chorus of voices, in which as enviable an eulogy was uttered, as that which attended Camillus to the Capitol. I own, this testimony of simple regard made me glow with a conscious pleasure; and I felt something like the pride of blood, at seeing this good old remain of the Olive-Branch family

raised to the highest honour of which I had any conception. She smiled too, herself, with more than her usual complacency, when, after the rustic dance round the May-pole was completed, every couple snatched a wreath from it, and, carrying it between them in the form of a festoon to her little sanctuary, threw it down at her feet.

To this ceremony another succeeded, that was not less agreeable to the feelings of the good old lady. It has always been, on this occasion, her custom to give a crown-piece to every poor family of merit in the neighbourhood; while every girl that has gained the praise of diligence and good manners, is sure to be rewarded with a new milk-pail, and a straw hat with cherry-coloured ribands. The great chair, which is the hot-bed of all my visions, is raised to greater importance in my eyes, since the honours it has lately received; and I am in hopes that its journey to the bower will be the occasion of its carrying me in my future dreams to the sylvan haunts of Faunus and the Dryads, or to the amber streams and amaranthine meadows of Elysian scenery.

The morning after this little anniversary, I took a walk to the bower before breakfast; and casting my eyes on the ground, I saw a piece of paper in the form of a note, which I had too much curiosity not to take up immediately; and was glad when breakfast was announced, that I might have the satisfaction of reading its contents to the old lady. It was directed to the Rev. Simon Olive-Branch: and upon opening it, I could not help thinking that the hand-writing looked very like Miranda's; a suspicion which was not a little confirmed by the whimsicalness of the conception, and the goodness of the design.

“ The Petition of a very innocent, useful, and much abused person, to that grave Reformer, the Rev. Simon Olive-Branch,

“ Humbly showeth,

“ That your petitioner has most seriously to complain of divers abuses and outrages, which he humbly conceives it is within your province to chastise. He will begin, however, with stating his claims and pretensions, and then proceed to enumerate the instances in which his merits are despised, and his rights trampled under foot.

“ That your petitioner is the healthiest, floridest, and comeliest of twelve brothers; and is the father of thirty children; all of whom have been well brought up, and preserve their posts, and execute their functions with unfailing order and punctuality.

“ Your petitioner’s exemplary mildness of temper should give him a peculiar claim to the attention of one of the Olive-Branch family, as sympathy of character generally begets mutual kindness. He can plead, besides, that he has known your whole race these many centuries; and can carry his personal recollection back to anecdotes and facts concerning them, much beyond the compass of your mother’s records, ancient as they are. He nursed your great-grandfather on his lap, when he was yet unable to walk; and gave him a nosegay before he could lisp out *tobacco-stopper*. He has the honour of informing you, that he brought into the world a great-grandson of Shem, who was the son of Noah, &c.: that this great-grandson of Shem attached a considerable number of followers to himself, by reason of his pacific qualities, and settled on the borders

of the Euphrates, where, it is said, he planted the first Olive; for that which the dove brought to the ark was only a branch of the wild species. His youngest son was named *עֵלֶה—זֵית* or Olive-Branch; and with him the race of Olive-Branches properly began. That your petitioner has ever looked with great affection on this goodly race, and has always received particular honours at their hands. That he humbly hopes, therefore, that the last of this ancient family will not refuse to listen to his requisitions, which are founded on such just pretensions.

“That he has also great merits to plead, independent of his connections with the house of Olive-Branch. That he is the only even-tempered character out of twelve brothers, the rest being all either too warm and passionate, or too cold and severe; and the one, especially, who was born just before him, is so fretful and fickle, that there is no knowing what to do with him, not to mention that he has a malignant pleasure in making fools of his majesty’s subjects. That, besides the negative merit of preserving his temper in the midst of such examples, he and his thirty sons are employed in the active office of dressing out our general mother the Earth, and promoting her fruitfulness and abundance.

“That your petitioner is not only prodigal of his benefits and kindnesses to man, but may claim, in a very high degree, the merit of impartiality in the distribution of them, holding all ranks in the same estimation, and oftentimes drying up the tears of the wretched, and creating a sunshine in his thoughts. That his thirty sons too, who join him in this humble petition, are always occupied, whenever their turn comes round, in spreading joy, and love and beauty, and abundance, over the face of the earth. Ever studious of the honour of their family, they are tainted

with no mean jealousy of each other's abilities; and one brother is continually improving upon the work of the other. It is also an extraordinary peculiarity belonging to them, that they are mature in proportion to their youth; and the youngest of them all is the ripest and forwardest. Sometimes, when your petitioner has finished his own task, he observes one of them flying over the commons and wastes, to hang every furze-bush he can meet, with golden baskets. Others are seen successively employed in clustering the lilac, perfuming the violet, forging the yellow chain of the liburnum, hooding the sweet-pea, and variegating the daisy. Another will employ himself in sweeping the train of his green garment over the meads and lawns, and leave impressed upon their surface a glossy verdure. This undertakes, as his charge, the painting of the almond blossom; while his next brother is occupied as musician to the grove, and teaches to the lark its matins, and its vespers to the nightingale.

“Your petitioner trusts he need not enlarge upon his merits with the love-sick part of mankind: the influence of his family in propitiating the fair objects of their vows, and in lending an irresistible persuasion to their addresses, is so evident as to challenge even human ingratitude to deny it.

“Your petitioner has now only to state the topics of his complaint, which he will do as briefly as possible, not caring to expatiate upon matters so clear and striking.

“1st. The greatest part of those who used to do him honour at their rural seats, are now so disrespectful as to remain in town during his anniversary.

“2d. That he is even unable to enforce the attendance, of the country folks, who are so brutal

as to prefer the beasts over Exeter Change to his lambs and his nightingales.

“ 3d. That the people of London and the neighbourhood are pleased with insulting him, by putting some of the best clothes his wardrobe contains, upon the backs of chimney-sweepers.

“ 4th. A great many old ladies have abused him beyond measure, and called him dull and stupid, for no other reason than because he has robbed them of a party at Whist or Cassino.

“ 5th. Some of the same faction attempted his life not a week ago, by shutting out the sun, and lighting up candles before six.—N. B. This is a desperate gang of *old* offenders, who have frequently attempted to murder Time, your petitioner's father, and have obliged him to go armed with a scythe.

“ 6th. Some young ladies, lately arrived in town from Gloucestershire, to whom your petitioner gave a copy of his receipt for colouring the rose, and bleaching the lily, have lately been using a wretched mixture, they call the Turkish Wash.

“ 7th. Some young fortune-hunters, at Bath, the other day, found a resemblance for your petitioner in old Mrs. D. who has not a tooth in her head.

“ 8th. A large party at Faro, was made, on the evening of his anniversary, at a great house in Piccadilly; and the cards were flying about, while his herald, the Cuckoo, whom he had sent out some days before with his own invitations, was in the neighbourhood of Hyde-Park.

“ 9th. The sentiments which your petitioner used to inspire, are now called romantic; and he verily believes that if he were himself to court a lady arrayed in his mantle of lilies, and breathing out his love-like ambrosia, he should be treated

with disdain, unless he could show her a carriage with a couple of handsome footmen behind it.

“ Your petitioner forbears to bring forward a variety of charges, as weighty as those he has already produced ; trusting that these will be amply sufficient to induce you to take his case into your most serious consideration : in which confidence your petitioner will ever pray for your happiness while living, and will strew his choicest flowers on the tombs of your ancient mother and yourself, when it shall please Providence to give to the worms the remnant of the Olive-Branch family.

“ MAY-DAY.”

I shall conclude with a letter from poor Eugenio to his Amelia, containing a little poem not unsuitable to the subject of this paper.

“ MY DEAREST LOVE,

“ MY little vista in the wood begins to look delightful :—I have just made a seat in it which is to be sacred to you, when you deign to pay it a visit ; and the woodbine seems to make haste to grow about it, as if it were preparing to receive no vulgar guest. Yesterday evening, as I sat in your little temple, I tried to fill up the vacancy your absence always leaves in my mind, by writing a few verses to a Bee that was playing around me, by way of present to you on this first day of May ; a day which I know you love to see honoured.

VERSES TO THE BEE.

Daughter of Spring, that ply'st thy mazy flight,
Telling a love-tale to the list'ning air,
Wherever buds of balmy breath invite,
Borne on thy busy wings of gossamer!

Here, little spoiler, seek the haunts of Spring,
 For here the hare-bell gives its still retreat ;
 Here ply thy cares, thy cheerful descant sing,
 And fearless sport around my mossy seat :

For here the violet sweet exhales its balm,
 And here the rose-bud locks the breath of May ;
 Nor fear from me the hostile hand of harm,
 Ruthless to tear thy treasur'd sweets away.

But haste thee, wand'rer, day's last ling'ring light
 With dying lustre paints the low'ring sky :
 Ah ! haste thee, wand'rer, ere the treach'rous night
 Conceal some feather'd ruffian hovering nigh.

Go, and with speed unlock thy little cell,
 And wind thy welcome horn, that friends may hear ;
 Go, in thy waxen chamber peaceful dwell ;
 For passion, restless passion, riots here.

How blest art thou, to roam to every flow'r,
 Repose thy load, and sink to cloister'd rest !
 Ah ! could I so repay the weary hour,
 So soothe the sorrows of my lab'ring breast !

“ How long my dearest Love shall I envy the
 repose of every thing around me, and wait the slow
 performance of that promise which you have made
 with those ‘ lips that lock the breath of May,’ to
 your faithful and fond

“ EUGENIO ! ”

No. 19. SATURDAY, MAY 12.

Vino vendibili Olivâ suspensâ nihil est opus.

There needs no *Olive-Branch* to recommend a good Paper.

The following Epistle, which comes to me from Oxford, suggests a better remedy than I could discover myself for that malady of the mind complained of in the letter that appeared in my paper of last Saturday. When I am consulted in these difficult cases, as I pretend to no panaceas or elixirs for mental infirmities, I think it fair to call in the faculty to my aid; and I do not know where to turn myself with greater confidence than to a society which I venerate, as consisting, in general, of the truest patriots in literature, and the natural protectors and promoters of genius and of science.

“ REVEREND SIR,

“ No apology can be necessary for communicating, to a person who has the interest of the public so much at heart, any scheme or invention by which its welfare may be materially promoted. Do not be alarmed, my good Sir, at the mention of public interests, as if I were about to shock your disposition to peace and literature, by suggesting any crude ideas of political reform: very different is the subject of my letter. Discoveries which can enable ships to sail without wind, carriages to move without horses; schemes for the abridgement of pensions and pluralities; and expedients which will secure the presence of a rector in his parish, and a diocesan in his district, for at least nine months out of the twelve, are topics infinitely above

the scope and pretensions of my talents ; and, from a mixture of delicacy and diffidence, I confess myself extremely averse to the discussion of them.

“ Resigning, therefore, to others the wide range of political disquisition, I am content that my own poor efforts should be confined to the humble and neglected provinces of English literature. Now, Sir, the greatest obstacle to the real improvement of the arts among us, appears to me to have arisen from an unfortunate blunder through which authors have totally mistaken the bearings of their genius, and applied it to those subjects, of all others, in which it was impossible they should excel.

“ Thus, the poet affects metaphysical subtlety ; the philosopher, poetical embellishment ; the divine enters the list with the painter and musician ; while, to complete the climax of cross-purposes, and render ‘ confusion worse confounded,’ the female politician quits the sampler and the spindle, to discover the origin of civil government, and to maintain, with senatorial eloquence, the Rights of Man ! It is obvious that this unnatural perversion of genius, and misapplication of talents, must produce as much disorder in the literary world, as would result from a confusion of trades and professions to the common offices and occurrences of civil life.

“ To provide some effectual remedy for this sort of evil, has been for many years the wish of my heart, and the constant employment of my leisure ; and I know not that I should ever have escaped from the embarrassments in which I have been involved by this research, had I not enjoyed the honour of a correspondence with a distinguished professor of a foreign university. My enterprise long appeared to be hopeless ; for what project

could be more difficult and hazardous, than the attempt to convince authors, or to furnish them with the means of convincing themselves, that they had totally misapprehended their powers, and were unqualified by nature and habits for the pursuits they had chosen? This, you will readily allow, was no very promising task; and after various schemes, successive efforts, and repeated communications on the subject, I began to despair of ever bringing my labours to a successful issue, unless something could be invented, which might decide these nice questions by an appeal to the senses, and exhibit a palpable and unfailing evidence upon the point of dispute.

“Poetry has been from childhood my favourite study; and as I acquired a relish for the best productions of that divine art, from the observations of my uncle Geoffrey, a man eminent for the taste and solidity of his criticisms, my first wish was to do honour to my favourite study, by furnishing the community of poets, at present so numerous, with a just criterion whereby they might ascertain the extent of their powers, and discriminate their peculiar tendencies. This project I was upon the verge of abandoning as visionary and impracticable, when I received the enclosed letter from my ingenious friend Tiberius Vosterhusius, whom I had some months since excited to the same pursuit. The original is in the German language; but, for the benefit of a numerous description of society, I mean the poets and poetesses of our island, I beg to present it to you in an English dress.

January, 1792.

‘It is with the most animated satisfaction I inform you that an infallible standard has at length been discovered for the estimate and regulation of

poetical genius. The discovery has been celebrated here with unusual rejoicings; the experiments it has given rise to are daily tried with the most certain success; and the results in many instances have occasioned scenes the most laughable and ridiculous that the imagination can paint. Since the properties of the magnet were revealed, I know not that chance has led the votaries of science to any secret more wonderful in its nature, or important in its effects. In short, Sir, a fluid has been discovered which possesses the surprising quality of showing the precise degree of genius which belongs to any pretender to poetical excellence.

‘It has at present obtained no better appellation than that of the sympathetic fluid; but I hope, when it is more known, and has been submitted to the inspection of your English societies, it will be honoured with a title more expressive of its merits. The mode of using it is as follows: a certain quantity is poured into a small thermometer; and this is applied, for a few seconds, to the temporal artery; the tube is fixed upon a scale marked at certain intervals with the words,

EPIC,
TRAGIC,
LYRIC,

&c. &c. &c.

If the fluid rise gradually, and remain fixed and motionless, opposite to either of the titles upon the scale, the experimenter may assure himself that he possesses talents equal to that particular branch of the art. On the contrary, if the liquor ascend with a rapid irregular motion, appear in a state of fermentation, and then fall hastily within the bulb, he cannot show his prudence more, than by acqui-

escing in the infallible decisions of his little silent monitor, whose verdict is not to be altered by supplications or bribes. Many chemical experiments have been made by our learned friend Slautenbunkius, upon this unparalleled fluid, but without effect: it hitherto escapes the most delicate analysis; and its sympathetic property is the only one with which we are at present acquainted.

‘You will have pleasure in hearing that a separate establishment is soon to be erected, for a professor and six students, to whom the care of making these inimitable criteria is to be publicly consigned. A statute is also in contemplation, whereby it will be forbidden to any member of this university to compose verses on any subject, without consulting a poetical regulator, duly stamped with the arms of the Academy; and authorized, moreover, by the signature of the above-mentioned professor. I cannot conclude without congratulating you upon the rare merit of this important discovery, and expressing a hope that the enclosed may arrive safe, and meet with your approbation.

‘Yours, &c.

‘TIBERIUS VOSTERHUSIUS.’

‘N. B. Immediately on the discovery, we found it difficult to prevail on authors to submit to the trial. Our fashionable bards were extremely shy; at length experiments were made by order of the magistracy, upon three poets now under confinement at our public prison; one convicted of Blasphemy and an Ode to Liberty; another, of writing obscene verses; the third, of stealing a shirt and six pair of silk stocking, besides seducing the affections of his patron’s wife.’

“Such is the interesting communication of my

worthy correspondent Tiberius. Nothing could be more welcome to me than the arrival of this little magical tube. I cannot describe the emotions into which I was thrown upon taking it into my hands ; and was half wild, till I found a proper subject on whom its effects might be tried. It was not long before an opportunity occurred ; for, a few days after the receipt of it, I happened to dine with a certain great patron, whose table is always luxuriously spread before the sons of Apollo, several of whom were then in company. Excellent wines, and mirth, and wit, and song, went round, and at length began to overpower the faculties of many of these enthusiastic votaries, when the thought struck me of having recourse to the criticisms of my pocket companion ; and by occasionally changing my place, I gained an exact scale of the poetical capacities of each.

“ The gentleman on whose temple I first placed my poemeter, was a poet of considerable fame in high life, having written odes, comedies, tragedies, and a sort of epic poem. I had never read his works ; but having seen them in a second edition, thought they might have some merit, and that the gay circle that approved them might not be entirely destitute of true taste. But what was my surprise, when on the application of the tube, the column instantly rose with a very disturbed motion : and having made a momentary pause at each degree in the scale, it sunk with a kind of guggling noise that had nearly awakened the slumbering bard ! I continued to hold it in the same position, hoping that the liquor might take a situation more favourable to the author, but in vain : the decision was irreversible, and it refused to ascend.

“ I renewed my experiment upon my neighbour

on my left hand, who, I had been assured by some person, as a kind hint, was a pretender to the laurel, with very few of the necessary qualifications. From this trial, therefore, I hoped to discover the young poet's real talents, and the truth or injustice with which his brethren had pronounced his secret sentence. As there was something ingenious and spirited in the countenance of this gentleman, that had, during the whole day, conciliated my good will, I was sorry to observe, that, after the application of the tube for a few seconds, no visible alteration took place. I was puzzling to find the cause of this circumstance, when the liquor began to mount upwards with a slow and steady motion ; and, having arrived at the mark Sonnet, it there became stationary, and appeared infinitely more bright and transparent than I had ever remarked it. After reposing at this point some time, it gradually ascended to Tragic ; at which degree it remained awhile, and then subsided regularly to its former post. From this I inferred that the author's genius qualified him for a higher species of composition ; but that he was withheld, by modesty, from the attempt. This decision gave me infinite delight ; and I could not help casting a look of indignation and reproof towards those illiberal detractors who had been base enough to derogate from so real and so diffident a genius.

“ In the course of the evening I had informed myself accurately of the poetical powers of every individual present. The verdicts were various, as you may imagine : sometimes the fluid appeared dark and turbid ; at other times it retained its natural colour : and once it became perfectly luminous and bright : it ascended also to different heights, with different degrees of emotion. Of one gentleman it

gave me a very favourable intimation. Upon inquiry I found that he had not yet been prevailed upon to publish any of his compositions, though a club of wits, with what views I know not, had long urged him to that dangerous step.

“ These, Sir, were the first experiments that I made upon the arrival of this marvellous instrument; and as I have been in habits of frequenting the chief literary societies of both sexes, I soon found excellent opportunities of enriching my stock of discoveries. Every fresh acquisition I have used myself to write down with the most scrupulous precision, upon my return to my lodgings; so that I have now, in my porte-feuille, a sheet of fool’s-cap, on which a great many poetical names of consequence in the present age may be found, with the sentence of the fluid faithfully annexed. This awful and tremendous record, which, if divulged, would consign hundreds of volumes to perpetual oblivion, I promise to conceal with inviolable secrecy, provided that the convicted authors henceforward desist from publication. Should they, however, in contempt of this my solemn notice, and lenient reserve, continue to obtrude their futile productions upon the attention of the world, I hereby declare, that I will, from time to time, insert in the most approved journal of the republic of letters, certain authentic and indubitable extracts from this my *Liber Veritatis*.

“ During the course of my observations on this subject, I have remarked, that, in almost every instance, the liquor was violently agitated upon rising to Ode and Pastoral; from which I concluded that these branches of the art were either difficult in the extreme, or that the circumstances of the age were unpropitious to the cultivation of them. Now, my good Mr. OLIVE-BRANCH, I leave it to you to

consider whether the introduction of these regulators be at present practicable; how far any opposition to the use of them is to be apprehended from our academical professors; and whether the writers for the two theatres will readily agree to the establishment of so severe and impartial a test.

“ The mode of introducing them could not be very difficult. Presses may be licensed through the kingdom, and an Act passed, by which every printer should be obliged to furnish himself with a tube, and bound to refuse publication to authors who had not received the necessary sanction. As I disclaim all political disquisitions, better heads must determine how far the importation of these little instruments, which will doubtless be very great, may constitute a new branch of national commerce. I cannot avoid expressing this hint, because I hear, from good authority, that the Dutch, who have no poets in their country, and consequently no use for these tubes, mean nevertheless to profit from the discovery, by making it a part of their carrying trade. In the mean time, if you can suggest an expedient that will less affect the liberty of the press, than the idea respecting licences, &c. you will confer a lasting obligation on your

“ Humble servant,

“ STEPHEN STANZA.”

No. 20. TUESDAY, MAY 15.

Quorsum hæc ?

To what end do these things conduce ?

EMPIRE OF NOTHING.

SECOND PART.

IF what I have already related of my extraordinary vision of the empire of Nothing have left any curiosity in the minds of my readers, they will not think it too early to give them the rest of it.

After having been pretty much fatigued with the bustle, pomp, and noise, of the great city of Tintinabia, I entreated my guide to conduct me a little way up the country; a request which he acceded to with his usual complacence, and immediately ordered his balloon to be brought round to meet us at one of the gates, called Addle-gate, where the road began which led to the palace of his Inane Majesty. In the mean time we continued our walk through the suburbs of the city; and passing on through Rottenrow and Trumpery-street, we came to Abra-Cadabra-square, one side of which was filled up with the great college of arts and sciences. Being myself of a learned profession, I felt a strong inclination to make some inquiries respecting the institutions and practices of this venerable community; and it was doubtless an instance of great good fortune, that my guide, being himself a considerable member of it,

was well able to instruct me in all these particulars.

I have not room to give a detail of half what I saw, much less relate all the observations I made upon the spot; I shall give my readers merely a glance into this emporium of literature and philosophy. It was here that the very spirit of inanity and nothingness seemed to reside, and that the taste for genuine nonsense prevailed in its classical purity.

The public library, which I was told was a complete repository of the national learning, was contained in a vast amphitheatre, that made a most resplendent show of ornamented binding. I entertained myself with turning over as many volumes as my time would permit; and must confess, that the matter they comprised was, in general, of a graver cast than those which the booksellers' shops had presented. One whole compartment, which I was informed contained a hundred thousand volumes, was wholly allotted to treatises on conjuration with cards, and the rules of leger-de-main. Next to that was a similar space, taken up with dissertations on the black art, and the study of demonology and witchcraft. Modern metaphysics made a most important figure in this wonderful collection; and the learning accumulated on the subject of animal magnetism, was the pride of their academy. The rules of divination had occupied no small number of their schoolmen and philosophers, and having these short and satisfactory modes of ascertaining the future, they held it folly, if not impiety, to reason from the past. In politics, the books of the highest authority were such as promulgated principles the most abstracted from man's nature and capacities; and the vulgar notion of civil society, as composed of individual men, had long been exploded as the groundwork of their political reasonings. All their prac-

tical rules of government and civil polity were drawn from the consideration of human beings, as existing in a collective, metaphysical, corporate, capacity; and to man, in this sublime and contemplative idea of him, were all laws to be so framed and tempered as, at length, to constitute an indivisible invisible part of his spiritual essence: to rush into a sort of sudden sympathetic union with the qualities of the soul; and thus to anticipate the completion of our nature, and carry us at once into the order of superior intelligences.

I was very much chagrined, feeling as I do for the credit of the fair sex, to see so many female contributors to this learned lumber, the warmth of whose fancies does not always suffer them to engage in these stubborn disquisitions with a sufficient regard to facts and possibilities.

While we were thus considering this class of learned productions, my guide called my attention to a manuscript very superbly bound and lettered, purporting to be the Scheme of a Commonwealth. Before we turned over any of the pages of this valuable book, I was apprized of a feature of this nation's polity, which I believe is peculiar to itself, and may be a fact important to be known to my countrymen and others in these goodly times of political experiment. There was a certain island, situated at the distance of about two thousand miles from the great kingdom of Nothing, and nearly as far separated from every other shore. The property of this island had formerly been vested in the crown of Inania, or the great kingdom of Nothing; and as it was barren of every produce that was marketable in the mother country, being entirely covered with solid timber and substantial fruits, it had long been made the receptacle of obnoxious persons, of which description

a very large supply was annually exported from the shores of Inania. But though the productions of this country were considered as of no value by this whimsical nation, yet a means had been found of turning it to very admirable account. A society of politicians had lately sprung up within the walls of the university, which, as it had innovated upon the long established modes of treating the great questions of civil polity, having so far inverted the order of inquiry as to postpone hypothesis to experiment, had with great difficulty obtained their charter of incorporation. By making, however, such proposals as his Inane Majesty could not resist; having, as my oracle informed me, paid into the royal treasury a prodigious sum in horse-chestnuts, which was the specie of that country; they were admitted purchasers of this island, which they had destined to the purpose I shall now explain to my readers.

The object of this society carried with it very lofty pretensions, being nothing less than an undertaking to promote and improve political knowledge, by a course of philosophical experiments; and as the compass which experiments of such magnitude demanded must needs be extensive, they had, by the aid of a general subscription, enabled themselves to purchase this remote territory, with a view to try therein each new theory of government, that was thought worthy of experiment by this highly patriotic fraternity. It was the rule of the society to prepare, digest, and render mature for trial, once in every two years, a new scheme of a commonwealth; and at every expiration of that term, to despatch to the devoted island, with all due observance of ceremony, a draught or instrument, containing the new constitutional system, with the seal of the corporation subjoined, which was immediately to be established by

proclamation, and to displace every vestige of former institutions. The proceedings of this extraordinary body produced two very different effects: to the mother country, it was a source of everlasting expectation, and kept up a very lively suspense in the public mind; to the unhappy theatre of these political dramas, it occasioned a perpetuity of bloodshed and horror, insomuch that there was need of very large and frequent draughts of population from the ports of Inania. As the inhabitants of this miserable place were merely considered as the subjects of experiment, and that for an object so vast as the interest of human nature at large, their pains and sufferings weighed nothing in so unequal a scale; and it was thought the mark of a very diminutive mind, to lament the catastrophes consequent upon these trials, or to cherish any moral or humane scruples respecting them. So fast did these plans of government follow each other, and so sudden and radical a change was necessary, at every introduction of a fresh system, to give it immediate effect, that it was impossible for the habits of the people to keep pace with these transitions, or for the best-disposed member of this versatile community to be cognisant of the laws under which he was to live. The first month, therefore, after the new establishments had been imported, or, in other words, the commission of the new constitution had been opened, was sure to bring many hundreds to public execution, who in the perplexity of jarring codes, mistook the rule of their political conduct, and were hanged as traitors to-day for the patriotism of yesterday. A leap-year was always particularly sanguinary, as it had never been settled whether the intercalary day belonged to the old or the new establishments, till the commissioners or deputies had time to determine the point, which

was generally about a month after that day. And as this resolution of the deputies operated by relation to the time in which it respected, for an anxious period after every leap-year, no one knew whether he was a traitor or not ; and every individual in the island was potentially guilty of a capital crime, till the moment in which this fact, as to the day, was decided. As might be supposed, under such circumstances, civil wars and domestic factions were no very uncommon events in this country ; and the truth was, that an immense force was necessary to give effect to each fresh constitution that was to be tried upon this devoted community.

The manuscript which my conductor had put into my hands, was a counterpart of another draught which had been lately sent over to this island, and which contained one of these probatory schemes of a commonwealth, that had raised peculiar hopes of success among the people of Inania. It was thought to be so happily conceived as to be hardly of human composition ; and having for its end, universal peace, love, and harmony, it was judged worthy of an extraordinary military equipment, to procure its more effectual introduction. It being the invention of a celebrated female personage of the city of Tintinabia, who had, as I was told, distinguished herself by many specimens of genius, according to the taste of that city, I was induced to bestow upon it something more than a cursory attention. The general reasoning on which the positive laws contained in this subtle system of legislation was grounded, was, as far as I can recollect, to this purpose.

“ Man is a simple, not a compounded being :—he has no elemental evil or good in his composition ; but such as are called his good and evil propensities are indifferent in themselves, and take their colour

and quality from the relation they bear to the things without us. In reality and in truth, we are all righteous in our original natures ; and as we are born, so should we continue innocent, were it not that these original qualities of our nature, by coming in contact with contagious and contaminating mischiefs, disseminated through life, and banefully implicated in every system of polity and jurisprudence, contract an adventitious character and tendency that designates them as evil propensities. It is thus that colours, by being blended one with the other, lose their original denomination ; but as blue would never of itself become green, without the admixture of yellow, so neither would the original qualities of the mind contract any stain or discolouration, unless driven into union with the impure objects of life, and the hurtful ingredients with which all human institutions have hitherto been dashed. The only method by which this deformation of the human character and disposition can be prevented, is to preserve it from all contagion, and so to dispose all the circumstances of life, by the force of our artificial institutions, as to render them incompatible with vicious habits and pursuits ; on the same principle of reasoning that frames are constructed to straighten crooked limbs, and backboards are used where children are inclined to be round-shouldered."

Solon being asked if he had given to the Athenians the best laws, answered, that he had given to them the best they could bear—a sentiment very much applauded by Montesquieu : but which did not so strike our fair lawgiver. She was for contriving such legislative arrangements as were to make no allowances for human imperfection ; and, despising those loose and uncompact systems

which are adapted to a being of infirmity and passion, was for contriving a pure scheme of polity, in which human corruption was not to be supposed, and to the shape and proportions of which man's nature and propensities were to be forcibly adjusted. There was a vast deal of reasoning to this effect, in a very elaborate introduction to the provisions which followed; but as I had already spent a great deal of my time in this examination, I could only afford a very few minutes to a further consideration of the work, and have therefore but a superficial recollection of the substance of those rules and canons of polity which were erected on this novel foundation. I can remember, however, that all the ten commandments were proposed to be re-enacted by legislative authority, and enforced by very heavy penalties. It was to be felony, without benefit of clergy, not to love one's neighbour more than one's self; and if a man were to be smitten on one side of his face, and refused to offer the other, such refusal might be punished by an action at law, in which treble damages were recoverable. There was not to be a landmark throughout the whole country, and property was to be distributed in proportions of exact equality; and even this property was to be merely nominal; for as every man was to have a right to his neighbour's cow or horse, he could have no exclusive right to his own. If a married pair were without children, they were to be compelled to take a share in the education of their neighbour's offspring; and it was a high misdemeanour not to love them as their own. If a man or woman laboured under any bodily deformity, they were respectively entitled to the hand of the handsomest person of the opposite sex, among their acquaintance, to compensate for this disparity of natural en-

dowment. No person was to be guilty of the smallest intemperance ; and, to prevent excesses, every one was constrained, under very rigorous pains, to eat before he was hungry, and drink before he was dry, so to destroy even temptation in the bud. Every man was to under-rate his own qualifications, and to dissemble his own superiority ; and it was not only criminal to aspire after fame, honour, or riches ; but not to court degradation, when it could be attained without the sacrifice of virtue, was to be fineable in the courts of justice.

But if there was any part of this benign system, which was at all liable to the charge of enthusiasm, and wanted a little more accommodation to human imbecility, it might be said to be that which proposed to incorporate among its legislative and positive institutions, all those rules of good breeding and urbanity, which have sprung up with the refinement of manners. This, however, was boldly attempted ; and to utter a complaint, if a man weighing eighteen stone perchance should tread upon my gouty toe, or to impute a dishonest design to one who should mistake my horse, my house, or my wife, for his own, was a wrong that had its legal remedy in this elegant digest of jurisprudence.

What seemed a little difficult to reconcile with this statutable courtesy of manners, was the perfect equality of condition and property that was to be established among all the members of the community, since complaisance seems more naturally the fruit of a distinction of orders and degrees ; but it was the boast of this plan to force into fellowship discordant principles, and by compounding the extracts of all the different excellences of our nature, purged of every corrupt admixture, to exhibit man in his ultimate state of physical and moral perfec-

tion. To reduce and equalize the disparities of intellect and endowment, by which, if Nature were left to her own contrivances, she would inevitably work the overthrow of this equality—the fundamental law of the state—a plan of public education was to be adopted in exclusion of all particular seminaries, in which, by a certain economy in the distribution of instruction, all intellectual disproportions were to be levelled to an uniform standard of proficiency. This my conductor, whose judgement went in general very much along with that of the ingenious delineator of this plan, confessed it was the boldest feature of it, and incomparably the greatest mark of the characteristic intrepidity of the whole conception. Some common rule of mensuration to adjust the altitudes of different geniuses, was acknowledged to be necessary ; but this was left to the researches of future experimenters ; with a hint, however, that perhaps in cases of very obstinate deviations, and where the partial luxuriancy of nature produced very incorrigible irregularities, it might be worth consideration, whether this intellectual rankness of growth might not be corrected by extinguishing or suspending the operation of some or one of the senses, or by some such method of reducing the nourishment of the soul. Thus the moral and intellectual order of the world would move on with a solemn uniformity of progression ; and envy, ambition, detraction, pride, contumely, hatred, and every principle of uncharitableness, would be starved out of the social system, and exist only in the page of the historian.

So much of my time had been given up to the perusal of this curious performance, that I was forced to yield to the importunity of my guide, to proceed in our perambulation, without any further gratifica-

tion of my curiosity in this vast collection of literary labour ; as we walked on, however, I learned from my good-humoured instructor, that by the despatches they had received from the unfortunate scene of these political experiments, the philanthropic and pacific system of government, the plan of which I had just been examining, had been characterized, in its first introduction, by an extraordinary effusion of blood ; and a reinforcement of military strength was about to be sent, as the whole garrison had been slaughtered by the malcontents ; and that the faction of those who persisted in loving themselves better than their neighbours, had been so numerous and united as to bear down all opposition.

As we walked across the quadrangle, we heard a great hubbub to the left of us, which, my guide told me, proceeded from a knot of grammarians, who were in high dispute whether Aristotle's word for the soul should be written ἐνδελέχεια with a Delta, or ἐντελέχεια with a Tau ; and whether the Greek word for the sea should be called θάλαττα, or θάλασσα. We had scarcely taken leave of these disputatious gentlemen, when we found ourselves suddenly in the midst of some quarrelsome persons in grave dresses, who were arguing with such excessive violence, that I was every moment afraid of some tragical consequences. Upon listening with some attention, I discovered that we had fallen among an assemblage of divines, who were reviving the old question about the word *nisi*, which formerly so distracted the Council of Basil.

As soon as I had satisfied my curiosity, I was glad to make good my retreat ; and passing into another school, I found an assembly of young academicians who were exercising themselves in punning, or the paranomasia. We stayed to hear a few subjects

proposed by an elderly person in a great chair, whose chin was built up three or four stories high, and whose sides and corporation were swelled out, like the equatorial parts of the globe, by the continual exercise of laughter. My guide pointed out to me a promising young student, who had punned upon every word in the Old and New Testament, and had already advanced a great way in the Statutes at Large; and while I was in the room, a youth with a vacant face advanced to receive a very showy gingerbread medal for the best joke upon pumpkin.

We passed through a great number of conundrum parties, and whole rows of rebus-makers, till we came to a detached part of the building, which, I was informed, was wholly destined to the students in philosophy. Here the area of the quadrangle was so full and so noisy, that I could have imagined myself at the Stock Exchange in London, if it had not been for the prodigious number of instruments and apparatuses with which the court was filled. I walked up leisurely to a cluster of people who seemed to be very busy in a corner of the square, with a variety of kettles and pans about them; but was very glad to get out of their reach, as soon as I heard that they were employed in making thunder and lightning. I was much more at my ease when I found myself in the midst of a set of projectors, who had just satisfied their minds as to the philosopher's stone, and the quadrature of the circle.

Many were the different objects which seemed to stimulate the labours of this learned body. I could observe a few Platonic spirits, who appeared to be lost in thought, and, according to my conductor, were contemplating the *αὐτόματον ἄγαλμα*; others were calculating the decay of moral evidence by

arithmetical proportions. Some were stripping themselves to dig to the centre of the earth; not a few were crying about their summum bonum, mithridates, and panaceas; while some very Bœotian faces were looking through telescopes at the sun, and declaring they saw churches, sign-posts, and hackney-coaches.

A great number of animal magnetists were among this crowd of philosophers; and some of them engaged to round my little hatchet-face to a reasonable plumpness, by treating me only for a few days. I could not help asking my conductor, what could be the intention of a crowd of persons who were standing in the great square in travelling dresses, and with all the eagerness of expectation in their countenances? "These," replied he, "are a set of enterprising philosophers, who are bent on errands of great importance. They have all their different destinations, and are on the point of setting out in search of those seas, islands, and cities, of whose existence the documents and testimonies we have hitherto had, seem to stand a little in need of confirmation. Those noblemen, with long trains of clerks and secretaries behind them, are going on embassies from his Inane Majesty to Plato's republic, Utopia, Lilliput, and Laputa. The two gentlemen who are so thinly clothed, are prepared to penetrate into the sultry regions of Africa, in quest of the Troglodytæ and Prester John's kingdom; and the person whom you see equipped with a cork jacket, sets sail in an hour's time in search of Lucian's ocean of cream, with the islands of cheese in the middle of it."

Here my guide finished speaking; and taking me by the arm, led me through this crowd of philosophical adventurers, to another range of building, in which was the museum, or cabinet of curiosities.

Though there seemed to be a great number of rare articles in this repository, yet I had too confused a recollection, when I awoke, of what I had seen, to be able to trace out the particulars on paper. Some impressions, however, were left in my memory, of the wooden dove of Archytus, the brazen bull of Albertus Magnus, the Maid of Orleans' shift, Scriblerus's shield, some skin of the true Pergamenian parchment, a sprig of the laurel into which Daphne was metamorphosed, and a shoe made of the hide of the archer who was flayed alive for shooting King Richard the First.

Having now no further curiosity to satisfy in Abra-Cadabra-square, we pursued our walk towards Addle-gate, where we expected our balloon to wait for us. I should not, however, forget to mention, that at the end of Blowbadder-street was the hospital for hypochondriacs, or *malades imaginaires*. In walking hastily through the wards, I could observe many stout-looking gentlemen wrapped up as if they laboured under a complication of disorders. Upon asking one of them, whose legs I observed to be encircled with hay-bands, what was the nature of his complaint, he assured me, with a countenance of the floridest melancholy I ever beheld, that a general vitrification had begun to take place in his person; that his legs were already converted into glass bottles; and that, if it were not for these hay-bands, he should be continually in danger of breaking his own shins, and wounding those of his neighbours.

After leaving this humane institution, we soon found ourselves at the city gate, near to which is the Royal Exchange, where, as we passed, we heard a vast deal about tontines, securities, assignats, &c.; but having no great curiosity about these matters, we mounted into our balloon-carriage, and set out on

our expedition. A brisk gale carried us with great rapidity over an immense track of country, the population of which filled me with astonishment. As we passed over a very flourishing province, called the Region of Expectation, my guide, seeing my curiosity awakened, threw down a sort of anchor which caught in a hollow tree, and arrested our progress.

I never shall forget the ecstasy of surprise I was thrown into, on perceiving a prodigious number of castles built in the air, all constructed of the finest marble, and displaying a magnificence far exceeding the description my childhood had been amused with in Eastern story-books. As most of these edifices were extremely high, we were afraid of striking against some of their turrets, and therefore judged it prudent to depart before the wind increased. We came next to the Land of Promise; where, stopping a few minutes at a little town, I heard a candidate for the representation of the county promising a grocer in return for his vote, that his son should be made *Lord High Almoner*; while another was pledging himself to make the son of a credulous baker, *Master of the Rolls*.

In sailing over the Land of Dreams, we had the curiosity to pay it a short visit, and found it so exactly answerable to the description of it which Lucian gives us in his true history, that I may spare myself the trouble of offering any particular account of it in this place. The next object that excited my attention, was the Island of Gapers and Yawners, where I observed almost every body stretching out his arms, as if just awakened from a heavy sleep, and every mouth extended like so many oysters waiting for the tide. As I already began to be infected with a drowsiness, I begged my guide to

hasten out of this atmosphere, lest I should close my eyes upon the wonders of this great empire, which yet remained for me to contemplate.

Our route lay next by the land of Jokes, to the Paradise of Fools. In passing over the first mentioned province, the undulation of the air caused by the unceasing laughter of the people of this country, rocked our balloon like a ship in a troubled ocean. The Paradise of Fools was peaceable enough; and their supreme pleasure seemed to consist in lolling out their tongues, and singing lullabies as they leaned against each other. Some of them found entertainment in spitting into a running stream; others whistled away their lives; and not a few were blowing bubbles into the air, and running after them open-mouthed. It was here that I thought I recollected some faces of old standing at college.

I was soon disgusted with this scene, and begged to proceed in our journey; but was not much better pleased, when in a few minutes we found ourselves in the Land of Fops. Till we descended to within about fifty yards of the ground, I guessed them to be a race of Albinoes, by the mighty protuberance about their necks; but I perceived that this phenomenon was nothing more than a kind of bolster which it was the fashion to carry about with them. The whole atmosphere was sophisticated with a thousand perfumes; and yet now and then a cross current of air conveyed to my sense such a putrid steam of human maladies, that I could not help fancying myself in the neighbourhood of a hospital or lazar-house. Most of these fops seemed to be of the travelled monkey kind, and resembled such as, in the language of Mr. Pope, had

.....saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every vice on Christian ground;

Seen every court, heard every king declare
His royal sense of operas, or the fair ;
The stews and palace equally explor'd ;
Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd :
Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd ;
Judicious drank, and greatly daring din'd ;
Dropp'd the dull lumber of the Latin store,
Spoil'd their own language, and acquired no more ;
All classic learning, lost on classic ground,
At last turn'd air, the echo of a sound !

We now proceeded in our journey towards the celebrated city of Shim-Sham ; near to which stood the palace of the great King ; and nothing particular occurred between these two places, but that we passed over a country called the Land of Secrets, where dwell a people with long lopping ears and little gimlet eyes. We had not time to make any inquiry into the customs and character of the natives ; but my guide promised, in compensation for this loss, to procure for me one of their ears for dissection, which I thought might be of great advantage to me, as it was my design to complete that moral anatomy of the human frame, of which the Spectator has given such excellent specimens in his account of the structure of a beau's head, and a coquette's heart.

While I was turning over these projects in my mind, we arrived at the city of Shim-Sham, wherein was kept the King's treasure, as well as the wardrobes of all the royal family. In this place every thing was mockery and imitation, and the shops were filled up with such articles as are vended by the pedlar Jews in our country. Every thing was hollow and unsubstantial, and the jewels of the King's crown were of a correspondent value. Here I observed a very consequential gentleman walking along as upright as a dart, with his hands spread out

as if he had just washed them, and was waiting for a towel: he had three large leathern curls on each side, and a pair of very superb paper ruffles. After walking a few paces, I saw him step into a fine painted balloon-carriage, which my guide informed me was to conduct him to court. I could not hear this without signifying a very strong desire to follow him thither; which my guide no sooner understood, than he directed our aërial carriage towards the palace of his Inane Majesty.

We were soon conveyed to a structure of a very stately appearance, but which I afterwards understood could never be made to last above a year: here we alighted before a flight of steps, which conducted us to a saloon of prodigious extent, where all the courtiers were assembled. The strut and stare of this place did very much embarrass me at first, and methought I wished myself in my great chair with my figured roquelaure. There was instantly such a press of courtiers about me, that my little frame could with difficulty support it; and I had some serious apprehensions of being smothered with the thronging assiduities of this polished crowd. Every one seemed to have known, or seen, or heard of me, so much that I began to feel humbled in the thought that my name was so much respected in the most nugatory portion of this realm of Nothing.

I was relieved, however, from this inquietude, by hearing the same sort of bastard compliments bandied about from one to the other among these hollow professors; Cæsar and Alexander were laid at the feet of those whose courage was to be commended; and, in the hey-day of their inverted comparisons, decayed dowagers and waning spinsters waxed young again by the defamation of the rose, the lily, and the coral. I was not much surprised to find that

the edict of revocation, which was mentioned in my first paper on this subject, had hurried back vast numbers of our court gentry, and I seemed to have some recollection of almost every third face I met. His Inane Majesty was at the further end of the room, in a very singular dress. He had a hat of cork on his head, with a plumage of goose's feathers, which together presented an appearance not unlike a huge shuttlecock. His mantle was of whity-brown paper, ornamented with rows of beads; and his hair was tied up in a great blue bladder. As for his person, it was swelled out to an unaccountable size; and a very fat unthinking face seemed to procure him the respect of all present. A kind of muddy liquor floated in his eyes, which his brows overhung like weeping willows. He carried the largest jewel that belonged to him at the end of his nose; and the courtiers best versed in flattery, were sure to begin with admiring its lustre and magnitude. His Majesty had an only son, who trod exactly in his steps, and promised to uphold the dignity of the sceptre: he had profited much under the most accomplished master in astrology, magic, magnetism, augury, necromancy, leger-de-main, conundrum-making, and punning; being the studies in the highest estimation in this kingdom, and deemed absolutely essential to the accomplishments of a young prince.

A mixture of gay and melancholy sentiments took place in my mind on contemplating this scene: on the one hand, the thought of seeing, at my return into my own dear country, the effects of this wide edict of revocation, in depriving our court of all those gaudy nothings that used to flutter about it like butterflies round a Mayflower, shaded with a sort of pensiveness the pleasure which I felt, on

the other hand, in reflecting that now there would be room for conscious worth and high promise to press forward and recommend themselves to the notice of our own monarch.

Just as my kind conductor was taken me by the hand to present me to his Inane Majesty, the whole scene vanished from before me, and I seemed to be carried up in a sort of sailing cloud to a considerable height in the air. The dread of falling so troubled my fancy, that the agitation awoke me; but for full ten minutes I imagined myself in my conductor's balloon, instead of the great chair by the fire-side. I had nearly forgotten to inform my reader, that, the instant before this visionary fabric dissolved, I could not help thinking that in the face of my inane friend who had shown me so much civility, there lurked a strong likeness of my old school-fellow the Projector: the lines of this resemblance were, however, very much obscured by the vast margin which the frothy and puffing elements of this country are sure to produce in every face.

No. 21. SATURDAY, MAY 19.

*Ut flos in septis, secretus nascitur hortis,
 Ignotus pecori, nullo convulsus aratro,
 Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber,
 Multi illum pueri, multæ optavére puellæ ;
 Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
 Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavére puellæ.*

CATULLUS.

Sweet is that flower which in retirement grows,
 Untouch'd, inglorious, in the garden's close,
 Fann'd by soft airs, and bath'd by min'string rain ;
 While cattle homage pay, and ploughshares rude refrain.
 Its charms—its opening charms, and taper height,
 The virgins and the love-sick boys invite !
 Yet ravish from the stem the blushing prize,
 How soon, alas ! the sapless beauty dies !
 No more its opening charms and taper height,
 The virgins and the love-sick boys invite.

THE other day, as I was pursuing an agreeable train of thought, in a view to the entertainment of the public, a letter from one of my town correspondents gave me so rude a check, that I was obliged to take three turns in the filbert-walk, to recover my composure.

The letter brought me advice of a very sore evil, in the commerce of society, which increases with a growth so rank and rapid, that all the spirit I can assume, and all the influence I can exert, must be condensed, in a manner, towards this one point for the present. The rage for gaming is the danger about which this alarum has been rung by my correspondent: and, if the facts and instances which

he has collected for me be as well grounded as other instructions which have come to me from the same quarter, I tremble for all that is sacred or decent, or honourable in life; and my heart misgives me, at the rumour of a pestilence that must soon produce a general rottenness in the higher ranks of society, and poison all the springs of virtue and humanity. There is no vice or passion, among all the badges of human misery, that is of a nature so spreading and malignant as the practice of gaming; nor will it be difficult to discover the ground of this mischievous pre-eminence, if we attend to the course of its operation and progress in the mind.

There is something in the very aspect and colour of other vices which shocks the moral sense, and is at open hostility with whatever good principles or habits have been nourished in us by education or example; but we easily persuade ourselves to look upon gaming as a practice in which we trust to the fair issue of chance; and, by shutting our eyes against its consequences, we not only veil over its reproach, but lend to it a degree of plausibility, which renders its temptation irresistible. By this deceitful accommodation, and despicable casuistry, the odium of this vice is melted away, and nothing but the first blush of innocence is opposed to it, and a certain decorum of sentiment, which is the natural growth of every well-constituted mind.

The effects, therefore, of this vice, are always first perceived on the side of feeling and delicacy; and oftentimes, while the principle of virtue is left standing itself, all its decorations and attractions will be mouldering away, under the influence of this sour ungenial habit. But although the infantine advances of this pestilent practice degrade the mind with no stain of reproach or criminality, yet ruin that is

slow, is not the less certain; and when the first repugnance of habit is removed, the progress to corruption is easy and direct. Other vices attack us more openly, and alarm at once all the vigour and caution of our minds; sometimes take us by assault; sometimes are repulsed in the onset; but the practice of gaming undermines and reduces us by slow and subtle degrees; and, while our conscience reposes in a flattering security, robs it of that timidity of feeling, and sensibility of honour, which constitute its principal safety.

Thus the progress of gaming is so much the more successfully fatal, as it enters into our habits with little opposition from our principles, takes full possession of our souls by imperceptible degrees, and delays its attack upon the sacred citadel of virtue, till it has effected a desertion of all those delicacies of sentiment, which form a noble defence about it. It is on the same account that the most disgusting influence of this sordid practice is remarked in female minds, which lose their fairest distinctions and privileges, when they lose the blushing honours of modesty, delicacy, and peace. It is here that the habit shows itself in its pride of deformity, and appears in the most afflicting shapes of wretchedness and ruin. A female mind deprived of its sensibilities, is one of the most desolate scenes in the world; and a man bereft of his reason is hardly a more abject and sorrowful spectacle. These ruinous consequences of gaming, my correspondent assures me, have already begun to display themselves in the character and deportment of the gentler sex: already the sweetest qualities of womanhood are perishing under its blast; and, having nearly completed its havock on the blossoms

and the foliage, it must soon reach to the very root and principle of society itself.

To behold a fine eye, that was made to swell with the tender feelings of conscious love, to exalt, to correct, to animate, to transport its object, lend all its ardours and its ecstasies to the icy appetite of avarice; and to contemplate a hand and arm, that Nature had cast in her happiest mould, like the tendril of the vine, to act as the graceful bond of union and affection, busied in the beggarly office of conducting a Faro bank; is a sad perversion of Nature's decrees, and an outrage upon all that is decorous or lovely in the female character. But it were ridiculous to complain only of the solecisms of behaviour, and deformities of appearance, produced in the female world by this unblushing vice, as if these were its worst effects. It has a destroying appetite, that swallows up all the regards and charities of the mind, and leaves in it no principle of activity, but covetousness and desperation. To the female gamester, virtue, and probity, and faith, as never coming into use, are of little value, and no where so cheaply purchased as in these unprincipled resorts; so that, as I am told, every practised seducer, who can be gratified with less than the costly sacrifice of innocence, seeks his objects at the gaming table, where he finds a very few attractions will carry him a great way in a course of easy victories.

In the whole compass of language no terms are so misapplied, as those which are expressive of happiness; and happiness itself is a word which all of us are prompt in explaining, but which none of us in fact understand. Thus, what is denominated the gay world, consists in reality of the gravest and dullest part of mankind; and he who loves to see

the human face overspread with genuine joy, will certainly not find his account in the regions of high life, and the crowded haunts of fashion. Where every hope of a woman's heart is rivetted on her neighbour's purse, and every feeling is engaged for her own; where the rapture of one is the ruin of another; where gain is without credit, and loss without consolation; there can be little room or occasion for the relaxations of harmless mirth, and the sportiveness of innocent pleasure. That vacancy of mind, that excursiveness of fancy, and that rambling of thought, in which true mirth and jollity delight, is not surely to be found in those courts of avarice, where all our sensibilities are absorbed by the appetite of gain, and a grovelling solicitude about the issue of a card or a number.

About fourteen years ago, Sophia was the envy of her own sex, and the idol of ours. She was then in the prime of her age, and beautiful was that prime: but her beauty was her least praise; for her heart had all the luxury of feeling, and her understanding all the graces of improvement. A winning unconsciousness of her own charms, an innocent playfulness of manner, and a kind-hearted attention to her inferiors, distinguished her among her companions, and made her the delight and ornament of every circle. But her ill-fortune would not suffer her to remain long in this sovereignty of innocence at her father's house in —shire; at the age of twenty-one she was married to the member for the county; and, in the winter of 1777, began her career in town with such company as her equipage and condition entitled her to keep. A long time she held out against all the obligations of fashion and allurements of example: she had an in-

bred abhorrence of gambling; and, while she patiently sustained the imputation of meanness for refusing to contribute to the Faro bank, her unavowed charities were daily pouring balm into Misfortune's wounds; and some of those who upbraided her parsimony, had felt, in secret aids, the force of her generosity, when distresses, which they had well deserved, were on the point of overwhelming them.

But virtue that stands alone, and discountenanced, is unequally opposed to the constant influence of importunity and example: and Sophia wanted those aids of counsel and encouragement which a tender and rational husband might well have afforded her. I marked the first inroads that were made on the delicacy of her sentiments, and the untouched bloom of her mind. I saw the gaiety of her spirits cankered and corroded; and I saw all her sensibilities gradually decaying, like the sapless germs of a withering rose-tree.

It was among a notorious set of female gamblers, at a house kept by a baron's lady, that her transformation was completed; where a conspiracy was formed to win from her some valuable jewels, which her father had presented her with on the day of her marriage; and where her husband was wretch enough to share in the plunder. This had the effect of rendering her desperate. From that time she has continued to sink deeper and deeper into all the infamy of a hardened gamester; and her virtue and her probity are gone, together with her family jewels. Her face too, which once was illuminated with unchequered delight, and replete with innocent graces, is now contracted to a cross expression of discontent and malice; and her beauty, instead of being left to the gradual wear of time,

that seldom obliterates every trace, is prematurely and radically ruined by the unsparing influence of sordid passions and corroding anxieties. The heroine of this short tale is at this moment well known in what are called the gay circles of life, though the portrait I have drawn will be recognized only by a few; by those, alas! who have gazed, as I have gazed, on the gilded morning of her life, and have seen, as I have seen, that morning shrouded in a sudden gloom, pregnant with blight and with mildew.

My correspondent has forwarded this letter to me, which he received a few days ago from a contemplative friend, who desired that it might be communicated to the old gentleman employed in schooling the town, under the title of the LOOKER-ON.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ The other day I paid a visit to a medical person who lives at a short distance from town, and who has under his care a small number of lunatic patients. As I am curious to see my species under every variety of aspect, I readily accepted the offer he made me, of introducing me to some of his unhappy lodgers. He accordingly carried me into all their apartments, and surprised me with such sights of human woe, as sunk all the pride of my nature, and humbled the man within me. I shall dwell only on one spectacle, which interested me and afflicted me above the rest, and forced me upon reflecting how much we are the creatures of habit, and how soon, by a degenerate course of action, we may depart from ourselves, and entomb every trace and vestige of original worth.

“ In a little room, at the top of the house, on the foot of a mattress, sat a woman whose age seemed to be about forty: she had a long night-gown that

was tied about her neck, and reached to her feet ; and her hair, which was mostly gray, was combed back into a sort of cap, or caul, which served to keep it together. Her eyes were deep sunk in their sockets, and her cheeks were miserably fallen in. Her neck was bent forwards, and bowed with wretchedness ; and her looks expressed that frantic gloom, that keen sort of melancholy, and that eating care, which consume with perpetual anguish, and allow no comforting thought, not even in the prospect of death.

“ As we entered the room, we awakened not the smallest curiosity in her mind. Her chin fell on the palm of her hand, while her elbow rested on her knee ; and, pointing to a spot in the floor, she drew forth a sigh so hollow, and so sad, that my whole frame underwent an agitation almost too much to support. In a moment she sprang violently from her bed, and, rushing to the spot at which she had pointed with her finger, fell prone with her face upon it, crying, “ Ah! my little, little babes, will you knit for ever those innocent brows on your poor wicked mother?” Then looking at us with a countenance full of the most intense feelings, she cried, “ Hush, hush, I conjure you ! My little ones, my murdered little ones, will speak to me, if you will but keep silence!” She continued after this prostrate on the floor, and talking indistinctly. In this situation we left her.

“ I could not rest till the keeper consented to give me, in a few words, the history of this afflicted person, which he did to this effect :—‘ This poor woman,’ said he, ‘ was once the ornament of her family, and the delight of all who knew her. I remember her, about twenty years ago, with a little cherub-like face, sparkling with pleasure and with

innocence. She married the youngest son of a Baronet, who had taken orders, and held a living in the neighbourhood of her father's residence. He was a youth of rare talents and exemplary worth; and they lived together in domestic happiness, and unassuming plenty, a few short years, till ill health, and a fair opportunity, induced the husband to try the benefit of sea air, in a voyage to the Mediterranean, when she was persuaded to accept an invitation to spend the winter in town, at the house of a female relation. This lady had neither honour nor conscience remaining, and had long, unknown to her country connections, kept a kind of decoy in — square, where, under the notion of routs, the young and the simple were allured, to the ruin of their fortunes and their principles.

“ ‘In this vortex of villainy, where vice appeared to her in a kind of masquerade, and tempted her with the show of elegance, and the authority of fashion, was this poor creature abused, seduced, and vitiated. After an absence of three quarters of a year, her husband returned, and fled to her with that ardour and anxiety with which a husband approaches a wife whom he tenderly loves, and who, for reasons unknown, has ceased to correspond with him for many months. He fled to her, to chide her for her neglect, and to seal their reconciliation with kisses so long untasted,—when, instead of that elegant, affectionate, and artless character, which had drawn from him so many tears at parting, he found her transformed into the cold and fantastic creature of fashion, and stripped of all the virtues and the graces that belonged to her native simplicity.

“ ‘ Being unacquainted, however, with the whole

of her unworthiness, and the full extent of her profligacy, he lived with her for two years, on an income much abridged by her losses at play, and a mind penetrated with sorrow and despondency at the hourly proofs of her degeneracy. His spirits were so affected, and his fortune so sunk, that both his health and pocket united to persuade him to accept the place of chaplain to a man-of-war, which was just on the point of sailing to convoy a fleet of merchantmen. Here his tender constitution and his aching heart so ill agreed with the rough situation to which he had consigned himself, that he fell into a lingering illness, and returned in a few months, to die of what is usually called a broken heart. His wife, who had long ago laid down all the noble feelings of nature at the gaming-table, and had to reckon her virtue and her faith among the losses she had there incurred, beheld without remorse his pining condition, and saw his head bent down upon his bosom with little self-accusation or sorrow.

“ ‘ One night a sudden indisposition brought her home, earlier than usual, from the lady’s house where her ruin had begun. She came, as if led by the hand of Providence, to receive her husband’s last sigh, and to behold the completion of her work. It seemed as if her spirits had been borne up till this moment, only to experience a more sudden fall, and to feel the piercing remorse that followed with greater bitterness and anguish. A sudden recollection seized her, attended with such horror and such agony of grief, that her faculties were overborne, and her reason, her health, and her beauty, were the sudden forfeits of her crimes. It was not long before she gave the severest proof of

her insanity which it was in her power to afford, by mixing up deliberately a quantity of poison, of which she took a part herself, and found means to administer the rest to her two little children and her maid-servant: the mixture, however, was so inefficacious, that it produced only a temporary illness in those on whom it was tried.

“ ‘ It was immediately judged necessary to put her under strict confinement, and she has now been five years a lodger in my house. She will wear no dress but the one she has now on, and chooses that little remote chamber in preference to any other. But the circumstance most to be admired is, that nothing can persuade her that her children are alive; she persists in declaring, that their spirits are constantly in the room, and continues to converse with them the whole day, as if they were actually present. If, at those moments when she seems to be a little more composed, we venture to place her children before her, she immediately falls into a fit of raving, and cries out that they are multiplied into four, and are come with scorpions to torment her.’

“ Here my friend finished his sad account, and I took my leave, impressed with more horror than any spectacle has ever yet created in my mind. If Mr. Simon Olive-Branch can make any use of this story, which I send in this naked and simple form, he is at liberty to employ it, as he has done others, in the cause of virtue and humanity.

“ Yours, &c.”

No. 22. TUESDAY, MAY 22.

*Nec tu sperne piis venientia somnia portis ;
Cum pia venerunt somnia, pondus habent.* PROPERTIUS.

When serious dreams the door of fancy gain,
Think not these serious dreams were sent in vain.

TO THE REV. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

“ SIR,

“ ALL those who have marched before you with the greatest dignity in the speculative office of reforming the town, have been so remarkable for the faculty of dreaming, that it is now indispensably requisite for a periodical writer to devote his slumbers, as well as his waking meditations, to the entertainment of his readers. Nor is it without reason that this faculty is held in so great esteem : for, if dreams have any thing of inspiration in them, those whom they most frequently visit must be allowed to be fittest for the task of instruction. Nor can advice ever come more modestly disguised, than when cloaked under the emblematical covering of this mystical morality.

“ It was with real satisfaction, therefore, that I perceived in your second paper such unquestionable marks of your being possessed of this valuable faculty, which I look upon as a genuine voucher of your true descent from the dreamers of former times, and a proof that you are not unworthy to sit in the Spectator’s chair. For I consider the most respectable part of the periodical writers to be all of one literary family; and that, like the Incas of Peru

among their countrymen, they hand down one to the other a kind of appropriate hereditary talents which distinguish them among the community of authors.

“ The Spectator, who was the founder of this family, as well as some of the worthiest of his posterity, not only could dream when they pleased, but could also choose the subject of their dream. Being thus provided with a domestic oracle, the philosopher had no difficulty to fear. When a knotty case occurred, he had nothing more to do than to compose himself to sleep as quickly as he could. The busy embryon thought soon expanded in his brain; and, when he awoke, out sprung the armed goddess.

“ As I take it for granted that you are possessed of this discretionary dreaming power, I hope you will not refuse to sleep a little now and then on my affairs, if I should have occasion for your assistance; and, as it is more than probable that I may sometimes dream a little myself, I shall take a pleasure in submitting my visions to your eye, that you may either communicate them to the public, or use them as rough materials to be wrought up and adorned in your own slumbers.

“ It may be worth observing, that there are two distinct kinds of dreams: the one, of a plain and household nature, such as ordinary persons experience; the other, more refined and spiritualized, and peculiar to periodical writers: the one, foggy and frothy, and bred of indigestion and vapour; the other, pure and ethereal, the essence of fancy, and the spirit of contemplation. The one, in short, is involuntary and constitutional; the other is dependent on the will, and subordinate to the judgment.

“ Voluntary dreams were little known among the ancients; and I think the first person who succeeded in this way, in our own country, was the celebrated John Bunyan, who has carried the art to a great degree of perfection. He chose the field of allegory, as best calculated to exercise his superior talents for invention and imagery; and it is but justice to this famous dreamer to allow, that the perspicuity and simplicity of his language, and the entertaining flow of his narrative, render his allegorical writings fitter perhaps than any others to captivate youthful imaginations. His merit will more appear, when we consider that he was perfectly original; and that Spencer himself, with the Italian poets for a model, and with all the advantages of the most melodious poetry, has but few readers who persevere to the end, and still fewer who follow him with clear ideas and connected impressions. His delineations are perhaps too picturesque: they are admirable when taken individually; but it is so difficult to keep sight of the connection, that they derive no lustre from their union. Honest Bunyan, on the other hand, seeks no refinement, but follows nature even in fiction; and when we have accompanied his Pilgrim to the end of his journey, we can clearly recollect every step of his progress.

“ The dreams of this author are all serious; as Quevedo's, on the contrary, are humorous and satirical. Addison, who touched with the happiest art every chord of polite learning, has occasionally employed a dream to convey his instructions, whether his subject were gay, severe, or solemn. The paper of the Spectator, entitled the Vision of Mirza, has a grandeur and solemnity of imagery, with an elegance and melody of language, that stand unrivalled in English literature. The subject of human

life has likewise been cast into a dream by the author of the Rambler, whose strong and penetrating mind enabled him to excel in every species of writing; but any one who will take the trouble to compare the two papers together, will not hesitate long to give the preference to Addison. His conceptions seem to flow without labour or effort; and even in point of solemnity, which is the style most natural to the author of the Rambler, the Spectator has, in this instance, snatched a glorious victory in the heart of his empire.

“ This species of writing seems best adapted to subjects of a grave kind, because there is something naturally serious in a dream. When a man is thrown into a state in which he is barely conscious of his existence, the workings of his fancy, however absurd, have something awful in their character. Hence in all ages they have been considered as sacred; and though the greater part of the fleeting creations of fancy are instantly forgotten, there are few of us who have not at some time or other been visited with dreams which have made a durable impression.

“ The ancients paid the greatest attention to their dreams, and assigned a very distinguished rank in the state to the persons who were appointed to interpret them. They believed that the will of the gods was often to be collected from these nightly communications; but as they turned out to be more frequently false than true, they believed that but a small part were sent by the gods, and that the *vana insomnia*, the illusive visions, were continually fluttering about the earth in multitudes, ready to insinuate themselves into drowsy brains.

“ Virgil relates, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, that these idle dreams were the fruit of a huge elm-

tree, which grew in the entrance of the infernal regions.

*In medio, ramos annosaque brachia pandit
Ulmus, opaca, ingens ; quam sedem somnia vulgo
Vana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub omnibus hærent.*

ÆN. 282.

Full in the midst of this infernal road
An elm displays her dusky arms abroad :
The god of sleep there hides his heavy head ;
And empty dreams on ev'ry leaf are spread.

“ And it is somewhat remarkable that he describes this tree to be situated amidst the Furies, Centaurs, Gorgons, Harpies, Diseases, Cares, Pain, Famine, Poverty, and all the horrid crew which inhabit that tremendous abode ; alluding, no doubt, to the influence which the passions represented by these allegorical beings are known to possess in producing dreams. The same author afterwards copies Homer in describing the avenues by which dreams pass from the Elysian Fields to the upper world. There are two gates, he says ; the one of ivory, through which false dreams find their way ; the other of horn, which admits only the true. These were the regular channels of communication ; but it sometimes happened, on extraordinary occasions, that a dream was sent down from the throne of Jupiter himself, as in the case of Agamemnon, when he was persuaded by a vision to give battle to the Trojans without the assistance of Achilles.

“ The *manes*, or the ghosts of the dead, were believed to send pleasant dreams, with salutary admonitions respecting futurity, to their former friends on earth, and frightful and ghastly apparitions to those who had offended or injured them. Hence it became a principal part of domestic worship to appease the *manes* :

Ne tibi neglecti mittant mala somnia manes.

Lest the neglected *manes* sad dreams send.

“The ceremony used for this purpose was the offering of a cake sprinkled with salt :

*Somnia fallaci ludunt temeraria nocte,
Et pavidas mentes falsa timere jubent ;
Et vanum ventura hominum genus omnia noctis
Farre pio placant, et saliente sale.*

When falls the blood-stain'd curtain of the night,
Dire dreams rush forth, and timorous souls affright ;
Then, urged by superstitious faith, we bake
Our childish antidotes of salted cake.

“I quote this from Tibullus ; who, in another passage, describes himself as occupied in expelling evil dreams from the slumbers of his sick mistress, by the same means :

*Ipsæ procuravi, ne possent sæva nocere
Somnia, ter sanctâ deveneranda molâ.*

The thrice blest cake have I prepared to keep
From sad tumultuous dreams her sacred sleep.

“I know not whether the practice among the vulgar in many parts of this country, of laying a piece of cake under their pillow on certain occasions, to procure pleasant dreams, have not taken its origin from this old ceremony ; and I have no doubt but that a regular analogy might be traced between the notions and customs of the ancients, and those of the moderns, on this curious subject, since superstition is nearly the same in all ages and countries. Instead of the agency of the *manes*, we have substituted that of good and evil spirits ; and the belief of this supernatural interference will continue till the natural cause of dreams is generally understood. Milton has given countenance to this opinion by the well-

known passage which he puts into the mouth of Adam:

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep, &c.

“ And more strongly still by the description wherein Satan is represented in the act of inspiring evil dreams into the fancy of Eve :

Him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his dev'lish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams ;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure ; there raise
At least distemper'd discontented thoughts,
Vain hope, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits, engend'ring pride.

“ I do not mean to examine whether supernatural communications have at any time been made to men during sleep ; but it is certain that the greater number of dreams proceed from natural causes. It is generally agreed, that a person will seldom fail to dream in the night of whatever has seriously engaged his attention during the day. An uneasy posture in bed, a bad state of body, or any impressions of disease or pain, will likewise infallibly produce uneasy and frightful dreams. The same effect attends a heavy supper, or, in short, any thing which overloads and oppresses the body, or agitates the mind. An instance is mentioned by Mr. Locke, of a person who dreamed that he was ascending Mount *Ætna*, and that he felt his feet scorched with the heat of the soil, which was really occasioned by a bottle of warm water that was applied to his soles.

Every person is furnished with stories and instances in proof of this observation. Those who have known what it is to love, will have no occasion to be reminded of the influence of this powerful passion on their sleeping thoughts. In short, the prevailing passion, or the leading habit of our lives, if it do not create, will at least always give a tinge and colour to our dreams, which is fancifully attributed by Shakspeare to the influence of Queen Mab, who

Gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parson as he lies asleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

“I have only to remark further, that in very sound sleep the mind is not subject to be disturbed by dreams; and accordingly it is in the morning chiefly that these allusions appear, when the slumbers are light. This naturally suggests a remedy, which while it goes to the bottom of this complaint, will circulate at the same time its moral advantages through the whole system of our duties and exertions—I mean that of early rising, which I consider as an object of such importance as to lay claim to a separate discussion in some future paper. The fresh air of the morning is a sort of bath to the spirits, that braces and restores them after the tumultuous tossings of a feverish night.

“I do not mean to say that the remedy I have

mentioned will be of any avail to save the mind of the oppressor from nightly fears, or to wipe away remorse from an evil conscience: these are the proper rewards of crimes. The blessings of a sound and undisturbed imagination are not to be procured but by temperance, activity, and a good life.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your most obedient

“ and most humble servant,

London, 26 March 1792.

“ G. ———.”

My correspondent's sensible letter leaves me room for a few remarks, with which I shall close this paper.—In the course of my speculations upon human life, some thoughts have naturally been bestowed upon that large and miscellaneous part of it which is spent in dreaming. Mankind are divided in their opinions on this subject, as on most others on which two opinions can be held, by too wide an interval. The vulgar and superstitious regard their dreams as oracular; while those who pretend to greater culture and intelligence consider them as wholly unworthy of regard. There is a point that stands equally distant from these two opposite sentiments, by attending to which some useful ideas may arise on the subject.

When we carry our respect for ordinary dreams so far as to suppose them prophetic, very serious impressions may be given, and much inconvenience may result to the waking and substantial parts of our lives. It has often happened, no doubt, that a dream, by presenting to the imagination a lucky number, has induced a poor man to commit himself in the lottery: and I have been told of young ladies, who have stooped to low alliances, in obedience to the suggestions of these empty counsellors. I think

too I have observed, in the nature of these nightly conjurations, a tendency to invert the order of things, as it stands in reality. What we have contemplated with reverential awe during the day, we encounter in our dreams with a careless familiarity, and are frequently drawn into the closest intimacy with what has filled our waking thoughts with dread and abhorrence.

In the drama too of our dreams, the most topsyturvy dispositions are made, and the different parts are sustained by the most improper persons in the world: thus, our best friends will sometimes act in these scenes like the bitterest enemies, and the purest characters will be concerned in the basest actions. To draw therefore from such confused appearances rules for our daily practice, and to suspect virtue and honesty because our mischievous fancy has traduced them in our dreams, would be to lay a foundation for such caprice, misconstruction, and abuse, as totally to disqualify us for the commerce of society.

A confidence in these chimeras has led many persons into mistakes respecting their real qualifications and their proper parts in life. A very peaceful hard-working cobbler of my own parish, by some distortion of his fancy, became suddenly so valiant in his dreams, and so wasted his spirits by night with his military achievements, that he actually needed repose in the day-time, and was obliged to excuse himself to his customers on account of his double profession. His fancy became at last so possessed with images of war, that he considered it as impious to oppose Heaven any longer; and accordingly enlisted for a soldier, leaving a farewell epistle to his family, in which he assured them that he felt himself born to great actions, and exhorted them to

sell his stock in trade, which might help to maintain them till he returned the colonel of his regiment. Before he had well gained acquaintance with his firelock, he was drilled into a new order of dreams, which took now so opposite a turn, that he mended in a month more shoes in his sleep, than he had done for years in the ordinary course of his labour. I have since heard that he has deserted; but have been able to trace him no further.

Though I suspect that a superstitious reliance on the authenticity of dreams, is often the secret source of much perplexity and sorrow to the unenlightened part of the community; yet, on the other hand, I cannot think it wise to treat so remarkable a property of our natures, as perfectly fruitless and inane. It may possibly be of much latent consequence to the animal economy, and is by no means without its moral advantages. Though I should scruple to allow that our dreams are significant of the future, unless the future have already occupied our waking thoughts; yet I respect them as a kind of allegory of our past life, in which the sentiments that have governed us during the day are obliquely and metaphorically alluded to, under various shapes and disguises. I look upon them as bringing to the secret tribunal of our consciences, a testimony in regard to the general complexion of our thoughts, and making favourable or unfavourable reports, according as our sentiments have been pure and upright, or have contracted the stain of latent criminality.

I shall finish with recommending to such as are curious in this part of natural knowledge, this *Oneirocritica*, by treasuring up their own experiences this way, to establish a sort of scale of dreams for the estimation and regulation of their waking thoughts; and shall myself, probably, in some future paper,

prosecute these hints for their advantage, unless a dreaming correspondent shall communicate something to me on the subject that shall supersede my own observations.

No. 23. SATURDAY, MAY 26.

In tumbling over our family manuscripts a day or two ago, my attention was arrested by a long epistle addressed to a king. It seems to have been written by one of the Olive-Branches, who was in holy orders. But, as many of us have been of the clerical profession, and as this performance happens to be without date, I must leave my readers to guess at the crisis of the state, and the period of our history in which it was written, by the complexion of its matter.

TO THE KING.

SIR,

As I consider this as a moment in which every honest endeavour should be made to tranquilize the suspense of the nation, and to fix the public opinion on the safe and sober side, I look upon myself as justified, by the character I maintain of a gentleman, and a clergyman of England, in thus addressing your majesty on a subject so critically interesting to yourself and us all. It is in vain that I hold forth from my pulpit thus twice a-week the solemn truths and injunctions of religion, and endeavour through the week to keep up in my parishioners

the practice of what I have taught, while their minds are discomposed and ruffled by menaces and alarms, and while their attention is drawn towards objects of immediate concern to their repose and preservation.

At a juncture like this, so big with destiny, and so prolific of change, every thinking man is contemplating whatever is most dear and sacred to him in the system in which he moves, with an aching solicitude; and you, Sir, above all, must feel yourself touched with the present instability of thrones, of constitutions, and establishments.

I have ever contemplated your Majesty as the greatest prince in Christendom; not because you have the greatest power, not because you are at the head of the greatest nation, but because you are of all princes the most important to the people over whom you reign. It must assuredly give you great weight in your own eyes, to reflect that you make an essential part of a constitution under which mankind have been happier and greater than in any state of things hitherto experienced. But if there be a crisis in the history of your country, in which this your consequence to your subjects is more particularly felt, I scruple not to say that this is that crisis. When the caprice of innovation, and the indefinite love of change, get abroad among a sanguine people like your English subjects, it is natural and right for good men to turn towards the resources which the constitution has provided for its own security and continuance.

Now that part of it to which wise men have principally ascribed its poise and stability, is the share which your Majesty enjoys; a share which has excluded the fluctuating rage and unbridled ambition of Democracies, while it has admitted and strength-

ened all the virtuous efficacy of the Republican form. It is this steadiness and integrity which the state has derived from the crown, that enables us to boast that the frame of our constitution has undergone no material change since the æra of the Restoration, if we except the triennial law passed under King William, and repealed under George the First. This principle of conservation, so characteristic of your Majesty's crown, naturally holds it up to those who are conspiring against the blessings of our constitution, as the great mark of their destroying system. This they obscurely drive at through the medium of collateral ruin; to this end a thousand arts and deceptions are employed, in a progressive course of operation; and the mildest professions and projects of reform are at this time only the first steps of the scale of destruction, the initiative forms of that towering fabric of mischief which they meditate in their hearts.

The base of every revolution is broad and comprehensive; a multitude of different factions unite to compose it, characterized by one spirit of discontent, but with different views and different motives. The disappointment, however, of their separate endeavours brings them closer together; the society of resentment shapes the cause of the one to the cause of the other; each considers that the wishes of the rest run parallel to a certain length with his own; as their spirits become heated, their thoughts become blended; till at last the views of the violent and the wicked prevail altogether, and a common desperation overspreads the whole. Your Majesty's acquaintance with history must bring to your mind a sufficient number of examples of this gathering and condensing principle in all plots and machinations against government; it must put you

upon your guard against those specious reforming requisitions, which, however reasonable they may be, when abstractedly considered, are always to be distrusted when they make their appearance in unreasonable times, in times of heat and of clamour, like the present. I speak of this spirit of innovation with reference to our happy constitution : in other places it may be justified by other circumstances ; but while we sit under the shade of our own laws, and feel all the cherishing benignity of our own government, it is fair almost to look with distrust and prejudice on all projects of change whatever, and to regard them as necessarily involving much hazard and danger.

In a constitution so complicated, as ours, and composed of so many minute parts which require a sound knowledge of human affairs to understand their subserviency to the whole, it is not for every pretender to tell us what we can spare, or what props are necessary to an edifice which has not been erected at once on mathematical principles, or after any preconcerted plan or model, but has grown and spread with time, occasion, and emergency ; and has been pierced and parcelled into various apartments, more with a view to accommodation than grace, to capacity than proportion, to interior comfort than outward symmetry and order. A constitution so mysteriously wrought, so fashioned to the changing condition of the human mind, so pliable to the wants and demands of our nature, however slow in finishing, has a higher claim to our regard, than if it had been woven at once in the brains of a single set of men, or in the revolution of a single æra, to fit with scrupulous adjustment the philosophy of the times, or a transitory crisis of popular opinion.

It is enough for us to know that our constitution

has been sealed with the sanction of time and successive generations ; that it has been found answerable to all the purposes of national aggrandisement ; that fighting under its banners we have gloriously conquered ; that under its protection we have maintained our religion ; that we have found its spirit congenial to commerce, and friendly to the progress of knowledge and humanity : it is enough to know this, without troubling ourselves to inquire into the nature of its origin, or its qualifications of birth.

If our constitution, whole as it is, had no original foundation in the free consent of a people ; if we do not enjoy it as the entire gift of a solemn confederation ; there is nevertheless no part of it that has not been tried in all its points, and all its bearings ; that has not many times over been weighed in the balance by contending interests ; that has not been examined, in times of trouble and in times of repose, with jealous scrupulosity ; and that has not come down to us, marked with no particular humour of a particular juncture, but bearing in its aspect the reverend authority of time, the different subscriptions of different ages, and the broad testimony of human nature at large.

Those, therefore, of your Majesty's subjects, who are so pleased with discovering that our government is no constitution, because they are unable to trace it back to any general association and consent of the people, are solicitous about formalities that have no natural ground in human affairs, which proceed by an involuntary course of incidental progression and improvement. Secure in the actual blessings of political freedom, we need not contend about forms and titles : we will not make war upon these verbal politicians, in vindication of our right to the name of constitution, if they, on their part, will not insist on

our razing this our structure of happiness to the ground, because the first stone was laid without the due decorums of ceremony and punctilio.

If these Rights of Man, which have taken such hold of some men's fancies, be so encumbered with formality; if their tendency be to dissolve all governments, whether good or bad, supposing them to have proceeded informally; I have no compunction in declaring, that these rights of man are inconsistent with his social character, are inimical to his true interests, and subversive of his civil freedom; but may serve to the end of time, as the stale pretence of revolutions; and afford to factious leaders a language unintelligibly imposing to the gaping vulgar, and rich in the unideal terms of a raving philosophy.

Let not such flimsy reasoners disturb your Majesty's peace, or shake your faith in the loyalty of the good people of England, who love you, not merely as their king, but as an integral part of a great whole, in which their security is involved, and as the bond and pledge of perpetuity to these our political blessings. We look upon you, Sir, as one of the system with us; as sharing in all its wholesome restraints, and as feeling a fellowship with your people in all the benefits it diffuses. Look then, with confidence, to the depth, and breadth, and solidity, of the scheme of our government, as a sufficient defence against the irregular attacks of a political banditti.

A parliament-house may be burned with all its journals and records; but who shall burn out of our hearts those witnesses and documents of freedom which are lodged and cherished there? The riots of the capital may be renewed; but what sudden fury shall prevail against the rocky frame of our

constitution, of which no man's mind has furnished the model, but which time and the hour have raised with an insensible progress, and have built of materials that blows and buffets only serve to indurate? The sense of the nation may subside, and alarm and distrust may take a sudden possession of their minds; but what efforts of disappointed malice shall prevail against the seated prosperity of the country, the evidence of actual enjoyment, and the strong arguments of fact and feeling?

Should it, however, be your Majesty's fate to see some disturbances ere you sink into the tomb of your ancestors, you have been taught how to combat with ills, and to wrestle with calamity. Your brother of France was fostered in the lap of indulgence, and spoiled in the nursery of despotism. To an absolute monarch, his subjects are his playthings while he lies in his cradle, and the sport of his passions when he sits upon his throne; but the kings of England are tutored, and corrected, and lessoned, and catechized by the people at an early age: and your Majesty especially has been brought up in the school of disappointment, and has been exercised in trouble and in sorrow. We doubt not, therefore, but that you will stand firm, should any severer trials befall you;—you will not be wanting to your affectionate subjects, who desire to be told how to serve you;—you will consider yourself as pledged for the maintenance of our free government;—you will make a severe, but chaste use of your authority;—you will yield to no galling requisitions, which may force you into disgraceful dilemmas, and induce you to tamper with your sacred honour;—and you will attempt no illegal stretch of prerogative, to shame your faithful and loyal subjects.

With this constancy of mind, your Majesty is pre-

pared to encounter the worst that can happen; and with its natural support, our constitution is able to sustain the secret or open assaults of its enemies. Did it rest on a single point, like the old sovereignty of France, standing on its pinnacle like an inverted cone, every passing wind might make it totter to its fall; but the monumental pyramid of our government, seated on its natural base, which is the people, shall require no common convulsion of nature to shake its foundations.

But although there is nothing in the present aspect of things to fill your Majesty's mind with gloomy presages, yet let not this noted firmness of your throne induce you to contemplate, with a bosom of apathy, the agitations of your people, however partial they may be. Every little alarm has a claim upon your feelings, and demands on your part a solicitous paternal attention. In times of seditious machinations, it is to you that the virtuous part will turn, as to the spring of their consolation, and the guide of their activity. The throne is the central object of their trust and their fears; it is the point of union to the different members of the constitution; it compacts, settles, and holds together in a mysterious combination, the various virtues of various communities, which time has operated to blend together in this favoured country; it is the refuge of our hopes, it is the anchorage of our freedom, it is the haven of our constitution.

Thus held up to the view of your people, and thus important to the safety of our liberties and laws, your Majesty cannot be inactive in the state, without great reproach to your sensibility and your understanding; you will not content yourself with thundering out bulls and proclamations, which may cut off a branch or so, while they strengthen the

root of sedition; but you will gather the complaints of your people, and sift their grounds and their motives: you will not let your name and authority be abused, by interested men to the purposes of their own aggrandisement; you will set all your resources and spirits to work for the discovery of expedients to diffuse happiness and content among your subjects. There are always constitutional means in your Majesty's hands, of conciliating the people of this country to your person and government; and your Majesty must know, better than I do, the properest methods to be used.

Certain I am, that one generous act of spirited justice in reducing those superfluous expenses of government, which add so little to the dignity of the crown, and plant no real securities around it, would soon chase all these sophistries of change and innovation out of the bosoms of Englishmen. Unless there be a real sense of suffering, a real difficulty of subsistence among a large party of your subjects, your Majesty has little to apprehend from those knots of speculating politicians, which are still so obscure and insignificant in the country, that I will venture to say, there are very few in the ordinary ranks of life, who have any other occupation or employ, that know their names or their motions. The general idea of want, and the general idea of a revolution, are coupled together in the common mind, without any reference to the jargon about the rights of man. They are coupled together, they will subside together, and they will ferment together, according to the manner in which they are treated by those who have power to aggravate or to compose them. It was not the theories about the rights of man that overturned the monarchy of France; it was the distress and beggary of millions, occasioned by the total

want of feeling in their government, which abandoned them to the mercy of miserable extortioners.

The people of England are not ungenerous; they love to contribute to the becoming splendour of their monarch; they would glow with shame to fetter the free range of your Majesty's bounty, or, in this age of national prosperity, to narrow your appointments to the unprincely rule of a mercantile calculation. But are there no prodigalities or abuses in the current expenses of government, which, so far from being essential to the support of your Majesty's crown, are a real satire upon it, and conduce only to the maintenance of the fluctuating power of certain individuals, which has often no other dependence either on the regards of the prince, or the confidence of the people?

I would be understood to speak of no particular set of men: what truths I urge are plain general truths, and want no particular illustration from example. It is a galling thing for any part of a free people to know, that much of their poverty and calamity is artificially produced, in contradiction to the circumstances of the country at large, by the profuseness and ambition of a particular description of their fellow-subjects: it is a galling thing for a reflecting people to feel that their little ones must often forego a hearty meal, to pamper the luxury of those towards whom they acknowledge neither love nor obligation.

These would be the strongest arguments for the revolutionists to set forth, could they prove that this obliquity of principle was indelibly inherent in the constitution. Such a vital rottenness would well argue the want of a total change, and the wise and the good would be called upon to liberate their country from so reproachful a servitude; but my mind is sa-

tified that this is not the necessary condition of my countrymen; this constitutional beggary, this system of corruption, this forced state of society, has not been the nursery of those great men, whose labours have advanced human nature, or of those great exploits which decorate the English history. Places, and pensions, and salaries, are all good to a certain extent : as public rewards of merit, as officially useful in the various departments of the state, I recognise them as a part of the constitutional scheme ; but, as instruments of corruption, as ministering to the support of the governing party, I regard them as mere incumbrances that ambition has formed about the constitution, to obstruct its free motions, and to depress the natural vigour of its life and action.

Were all the collateral and oblique expenses of government spared, somewhat of insecurity would result to the permanence of subsisting power, which might bring with it additional caution. Opposition too might be purified in its motives, in the ratio that power was stripped of its temptations ; yet patronage enough might remain to inspire a just confidence into government, and to stimulate the hopes of temperate ambition. Corruption would feel a check in all its classes of venality ; for private fortunes would be squandered with more reserve and timidity, when the situations to which the sacrifice was to be made, held out more limited compensations, and more frugal rewards. Where only private fortunes could be wasted in corruption, the fountains would speedily be exhausted, and the evil would furnish its own remedy : the action of bribery being thus suspensive and temporary, would afford frequent pauses for the true spirit of the constitution to revive ; the downright plebeian good sense of the people would often exalt its tones ; and the spring of men's minds would

continually revert to its natural posture with renewed activity.

As much, therefore, as it may be in your Majesty's power to alleviate of the present burdens of the people without injury to your crown, it is doubtless your duty to attempt ; remembering, that the king of France lost his authority and his freedom by an inattention to the beginnings of complaint among his subjects ; that, slumbering in the shadow of his ministers, he was himself overwhelmed in their fall ; and that, being at first a sharer in the reproach of government, he soon became a principal in the ruin that followed.

As the incitement to revolutions in the minds of the community is rather the hope of an alleviation of their burdens than an exemption from restraint, it is doubtless religiously to be wished, that some moderate means might be adopted of assuaging whatever discontents prevail among the people. Some silent arrangements might perhaps be made, which would save an angry search into the failings of our constitution and government, at a time when a general spirit of cavilling, and wild ideas of regeneration prevail, together with some proportion of disaffection, obliquity, and rage, among certain descriptions of the community. I do not propose to declare myself an enemy to reform : I acknowledge, in the constitution of my country, a principle of improvement which fits it for the nearest approaches to perfection which human infirmity permits ; but at this moment a spirit of rash refinement and visionary conceit is gone abroad, which is so opposite to the experimental character and the gradual growth and confirmation of our laws and liberties, that if it were once carried into the correction of our system, it might lead to its total demolition.

Whatever can be done on the ground of our constitution, to cultivate its natural advantages, and improve its capabilities, I shall rejoice in, with the good part of your Majesty's subjects ; but I dread to see all the floodgates opened, and the barriers removed, till the ocean burst in upon us, and deluge this fair land with all its fruits and its promises. The real friends of sober reform will see an end of all their plans and prospects in the wasting fury of a revolution, and must cherish a peculiar anxiety for those principles on which they propose to build their amendments and alterations ; since to spoil and to improve, are terms of stronger opposition than to spoil and to preserve.

Let therefore your Majesty's heart be warmed towards your patriotic subjects, who forbear at this time to set forth the imperfections of government, as viewing it in the light of a friend under persecution ; as considering the times as unpropitious to moderate and wholesome correction ; as conceiving the present moment to call rather for restraints on licentiousness, than controul on power ; as weighing the inconvenience of delay against the dangers of precipitation, and the violence of enthusiasm. We must in the mean time keep firm together ; we must be reserved and moderate in our actions and our speeches.

On your part, be just to your people ; respect the privileges of your subjects, to whom your honour is pledged, and your affection belongs ; respect the rights of juries, and the rest of the rights of the people ; let no man be rashly prosecuted for speaking his mind, or for venting his malice : rather let us suffer the enemies of our wise constitution to lose their strength and their credit in the excesses of their hate, and the madness of their disappointment. The

arch-theorist himself of the Rights of Man, of those rights which transfer the reins from his reason to his passion, of those rights which dissolve ties, which confound distinctions, which destroy security, let him shine with his new lights upon human governments, till he call up the practical and solid parts into vapour, and lose himself in the fog which is gathered around him.

No. 24. TUESDAY, MAY 29.

—*Illud sis vide*

Exemplum disciplinæ.

TER. ADELPH. V. 1, 5.

See the exemplary effects of discipline.

IT is now so long since my readers have had their attention called towards our club, that I am afraid my good friends will think I neglect them. This, however, it is out of my power to do, while I have such daily instances before me of the admirable effects of our mode of discipline. It is indeed a sensible pleasure to reflect, that I am at the head of an institution whose benefits are solid, though circumscribed; and whose laws have introduced among a little community, a cheerfulness that arises out of temperance, and a good-humour that is nursed by tranquillity. I persuade myself too, that there is some merit in making a mere echo productive of substantial good, and in discovering the practical uses of an article in life, which has hitherto been looked upon as a mockery of sense, and the most barren of all modes of existence. This equalization of voice established by our echo, proves a sufficient remedy for most of the

abuses of argument, and gives full play to sense by rendering sound a corrective of itself. Whatever be the turn of the conversation, no man obtrudes his opinions without a competent share of information; and a real knowledge of the subject can alone bespeak attention among us. None, without this claim, can obtain even a hearing, unless his part in the dialogue consist chiefly of interrogations. For it is a plain case, that where other circumstances are equal, knowledge will always prevail over ignorance: and nonsense has but an indifferent chance, without the countenance of friends, or the violence of vociferation.

But the great praise and principal advantage of our institutions is the particular power of compression they possess, by which double the quantity of knowledge is produced in a given time, on a given subject, comparatively with any other society, supposing the mean quantity of information in the members to be the same. This, and more, will be granted me by every man of common sense and candour, who makes the proper allowance for the accumulation of idle matter, that fills out the dialogue of ordinary meetings, and the little room that is left for the temperate flow of rational observation, amidst the press of volubility, and the pertinacity of opposition.

The praise of long harangues and lofty declamation is considered here as profane; and we do all we can to have the *condimento sermonum*, without the *lateris contentio*; “the delicacies of speech without the vehemence of delivery.” This object, our scale of sense, no less than our scale of sounds, is designed to promote; for every man is too fond of his own opinions and hypotheses, to persevere long in the support of them, without launching into superlatives, which he no sooner does, than he pays the for-

feit of his ambition, and perishes often on the very eve of victory. Like some of the eastern generals of old, he brings his elephants into the field of battle, which, in the heat of the conflict, turn back upon his own troops, and occasion the ruin of his cause.

I should be sorry, however, if the better part of my readers should imagine, that under these circumstances of restraint, the utterance of noble feelings must be shackled, and virtue fail of her due homage and reward. In the relation of a virtuous action, the simpler the tale, the more forcible its effects; and in the defence or eulogy of virtue itself, a vehement phraseology carries not so high a commendation as a sober and practical display of its advantages and excellencies. Our panegyrics, in general, are robbed of half their lustre, and all their discrimination, by being carried at once as far as they can go: thus, when a picture is varnished too highly, we lose all the distinctions of light and shadow; and all those bold touches, that give strength and relief, are lost in the dusky glare of glowing confusion.

There are doubtless a multitude of circumstances that pass without observation or comment at the time, which have nevertheless a mighty influence on conversation, and are singly sufficient to spread a cheerful or gloomy complexion over a whole evening. We have all of us our jealous points; we have all our secret vanities, our topics of self-adulation, in which we readily grant to no man undisputed precedence: whence, it is probable that, out of a large company, some are always displeased when superlatives are lavished on others, and when they feel themselves called upon to acquiesce in a judgement that pronounces their own exclusion. Such is the inborn pride of the human heart, that most of us would rather that no estimate at all

were made of our merit, unless that estimate would raise us to the highest rank, and that it were doubted whether we possessed abilities or not, than that those abilities, by being ascertained, should be fixed and confined to second-rate excellence.

I believe I shall not extend my observation too far, by maintaining, that even in cases wherein we are no ways imposed upon by the whispers of self-love, or at least wherein we nourish no conceit of superior excellence, it is yet unwelcome to the greater part of us to hear superlatives scattered prodigally around us, while we ourselves are left so decidedly out of the question, and while the superiority, which perhaps we do not arrogate, is carried, at the moment that we are looking towards it, to a cautious distance above the reach of our pretensions. Thus, in our little society, where every member has bid adieu to the morning of youth and meridian of manhood, I think I have sometimes observed the countenance of some of my old friends overcast for a moment, when a new member has talked of the stoutest and handsomest man of all his acquaintance; and a remark having fallen inadvertently from one of the company at our last meeting, that Tom Topping the blacksmith was by much the strongest man in the parish, Mr. Blunt gave my hand so cordial a squeeze at parting, that the blacksmith's superiority was left very undecided in my mind.

I don't know how it is, but Mr. Allworth seems to feel no inconvenience from this abolition of superlatives at our club. He has a way of doing virtue such justice, and expressing his feelings so forcibly without them, that we sometimes can hardly persuade ourselves, that he has escaped the penalty of our statute; and I have observed Mr. Barnaby, who has a few littlenesses of character and a sportive

kind of malice belonging to him, note my good friend's words with a great deal of attention, in hopes to catch him tripping, and to have the glory of putting his name in the Black Book. Of this triumph, however, he has always hitherto been disappointed; for when this worthy gentleman's sensibilities are wrought up to such a pitch as almost to bear down his philosophy, as will sometimes be the case when he favours us with some tender story, and when the quivering of his cheek discovers the agitation which prevails within him, he yet continues to avoid an absolute superlative, while he gives full latitude to his own feelings on the subject, and satisfies the mind of every body present. "A greater soul was never displayed on any occasion"—"One of the best characters in the world"—"As great abilities as ever shone in that station"—or some such qualified expression serves his purpose quite as well as a direct superlative: it is a modester clothing for his own opinions, and is a tacit courtesy to all that hear him, which operates insensibly in begetting attention, and in conciliating acquiescence.

I have heard Mr. Allworth, in maintaining the expediency of this rule, which has been opposed more than any other which we have established, compare a man, whose enthusiasm always pushes him at once into superlatives, to a singer, who, by beginning with a note too high, is obliged in consequence to strain his voice to a pitch that robs it of its music and modulation. In speaking on this subject the other day, I thought he made a just allusion to those lines of Horace,

*Vis consilii expers mole ruit sua,
Vim temperatam Dii quoque provehunt
In majus.*

CAR. III. 4. 65.

Force without judgement, falls by its own weight; but force circumscribed by prudence, is amplified by the favour of Heaven itself.

In my two papers on this subject, I have gone to some length on these two fundamental rules of our little constitution, relating to the judgement of the Echo, and the abolition of superlatives, as the two supporters on which the whole fabric bears. The advantages, indeed, which result from them, are so numerous, as to reduce within a very small compass our other canons of conversation, which we esteem a very great happiness, as we look upon the multiplication of laws as a multiplication of disputes, and that too much theory in government is subversive of practice and utility. So much is our constitution simplified by the breadth and compass of our laws and regulations, that we have only six departments for the cognizance and prohibition of all possible offences. Over each of these departments we have a judge, whose determination is final in all cases which come under his province: one of these judges is perpetual, the rest are elected every year. We have also a registrar, who notes down offences and forfeits in what are called black books, one of which is appropriated to each member; and if any member's book be filled in the course of the first six weeks after his election into our society, he is judged to be incorrigible, and his seat is declared vacant. The executive power is lodged with the president, whose business it is to protect and enforce the laws, to elect to certain offices, and to declare to the whole society the decrees of each department. Our six departments are—

1st. *Noise.* ECHO, *the perpetual judge.*

The decisions of this court are characterized by

an accuracy, justice, and despatch, truly worthy of imitation; a circumstance of peculiar felicity to our constitution, as the cognizance of this department extends over the largest description of offences. The authority of the echo is effectual in preventing loud laughter, hallooing, whistling, cracking of whips, scraping on the floor, tattooing, nonsense, confusion, menaces, impertinence, pretended zeal, debates on politics, debates on religion, haste, dogmatism, and a multitude of other enemies to peace and order, which cannot well exist without noise.

2d. *For Superlatives.* MR. MANACLE, *judge.*

The cognizance of this court carries a particular force against long harangues, boasting speeches, declamation, passion, contempt, revenge, invective, moroseness, exaggeration, enthusiasm, and such like invaders of mirth and harmony.

3d. *For Immoralities.* MR. ALLWORTH, *judge.*

This is a very solemn court; and the gentleman who presides at present, is repeatedly chosen to the same office, which he executes with a rigour of which nobody complains. Profane or indecent allusions, oaths, irreverent doubts, falsehood, abuse, scandal, invidious comparisons, personal reflections, ridicule, &c. have no mercy shown to them by this upright lawgiver.

4th. *For Indecencies.* MR. SHAPELY, *judge.*

Mr. Shapely, I should premise, is the youngest member of our society, and has passed a youth of great levities and indiscretions. Accident brought him acquainted with Mr. Allworth a few years ago, whose lessons of virtue being grafted on his natural politeness and knowledge of the world, have rendered

him a very complete gentleman. He has discharged the duties of his office so ably and punctually, that occasions are rare which call for his interference. No man can wound, or shock, or disconcert the feelings of another, without subjecting himself to the censures of this court, which are exact and severe. All impolite speeches, solecisms in good manners, interruptions, contradictions, abruptnesses, negligencies, mimicry, sarcasm, vulgar wit, buffoonery, contemptuous smiles, &c. fall under the correction of Mr. Shapely's department.

5th. *For Wagers.* MR. BROWNGOLE, *judge.*

This gentleman's office simply requires him to punish and controul the itch for betting and gaming. His duty demands firmness and vigour, as he is frequently opposed to two offenders at once. Mr. Browncole is a steady and judicious person, but, being a little choleric in his temper, gives to the disgraced members frequent opportunities of making reprisals; at the last meeting he paid half a crown for offering to lay a crown that Mr. Barnaby would propose a wager before we broke up. In these cases the president always interferes to punish the judge.

6th. *For Toasting.* MR. SOLOMON, *my curate, judge.*

We prohibit this practice, as leading frequently to discourses about the merits of particular persons, and as affording an opportunity to one man of disconcerting another by an eulogy on his particular enemy.

In any case of difficulty, a judge has the privilege of inviting to his aid a certain number of the members, who are of more than a year's standing among us. The punishments are assigned to all by the six judges, who compose on this occasion a sort of coun-

cil, though it must be owned that Mr. Allworth has a very leading share in these judiciary determinations.

We have admitted one new member since I spoke of my little commonwealth in my third paper. This gentleman was remarkable for his absence of mind ; and has proved one of the most impracticable subjects on whom the efficacy of our system has been tried. Mr. Farthingale was introduced to us as a man of indefatigable research, and great profundity of thought, but what avail our thoughts and our researches, if they furnish no matter of contemplation to others ; if they bring no accession to the treasures of human knowledge, and lend neither countenance to virtue, nor confirmation to truth ? To him who, not content with locking up within the cavern of his mind all the knowledge he may possess, buries also his manners along with it, doubtless the world has fewer obligations than to the coarse mechanic, who has his rough industry to plead, or to the well-bred loiterer, who strews at least a few flowers in our path, and helps us to pass cheerily onward through the vale of years.

Mr. Farthingale has been six weeks a constant attendant at our meetings, and has not yet surprised us with any thoughts that seem worth the sacrifice of all present objects and obligations, or which others might not arrive at, without the fatigue and parade of so long a journey. Though nothing can be more evident than the truth of this statement, yet so great is the vulgar prepossession in favour of this gentleman's genius and penetration, so convincing are the proofs of excellence drawn from the discoveries of deficiency, that nothing is wanting to complete the perfection of his philosophical character, but his walking off a precipice into the sea, or eating up his little finger instead of a radish.

This gentleman's dress and figure is altogether uncommon. He is somewhat about six feet four inches high, with a considerable protuberance before, overhanging a pair of legs so slender and inadequate, that it seems as if his body were supported by some invisible geometrical principles; between his lower clothes and his waistcoat, there is, for the most part, a quantity of linen displayed, forming a kind of interregnum; and as his neckcloth is continually missing where it should in due order appear, we often suspect some cross purposes in the business, and that it has, somehow or other, been tied about the middle, instead of the neck. It is reported, that when a boy, he never could acquire the talent of dressing himself; and it used to be a common jest among his school-fellows, to send him into school with his shirt over his coat. Even at this day he loses a quarter of an hour every morning before he can determine whether his coat is to be buttoned before or behind; and is sure to try it on three times before he has made up his mind. As he is continually without a handkerchief, he thinks himself privileged to pocket our Doyleys; and if the robbery be charged upon him, pleads his *alibi*, while he confesses the crime. It is in vain to drink his health, or inquire after his family: he answers, "pretty well, I thank you," to the first civility; and, "I am much obliged to you," to the second. He will begin a story to the tallest man in our society, and finish it to the shortest; and at our last meeting asked Mr. Barnaby, the churchwarden, several serious questions about his periodical undertaking.

While he was courting the daughter of one of my neighbours a few weeks ago, there was not a man in the club who did not receive a love-letter from him; while notes intended for them were carried to his

mistress, with inquiries after her gout or dropsy, her wife or children. The other day he threw our whole society into the greatest distress imaginable, by bringing the intelligence of Mr. Allworth's death. In about half an hour afterwards Mr. Allworth entered the room, looking remarkable well; and upon referring to the newspaper, we found it was a Mr. Alders, in the East Indies. About a year ago he was on the point of being married to an elderly maiden lady, of large property, when, happening to take her out for an airing on a pillion behind him, he spoke so disrespectfully of her short allowance of teeth to a friend who was riding by his side, that he was obliged to trot home with her under a pretty heavy load of abuse.

Such is the history of Mr. Farthingale, our new member, of whom I shall make some further reports to my readers, if I shall be so happy as to discover in him any instances of progressive amendment, under the lessons and corrections of our little society.

No. 25. SATURDAY, JUNE 2.

Τ' ἀληθῆς εὐρήσεις ἀριθμῶν —

By calculation you will find the truth.

AN opulent merchant of Bagdad, being afflicted with a latent disorder which had baffled all the medical abilities of his native town, resolved to set out for a place, at the distance of a day's journey, which had long been famous for the number and the skill of its physicians. As he had wrought up his mind to the highest pitch of confidence in the art and experience of these professors, he entered the town in great gaiety of heart, notwithstanding the number of fresh graves which he observed in the burying-places, and the many pallid countenances he met in the streets; for, with respect to these last, said he to himself, "it needs no calculation to convince me that these are but a small part of the whole population of the city, and possibly these are all in a state of convalescence from a much lower condition."

As he proceeded, he inquired for the most eminent practitioner, and was directed to a very long irregular street, which, he was told, was inhabited entirely by physicians. On entering the street, he was struck with its gloomy appearance, as it was shaded with yew-trees from top to bottom; and so infested with owls and bats, that it was with difficulty he could make his way. His alarms were prodigiously increased, when, upon advancing towards

the door of the largest house, he found himself in a throng of ghosts, who instantly made a passage for him by separating into two ranks. He pursued his way, as if he was running the gauntlet, till he came to the door, where, having given a modest rap, his business was inquired by a damsel who seemed far gone in a decline. "My dear," said he, "before I declare my errand, have the kindness to tell me the meaning of all this unsubstantial gentry, who press round your door like beggars the day after a feast?" "Stranger," she replied, "it is nothing more than a crowd of impudent ghosts, who are continually upbraiding my master with the failure of his prescriptions." Now as there were pretty nearly five hundred of this order, our young merchant, without troubling himself with any calculations, or staying to consider that this number was small or great in proportion to the extent of the physician's practice, or that his superior skill might have drawn to him all the most desperate cases, yielded to his first impressions, and marched away in great good-humour with his own penetration.

Before the next house there were not more than three hundred ghosts, which, however, was a formidable number, in our traveller's estimation, and fixed his opinion respecting the merit of the doctor. A circumstance that puzzled him not a little was, that the magnitude and respectability of the houses decreased in the same ratio with the number of the ghosts which were ranged before them; for it seemed reasonable to conclude, that the best physicians would be best lodged, on account of their superior gains. But this was entering too much into calculation; so on he went, till he came to the end of the street, where was a small house of one story, and with only one ghost before it. "Here," said he,

“ without doubt lives the man whom the Prophet has destined to be my restorer : with only one ghost in all his practice, it is odds, indeed, against my being the second.” So saying, he knocked boldly at the door, and was introduced to the doctor by a very plump and rosy maid-servant. Having made his case known, he was promised a speedy deliverance ; and accordingly was put to bed, and operated upon so many ways, that in a short time he was reduced to a most deplorable condition.

He did such honour to the doctor's medicines, that at the end of the fourth day he found it advisable to make his will. The notary could not help expressing his surprise that a person of such large property should put himself into such hands ; and asked him, if any severe calamities had reduced him to this act of desperation ? This brought on a conversation, in which it transpired, that our young traveller was only the second patient that had fallen under the doctor's care since he had entered into the profession about three years ago. The notary, who happened to be an honest man, was touched with compassion at the melancholy situation of the dying merchant. Having finished the business of the will, he proposed to him a trial of some more eminent physician ; and having satisfied the one-ghost doctor with the pretence of changing the air, removed the patient with great care, in a litter, to the house where he had first applied, and had been frightened away by the five hundred ghosts. On entering the house, the merchant was astonished to see the poor consumptive maiden, who had opened the door to him a little time ago, converted into a very florid and healthy person. This raised in him great hopes, which were amply justified by the event : for in the course of two weeks he returned to

Bagdad completely restored, whither he carried with him the notary's daughter, whom he married from motives of love towards herself, and gratitude to her father. He made also a resolution never to decide at first view, but always to bestow some pains on calculation before he fixed his adoption.

The story of the young merchant of Bagdad is the story of the greater part of my countrymen, both young and old. Few of us set a sufficient value upon our second thoughts, to wait for their decision; we prefer in general the easiest methods to the safest, and choose rather to err with despatch than to succeed with deliberation. On this impatience of judgement, this inclination finally to determine on a general view of a subject, rather than trouble ourselves with an examination of the particulars, is the common success of many ludicrous betts founded. To gather into a heap a hundred stones placed at the distance of a single yard from each other, seems to many a young man a task which he could with ease accomplish in an hour: but before him who calculates how many hundred yards of ground he must go over, ere the work can be completed, this appearance of ease retires. It is thus that computation supplies the place of experience, and forms a safeguard to those whose want of more extensive information lays them particularly open to deception.

A little acquaintance with history is enough to satisfy us, that numerous errors are discovered, and great misrepresentations detected, by the simple process of calculating and comparing dates and distances: and I am persuaded, that those among the younger part of my readers, who will condescend to take the counsel I give, will hereafter thank me for advising them to bring all relations of important

circumstances to the test of numbers. Were this practice more frequently observed, many compilers, who owe no small portion of their credit to the idleness of their readers, would lose that fame which too confident a reliance on their fidelity or their knowledge has accumulated around them. Many received opinions, many plausible systems, would sink under this trial; nor is there any thing that would more strongly contribute to defend the cause of truth against the bold assumptions and vain assertions of the enemies of Revelation. How much calculation avails in matters of legal testimony, those conversant with the practice of our courts of justice will bear me witness. But for this, criminals, by suborning persons of trading consciences, might every session establish *alibis*, that would make the capital appear clear of thieves, and leave crimes without their perpetrators.

Nor is it of less advantage in civil causes, where, probably, still more impositions would be detected, if the technical part of arithmetic were better attended to in the education of those intended for the profession of the law. Neither shall we charge too much on the neglect of this basis of science, if we ascribe to it a large portion of the mistakes of economy, and the miscarriages of trade. When I hear, from one of my town correspondents, that a young man has ruined his fortune by his extravagance, and, to satisfy his creditors, is obliged to sell or mortgage his estate, I immediately conclude that he had never taken the trouble to calculate to what expense his income was adequate, that he might arrange his establishment so as not to exceed it: and when I lately learnt, that it had become à fashion among the Great not to rise till noon, and then to dine at six in the evening for the sake of a

long morning, it occurred to me, that this absurdity in practice must have arisen from their not having adverted to the difference there is between the number of hours which intervene between those of six in the morning and three in the afternoon, and the hours which pass between mid-day and six in the evening. To be sensible, indeed, of the ill consequences which such an inverted disposition of the twenty-four hours must occasion to the vigour of our mental and corporeal faculties, requires a degree of reflection greater than that which common arithmetic supplies: they must, therefore, by every rule of calculation, be totally out of the reach of a generation who imagine, that, while they are acting inconsistently with the course of nature, they can gain any enjoyments comparable to those which Nature has in store for such as will not strive to counteract what they know it is impossible to transpose.

In restraining too the sallies of vanity and the extravagance of ostentation, the habit of computing the difference between real and apparent numbers would be of considerable use. How much would it reduce the exultation of the owner of a splendid equipage, were he to consider how large a proportion of those who gaze at his carriage, his horses, or his liveries, as he passes through the streets, are not wrapt in admiration, but are tacitly occupied in moralising on the manlier purposes to which that wealth might have been directed, or in inquiring if his estate be equal to his appearance, or if the merit of the man be proportionate to the brilliancy of the rank he has assumed. In the balance of conversation, a little calculation is eminently useful; and nothing would tend more to sink the courage and reduce the mettle of the forward and loquacious. The attention which such characters

excite, by being estimated only in the gross, is placed by themselves to the account of admiration; when, if a separate computation were made of those who are struck dumb by the presumption, or lost in wonder at the folly or the ignorance of the orator, but a small quotient would remain to flatter their conceit, or support their arrogance.

Diffidence is so constitutional in the other sex, that after all the pains taken to extirpate it from the breasts of our young females, by the modern mode of education, so much of it still remains, that any errors of the kind I am noticing, are rather to be ascribed in them to the deceitful flatteries of our sex, than attributed to any high conceit of their own charms: yet even here this exercise of computation may be introduced as an useful guard; and I recommend to my fair readers, when they feel conscious in their fluttering hearts of attracting the eye of every male in company, to spare one moment from their triumph, to consider how disproportionate to the whole number is that of those whose admiration is an honour that ought to flatter female pride, and be truly acceptable to virtuous sensibility; to consider that a large number, struck only with their outward form, are total strangers to the more subtile and furtive graces of manner and expression, and strangers to the just value of that sensibility of heart, that delicacy of sentiment, and that fidelity of affection, which are the greatest attributes of woman's nature; that the admiration of others is but the momentary effect of surprise, which soon gives place to uncandid criticisms on that beauty which they before deemed superior to censure; while the honours of simplicity will be given to design, and the gifts of nature to meretricious decorations. Should they think, how-

ever, that they may reasonably count upon the admiration of their own sex a tribute at least sincere, let them reflect upon the various sentiments which excite praise in the bosoms of the fair; let them reflect that it is the lot of some females to owe their praise to their inability to alarm jealousy; let them, in short, allow fairly for the many invidious motives which govern both praise and censure; and they will see reason to deduct largely from the number of apparent, when they would note the sum of real admirers, and be convinced, that the disinterested love which dwells in mine, is not to be found in the breast of EVERY LOOKER-ON.

As every one knows that commerce could not be carried on without it, it might seem only an affected extension of my subject to speak of calculation as useful to the mercantile and trading world, did not the numbers of those who stop payment in all parts of the island prove that there are, even in this description of my countrymen, many who at least err in their accounts; I cannot, therefore, forbear recommending a more careful attention to the harmony of numbers. It might help to clear obscurities that frequently occur in the books of such traders, whose business is chiefly centered in Guildhall, were two or three new articles admitted into ledgers, such as entertainments, excursions to watering-places, and subscriptions to public amusements.

It is however a satisfaction to me to think, that our country is by no means destitute of those who are sensible of the advantages of computation. I am well informed, that there are some even of our nobility, who have by practice acquired a very commanding skill in the calculation of chances; and that their success induces others, whose rank adds still greater dignity to the pursuit, to apply to the

same study with a perseverance which neither natural infirmity, reiterated difficulties, nor repeated losses, can vanquish. I am happy to find too, that there are some of my own profession whose proficiency in calculation will help to refute that general charge of indolence, which is frequently and inconsiderately cast on the body of the clergy; since, though they may sometimes be mistaken in the estimate of a life, when, from their earnest desire to be employed in the duties of their calling, they purchase a next presentation, there are many instances, among both incumbents and curates, of extraordinary accuracy in computing the exact number of minutes within which they can contrive to read the church service, or ride from one parish to another.

Among the members of that august assembly by which laws are made for others to observe, we naturally expect to find the practice of every thing that is commendable; and I was not at all surprised at hearing, that the art, in recommendation of which I am now writing, is there so well cultivated, that some members can accurately declare what number will vote on one side of a question, and how many on the other, even before the reasons for determining it either way have been heard. But though in an assemblage of men selected from the nation at large, on account of their eminent qualities, partly by the royal adoption, partly by popular esteem, I could not be astonished to find that any thing praiseworthy was pursued; yet it was peculiarly gratifying to me to be informed that the science of numbers was thus studied among them; as I must confess, that what I had read in the public papers of debates on the revenue of the country, in which the orators of different parties undertook to demonstrate, by arithmetic, positions directly contrary to each

other, had nearly fixed me in a very low opinion of the calculating powers of the politicians of my country.

I own I have observed how little, in most of their measures, they have considered by what means the happiness of the nation, which consists but in that of the component parts of it, could be gradually furthered; and I recollect but very few measures for the internal benefit of the country, taken up on a broad basis, and framed to extend its happy effects to future generations; although a little disinterested calculation might suggest several improvements in our national economy, which, from their importance, would secure lasting honour to the promoters of them, and make our politicians no longer appear like accountants, whose minds have been contracted by long confinement to the arithmetic of fractions.

As these moral calculations will often come happily in aid of experience to supply the deficiency of years, so will they contribute to reconcile and approximate the differences and contentions of youth and age. By a just estimate of the little lapse of time that has intervened since these passions and propensities were his own, the old man's severity is softened into compassion, and his rebuke into counsel, in contemplating the errors of youth; while the florid cavalier, in the full tide of blood and spirits, by properly estimating the short interval interposed between this vigorous crisis and the season of decrepitude, or, to keep to the idea of calculation, by regarding through the same arithmetical series the decreasing quantity of his manhood, will feel a greater tenderness for those weaknesses which are so soon to be his own allotment, and consequently a kinder interest in administering conso-

lations of which he will shortly be reduced to partake. Thus also this spirit of calculation suggests a sort of balance of infirmities between the characters of youth and age: arrogance accounts with anger, and peevishness with pride; ambition and apathy, closeness and prodigality, prejudice and contempt, enthusiasm and chicane, have their reckonings together; and, on the whole, they find it easy to compromise, as the debts on one side are nearly cancelled by the debts on the other.

As we extend this rule of proportion over the whole scheme of human life, we learn politically to estimate the worldly advantages of virtue and religion, and we despise the pitiful product of vicious pleasures, when the proper subtractions are made on the side of constitution and conscience. Still elevating our views on this scale of calculation, we rise at length to a sort of infinite series, and take into the account the glorious promises of eternal life. It is then that our worldly interests hardly hold the place of units in our minds, and we feel the full force of those authoritative admonitions which we have received, to *live soberly, redeeming the time because the days are evil*; and are impelled to join the Psalmist in his solemn supplication, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

No. 26. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1792.

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

PLIN. EPIST.

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

As I have long regarded my readers in the light of a family that belongs to me ; and as the interest with which I espouse them, has become of the most cordial kind by exercise and cultivation ; I cannot view them gathering again around me, without those complacent emotions of domestic affection, which animate the meeting of relations that have been some

time separated. But though my pen has been long idle, my labours have not altogether been suspended. I have been employed in looking around in the resorts of gaiety, and the busiest scenes of active life, for fresh matter of contemplation, fresh subjects of amusement, and fresh sources of instruction. My mind brings new energy to its task after this interval of recreation; and my spirits have acquired an alacrity which throws a gay colouring over the objects of my lucubrations, and enables me, in spite of gray hairs and growing infirmity, to look at life through a sprightly medium, and to deck out my topics in the dress of good-humour.

To that flexibility of thought, and diversity of attention, which is necessary to the execution of my design, nothing is more essential than an habitual cheerfulness; for it is the nature of melancholy, not only to contract the mind, and destroy its fecundity, but to draw to a point that latitude of discrimination, on which alone a good judgement can be founded, on the mixed and modified condition of human affairs. The best security against this gloominess of disposition, except the natural boon of a happy temper, is to dislodge as early as possible from the mind, all splendid views of life, and sanguine expectations of the future, which, by accumulating particular disappointments, are sure, in the end, to discolour the general character of our thoughts and maxims. But the particular advantages which I derive from this serenity of disposition, display themselves in my official character, and help very much to qualify me for the charge of dealing forth advice to the well-disposed part of my readers: for I know of nothing that so damps the efficacy of counsel, as a suspicion that it is bottomed in disgust or disappointment, or that it flows more from the character than the experience

of the person who lends it. Of all the talents which lie within the compass of our ability, there are none which comprehend a greater range of qualifications, than the art of giving advice. To how few belong that delicate art which Persius attributes to Horace in these well-known lines,

*Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus CIRCUM PRÆCORDIA LUDIT.*

SAT. I. 116.

Unlike in method with conceal'd design,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join,
And, with a sly insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face;
Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.

DRYDEN.

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

they are more occupied with themselves than the persons whom they charitably espouse.

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

I conceive that it would be wonderfully for the advantage of the political, as well as the petty concerns of life, if any way could be found of lessening the quantity of advice in the country; instead of which, we are contented to import it from our continental neighbours, at a price which leaves us most notorious losers, and turns the balance most cruelly in our disfavour.—Our vestries, our clubs, and our associations, have lately brought us such an overflow of this commodity, that the operations of productive industry are in danger of being embarrassed thereby; for I have remarked that the quantity of activity is generally in a reverse proportion to the quantity of counsel; and that where very many suppose in themselves an ability to advise, but very few feel the obligation to perform.

It is one of our family maxims, derived to us through many generations, never to take advice from the unfortunate, or from those who have bought experience at the expense of their honour, their reputation, or their happiness; which maxim is founded on a suspicion, that in these cases a levelling wish may lurk at the bottom, and on a persuasion that no

man is pleased with raising a contrast to deepen the shades of his own inferiority. Those who build their pretensions to advise simply upon their experience, may not improperly be denominated a species of quacks in morality; while those only can be considered as regularly bred to the art of administering counsel, whose minds have been matured by contemplation and study, whose knowledge has been digested through a long course of tranquil reflection, and whose observation has run parallel with their experience through the whole tenour of their lives.

An Utopian speculatist might amuse himself with planning a department in every district or parish, which should be called the office of advice; from which might issue certificates and testimonials, constituting such only dispensers of counsel, who could prove themselves qualified by producing a countenance of health and cheerfulness, a character unimpeached, and the means of a comfortable subsistence: for though, in some cases, sufficient ability might be found where these documents are wanting, yet, for a solitary exception or so, one would not destroy a rule which would preclude so much impertinence, and help so materially to embarrass the motions of business and activity. There is something too in the affirmative testimony with which those can urge their advice, who carry in their own persons the substantial proofs of its good consequences, that is greatly more animating and decisive than those negative arguments which an experience in vice will afford us in the defence of virtue. If we change the application of this remark, we shall find it equally true in what respects the interests of immorality: thus, one affirmative proof of the success of gaming, will easily overbalance the testimony of a hundred martyrs to its ruinous infatuation.

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

It was a saying of St. Augustine, that if the conduct of a man be at variance with the salutary advice he exhibits, we should regard him as a directing post, which is not the less to be attended to, because it has never gone the way to which it directs us. The allusion is neat, but the reasoning is fallacious; since the circumstances of man are so different from those of a directing-post, and since it is on the neglect of a capacity, which the directing-post is without, that we found our suspicion of the motives which govern advice. In regard to the delicacy and difficulty attending the task of administering advice, there is a passage in the *Nigrinus* of LUCIAN, which affords some very sensible hints. After a long discourse held by that philosopher, in which a great variety of useful precepts are contained, he thus speaks of the impression that was made upon him:

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

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

What truths in respect to archery this passage may contain, is not my concern; but in what regards the nature of advice, the author has shown some acquaintance with the human heart. As to myself, whose province it has become to deal forth a certain quantity of advice in every week, I have felt the whole weight and difficulty that such a duty imposes; and the fluctuating sale of these papers, from the different estimations which are put upon them, affords me a criterion by which to judge of the humours of my readers, and of the most eligible forms under

which wholesome counsel can be administered. One unhappy phrase has sometimes lost me a dozen of my readers; and my correspondent assures me, that on a motion's being made to introduce my paper into a female *dilettanti* society in the Borough, it was successfully opposed by a snuff-seller's wife, who took offence at the mention of tobacco-stopper in my first paper, as too *ornary* a word for the elevated character of their meeting.

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

himself most heartily disgusted with them, talked very courageously of chastising the Northamptonshire parson, the first time he should meet him in Bond-street, for his insolence to people of rank.

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

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

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

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

In a conversation about the LOOKER-ON yesterday evening, in the pit at the Haymarket theatre, a little newspaper critic in black is much thanked for his complimentary shake of the head.

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

A young gentleman with his boots about his ancles,

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

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

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

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

SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

No. 27. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

Πάντα ἀλλήλοις ἐπιπλέκεται, καὶ ἡ σύνδεσις ἱερά.

ANTONINUS PIUS.

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

IT is so long since the subject of Religion has made its appearance in the LOOKER-ON, that it may surely come boldly forward after such an interval, and challenge the attention of the gayest of my readers. I have promised to present it in its liveliest dress; so that none of my fair disciples may blush at its homeliness, and so that it may decently enter the drawing-room of a duchess, or the levee of a prince. I have before observed, that, for the sake of the loose form of the argument, and the variety of discussion it admitted, I have chosen to consider those analogies on which religion grounds its apology, and those beautiful resemblances, in the scheme of life and constitution of nature, to the course of Revelation, which develope and vindicate the glorious consistency of our Maker's appointments, and the steadfast unity of his plans and counsels. In the progress of my lucubrations on this subject, I shall keep in view the conduct of a book which has ever been my delight since reading and reflecting have been my occupation—I mean the mighty performance of bishop Butler, to whose work if I could turn the attention of any serious mind, my labours would be indeed recompensed.

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

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

I know but few books, on any subject, or in any language, that are not somewhat objectionable on the score of bulk and prolixity. Profit, vanity, dotage, habit, and facility, all help to persuade an author to swell out his publication as far as it will bear. But, in truth, the strength, the consistency, the form, and the vivacity of an argument, lose as much by the general propensity to accumulate around it superfluous matter, as the muscular vigour of our bodies under the oppression of corpulency and the weight of years. It is, however, the nature of probable evidence, of which the substance of this excellent volume consists, to owe a principal part of its strength to an accumulation of instances; and, according to the well-known principle in hydrostatics, the more its surface is enlarged, the greater will be the number of the columns on which it presses, and, consequently, the greater its support. On this ground, the seeming repetitions of bishop Butler stand excused to the sensible part of his readers; since it is the pressing concurrence and uniform bearing of its probabilities, that carries presumptive testimony to the very confines of demonstration.

This elegant kind of reasoning, in defence of Revelation, doubtless did not originate with the excellent author of this book. The correspondence between the natural and moral dispensations of God, has always been occurring to the studious and contemplative. Our great countryman was the first who presented these analogies under one view, and digested them into a regular and uniform plan of defence in behalf of our holy religion. An argument so beautiful and so fertile, in favour of so universal a cause, could not but suggest itself to the most enlightened of the ancients ; but as their notions of Nature's laws were very far from the truth, the chain of analogy soon fell short ; and every attempt to pursue the comparison to any length soon perished in solecism and error. So grand and boundless an investigation was reserved for maturer and happier times, in which our Creator is pleased yet a little more to unveil his goodness, and yet a little further to draw aside the curtain from the sanctuary of his wisdom. Neither good sense nor discretion have dictated the arguments which some objectors have opposed to this reasoning from analogy in behalf of religion. To those whose belief is implicitly grounded on the basis of scriptural authority, it holds out at least an innocent and delightful contemplation. While the strong pillar of their faith stands immoveably firm, it cannot displease them to see its beauties and proportions unfolded, and the rich order of its capital emerge from the mists which surround it. To those who require external consistency and connection in the objects of their faith, it affords an evidence satisfactory and consoling ; while it imposes silence on those arrogant claimants who are satisfied with nothing less than a clear and rational view of the whole internal constitution and

plan of God's Revelation, by forcing a conviction upon them, that their lives are passed in the same blindness and ignorance with respect to the things of this world, which they yet must acknowledge to exist, and to owe their origin and their order to the wisdom of God. The objections, therefore, which are founded on the incomprehensibility of Revelation should, in common justice, be first tried against the objects of our daily experience: here they are overthrown by the evidence of our senses, and the obstinacy of facts; here we are constrained to bow down the pride of our understandings; to acknowledge effects, without comprehending their causes; to admit truths, which we cannot explain; and to rest our reasonings on data that will ever disappoint our researches, while our views are bounded by mortality.

“ Since I was of understanding,” says the learned and candid Sir Thomas Brown, “ to know we know nothing, my reason has been more pliable to the will of faith. I am now content to understand a mystery, without a rigid definition, in an easy and Platonic description. Where there is an obscurity too deep for our reason, it is good to sit down with a description, periphrasis, or adumbration. By acquainting our reason how unable it is to display the visible and obvious effects of nature, it becomes more humble and submissive to the subtilties of faith.” Such objections to the frame of our religion as have no other ground than the impossibility of bringing it entire within the scope of our understanding, are stifled in the very womb of infidelity; they are strangled ere they can pass the threshold of life. Plainly, then, the attempt is ridiculous to oppose them to that invisible system, in respect to which our experience supplies no documents or

data. When this new life shall come, and our souls shall branch out into new faculties and perceptions, then, perhaps, a new order of facts will arise to reconcile these apparent difficulties and incongruities, by presenting us with a full display of their dependencies and relations.

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

The potent operation of this negative virtue belongs in an eminent degree to the argument from analogy, the direct tendency of which is to vindicate religion from those ordinary presumptions against it, which consist in an opinion that its doctrines are internally more incredible than the common

facts of history; and that, supposing no actual proofs to exist of the object of our daily experience, still they would have greater claims in themselves to be received, and a higher colour of probability. This opinion, founded on habit and prejudice, is clearly refuted by the reasons which analogy supplies; and the objects of our faith are placed in a light to receive the full advantage of all the proofs and authorities which belong to them. As a faithful handmaid to Religion, it attends upon it to decorate its form, and improve its comeliness; to debarrass its motions, and to display its attractions; to dispose the white robe in which Truth has arrayed it, and to remove the obstacles which error and obduracy have thrown in its path.

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

hands of the Almighty. With this footing it is complete, and in a syllogistic form runs thus :

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

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

“ MY BEST OF FRIENDS,

“ And does the little vista in the wood begin to look delightful? Then does every place else begin to look dull to me ; for no place has attractions for Amelia, but where she can imagine the presence of Eugenio. My father promises to bring me in a fortnight to see you, and in the mean time I must be satisfied with thinking of you ; yet think of you I cannot, with all that perfect delight with which your image used to fill my bosom, as long as you continue to cherish this pensiveness of disposition, and to dip all your thoughts in this melancholy dye. Why travel into the land of dreams for topics of sorrow, and thence transplant into our

minds these shadowy griefs, while so many substantial joys await us, and while genial hopes and native pleasures spring up in gay luxuriance before our feet? My dear friend, your mind is too highly wrought for the relish of actual pleasure, and the objects of common life. Oh, how I wish you could a little unrefine yourself, and reduce to a lower pitch those high tones of feeling that never can harmonize with the measures of our condition, and our allotment here! As of late you have sometimes complained of debility of nerves, accept my recipe: instead of reposing on the strength of a fragile philosophy, and maintaining the struggle alone, call to your aid the practical consolations of business and amusement; build more upon the success of diversion than opposition, and study rather to make a dexterous retreat than a desperate defence. In the mean time accept of this little poem, which has been given to my father by one of his friends, and which is somewhat applicable to your particular case.

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

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

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

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

* Humming-bird.

Look at the rose his bill invades
 With eager wanton strife ;
 On what a slender stem it fades,
 And blushes out its life !
 Look at bent lilies as you walk,
 How elegantly thin !
 Yet well that fragrance from their stalk
 Proclaims the power within.
 Look at that sex whose form may vaunt
 More grace than bird or rose ;
 What fine infirmities enchant,
 What frailties charm in those !
 Examine men, the world around,
 That soar with gen'rous aim ;
 How few with rugged strength abound
 In fibre, or in frame !
 Great souls, with energetic thought,
 Wear out their shell of clay ;
 Yet at each crevice light is caught,
 Till all is mental day.
 Then, HENRY, let no man of mind
 Sigh o'er his brittle crust,
 Or grieve because it is not join'd
 To fibres more robust.

No. 28. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

*Μηδ' ἀγαπᾶν λίαν τὰς τοιαύτας ἀριτάς, ὧν καὶ τοῖς φαύλοις μέγιστη,
 ἀλλ' ἐκείνας ὧν οὐδεὶς ἂν πονηρὸς κοινωνήσειε.*

ISOCRATES, EPIST. II.

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

I KNOW of nothing which creates in the mind a more
 tormenting jealousy of other men's success and ce-
 lebrity, and contributes more to make our old-age

theseason of impotent regret, than the consciousness of having lived below the measure of our abilities, in contradiction to Nature's design in the talents with which she has furnished us. The weightier part of those sorrows which years accumulate, are in a manner the revenge which they take upon us for having suffered them to mature our faculties, without illustrating them in our turn by any honourable occurrence or record of utility. That broad and level road of life, which leads to the common sink of mortality, is trodden by multitudes of those whose mould and conformation had qualified them for steep and difficult ascents, for services of high account, and enterprises that demand ability, and exercise virtue. To those who, like myself, have courted literature in academical bowers, amidst a crowd of competitors, instances have not been wanting of the truth of this observation. I have seen with sorrow the fair promise of expanding genius, and the expectation of many a noble mind, receive a perversion at its first entrance into active life, and, renouncing its privileges at the very threshold of manhood, subside into the common rank of insignificance, and the little detail of vulgar actions and amusements.

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

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

Mr. Strutgate, who has been only famous these last thirty years for handing a lady into a room, and then handing her out again, like some generals, who shine in leading on to the attack, and in covering a retreat, but not in the conduct of the day, was in Mr. Allworth's time a senior wrangler in the university of Cambridge. I have seen this gentleman retire within himself with feelings manifestly discomposed, with a conscious colour kindling in his cheeks, and a pensiveness piercing through his smile, when the conversation has happened to turn upon literary merit, or the particular praise of some eminent scholar. For Mr. S. has only now a scattered recollection of those terms and ideas which he once could so readily combine; and only a few solitary axioms, a few fragments of erudition, are left in his mind, the poor remains of the proud but perishable monuments of his juvenile proficiency. It was his fate, just as he stepped into public life, to fall among a set of companions, who presently gave a new turn to his ambition, and presented a new range of objects and attainments before him. The nature of those pursuits in which he now was engaged, supplying no channel through which his college-acquirements might be turned to practical advantage, the estimation of those acquirements was sunk in his mind, and their substance fell gradually away, amidst the distractions of idle pleasures and fashionable engagements.

Tunc subit recordatio, quot dies quam frigidis rebus absumpsi.

When the mind is once unstrung, it is surprising with what rapidity all its knowledge unravels itself, especially that knowledge which was not the easy accumulation of practical discoveries, or the natural result of involuntary combinations; not consisting in conclusions derived from sensible objects, or the smooth produce of a summer's ramble; but deep-drawn from the unwearied efforts of the brain, and the closetted labours of academical solitude. When opportunity has come in aid of ability, and education has not been wanting to genius, it is painful indeed to witness the prodigality with which some of us squander these gifts of Nature and Fortune on attainments which demand only bodily vigour, or mechanical dexterity. Nothing is more ridiculous than to hear the credit which some men give themselves for their proficiency in driving a phaëton, riding a race, or leaping a gate, with minds cast in a statesman's mould, and an education as enlarged and as costly as princes can enjoy.

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

I remember, some years ago, on going up to London from college, I was at a loss to imagine from what description of the people such a troop of fine

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

Monday.—To back Wapping Will the dustman, against Joe Crib the collier, for 100 guineas—To attend on the grand jury at Maidstone, and afterwards to run a maggot-race with Jack Smoaky.

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

Wednesday.—To see eleven games at putt played between Patrick Murdock and the chimney-sweeper.—To go to Hastings's trial, and then to dine with the fighting tinman at lord Canaille's.

Thursday.—To trot Miss Graceless against sir Andrew's Nutcracker, for 500 guineas—go to the levee—meet lord and lady Giles at the jack-ass race—back Humphry Hog, my coachman, against the whole county, for eating hot hasty-pudding.

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

Saturday.—To dine with the society for the *Recovery*

of Drowned Persons, and immediately from thence to the *duck-hunt*—To go to the house, and vote either for the abolition of juries, or the general verdict of the slave-trade—see my wager determined that Joe Gorget eats a shoulder of mutton before Nimble Ned the barber shaves seven customers.

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

It is this growing degeneracy in the taste for pleasure, among the higher orders of my countrymen, that confounds the distinction of real merit, and is the supreme consolation of dunces. In proportion as such low and illiberal amusements steal into consequence, by mixing with the glare of rank and office, we shall see the glory of folly extend itself, and virtue droop in common disesteem. But, besides the moral detriment which may result from such confusion of character, and inversion of ambition, we may fairly consider it in the light of a political evil. One of the principal columns on which the constitution of our country reposes, is the dignity of sentiment, and sensibility of honour, supposed in the hearts of our English nobility. To this order we look up, as the last and purest resource of justice; as the representative of that ancient characteristic valour of our feudal forefathers; as the nursery of generals and captains; as the model of high-born courtesy; as the shelter of honourable fatigues, and exhausted services; and, lastly, as the potent barrier to the prince and the people, against the dangerous encroachments of the one or the other. It is plain,

therefore, that whatever habits or customs have a tendency to lower the character of our great men, give a secret wound to the constitution of our country; and especially at this conjuncture, unhappily afford some colour to that levelling malcontent spirit, which is gone abroad, and is maintaining a struggle with the laws of Nature and the oracles of common sense.

I doubt much whether any Ulysses of the present day would discover a young nobleman (as noblemen are) when intrenched among jockeys, and bullies, and black-legs, by displaying before him the sabre, the buckler, and the plumed helmet. Those generous times are past; and, what is more to be lamented, their spirit and their genius is gone for ever with them; when a grandeur of soul, almost inseparably adhered to nobility of birth; and manhood, and prowess, and courtesy, and faith, were the graceful distinctions of an English gentleman.

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

While our great men persist in cheapening gen-

tility, by this voluntary degradation of themselves ; and while a petty train of qualifications usurp the place of those manlier attainments which used once to characterize noble descent, we are not to wonder that gentlemen are so easily formed ; that a door is open to upstart opulence ; and that great men are springing up around us, like the Lombardy poplars which decorate their villas.

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

I do not remember any severer satire pronounced against our young noblemen, than that which escaped from the pen of our entertaining novelist Henry Fielding ; who, after passing many encomiums on the manly deportment and fine appearance of Joseph Andrews, concludes with observing, that one unacquainted with the present race of our nobility might have mistaken him for a person of high descent. Unhappily, the present devotion to the whip is not likely to correct this vulgarity of demeanour ; and in the progress of this *mania* we may in time expect that the mock criterion of nobility, so pro-

verbial in alehouses and stables, may become the real badge of titular distinction; and that a right honourable protuberance on the back may run, in an increasing proportion, from the baron of yesterday to the premier duke.

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

*Præter majorum cineres, atque ossa, volucris
Carpento rapitur pinguis Damasippus; et ipse,
Ipse rotam stringit multo sufflamine consul:
Nocte quidem; sed luna videt; sed sidera testes
Intendunt oculos. Finitum tempus honoris
Cum fuerit, clarâ Damasippus luce flagellum
Sumet, et occursum nusquam trepidabit amici
Jam senis; ac virgâ prior innuet atque maniplos
Solvat, et infundet jumentis hordea lassis.*

JUV. SAT. VIII. 146.

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

DRYDEN.

I have only to remark upon these lines, that, sunk as the Romans were in virtue and in dignity, when

our satirist reproached them, yet, as it appears from the above lines, some little sense of shame did still accompany these puerile addictions to such pitiful attainments, in characters and situations where decorum and consistency demand a full exertion of the powers of understanding, and a general circumspection and manliness of behaviour.

No. 29. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

Strenua nos exercet inertia.

HOR. EPL. I. 12, 28.

With idle industry, and languid stress,
We urge refinement to a cold excess.

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

The present age has refined us out of half our honest feelings, and a great part of our natural taste ; and our pride seems to consist in tricking the worn-out frame of science and of genius, with such meretricious arts as serve to sophisticate the shattered relics of female beauty. It is pleasant to one who has not gone along with the stream, to contemplate aloof the ridiculous excesses to which the spirit of refinement is pushed in the little concerns of social life, as well as in the duties of morality and the objects of taste. In social life, by the habit it has introduced of falsifying our feelings, it has left to what is called the fashionable world, little more than an image, or rather a mockery of the social affections : it has in a manner hollowed out the substance of our pleasures, and suffered nothing but the shell to remain ; it has cheated us of our rank, under colour of advancing us ; it has passed upon us a bauble instead of a diamond ; in short, to finish this train of allusion, it has carried off our old coat with the purse in the pocket, and has given us a fine holiday suit in its place. For proofs of this, we have only to look into the present plan of fashionable intercourse : what inanity of compliment ! what affectation of transport ! what hollowness of profession ! what a waste of margin in every remark ! what a length of straw to every grain of sense ! what idle industry ! what manœuvre without plan ! mirth without meaning ! play without point ! pride without pretension ! love without regard !

On that plain buff principle of old English hospitality, this spirit of refinement has certainly made no small intrenchments. Our visits are now paid with empty carriages ; and a very close intimacy can subsist for a twelvemonth on a dish of chocolate and a morsel of cake ; while friends can eat each other

up whenever they meet, who have never broken bread together in their lives. As to love and friendship, it may truly be said, that they have lost their exclusive and engrossing spirit. Instead of flying to groves and sequestered walks, they have found their element in noise and publicity. Love is so unsensualized and sublimed above passion, that it has forgotten its old retreats, and appears with calm confidence in crowds and gay resorts; and friendship is so moulded and adjusted to the rules of etiquette, that it finds the drawing-room a scene sufficiently interesting for all its wishes and exertions, and the card-table an ample medium for the display of all its cordialities and emotions. Thus the tones of feeling and the energies of passion, the swell of humanity and the ardours of affection, have subsided to the common surface of life, and settled into the smooth current of ordinary intercourse, and the every-day topics of vulgar communication. Thus the very sinews of society are relaxed; and, in the progress of our debilitation, we may expect to see the time when those great actions which decorate our history, shall be without a name in our language, or place in our hearts.

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

into the nature of those crimes to which such punishments belonged.

My projecting friend used to think, that the genius of that public resort, which we know by the name of Ranelagh, is most particularly in unison with this *strenua inertia*; and so earnest was he in the great cause, that he was for experimenting upon this hopeless quality, and endeavouring to promote his philanthropical object, by extracting positive virtue out of simple negation, and rivaling that philosophical adventurer, who conceived the project of drawing the sunbeams out of cucumbers. His plan went to combine the amusements of Ranelagh with the purposes of a mill, and to make every one in the progress of his circuit conduce to its operation. Among such a multitude, this might be done by the silent efforts of the *strenua inertia*, without the danger of a suspicion in the breast of any one, that he was doing good; and the more effectually to prevent this remorse from taking place to ruffle the flowing tide of murmuring insipidity, or to rouse from his hallowed slumbers the negative genius of the place, every thing was to be removed from sight which could convey such unharmonizing sentiments; the whole process of the machine was to be detached from the scene of amusement; and the same set of wheels which were grinding our corn at a respectful distance, should be grinding an organ in our view.

If my friend can turn this growing, or rather gravitating propensity of my countrymen to any useful account, I shall certainly allow him credit for a very extraordinary management and resource in the great concerns and interests of our condition here below; but this frivolity of refinement is, I fear, a constitutional malady, which accompanies a worn-out frame

and exhausted stamina : and the worst of all is, that the complaint is of a flattering kind ; and, like the slow victims to consumption, we silently waste and waste, in the fond security of fancied improvement, till nature suddenly succumbs, and the fountains of life refuse to flow. There is a balsam in our minds, like that which enriches our blood, which, when once it is destroyed by luxurious habits and baneful indulgences, no restoratives in the compass of moral medicine can renew, no succedaneums can replace, nor all that aromatic virtue of argument and counsel supply to the corrupted system.

A sensible passage presented itself to me the other day in a book but little consulted at this time, which is so much to my present purpose, that I cannot help transcribing it for my readers. “ What Vice has lost in coarseness of expression, she has gained in a more easy and general admittance. In ancient days, bare and impudent obscenity, like a common woman of the town, was confined to brothels: whereas the *double entendre*, like a modern fine lady, is now admitted into the best company, while her transparent covering of words, like a thin fashionable gauze delicately thrown across, discloses, while it seems to veil, her nakedness of thought.”

This false feeling of refinement, on which the author I have been quoting animadverts with such justice, has turned the bent of our delicacy from things and realities, to words and images ; and it little imports to the chastest mind, what idea is presented, let only the medium be properly sophisticated through which it is viewed. On this principle, a lady who revolts at the study of botany, because of the sexual system, and the shameless libertinism and concubinage of plants, can consistently learn by heart the epistle of Eloise to Abelard ; and a

fair reader, who dares not avow her acquaintance with Tom Jones, may lawfully peruse the memoirs of actresses, and drink in golden goblets the poisonous essence of medicated debauchery.

Nothing can be more absurd than the struggles which this sickly effeminacy of the times is making to gloss over and disguise all the real wretchedness of life. Unable any longer to draw wholesome lessons from those passages of sorrow which so often occur in the great volume of our existence, we gild and illuminate the margin, in the vain hope of brightening the text: we are dressing up a corpse with ribands; but still the cadaverous countenance of Death will mock our endeavours, and triumph in the contrast it exhibits. Thus a language is found to express the whole train of maladies to which humanity is exposed, that wears almost the appearance of eulogy; and crimes that call for vengeance are wrapped up in a courtesy of phrase, that looks more like commiseration than abhorrence. We talk of the *unfortunate* gentleman who poisoned his uncle, and was afterwards so *unhappy* as to strangle his wife; and I have been told of a very *elegant* mode of extracting the stone. I remember a navy surgeon, who used, in his accounts of battles, to talk of amputations, and other *arrangements*; and they tell me of a French farce, called *La Mort de Madame la Princesse de Lambelle, et ses agrémens*.

I must own, that, as I grow old, I become fond of narrating; and perhaps those who shall hereafter criticize my work, will observe that I suppose too much of this passion for stories in my readers. I will, however, run the risk of this censure, rather than suppress an anecdote which will serve to show, by comparing it with the character of Frenchmen at this hour, that an affected strain of refinement,

which has no foundation in religion and humanity, is no security against the most brutal depravation and degeneracy.—“ Mademoiselle Duclos, a celebrated actress on the French stage, was playing the part of the Sister in the *Horatii* of Corneille. She had just vented her imprecations on her victorious country, and was about to quit the stage with much precipitation, when her foot was caught in the train of her gown, and caused her to tumble. The actor that personated Horatius, whose business it was to have killed her as she was retiring, with one hand took off his hat, and very gallantly offered her the other to help her on her legs again. He then led her forwards very politely, and, putting on his hat, drew his sword, and proceeded to kill her with every mark of fury in his countenance and manner.” A good actor, says the relator of this anecdote, would have profited by the occasion, and killed her as she was falling.

All great operations are now performed in a manner to inspire us with a taste for them. A tooth is promised to be drawn by little more than whistling to it; a system is refined by a pinch of snuff; and the Roman *Materia Medica*, of friction, jactation, and fumigation, is entirely exploded. Few medicines are so rude as to require confinement, or abstinence; and it is almost worth while to be grievously afflicted, in order to be perfumed into health, and syrupe into a sound constitution. We have long discontinued the phrase of cutting off, and have adopted that of removing a leg; by which ingenious turn, we must of course put the patient in excellent humour with the operation, by persuading him to regard that in the light of an inconvenience, which he is under an unavoidable necessity of losing for ever. In the article of funerals, too, we do all in our power to bring

it within the influence of this general plan of refinement, and to give it an elegance and brilliancy, that may serve to spare our sensibilities, and substitute surprize in the place of feeling. A poor family will starve three children, to bury one ; and no man can *afford* to die without a thousand pounds to his fortune. I could not help being much entertained a few days ago with an advertisement in a news-paper, in which a very sombre topic had borrowed the colours of this general characteristic refinement.

“ JAMES MADDOX, at the *Sugar-Loaf and Coffin*,
“ respectfully solicits the patronage of the living and
“ the dead, who have had experience of his delicacy,
“ despatch, and punctuality. He furnishes skele-
“ tons in the best taste, of all sizes, of both colours,
“ and of both sexes, accurately articulated ; he
“ packs them safe, either for sea or land carriage :
“ he also mounts for those gentlemen who have
“ loose sets of bones ; and ladies may depend upon
“ their orders being obeyed with the utmost regu-
“ larity. M—— has discovered a most elegant me-
“ thod of securing any human corpse above ground
“ from ill odours, and all manner of annoyance, with-
“ out embowelling or embalming ; while a certain
“ hitherto-undiscovered balsam in his possession
“ will preserve the finest glow of health upon the
“ face of the deceased. This is he who took up the
“ Dutch corpse in Painswick, after thirteen months’
“ interment, and so set him up by his elegant pre-
“ parations, that he was able to bear, without in-
“ convenience, the journey to Rotterdam. Among
“ other excellencies, he has an ointment which cures
“ people of condition, and communicates present
“ ease, in an hour and a half. He has also coffins
“ ready made for the accommodation of his friends,

“furnished with every convenience; a circumstance
“he has a peculiar pleasure in announcing to the
“public, and the deceased in particular, as, for
“want of such coffins, persons of quality have been
“much incommoded.”

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

But this spirit of refinement does not confine itself to the little moralities of life, but plays about the confines of religion, and stretches over the whole province of literature and taste. In our catalogues of books we find the *Flowers of Infidelity*, *Religious Courtship*, the *Gentleman's Religion*, the *Dance to Eternity*, the *Box of Precious Ointment*, the *Perfumes of Grace*, and *Voltaire's Philosophical Works*, recommended in the same line, as being very deistical, and elegantly bound. This effeminacy of character, which in the high concerns of religion has the air of buffoonery, produces a sad debility and languor in the objects of taste. A sickly thirst for novelty, local allusion, puerile point, and puny sentiment, has banished from the stage all the higher parts of poetry. The great display of general manners, the manly strokes of antique colouring, and the reign of character is gone for ever; in their place have arisen a train of fleeting topics of the day and the hour, such as the fungous growth of news-paper anecdotes supplies. A piece of news is hardly certain till it is confirmed at one of our playhouses; and

finds its way to the Theatre Royal before it can reach the Royal Exchange.

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

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

No. 30. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1.

Sed, mehercule, mi Pæte, extra jocum, moneo te, quod pertinere ad beatè vivendum arbitror; ut cum viris bonis, jucundis, amantibus tui vivas. Nihil aptius vitæ, nihil ad beatè vivendum accommodatius. Nec id ad voluptatem refero: sed ad communitatem vitæ, atque victûs, remissionemque animorum; quæ maximè sermone efficitur familiari, qui est in conviviiis dulcissimus; ut sapientius nostri, quam Græci; illi συμπόσια aut συνδειπνια, id est computationes, aut concœnationes; nos convivia; quod tum maximè simul vivitur.

CICERO, EPIST. L. 9. 24.

But, indeed, my dear Pœtus, jesting apart, I exhort you, for I know that it will conduce to your happiness, to court the

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

LAST night our society had what we denominate a maiden meeting. Not a single forfeit was paid; and a general feeling of emulation had set every man so much upon his guard, that the wrath of the Echo was never excited, and sense and reason were signally triumphant. Once indeed I thought I heard a gentle murmur whisper along the cupola; and the Genius of the place seemed to sigh, when Mr. Farthingale, the gentleman so remarkable for his aberration of thought, made his excuses to Mr. Blunt for having sent him a young foundling designed for the poor-house, instead of a roasting-pig, which he had despatched with his compliments to the churchwarden. Mr. Barnaby, who had profited by the mistake, assured him that he had done his duty by the little orphan, and felt so grateful for the present, that he was heartily sorry for the statute against toasts, which denied him the pleasure of drinking a health to the *absent* members of our club.

As I saw how matters went, and that this general zeal promised a fair trial of the efficacy of our system, I collected my mind to examine at leisure whether the interests of argument and conversation

really lost any thing of vigour and discussion by this spirit of controul, which distinguished our institutions. I had here a remarkable opportunity of convincing myself, that to expand the sensibilities of the soul, and open its sources of intelligence, there was no need of raising any commotion of the spirits; that all the purposes of impression and persuasion might be answered without the aid of noise and vehemence; and that true force of expression and language does not depend upon exaltation of tones, and turbulence of manner, but on a certain judicious balance and proportion in the terms and phrases we adopt, on a nice and masterly poise of words, and on fine and appropriate distinctions in our emphasis, figures, and allusions. It is thus the experienced racer sets out with sober vigour, and husband his mettle, till the contest becomes urgent, and his spirits hurry towards the goal.

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

Since I last opened the affairs of our club to my readers, we have had on every unpromising addition in a little baronet, Sir Gabriel Grimstone, who from certain habitudes of life had fallen into a hostile practice of perpetual contradiction. As we had at this time nearly as much upon our hands as we could well perform in the correction and discipline of Mr. Farthingale, after some counsel and deliberation on

the dilemma, we determined that very summary and potent methods were to be taken, or some anarchy might be introduced into our little republic. It happily occurred to Mr. Shapely (of whom respectable mention has been made in my 24th number, as being the judge in all offences against decorum and delicacy), that a man of absence, and a man of contradiction, might be so opposed to each other, as to become a mutual corrective, like acid and alkali: that the apathy of the one would disappoint the spleen of the other: while the repeated attacks and challenges of the gainsayer would force the attention of the wandered, and bring home his truant contemplations. As this plan had a manifest tendency to lighten our labours, we adopted it without hesitation; and to improve a little upon it, we resolved not only to place them invariably together, but to insulate them for a time, by cutting off all communication between them and their neighbours on each side of them, and to make it a rule never to address any but self-evident propositions to the gainsayer; while our absent friend is laid by with a mortifying neglect, his name omitted in our registers and account-books, and himself considered as leaving a vacancy in our number, and as totally disqualified to fill any office in our system of administration.

Being anxious to observe the effects of our mode of discipline, I paid a close attention to the dialogue which took place between these contradictory gentlemen, who were thus pressed together in a forced kind of union, like the figure oxymoron. The circumstance which started a conversation between them, was an observation from Mr. Farthingale on the pleasantness of the day, while the hail was beating so hard against the windows, as almost to alarm the Echo. This the baronet not only denied most

stoutly, but maintained, with a great deal of blood in his cheeks, that the remark was thrown out with a view to provoke altercation, a thing he most cordially detested. This produced a little regeneration of thought in the breast of our absent friend, who with great mildness apologized to his neighbour for his rash assertion about the weather, while he was drinking up his glass of wine. For this robbery, his mode of making reparation was by oversetting a bowl of hot negus upon his knee, and then assuring him it was of no consequence, and begging he would not mention it.

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

I could plainly perceive that this lubricity of manner, and alienation of thought in his neighbour, tended very much to damp the ardour of contradiction in the plethoric Sir Gabriel; but these wholesome effects have been wonderfully assisted by a resolution among the members to address no observations to him that contained any propositions above intuitive certainty, or universal notoriety, so as effectually to preclude him from any share in interesting, dignified, or useful investigation. After having castled himself up as it were in his own exclusive spirit, and secured himself with sullen intrenchments and menacing fortifications, he has found an enemy too wise to expend its force in assaults, when a bloodless victory might so easily be gained by

cutting off all the means of subsistence, and starving him to a quiet surrender. The progress towards a cure wrought in this last-mentioned gentleman, by the salutary specifics our society employs, has been as fifty to five above that which has been made on our absent patient. A wrong bias of the understanding is much more easily corrected, than the want of energy can be supplied: we may dig long and deep for a spring, and lose our pains at last; whereas a little drain will speedily reduce an overflow to its proper level; or if you leave it to time, its cataracts will soon become mute, till, renouncing its usurpations, it discloses a fertilized plain. I shall now take leave for the present of these two anti-characters, and pursue my thoughts on the pleasures of conversation.

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

There is hardly any character so rare as an elegant and interesting converser. So many adventitious circumstances are necessary to constitute this species of excellence, that one man can seldom, with every advantage of culture, embrace them all; and perhaps the customs and modes of the age in which we live are calculated in some measure to disfurnish the mind, and scatter its materials of knowledge. The premature introduction of our youth into the world with the pretensions of manhood, the distraction of objects which are crowded into the system of education, the seductions of poisonous books, the usurping importance of frivolous attainments, and, above them all, the crude propensity to harangue and debate, so epidemic at this moment through the country, are circumstances in the present constitution of things that militate much against the interests and delights of conversation. But I know of nothing more disadvantageous in this view than the late introduction of the spirit of debate into our social meetings; since conversation is as distinct, in its nature and demands, from dispute and oratory, as any two determinate ideas that exist, as a Campus Martius from a field of battle, or as the play of a fountain from the pelting of a storm. In ancient days taciturnity was the ornament of youth, the mute harbinger of a graceful maturity and accomplished manhood, the symbol of gentle worth and high promise, and the best recommendation to the symposiacs of sages and the lectures of philosophers. But at present a beardless orator of fifteen years' standing is permitted to talk down his grandfather at a sitting; and the grey honours of age and experience are to make way for these pastimes of youthful petulance.

About half a century ago, an English embassy was despatched to an Indian nation, with propositions

for the reception of the Gospel among them. The missionaries were received with becoming respect, and the whole court was assembled under the shade of a hickory tree, to deliberate upon this solemn question, and to give audience to their dignified instructors. Nothing could exceed the gravity and decorum of the whole proceeding on the part of the Indians. As soon as they had all taken their seats and were sufficiently composed, a grave personage, who sat on the right hand of the chieftain, arose, and intimated to the English, that they were at full liberty to explain the doctrine which they wished to inculcate, and unfold the mysteries of this new religion. The missionaries were determined to profit by this indulgence, and all of them delivered their sentiments one after the other. As each took a reasonable time to explain himself, it was very long before all their minds were disburdened, and any answer could be returned on the part of the Indians. During the whole time, however, they sat in profound silence, and forebore to manifest any signs of impatience, although on so interesting a subject the minds of most of them must doubtless have been teeming with answers, interrogations, and objections.—When every Englishman had thus successively delivered himself, the savages still maintained a solemn silence, for many minutes, to give each person an opportunity of restoring any omissions, or urging any explanations. When they thought that a reasonable time had been afforded them, and nothing seemed to occur to our countrymen as necessary to be enforced or elucidated, the oldest of their party rose, and began in his turn to enter upon a display of their own opinions and persuasions on the subject of religion. The venerable spokesman had hardly got three sentences forward, before he was

interrupted by two or three of the missionaries speaking together, and denying his positions with great vociferation. A glow of indignation animated the Indian's face; after a minute's pause, and a look of conscious superiority, he thus again addressed the Europeans:—"With our religion, such as it is, my friends, we manage to conduct ourselves with respect and forbearance towards each other, and to hold up to our teachers themselves an useful pattern of patience and justice: we listened to you with that respect and tranquillity which become men who have much to learn; but in your unmannered haste to interrupt us in return, you have convinced us that, with such ignorance of the commonest civilities of life, you must be but ill calculated to give us wholesome counsel in the weightier concerns of religion." With this the whole assembly rose, and in spite of entreaties, concessions, and remonstrances, marched solemnly back to their own habitations.

Here is an instance in which unlettered savages put their conceited instructors to shame; in which it is proved, that, in the composition of true politeness, there is more nature than most of us imagine; and that the refinement of which we boast is frequently illiberal at the bottom, and without the staple of humanity, good sense, and justice.

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

you mean as serious, or feel as sacred, should be rendered abortive by some ridiculous perversion.

Next to the determined joker, I consider the everlasting quoter as an enemy to the peace of conversation. I have generally found that those who have the truest taste and value for classical literature do not choose to draw from them on vulgar occasions, or abuse the real sense and application of illustrious passages, for the sake of some partial or verbal resemblance. To quote opportunely, easily, and elegantly, is a desirable talent; but there are a set of determined quoters, who, without being touched with the beauties of arrangement, order, and connection, which belong to the whole, bring away their fractured spoils with as little distinction or taste, as did the Roman general of old the sacred plunder of Corinth. I never could bear to be thus tantalized with teaspoonfuls, when I could fill my mind with flowing goblets, and drink long uninterrupted draughts at the immortal fountains themselves.

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

Before I dismiss my readers, I cannot help includ-

ing within the pale of this proscription all those men of real abilities, the moral character of whose minds is so poorly constituted, as to feel its ambition gratified by an association with men of inferior mould. Let me assure them that there is a caballing spirit in folly which will often disappoint them, and that many a powerful mind has been traversed and overthrown by a confederacy of dunces. The very poor, and the very rich, are in extremes equally unfavourable to this object; and I lay it down, that all great inequalities of condition are subversive of the true interests of conversation. I have seen a very able disputant very much humbled at the end of a long argument, and a long evening, by a cold offer, on the part of his wealthy opponent, to give him a *set down* in his carriage.

For the use of the rich disputers, I would here draw up an advertisement, which shall conclude my paper of to-day. "Wanted a sleek gentleman to argue with, of a yielding, acquiescing, and accommodating temper. He must know how to provoke and elicit the powers of his companion, without endeavouring to rival him. He must be easily excited to laughter, when a joke is meant; and ready to mourn at a minute's notice, if required. An unremitting attention to his employer's remarks is absolutely indispensable, even at meals; and a little taciturnity will be no objection. He must know how to season compliments; must think indifferently of his own judgement; and be able to turn his hand to abuse, if wanted. He must have no decided opinion or preference, but must hold himself ready to relish chopped hay, if required; or to be convinced that the sun goes round the earth. Above all, he must not mind being *worked*, or flinch at odd jobs;

must be always at hand; utterly ignorant of Joe Miller's jests; not given to gaping; a coarse feeder, and fond of scraps and cold things."

No. 31. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8.

Οὐδέ γε ὅπως ἄφρων ἴσται ἡ ψυχὴ, ἐπειδὴν τοῦ ἄφρονος σώματος
 δίχα γένηται, οὐδὲ τοῦτο πίπεισμαι· ἀλλ' ὅταν ἄκρατος καὶ
 καθαρὸς ὁ νοῦς ἐκκριθῆ, τότε καὶ φρονιμώτατον εἶκός αὐτὸν εἶναι.

XEN. CYR. LIB. VIII. CAP. VII.

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

My readers are, I think, by this time ready for a fresh essay on the subject of Religion. In my present paper I hope to be able to mix more than ordinary amusement with it, and to raise such a degree of curiosity concerning it, that it will in future stand no more in need of apology than my other lucubrations. In pursuance of the plan of bishop Butler, my business at present is with the doctrine of a future state. I shall hope to establish, in this paper, that there is nothing in reason or in nature to oppose the necessary and consoling belief in the soul's immortality, confirmed to us by the Scriptures. In this question, two points are necessary to be proved: in the first place, that, as far as the analogy of nature can enter into the consideration, it affords a favourable testimony; secondly, that there exist no grounds in the reason of the thing for supposing that death is

the destruction of a living agent. When these obstacles, arising from common appearances, are removed, it is not difficult to conceive with what great advantages the positive arguments for a future life may be brought forwards. But if, after all, it be asked, what proofs of religion are contained in the proofs of a future life? the answer is—none; for the scheme of Atheism will perfectly accord with the notion of a future life. But although a future life does not imply religion, yet religion does imply a future life; any presumption therefore against a future life is a presumption against religion. A future life is then a necessary and fundamental doctrine of religion.

Difficulties have been raised by some, respecting personal identity, or the sameness of living agents, implied in the notion of our existing now and hereafter, or in any two successive moments. For the particular circumstances and criteria which constitute and ascertain personal identity, I must refer the reader to a particular treatise of Dr. Butler's on that subject: in this place, I shall only consider it in the light of an objection to a future life. Sufficient for this purpose is the evidence afforded by the analogy of nature: the various changes which we ourselves and other animals undergo during the present life furnish strong inferences as to the effect which death may or may not have upon us.

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

widely different as we can possibly conceive any two states or degrees to be constituted.

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

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

Ψυχή signifies the human soul, and a butterfly; so forcibly were the Greeks struck with the analogy between the wonderful transformation of this insect, and the survival and liberty of the soul after its separation from the body. The analogy between our living soul, this *animula vagula blandula* and this mysterious insect, appeared to them so strong, that it is one of the most common and favourite emblems exhibited on their medals. The marriage of Cupid and Psyche is, with great reason, concluded to be an allegory; and though related only by Apuleius, an author of the second century, we cannot doubt of its place in the ancient mythology, while we behold it depicted on so many gems and medals. The mo-

rality included in this allegory is well unfolded in a little pamphlet, containing remarks on the ballad of Cupid and Psyche; and the opinions of this writer are confirmed by the acquiescence of Mr. Bryant, in p. 391 of the second volume of his Treatise on the Mythology of the Ancients.

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

Segnis et informis serpens eruca per herbas
 Innocue viridi sustinet ora cibo.
 Jam conviva satur pertæsa et lumina vitæ
 Quærit in effossâ ponere corpus humo ;
 Exuit et vestem, ac cæcis commissa latebris
 Dormit, et in placidâ morte quieta manet.
 Hyberni frustra fugiunt per pascua venti,
 Altaque Nix rigido jam tenet arva gelu.
 Illa nihil sentit, tumuloque occlusa profundo
 Dormit, et a vento tuta et ab hoste jacet.
 At simul auratis aperit cum cornibus annum
 Taurus, et a Zephyris terra soluta viret,
 Cùm frondent sylvæ, cùm formosissimus annus,
 En ! tumulo surgit pulchra phalæna suo !
 Surgit, et ut veteris rumpit jam claustra sepulchri,
 Mirata speciem corporis ipsa sui.
 Quam formosa vicens ! Oh ! quantum distat ab illâ
 Viderat errantem quam prior annus humi !
 Alarum ornatum, gemmantes aspice ocellos !
 Jam pluma in molli corpore multa nitet :
 Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores
 Evolvat, et cæcos despicit inde rogos ;
 Blandaque purpureis subvecta per aëra pennis
 Per nemora et varios expatiatur agros.
 Inque vices lectisque rosis violisque superbe
 Incubat, et formâ vincit utrasque suâ.
 Scilicet et nostri reputentur vana sepulchri
 Præmia cum tali teste probata manent ?

"The helpless crawling caterpillar trace
 From the first period of his reptile race :
 Cloth'd in dishonour, on the leafy spray,
 Unseen, he wears his silent hours away ;
 Till, satiate grown of all that life supplies,
 Self-taught the voluntary martyr dies.
 Deep under earth his darkling course he bends,
 And to the tomb a willing guest descends :
 There, long secluded in his lonely cell,
 Forgets the sun, and bids the world farewell.
 O'er the wide waste the wint'ry tempests reign,
 And driving snows usurp the frozen plain :
 In vain the tempest beats, the whirlwind blows,
 No storms can violate his grave's repose.
 But when revolving months have won their way,
 When smile the woods, and when the zephyrs play,
 When laughs the vivid world in summer's bloom,
 He bursts, and flies triumphant from the tomb ;
 And while his new-born beauties he displays,
 With conscious joy his alter'd form surveys.
 Mark, while he moves amid the sunny beam,
 O'er his soft wing the varying lustre gleam.
 Launch'd into air, on purple wings he soars ;
 Gay nature's face with wanton glance explores ;
 Proud of his various beauties, wings his way,
 And spoils the fairest flowers, himself more fair than they.
 And deems weak man the future promise vain,
 When worms can die, and glorious rise again ?"

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

At non in Pharia Manes jacuère favilla,
 Nec cinis exiguus tantam compescuit umbram.
 Prosiluit busto, semustaque membra relinquens,
 Degeneremque rogam, sequitur, convexa tonantis.

Qua niger astriferis connectitur axibus aër,
 Quodque patet terras inter lunæque meatus
 Semidei Manes habitant, quos ignea virtus
 Innocuos vitæ, patientes ætheris imi
 Fecit, et æternos animas collegit in orbes.
 Non illuc auro positi, nec thure sepulti
 Perveniunt ; illic postquam se lumine vero
 Implevit, stellasque vagas miratur, et astra
 Fixa polis, vidit quantâ sub nocte jaceret
 Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria trunci,

Mr. Rowe has thus translated this passage :

Nor in the dying embers of its pile
 Slept the great soul upon the banks of Nile,
 Nor longer by the earthly parts restrain'd,
 Amidst its wretched relics was detain'd ;
 But, active and impatient of delay,
 Shot from the mould'ring heap, and upwards urg'd its
 way.

Far in those azure regions of the air
 Which border on the rolling starry sphere,
 Beyond our orb, and nearer to that height
 Where Cynthia drives around her silver light,
 Their happy seats the demi-gods possess,
 Refin'd by virtue, and prepar'd for bliss ;
 Of life unblam'd a pure and pious race,
 Worthy that lower heav'n and stars to grace,
 Divine, and equal to the glorious place.
 'There Pompey's soul, adorn'd with heav'nly light,
 Soon shone among the rest, and as the rest was bright ;
 New to the blest abode, with wonder fill'd,
 The stars and moving planets he beheld,
 Then looking down on the sun's feeble ray,
 Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect day,
 And under what a cloud of night we lay ;
 But when he saw, how, on the shore forlorn,
 His headless trunk was cast for public scorn,
 When he beheld how cruel Fortune still
 Took pains to use a senseless carcass ill ;
 He smil'd at the vain malice of his foe,
 And pitied impotent mankind below.

We are now to consider whether, in the reason of the thing, there be any grounds for supposing that death is the destruction of a living agent: for if there be no well-grounded apprehension at all, either in the reason of the thing, or in the analogy of nature, that this will be the case, we have a fair presumption that our living powers will remain after the dissolution of the body; a presumption built on that kind of analogy, expressed in the word *continuance*, which seems our only natural reason for believing that the course of this world will be tomorrow, as it has been so far back as our experience or knowledge of history can carry us. This is an assurance of great importance, and such as, in the affairs of common life, is fully sufficient to ground all our proceedings upon. To obtain this assurance in regard to a future life, all that is really necessary is to prove that there is no distinct ground for any apprehension that death will destroy a living agent, whatever confused suspicion, prior to the natural and moral proofs to the contrary, might arise from the terrors of imagination, that the sensible shock of that event must involve our complete destruction; for if there be no ground for thinking that death will destroy our living powers, why not conclude, as we do in respect to the course of nature, that, as we know they exist up to that event, they will exist after it? If there be any distinct ground for such an apprehension, it must arise either from the reason of the thing, or from the analogy of nature.

Now, as for the analogy of nature, it cannot afford the slightest presumption that other animals ever lose their living powers, much less that they lose them by death: for we have no faculties to trace any beyond, or through it, so as to see what

becomes of them after it. Death withdraws from our view the sensible proof we had before of their living powers, but affords no manner of reason to believe that they are by that event deprived of them. The reason of the thing can furnish no proof that death is the destruction of a living agent, since we know not what death is in itself. We behold the dissolution of our flesh and bones; but these we have seen in part alienated and destroyed without any seeming interruption to our living powers. We know not on what these living powers depend, since the actual exercise and the capacity of exercising them are suspended during sleep or a swoon; yet do they remain undestroyed. If, then, we do not know on what they depend, how can we be sure that death will destroy them?

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

No. 32. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15.

Σὺ γὰρ εἶ ψυχή, τὸ δὲ σῶμα σου, τὰ δὲ ἔκτος τοῦ σώματος.

HIEROCLES.

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

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

The argument on which we have been building has more than a negative virtue ; for the reason of the thing does not only afford no proof that death will be the destruction of a living agent, but it positively forbids such a supposition, by proving it to be improbable. A multitude of circumstances and cases may be adduced in proof of the entire separate natures of the spiritual and corporeal substances—their independency, their disparity, and their disagreement. For though a variety of instances might be produced, in which they appear to suffer together, yet, as long as we can argue from so many in which the one subsists in full glory and perfection under the greatest infirmities and afflictions of the other, there is enough to convince us that their connection is not permanent and necessary, but temporary and accidental.

I have always admired the force of the Latin word *abiit*, when I have met with it in the place of *mortuus est*; and have ever been delighted with those passages in Heathen authors, in which the native vigour of the mind, prompted by the analogy of nature, springs forth of itself, and grasps a future existence, which, though not approaching the Christian immortality, shows how much our unaided reason delights to fasten on this consoling hope, amidst all its wanderings and perversions. So separate in their natures were the soul and the body considered by Plato and Pythagoras, that they were fond of comparing them to a chariot and charioteer; and according to those great men, we lay down our bodies as we lay down our carriages, hoping to resume them in happier times, and under circumstances of greater splendour. The same meaning is given us in four words by the sage Epictetus, “*ψυχάρπιον εἰ βασταζὸν νεκρὸν* ;” to which I shall give a Latin translation, as I think its spirit would escape in the English,—“*animula es cadaver gestans.*”

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

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

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

If the reader does not readily conceive all this, let him look into page 780 of Cudworth's *Intellectual System*. In the mean time to proceed:—Supposing, then, a living agent to be a single being, it follows, that our organized bodies are no more a part of ourselves than any other matter around us; and it is as easy to conceive, that we may live out of our bodies as in them—it is as easy to conceive, that we might possess animated bodies of any other organs or senses, or that we may hereafter animate these same bodies differently modified and organized, as that we can animate such bodies as we have at present.

It is well known that the bodies of animals are in constant flux : we have already, several times over, lost a great part, or perhaps the whole of our bodies; yet we remain the same living agents—why then should we not remain the same after death? After having passed through so many revolutions of matter, why should we suppose that death has power to destroy us? And why should the suddenness of the stroke destroy us? We find that sudden losses and alienations do not affect our living powers, for we can afford to lose several limbs without any defalcation of intellect. To some parts of our bodies, indeed, we stand in a nearer relation than to others; but what does this amount to, but that the living agent and those parts of the body do mutually affect each other? The same thing in kind, though not in degree, may be said of all foreign matter which gives us ideas, or over which we have any power.

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

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

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

“ SIR,

Jan. 14, 1757.

“ I received the favour of your letter too late to send an answer by return of post. I am exceedingly obliged to you for offering your first living to me. Content and easy in my present situation, I have not, for several years past, wished or desired more. About sixty pounds a-year neat, I have found sufficient to supply me with necessaries and conveniences, and cannot think of going into Wales upon any condition whatsoever. Life is but a span long; and as I am now drawing towards the end of it, having turned sixty-five, fresh preferment would add rather to my pocket than my happiness. However, I am truly thankful

for your kind intentions, and shall ever bear a grateful remembrance of the many kindnesses I have received from you, and the very great regard you have expressed for me, who am,

“ SIR,

“ Your most obedient

“ And obliged humble servant,

“ THOMAS S——.”

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

“ SIR,

April 6, 1757.

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

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

“ SIR,

“ Your most obedient

“ and obliged humble servant,

“ THOMAS S——.”

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

“ HONOURED SIR,

May 11, 1686.

“ I am sorry I did not know of your being in town, that I might have paid my respects to you at your lodgings. It is upon Mr. Brabant's request that I now give you this trouble. He tells me you were pleased to promise him the living of Waltham Abbey, when it should be void, as it is shortly likely to be; but that he having, since that promise,

obtained another living, you make a doubt whether it be lawful for him to leave that, and take another ; and that in this my opinion is desired. When he mentioned this to me, I was afraid he had desired to have had both ; which, with me, would have made a much greater difficulty, especially considering the greatness of the parishes, and the distance between them. But I never had any apprehension of the unlawfulness of the other, if there be the same probability of doing good, which ought always to be regarded, because that is the end of our ministry. I know our law calls a man's living his wife ; but there is no arguing from similitudes, if the reason be not equal in both cases, which I confess I do not see.

“When by your favour and interest, which I must ever own with a just sense of it, I was preferred to Lincoln's Inn, I left a living in the country, not doubting but that I might lawfully do it, and had reason to do so ; because I hoped, or at least was over-ruled by my friends into an apprehension, that I should be in a capacity of doing more good there than in the country : and the same consideration hath kept me there so many years, though I have twice been offered by my late lord chancellor Nottingham, and once very earnestly importuned by him to accept of St. Martin's in the Fields, the greatest and best living in England ; which I only mention, to show that I always thought it lawful to remove from one place to another, but still with regard to our great end, which is the probability and opportunity of doing most good. But I submit all this to your better judgement and consideration ; and shall only crave leave to add, that, unless you think the thing clearly unlawful, the obligation of your promise is still in force. With my very hum-

ble service to my lady, and my hearty prayers for her safe deliverance, and for the prosperity of your family, I rest,

“Honoured Sir,
“Your most obliged and humble servant,
“JO. TILLOTSON.”

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

“DEAR SIR LAURENCE, *North Berwick.*

“Having spent a whole life in the pursuit of pleasure and health, I am now retired from the world, with poverty and the gout; so joining with Solomon, that “all is vanity and vexation of spirit,” I go to church every day, and say my prayers. Going last Sunday as usual, I saw an unknown man in the pulpit; and rising up to pray, I found my ears engaged by the foreign accent of the parson. I paid him all attention, and had my devotion awakened by the most pathetic prayer which I ever heard. This made me attend equally to the sermon—a better never came from the lips of man. I returned in the afternoon, and heard the same preacher finish his morning’s work by the finest chain of reasoning, conveyed in the most eloquent expression. I sent to ask the Man of God to honour my roof, and dine with me. I asked him about his country; I even asked him if his sermons were his own? He affirmed they were. I assured him I believed him, for never man wrote or spoke so well. “My name,” says he, “is Dishington. I am curate to a mad

minister in the Orkneys, who enjoys a rich benefice of 50*l.* a-year, out of which I receive 20*l.* for preaching to and instructing 1200 people, who inhabit several islands. Out of this 20*l.* I pay 25 shillings every year to the boatman who transports me from one to the other by turns. I should be very glad if I could continue in that terrestrial paradise ; but we have a great lord, who has many little people soliciting him for many little things which he can do, and many that he cannot do ; and if my minister were to die, his succession is too great a prize not to raise up many powerful rivals to balk my hopes of preferment." I asked of him if he possessed any other wealth than his 20*l.* a-year? " Yes," said he, " I married the prettiest girl in the island ; she has already blessed me with three children, and, as we are both young, we may expect more. Besides, I am so beloved, that I have all my turf brought home carriage-free."—This is my story : now to the prayer of my petition. I never before envied you the possession of the Orkneys, which I now do, only to provide for this eloquent innocent apostle. The sun has refused your barren island its kind influence ; do not then deprive them of so eloquent a preacher.***

" Yours, in all meekness and benevolence,

" H. D."

END OF VOL. XXXV.

THE
BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

A. CHALMERS, F. S. A.

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THE
LOOKER ON.

No. 33. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1792.

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

BACON, DE AUG. SCIENT.

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

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

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

a wrong bias in its direction, resulting from the contagious effects of this distempered refinement.

It would be unjust to our own age to deny, that what we have lost in depth, we have recovered in breadth; and that, for one profoundly learned of the old times, we have ten superficially so in the present. Unfortunately, indeed, literature has of late years become a part of the mode, and has accordingly partaken of its insipidity, its caprice, and its adulterations. There is in Fashion a tyrannical insolence that loves to trample upon nature and the right constitution of things: she insists upon submission, and yet her requisitions are as perverse as they are peremptory. She imposes the same tax upon us all, without considering our inequality of resource, and different measures of ability. If it be the fashion to be learned, learned we must be at all events; and our ingenuity is strained to the top of its bent, to discover succedaneums that may supply, and impositions that may dazzle, till literature becomes a commodity as artificial as dress, and admits of the same mockery of imitation, the same speciousness of ornament, the same coxcombrity of character, and the same artifices of deception. When an article becomes the mode, such as have the means will procure it genuine and perfect; while those who are without them, must resort to some adulteration that retains its resemblance, or some composition that usurps its appearance.

The remark is, perhaps, a little paradoxical, yet, in some circumstances, I cannot but lament the abundance of our resources, and the fertility of our inventions, which, in respect to learning, have conjured up such impositions and deceptions, and suggested such seducing resemblances, that we are betrayed by our impatience, precipitance, and vanity,

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

Besides the operation of this impertinent mixture of fashion, in extending the surface, and contracting the depth of knowledge, it may be made a question, whether some of those inventions on which humanity prides itself the most, may not be, in some sort, chargeable on a similar ground. I contemplate the art of printing with a pious sort of gratitude, when I consider it as nobly instrumental towards the propagation of truths which laid claim to universality, and involved the immortal interests of the soul. I regard it with reverence, as the only weapon of power to cope with the spreading usurpations of prejudice and error, which were not to be overcome by partial opposition, or temporary exertions : with the gigantic arms with which this art has furnished us, we have been enabled to grapple with Error in her remotest retreats, and expose her under all her disguises.

Unhappily, however, the assistance which this art affords us is of a mercenary nature : indifferent in itself, it obeys whatever impulse and direction are given to it ; and, in a certain ratio with our spreading inquiries, delusions and false lights have been unhappily multiplied. When the tones of public reasoning, by being overstretched, grow lax and nerveless, and a wanton spirit of change gets abroad, under pretence of illumination and discovery ; when a secret corruption has invaded our stores of accu-

mulated knowledge, and a corroding infidelity is consuming the very core of philosophy ; our admiration is turned to regret, in contemplating this mighty engine of intellectual rule, in the hands of a natural foe, disposed to use it to our destruction, and leave us nothing but the monuments of faded vigour and lost perfection.

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

I do not love to let myself loose in unqualified

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

Lucian is very pleasantly severe upon the illiterate book-hunter, and enforces a sensible strain of ridicule with this story among others. "A man of respectable quality, whose name was Evangelus, had conceived a mighty rage for gaining a victory at the Pythian Games. As his personal deficiencies precluded all excellence in running or wrestling, he bethought himself of his skill in playing on the harp, which had been so magnified by some treacherous flatterers, that he resolved to try the success of this fancied accomplishment. To Delphi then he came in great splendour, with a crown of laurel ornamented with gold and emeralds. Nothing could exceed the beauty and richness of his harp, which was decorated with jewels and gems of great costliness, and on which the figures of Apollo, Orpheus, and the Muses, were admirably sculptured. When the day of celebration arrived, three candidates presented themselves; but Evangelus drew upon himself the admiration of all the spectators, arrayed as he was in a purple robe, and shining all over with diamonds of the finest lustre. Thespis, the Theban, came first into the lists, and exhibited no inconsiderable talent; but he could hardly prevent the impatience of his

auditors from breaking forth, so great were their expectations of the skill of Evangelus. At length the Theban harper finished; and now stepped forth, with a countenance betraying a confident security, the favourite of the public: a respectful silence prevailed: expectation had charmed every tongue, and every man was preparing himself to feel sensations he had never proved before; when, after a variety of flourishes and gestures on the part of the performer, a wretched unmusical strain assaulted their ears, accompanied with a snapping of the chords, which were not able to sustain the rudeness of his blows. The surprise of the assembly held them for some time in this silence, so flattering to the deluded Evangelus; till at length the performance became so intolerable, that the judges, enraged with their disappointment, and conceiving themselves in a manner insulted, ordered him to be turned out of the theatre, and well disciplined for his ignorant assurance. As soon as he was dismissed, an Elean, whose name was Eumelus, came modestly forward, whose whole appointment was scarcely worth ten drachms; his harp was old and crazy, and furnished with wooden pegs. The man's appearance, however, was presently forgotten when he began to sing and play, both of which he did in a manner so exquisite and masterly, that the most rapturous attention fixed every eye upon him; and while he touched the chords, his air and figure, and his very instrument, homely as it was, appeared with infinitely more grace than his opponent was able to assume, with the aid of his trappings and insignia. As he was returning from the theatre, with his crown of victory on his head, he met Evangelus, and thus accosted him—"Friend, you have now had an opportunity of learning, that the union of folly and splendour draws

aggravated ridicule upon both; and that where we find it yoked with arrogance and pomposity, we cannot even pity the miscarriage of ignorance."

I have no intention, any more than my friend Lucian, to hold to ridicule those hunters after books and editions, in whom this curiosity is built on a certain patriotism in literature, and that delicacy of selection which true taste inspires. I have only in my thoughts a set of characters who contemplate the sacred walks of the academy as a market or fair, where, in pedlar fashion, they have only to bustle among rows of book-stalls, and purchase learning on the true mercantile principle of buying that only which may be sold to advantage again. I am told that many of our adepts in this species of traffic, introduce some speculation into the commerce of books, and will buy an author very much out of condition, to get him up in order, against a good time for sale; and that oftentimes an old stager, that has been hacked through a public school, will, under proper management, come out in the spring with an entire new coat, and so judiciously hogged and cropped, that, except you opened his mouth, you might imagine him in the full prime and mettle of his years.

But this diffusion of literary property, which printing has produced, is not only chargeable with this nominal learning, to which it has given an injurious kind of credit among us; but we may lay to its account also a tendency to draw out our ancient weight of metal into flimsy wire, or to flatten its substance into tawdry plates, to cover over a larger surface indeed, but to impose a fictitious worth on the simple and the vulgar. There is little doubt but that the practice of transcribing, on which the ancients were forced from the scarcity of books, was calculated to impress them deeply with the subjects on which they

were engaged, and opposed a salutary barrier to that roving inconstancy of pursuit, which, acting on the mind with opposite impulses, suspends it in a floating medium of broken particulars. The continuity of thought, and perseverance of application, enforced by these difficulties and restraints, had a direct tendency to give to the ancients that mastery over the subjects about which they were conversant, that power of assimilation, that unperishing tenure, that unalienable property, which mightily manifests itself in the vigour and simplicity of their details, and the masculine touches of bold originality with which they abound.

The same literary wants, in which, on a superficial view, we seem to see so much to lament, threw them upon the frequent necessity of oral instruction and learned communications: a circumstance of two-fold advantage, calculated at once, by a reflective force, to infix in the mind of the speaker his own acquisitions, and to press conviction on the hearer, by the weight of present authority. Since the æra of printing, it seems as if a flood of learning had been progressively spreading over the human mind, checking its wholesome productions, and nourishing the growth of a worthless vegetation; but in the simpler ages of antiquity, it dropped from the mouth at intervals in gentle showers, fertilizing wherever it fell, sinking deep into the pores of the soil, and rising again in genial juices and vegetable life.

It is not unpleasant to remark, as this supposititious learning diffuses itself, the manner in which it operates upon the new provinces of life on which it encroaches; how soon it accommodates itself to a new range of subjects, elevates the low, amplifies the little, and decorates the vulgar. There is now no occupation so mean, into which it has not found its

way, and whose consequence it has not raised, from the maker of geometrical breeches, to the mere manufacturer of manuscript sermons. We all begin to exalt our tones and pretensions, and adopt a prouder language. Mr. Powell, the fire-eater, is a singular *genius*; and Mendoza has more science than Johnson.—I have heard of hieroglyphical buckles; so that our very shoes will want deciphering, and the Coptic language must soon make part of the education of our Birmingham buckle-makers. Alphabetical buckles are become common; insomuch that in teaching ourselves to talk with our fingers, we may begin with learning to spell with our toes. Our wigs are made upon principles, which used to be made upon blocks. Our chimneys are cured of smoking by *professors*; and a dancing-master engages to teach you the nine orders of the Graces, and if you take forty lessons, will throw you in an *elemosinary* hornpipe. Our servants are beginning, as my correspondent tells me, to read behind our carriages; and the Bond-street loungee, with his breeches cut by a problem, has as much of the language at least of learning, as any servitor in black logics at Oxford.

This wide spirit of accommodation, so characteristic of modern learning, has opened ways to the attainment of literary honours that were barred for ages before. There is scarcely a mind in which Nature has not drawn its line of demarcation between the rational and the brute; scarcely a creature that walks erect and inhales the breeze, but may find some employment in the provinces of literature level to its powers. If you cannot compose, you may scrape together; if you cannot build sentiment, you may rake anecdote; if you cannot write a poem, you may sew together an opera; if

you cannot write your own name, you may edit a horn-book with historical engravings.

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

No. 34. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29.

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

HOR. ART. POET. l.

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

THE last time our society met, it was the fashion of the evening to talk upon my paper. As each successively gave his opinion as to the spirit in which

such a work should be conducted, I could observe how the bias of their particular professions and occupations had narrowed the range of their curiosity, and how much I might have overlooked of what concerns our general nature, had I followed in the selection of my subjects the counsel of any one individual.

My excellent old friend, Mr. Allworth, whose talent of reasoning upon life, independently of his own particular concerns in it, is peculiar to himself, gave me real pleasure by his manner of considering this subject. "When I think," said he, "good Mr. Olive-Branch, upon the objects and uses of this undertaking of yours, it strikes me that it cannot well cover too extensive a portion of that variety which human life affords; while it maintains in itself a certain consistency and order, a certain regularity of construction and subserviency of parts, which will stamp it a whole when it comes to its completion, place it above mere collections and magazines, and assign it a liberal rank among intellectual productions. It should, methinks," continued he "be constructed and distributed like the plan of a Roman villa, with its *urbana*, its *rustica*, and its *fructuaria*. Its *urbana* laid out in elegant apartments should admit only drawing-room company and fashionable topics; its *rustica* should be dedicated to humbler life and homelier characters, and accommodated to the uses of the mechanic, the labourer, and the peasant. Into the *fructuaria* should be thrown fragments of erudition and stores of pleasantries, hints, projects, inventions, specimens, and a rich miscellany of ready materials. It might not be amiss also, if you had your *chenoboscium*, or goose-pen; your *nessotrophium*, or place for wild fowl; your *suile*, for swine; *cochleare*, for snails; and *theriotrophium*,

for wild beasts. With this stock and establishment, you have only to place yourself in the *cenatio*, which was usually at the top of the tower, whence you may overlook the land that stretches itself before you, and select those objects which interest you most in the busy scene which presents itself."

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

" TO MR. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

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

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

“ Though I am well convinced that sign-posts are no modern invention, but of considerable antiquity, yet I believe that the Bush, which still keeps its place at country wakes, and which used to be hung up at the door of almost every cottage, to signify that the owner had tapped a fresh barrel of beer, was the indication generally adopted in very early times. I have never read the Greek or Roman writings in a view to this object, but have no doubt of their existence among them. I have somewhere seen *ad bubula capita*, “ at the sign of the bull’s head ;” and I recollect a passage in Quintilian to this purpose, *Tabernæ erant circa forum, ac scutum illud signi gratiâ positum*—‘ There were shops about the market-place, and that shield was put up by way of sign.’ Your extensive reading may perhaps furnish you with many more passages that bear this way. I shall engage no further in this deep part of the inquiry, but shall begin with the creation of those monstrous productions which sign-post painters have been accused of introducing, but which in reality are to be charged to the account of the heralds. The Golden Griffin, the Green Lion, the Black Swan, and the Blue Boar, are nothing more than a griffin, or ; a lion, vert ; a swan, sable ; and a boar, azure ; the simple heraldic distinction of the neighbouring lord paramount in the feudal times, and adopted as a sign by such of his tenants as opened houses for the reception of the public. The same system still prevails in every part of the kingdom : and an attentive traveller, who is conversant with heraldry, may know what families are the principal proprietors of the estates over which he passes, without asking the question. Thus, in North Wales, the Upright hand, and the Eagles, will inform him whether he is upon the territories of the Middletons

or the Wynnes. The Eagle and Child, commonly called, in Lancashire, the Bird and Baby, serves in like manner to point out the estates of the Earl of Derby, who bears that device for his crest.

“ When there is occasion to paint over again an heraldic sign, the scientific part being little attended to, it frequently happens, that only the principal component parts of the arms are retained upon the new board; to which circumstance we owe the Three Tuns, the Three Goats, the Three Swans, the Three Pretty Pigs, and innumerable trios of the same kind. The most respectable class of signs is that of such as relate to historical subjects; some of these record minute facts which might otherwise have been lost to posterity. I remember to have seen at Sherston in Wiltshire, a sign called the Rattlebones: upon making inquiry into the signification of so obscure a name, which was not at all explained by a half-obliterated painting on the sign-post, I learned that it was intended to commemorate a British hero, who, in fighting against the Danes, received a dreadful wound in the abdomen, and who, in this critical situation, by holding a tile against the wound, preserved his own life till he found means to take away that of his enemy. The classical sign of the Pick-my-toe relates to the well known story of the Roman, who would not stop to pick a thorn out of his foot before he had delivered his message. The Rose and Crown still reminds us of the badges of the houses of York and Lancaster. The William of Walworth, represented in the act of arresting Wat Tyler, is very properly chosen as a sign at the place whence he took his name. The restoration of Charles the Second introduced among us the common sign of the Royal Oak; and to the house of Hanover we owe the troops of White Horses which

pranced upon the sign-posts of our Whig innkeepers. I suspect that the Hole in the Wall alludes to some obscure historical fact.

“ Sacred story has not been neglected by these historical sign-painters ; nor have they forgotten the mysterious character of the original in their unintelligible mode of representation. In Chandos-street, a dragon supporting a bell, insinuates the story of Bell and the Dragon. The Two Spies, the Baptist’s Head, the Noah’s Ark, and the Jacob’s Well, still bespeak a certain orthodoxy in the landlord, which, by an easy transition, we carry to his ale and october. Among the few signs which propriety has suggested, I have remarked a portait. of Simon the Tanner of Joppa, at Bermondsey, and Elisha’s Raven at a butcher’s shop in the Borough, with a mutton chop in its mouth. The King or Queen’s head, on the sign-post of an inn, affords a pretty sure criterion by which we may guess the date of its original establishment, as the reigning monarch always *lends his countenance* upon these occasions. Sometimes indeed, on fresh painting the sign, the old king is deposed, and a new monarch reigns in his stead ; but no landlord that feels for the antiquity of his house will suffer this revolution to take place. Henry the Eighth is still to be seen at Lambeth ; and considering his host-like appearance, I wonder more freedoms have not been taken with his person in this way. A Queen Elizabeth is as scarce as an Otho. There are but few Charleses, perhaps because the head of a Stuart was thought an uncertainty ; a greater proportion of King Williams, who is properly enough exhibited where the liquor of his country is sold ; more of Queen Anne than of George the First ; and several of the late king. A royal progress produces a number of new kings’ heads ; on

these occasions the painters work faster than the horses travel; and I have known his majesty's nose and chin get the start of him by a full quarter of a mile. Biographical signs frequently occur in the cities of London and Westminster; and they are generally placed with due regard to the residence or place of resort of the persons whom they represent—as the Essex Head, the Sir John Falstaff, the Sir Paul Pindar, the Whittington and his Cat, and many more of the same kind;—a practice that will enable our English biographers to decide between contending cities, in naming the birth-place of an illustrious character.

“ The devices of our tradesmen might in general bear a much stronger relation than they do to their several occupations: some, indeed, are less unhappy than others. The peacock under a rainbow, is well enough chosen for a silk-dyer; the wheat-sheaf is a good emblem for a corn-chandler; and the ham and chicken are not much amiss for a cook's shop. The naked boy with a pair of breeches in his hand, in Monmouth-street, makes a more forcible appeal to us than the unwearied courtesy of the bowing-beggar-prince himself, striding from one frontier to the other of his ragged empire. The head of Sir Walter Raleigh very properly overlooks the door of a dealer in tobacco, as we owe the introduction of the plant to that illustrious admiral. Many tradesmen are contented with the representation of the article in which they deal; and this would be perfectly unexceptionable, were it not that the mercantile principle of turning every thing to money, had induced them to cover their signs with gold. Every object is seen by them through this jaundiced medium; and we have golden boots, golden periwigs, golden razors, golden hams, and golden sugar-loaves. As for the

fish, they all look as if they came out of Pactolus's stream. The cook in Rag-Fair, who hangs out every morning a piece of raw beef, has hit upon a very natural mode of announcing his occupation ; while the great A and the bouncing B, at a printer's door, is perfectly in *character*.

“ The bee-hive, as emblematical of industry, might be adopted by any trade : but I observe it is most frequently used by the linen-drapers. The Adam and Eve too is a favourite with them, being intended to exhibit the contrast between the vegetable drapery of our first ancestors, and the varied decorations of a modern drawing-room. The ingenuity of the sisterhood, in the fabrication of lace and the ornamental articles of female attire, may account for the sign of the Three Nuns at a milliner's shop ; and I find great fault with Nun and Crucifix, milliners in York-street, Covent-garden, for suffering a device so suited to their names and professions to escape them. If these ladies, on a matter of such moment, thought it necessary to be furnished with a precedent, I could have supplied them with one on the grave authority of Batt. Pigeon, of famous memory ; who, in the adoption of three pigeons for his sign, showed it to be his opinion that a coincidence of name was a sufficient apology. Why a haberdasher should live at the Hen and Chickens, I cannot imagine, or a tea-dealer at the sign of the Grasshopper ; unless we suppose a change of tenants, and a transition from one business to another in the same shop, without regard to the consequent anomaly of the signs : indeed, unless for this way of accounting for it, the adoption of signs has sometimes such little foundation, that it would look almost like Egyptian idolatry.

“ We should be at a loss to guess at the meaning

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

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

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

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

No. 35. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1793.

TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR PRESERVING LIBERTY
AND PROPERTY AGAINST REPUBLICANS AND
LEVELLERS.

LET it not discredit my opinions on a political subject, that I confess myself an obscure Northamptonshire clergyman. It is not always the lot of those who act the busiest parts in life, to know the most of human nature: a very wide range of exertion will often absorb reflection, and the mind will sometimes be thrown out of its balance by the conflicting pressure of surrounding objects. Such is the monotony of human passions, and such the uniformity that runs through the human character, that if the sphere in which he moves be but wide enough for him to collect a sort of average, each in his own little platoon, by the force of careful observation, may arrive at a pretty general knowledge of man and his nature. If this remark be just in regard to the contemplation of individual man, it holds more strongly in what respects the survey of civil society: for as, in this case, we can form no competent judgement of the parts, but what is built upon a consideration of the whole, it is the more necessary to be so far unoccupied with the detail, as to pos-

sess our understandings entire, and capable of stretching their views to the wide relations of civil life.

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

But nothing so provokes our contempt, as the petulance with which these proud prophets of sedition predict the downfall of our national establishments. They assure us of this, as if it were a conclusion deduced from the quiet examination of the errors of our constitution ; while they secretly presume upon the success of their own machinations, and are ready to charge upon the exaggerated corruptions of our political system whatever calamities may result from their own pestilential endeavours to disseminate false terrors and false feelings among the natives of this happy island. To conjure up fictitious grounds of complaint in the bosoms of those who confess themselves happy and content, and to persuade them to put every thing to hazard, in a state flourishing and exalted beyond all former experience, for the sake of giving a trial to theories, ex-

travagant in their doctrines, and threatening in their forms, is an extent of turpitude that one must be wicked even to comprehend, and which is scarcely credible in Christians of the eighteenth century.

But what are these theories, that pretend to such wonderful illumination? that have marked so many thresholds with blood? that have sent the peaceful from their homes? that have been so fruitful in cold massacres and street butcheries? that have dictated a lengthened series of cruelty, wonderful for the unanimity by which it has been characterized, and the spirit of deliberation in which it has proceeded? and, to finish the picture, that have induced a whole nation to hold up with exultation to the eyes of mankind the saddest spectacle of human wretchedness that the heart can suggest—a man and a king, harassed for years with every mortification and misery that could affect him in either capacity; torn from his wife and his children; hourly trembling for their fate; and called out from his comfortless prison, only to witness fresh scenes of calamity, or to sanction some new insult upon his natural feelings, or invasion of his political rights?* Such have been the visible effects of these theories, as far as they have been attempted to be reduced to practice. In the mean time, their compensations have been none; since no establishments which promise any continuance, or which are suited to the circumstances of man in society, have yet succeeded to those which have been destroyed. It must be owned, that in France they have expunged the abuses of the old government; but how have they done it?—by annihilating government altogether.

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

Like drugs of a baneful quality, they have cured the disorders of the state by the sorrowful resource of the grave.

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

If then, as it appears, a state whose constitution was inadequate to the purposes of good government, could only lose by taking in exchange such raw theories, for arrangements, at worst peaceable, I ask the plain sense of my countrymen, if it be the act of rational creatures to barter a constitution which, after having for ages been cherished in the speculations of wise men, has at last, in the only country which has been able to display it in prac-

tice, produced an unexampled state of political prosperity ; if it can be the wish of any but the most abused understandings, or the corruptest hearts, to barter such a constitution for schemes so crude and unaccommodating, of which no quiet experiment has yet been made, and which, as far as they have advanced in execution, have marked their footsteps with blood ?

But the better to clear my ground, I must deny the solidity of any proofs which can be drawn from the actual state of America, in support of these new theories of government. We know that, in the first ardours of independence, a coarse levelling spirit was as rife in that country as it has since become among a neighbouring people ; and we know too, that after sufficient experience of the miseries to which they conducted, the minds of these British descendants returned to their natural posture, their native character of sense and manliness emerged ; and, having exposed them to the puerilities of their first essays in government, suggested a system in which human nature, as well as human rights, were taken into the account : in which, by some entrenchments on speculative liberty, the sum of practical freedom was increased ; and in which securities were planted round man's social rights, by a necessary subtraction from those which belong to a state of nature.

I shall content myself, in this paper, with estimating the real value of these new lights in the theory of government, and shall hope to demonstrate that, by reason of their inapplicability to human affairs, they would prove but a bad exchange for a very faulty constitution, supposing that constitution sufficient for the general purposes of order and civil restraint. If I shall have the good fortune to make this clear in my essay of to-day, I

shall hope, next Saturday, to place in their true point of obliquity the schemes of these destroying theorists, who would willingly scatter in the dust the monuments of British freedom, to make way for their houses of straw.

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

Thus we see that in France, where the greatest struggle has been made to reconcile these abstracted rights of man with his actual interests, wants, and dependencies, nothing can endure that is made of such materials; and the vanity of their proceedings and fluctuation of their councils, the contradiction of their conduct and the unsteadiness of their professions, mark well the lubricity of all those principles which are not grounded in the real circumstances of man, and in the constitution of nature.

We have seen in that country a government over-

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

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

the safe exclusive enjoyment of a cultivated inclosure. The rights, then, which constitute our civil liberty, are the only rights which are worth maintaining; and these are properly the rights of the people.

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

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

those unsocial rights which are exercised in savage life.

In the mean time, as an Englishman, I venerate civil liberty, and the rights of the people; but I have learned to know that civil liberty implies restraint, and that the people's rights require to be secured by a strong government; which government, to endure, must be accommodated to man's nature, and the mixed circumstances of his condition here. It must be built on no abstracted doctrines of right, but on the more solid ground of expediency. It must suppose and allow for human passions and human vices; it must maintain a controul over these passions, by directing them to a mutual opposition; it must turn them when it can, into favourable channels; it must proceed upon a supposition that industry begets property, property inequality, inequality ambition; it must conciliate, and not oppose, these natural tendencies, and enable itself to withstand the shock of unavoidable evils, by warily providing against them.

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

The sense which our present race of speculative politicians would give to the rights of man, render

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

When a people rise, from a sense of grievance, their objects are clear and definite ; but when their minds are possessed with a zeal for speculative opinions, they have no reason in their claims, or rule in their actions ; but, urged on in the dark with undistinguishing impetuosity, they suppose every thing an enemy that they happen to encounter, and they destroy in a moment what an age is insufficient to repair.

No. 36. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12.

TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR PRESERVING LIBERTY
AND PROPERTY AGAINST REPUBLICANS AND
LEVELLERS.

IN my paper of last Saturday, it was my design to show that the rights of man, in the sense in which they are now vulgarly meant and understood, are not his natural rights, or suited to his circumstances in civil society. It follows then, that if our constitution be a bad one, at the worst it is better than the plan of these theoretical politicians, since positive facts do undeniably prove, that, such as it is, it has enough of the cementing principle to hold us together in a long political union, and sufficient accommodation to the wants and faculties of man, to favour the growth of every social improvement. Now although this evident truth, upon the principle laid down in my last essay, that in politics things are true or false according to their tendencies to produce good or evil, without any reference to any abstract reasonings, is a clear testimony to the legitimacy and the wisdom of the British constitution; yet, as the causes of these effects lie open to inquiry, it is worth the pains to examine them, to be convinced how far they are built on solid and durable foundations.

Amidst all the variations in the moral circumstances of man, his passions persevere in an uniform and steady current. Their tones, their expressions,

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

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

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

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

We may perceive, in a sober examination of these ancient republics, that their prosperity, and even existence, depended upon the operation of a national spirit and patriotic enthusiasm in the mass of the people. While this principle was in its full vivacity, all was sure to go well; it served as a point of union to all the individuals of the state: by an irresistible attraction, it drew every thing to itself; and every custom and usage, however intrinsically barbarous,

suggested nothing to the mind but images and associations of the purest patriotic tendency : but as soon as this superinduced and precarious principle fell away, for want of other cements arising out of the uniform and constant feelings and passions of the mind, the whole system went speedily to decay, and, being vitally wrong in its construction, afforded no stock from which recovery might be hoped, or whereon improvements might be grafted.

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

This theory, so sublime, so consonant to the mighty scheme of nature, so grounded in principles of un-failing operation, which no force of human genius or human counsels have been able to accomplish, under all the diversities of place and circumstance on the great theatre of the world, has, at length, by a train of fortuitous occurrences and combinations, acted upon by vigorous intelligences and that native majesty of mind which early directed the views

of Englishmen towards a noble freedom, established a footing in this favourite isle, and exhibited a practical wonder to the envy of surrounding nations.

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

The false principles on which the enemies of this envied constitution proceed, appear in nothing more clearly than in their objections to its dateless origin and gradual incidental progress: they acknowledge nothing that has not sprung at once into form, and received a ratifying stamp from a regular convention of the people; as if, to legitimate a real blessing, we must produce the evidences and records of its birth. In this instance, however, as in its general tenor, our constitution has proceeded in a manner correspondent to nature, whose method it is to develop her greatest truths, and to unlock her stores of knowledge, with gradual reserve, and in a tardy course of progressive discovery. I trace with veneration the finishing hand of nature in this slow conformation of our political liberty. Every thing that is most valuable in human knowledge has been the fruit of this gradual attainment: every gift of God,

and even religion itself, has moved in the same march of progression. The moral order of the universe itself, while cities and empires flourish and decay, rolls on in a silent course of unmarked improvement. Thus answering to nature in the manner of its progress, it has not lost sight of her in the spirit of its plans, in which we observe a remarkable accommodation to the frame and character of the human mind. It depends on no forced or superinduced principles of action; and while it is susceptible of every advantage resulting from the highest exercise of virtue, it has not only *provided against* the operations of selfish passions, but has made them the fountain of useful activity.

Power there must be in every state, and power has a natural bias towards falling into the hands of a single ruler : forestalling, therefore, these effects, which never peaceably happen of themselves, our constitution has adopted and modified this evil, thereby preventing the greater evil of numerous pretenders.—In the progress of national wealth, large proportions of property and influence will be necessarily accumulated; hence will unavoidably arise pretensions to honours and distinctions. Our constitution has prevented the struggles for these distinctions, by creating them at once; and by the invention of titles has enabled itself to gratify this ambition, without entrenching upon the integral power of the state to supply it.—The people are a great body, and mighty, which ever way they turn : if they enjoy no consequence themselves, they are always liable to become the instruments of bad and interested designs. The state has therefore given them a form, invested them with great power, and provided for them a medium through which they may act; and as the few that have most sense and

spirit will naturally take the lead, this tendency has been suffered to have its course, and the best instructed have been made the organs of the claims and wishes of the rest. Thus, in this wise constitution, a free passage is opened for the nature of our minds to operate, and the violence and ambition inseparable from man is turned into useful channels. Power so distributed is a check upon itself, and the impulse of indirect forces has produced a new force in the state, which, agreeably to Nature's laws, proceeds in a straight and uniform line.

Let us not be imposed upon, therefore, by those writers who tell us that fortuitous governments must necessarily fall below the works of intellect : to such reasoners we reply, that a government which has been gradually moulded by time and occasion, has not excluded the exercise of the understanding, in waiting for the lessons of experience. It is reason which gives the stamp to those combinations which unforeseen events and emergencies have struck out ; and, retracing effects back to their causes, has founded a collection of practical rules to serve as guides in subsequent proceedings. Great experiments, and violent enterprises, suit only desperate circumstances.

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

it has breathed into governments a benevolence of spirit, and a gentleness of principle, that leaves them open to gradual improvements.

Much may be safely left standing as a security for present peace and order, while the work of reformation is going forwards. But these furious advocates for conventions, regenerations, and the rights of man, are at issue with all governments on a question of competency and title, and would involve them all in one undistinguishing ruin, for the sake of trying what they triumphantly call their splendid experiments. I speak here, however, only in a view to foreign states; our own constitution wants no such apology. All good men consider it as sacred, especially in times of heat and temerity; and so far are they from arraigning its purity, that they consider it as the only pattern according to which we are to proceed in the correction of its abuses.

By thus consulting the great example of nature in the conduct of the universe, we shall learn properly to estimate the value of our own constitution; we shall consider it as a part of a mighty whole, and as linked in fellowship with that scheme of analogy which unites in a sacred league our nature, our morals, and our religion, and characterizes the counsels, as far as our minds can explore them, of the Great Disposer of all things. We shall learn to despise those sorry calculators, that would persuade a country, whose constitution has raised her to be the envy of all the civilized world, to hazard that constitution in experiments on the grossest, clumsiest, and stalest theories. We shall learn, I hope, if English blood yet beats in our bosoms, to treat with a manly and spirited indignation the impudent and flagitious attempts of French incendiaries, who dare to come to our thresholds and our hearths, to tell us, that in four

or five bloody summers they have meerged from a state of political slavery, to a fairer freedom than the long-exercised spirit of the English people has obtained ; to tell us, while as yet they have no ostensible establishment, that, upon their bare and unwarranted assertions, we should leave all to follow them, and join them in promoting the labefaction of all human government ; despising for their sakes that precious inheritance of rights and privileges, bought with the lives and fortunes of our forefathers, and abandoning for their sakes our thrones, our sepulchres, and our altars.

No. 37. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19.

TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR PRESERVING LIBERTY
AND PROPERTY AGAINST REPUBLICANS AND
LEVELLERS.

I HAVE endeavoured to show, in my last paper on this subject, that power, which must exist somewhere, can only be restrained within wholesome bounds, by being rendered a check upon itself: this is man's nature, and the nature of the universe, wherein every thing is upheld by this law of action and reaction. This system of mutual controul in a state will not be effected by frittering power of the same denomination among a multitude of individuals, but by sharing it among different orders of the community at large, and in proportionate masses. Thus,

in our own country, this sober counterpoise of authority in the state is our great security against partial encroachments ; and abuses can enter but slowly into a system where there is always in some quarter or other a phalanx of opposition.

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

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

What is the consequence of these proceedings ? Turning our eyes towards this people, we behold a desultory, disbanded, enormous crowd of individuals, held together by no other cement than a temporary fanaticism, maintaining an unwieldy army, while they are starving themselves ; mistaking the cowardice or the misfortune of the enemy for their own valour, and, in a delirium of national vanity, conducting a

preposterous crusade against civil society itself, without revenue, and without the means of enforcing contributions: glorying in what they call their splendid crimes, committed for the most part in cold blood, against unresisting imbecility; and proceeding at length to bring their king to trial, by an *ex-post-facto* law, for the crime of reigning; on which principle the whole nation might with equal justice be tried for the crime of obedience. I say, the crime of reigning; for what more was it, to make such resistance as he could, either secret or open, to proceedings which were threatening him with a prison in exchange for a palace, unless it be an aggravation to call it the crime of *self-preservation*? As the father of his people, he was bound by an obligation which will bear no comparison with that of an oath extorted from a mind prostrated with grief and apprehension, to put forth what vigour and resource was left him to prevent the ruin of his country. This man, distinguished among the princes of the earth for being the first in his own kingdom to promote a salutary reform of government—distinguished for his voluntary sacrifices of power, his early attention to the complaints of his people, and his parental love in inviting them to assemble and lay their grievances before the throne—this man have they pursued with a vengeance unworthy of Christians, disgraceful to civilization, and becoming a people at war with nature and with feeling.

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

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

I hear in my obscurity with extreme satisfaction, that our hearths and altars are still dear to my countrymen, and that the blessings of our wise constitution are not lavished on ungrateful minds. I hear, gentlemen, that your patriotic example has been followed in every corner of the kingdom: and I begin to hope, that since Providence has protracted my life to witness the rise of such absurd and calamitous theories of government, he will graciously permit me to see them in the end thrust out from society with deserved execration, “among the bestial herds to range.”

But it is not to these contemptible theories, and to the distorted condition of the French at this juncture, that I am satisfied with opposing the constitution of my country; no republic of any times can endure a comparison with it. The histories of Greece and Rome are stained in every page with blood and crimes; and no man can wish to see those classical

days again, except in a tragedy or an epic poem. Of modern republics, most are tyrannically governed: many of them timorous and dependent; and such as have made a transient figure in the world, have owed it to the contingent advantages of a commercial situation, and not to any superiority of constitutional resource.

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

imparting energy to such parts of her government as may seem to fail most in the balance.

Government must ever be placed in a high degree of security, to be just and mild in its administration: weakness produces jealousy, and jealousy injustice. It has been thus with all the republican forms which have prevailed in the world; they have always been violent in proportion to their timidity and their want of confidence in themselves. Every individual can shake them, and every minute derangement affects their existence. It is for this reason that they are always so occupied with the detail of their domestic quarrels, as to be rendered inattentive to the great interests of their political establishments. A strong government, like that of our own country, elevated above these petty apprehensions, has no concern with individuals simply as individuals, but in their capacity as members of a corporation. Here an individual in his own person can produce but little harm to the community, unless he can acquire such an influence over the body to which he belongs, as to persuade them to act in concert with his wishes. When thus much is effected, still bodies of equal magnitude oppose his career; and if singly they are insufficient to encounter him, an invincible junction is speedily formed, to which he is obliged to yield with disgrace. Thus, in our balanced constitution, we see every day individuals of gigantic ability, of power to wield a democracy, straining every nerve to exalt themselves on the ruin of our establishments; but the constant re-action resulting from the counterpoise of interests and authority is such, and such the elastic vigour of our system, that the pressure of these attacks has only tended to exercise its resources, and to provoke its might. In simple republics, where power is subdivided, and

frittered away, a sudden combination meets with small resistance, and rarely the state supports the rencounter; but the tempered solidity of the British government not only views without alarm or embarrassment the associations perpetually formed in support of requisitions of a dangerous tendency, but calmly hears, examines, and rejects.

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

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

The monarchy of England has these remarkable advantages, to which I should be happy could I turn the attention of my countrymen. It is according to nature, and anticipates her; for the course of human

affairs is always tending to produce what our government has in the first instance established. It creates, therefore, without struggle, what would probably otherwise take place with violence and convulsion; it does that coolly and temperately which might otherwise be done precipitantly and lavishly. Power conferred immediately, and on the occasion, by the people, is generally the offspring of sudden fondness, and consequently extravagant: we are not to expect enthusiasm and moderation to mix in the same acts and adoptions.

Another advantage we derive from this monarchical part of our constitution, is the discouragement it holds out to intemperate ambition: the establishment of so splendid a post, beggars all objects of ambition, in which an unsolid titular greatness is the only incentive, and the public esteem is become the source of our truest exaltation. On this side a passage is clear to patriotism and public virtues; and yet so are things constituted in this happy country, that popular favour, which in other states may carry an individual to a dangerous elevation, in England sets bounds to itself, and expires by its own exertions; borne upwards by the gale of popularity, the aspiring individual rises and rises, till he loses that intimate connection and fellow feeling with the people, and escapes almost out of their sight, being called, if I may so say, into situations of splendid obscurity. A mutual apathy succeeds, and his place is filled up in their hearts by some new adventurer.

Thus, in England, the supreme object of society is obtained: what is great in the souls of individuals finds room for exercise, without endangering the common safety: ambition is called forth by high rewards: but these rewards are also its limits, and its consummation is its grave. Meantime the unity,

solidity, and indivisibility of the British crown, is the source of complicated blessings to this kingdom. As the point of union to the different members of the community, it cements and compacts our frame of polity, and gives steadiness and direction to the jarring interests and counsels of the different organs of the state.

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

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

But if imperfections still remain in the British

constitution, and imperfection is the law of nature in every thing that is human, let it console us to reflect that it is not more distinguished by what it has already acquired, than by its power of acquiring still. This principle of improvement has lately endeared to us our precious inheritance, by adding fresh value to the trial by jury. While therefore we are grafting new excellences on our native "tree of liberty," while we are reposing under its guardian shade, let us gratefully cherish its root; let us moisten it with our blood, in defending it against those who would unnaturally change it for one of French growth and cultivation, with its crude and noxious produce of the "rights of man."

No. 38. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26.

TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR PRESERVING LIBERTY
AND PROPERTY AGAINST REPUBLICANS AND
LEVELLERS.

THE most difficult part of my subject lies yet before me—I mean the question of a reform of parliament. I have endeavoured, in what I have written already, to show the danger that lurks in the phrase of the "rights of man," when unexplained and unqualified, and the nonsense it implies in its vulgar acceptation. It has been attempted also, as far as the necessity for compression would allow, to contrast the fundamental principles of our own constitution

with the spirit of these doctrines. Happily for the effect of this reasoning, there was an appeal to practical proofs, in the experience of two great countries; examples interesting and affecting to Europe, to the world, and to posterity. If the reasoning has been good, it furnishes two most valuable conclusions: we learn from it, to consider our constitution as devolved to us in a course of nature, and as, consequently, well accommodated to the condition of man—but we learn from it also, that, like its great prototype, it contains a principle of improvement, has a property of growth under due cultivation, and affords intimations from time to time which assist our endeavours to promote it.

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

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

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

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

Although the constitution of our country is thus hardy from its habits of daily exposure, yet there

are rough mischances to which every thing that is human is surrendered : and there are contingencies in the affairs of men, which it would be policy in us to elude, and madness to encounter. If it were true, that in this country the fanatical doctrine of the "rights of man" had so far gained upon the good sense of Englishmen, as to blind them to the blessings of our constitution, and inflame a deluded majority of the people with a zeal for destroying it, I should say, that this was the wrongest time that could be chosen for canvassing its defects.

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

A great deal has been said in the preceding papers, on the powers of action and re-action, residing in our constitution, as copied from the great law of nature ; in pursuance of the same plan of policy, measures that work towards any capital alteration in the scheme of our legislation can never be so wisely timed as when there is evidently a spirit residing in the community at large to balance

against this derangement, and an active sentiment is awakened in favour of the subsisting establishments.

When minds are heated with a love of innovation, and hurried by I know not what fatality towards revolutions, regenerations, and conventions, to make the minutest change is to open a floodgate through which the torrents of the great deep are ready to burst in upon us. Now we may choose a time in which the ardours of the whole nation are directed towards the saving side; in which the different classes of the community, with a spirit of union and sobriety, most honourable to their understandings and hearts, have joined in one great fraternity for the preservation of order and peace; in which the body of the people will be themselves the security for the maintenance of the whole, while a regular and constitutional mode is pursued of altering, repairing, and strengthening, the construction of particular parts. If this *be* an opportunity, it would be wise to embrace it, for such a time may not hastily again present itself: it would be wise to embrace this great occasion of contrasting, in the view of all mankind, the sterling sense and moderation of this happy country, with the violence, the cruelty, and absurdity of a neighbouring nation: let these memorable and opposite events pass down recorded together to our latest posterity, and furnish examples for warning and for imitation to future generations*.

It is a circumstance beyond all praise honourable to the nation in general, that two feelings, which

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

seldom arise together in the mind, except where there is much good sense and discrimination, at this moment divide the minds of Englishmen. They are at once occupied with their cares for the safety of the constitution, and their solicitude for its reform. Nothing can afford a stronger testimony to the moderation of their views, and the correctness of their ideas on this question of reform, than their anxiety to preserve the spirit of the constitution entire for its sake. To demands so regulated, so reasonable, and so universal, the legislator must listen sooner or later; but the conduct and consequences of the measure may be deeply and permanently affected by this difference in the order of time. It is particularly wise to do what must be done, with the best grace we can assume. It is, in such a case the summit of good policy in the legislature to anticipate the struggles of the people. The general sense of a country, when it has outlived its first enthusiasm, is for the most part in the right. If it remain steady through a course of years, it is for the most part irresistible. Whichever way it points, the legislature must one day or other go, or be driven; and it had better go, than be driven; go willingly, and at once, than late, and by compulsion. The people are never content with what they have *extorted*; unreasonable opposition provokes their indignation; and when once they have become acquainted with their own strength, they can rarely be brought to use it with discretion. Perhaps, for these reasons, the present is a crisis the most favourable that has happened, or is likely to happen again, for the parliament of England to begin a reform of the representation, and correct what other abuses in the practice have falsified the spirit of our excellent constitution.

With respect to the conduct and degrees of so de-

licate a proceeding, I shall state loosely some general observations.—To a business of such difficulty and danger, every man should bring with him a certain temper of mind, borrowed from a previous contemplation of the political situation of his country at the moment. He should make up some general resolution as to the degree of alteration to which his assent should be given. When our objects are undefined, there is danger of being drawn by the detail into a wider scheme of correction than is prudent and salutary under our circumstances. Evils are not always to be removed, simply because they are evils. In every human system there are necessary evils; and sometimes, in our solicitude to shake off these badges of our infirmity, we substitute more solid inconveniences. Those who go to work with high-wrought notions of purity and perfection, are as ill-calculated for the undertaking, as if their object were really to destroy our government, or to render it unfit for the purposes of society. As there is neither absolute good nor absolute evil in life, it is the business of him who would reform our condition, not simply to separate the evil from the good, but to balance between evils of different magnitudes. He must distinguish between adscititious and necessary ills; between those which are compensated by no advantages, or by none that amount to a counterpoise, and those which grow out of our felicities and cling to our blessings as the badges of our imperfection. Without this thorough examination, this round calculation, we can never effectuate a wholesome reform; and the same arrow, which was aimed at an evil, may strike through a blessing that lies beyond it, and sacrifice a substantial good to the removal of a diminutive sorrow. *Government is not a mere holiday amusement, not a model to be gazed*

at for its delicacy of workmanship ; but a machine to endure, to suffer constant use, constant attrition, constant exposure ; a thing of every day, fitted to the vulgar, the coarse, and the profane, as well as to the refined, the lofty, and the learned.

I have said that a member of the legislature, before he enters upon so momentous a question, should bring with him the proper temper, resulting from a candid survey of the present state of the country. If, in regarding her comparative situation in different periods, he perceive that our present constitution, with all its imperfections and abuses, has not prevented a rise of fortune since her depressed condition in 1783, so rapid as to be almost incredible ; if he find that four annual millions have acceded to the revenue of the nation ; that the number of ships entered inwards and cleared outwards have increased from seven to twelve thousand ; that the value of imports, which in 1783 was thirteen, is in 1792 not less than nineteen millions sterling ; while the exports, which produced fourteen, have mounted to twenty ; that the public funds have risen from between fifty and sixty, to between ninety and a hundred ;— if he suffer his mind to meditate at leisure on these important facts, will he not be reserved in the liberty he allows himself of proposing or supporting plans of alteration ? He may say, that the political *prosperity* which has here been referred to does not include political *happiness* ; but let him solemnly ask himself, if the people, unless they were generally happy, nay, rendered so by their government, would or could enable their government, by their loans, contributions, and commercial exertions, to pursue its objects with such vigour and success ?

The Americans, whose example has sometimes been cited for very opposite purposes to those for

which it has been adduced in the course of these essays, built as much as possible on old foundations, and left standing their ancient records, and precedents, and all the common law of the land. They left them standing, not only because they wisely held them in veneration, but because they felt, for woful experience had improved them in polity, that it was enough at once to establish a constitution which contained within itself the principles of its future amelioration. They left this reforming principle to operate in a course analogous to that of nature, in a course of incidental improvement; to wait the suggestions of time and occasion, and to advance cautiously on the lessons of experience. The same seeds of melioration are treasured in our own constitution, and are not to be provoked into sudden maturity by violent applications, but must be left to the kindly influence of the seasons, and the cherishing dews of heaven.

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

Much has been argued, by the advocates of reform, on the duty of going back to the Saxon scheme of legislation, as the ancient government of our forefathers, and, as such, entitled to be followed by their posterity. The inheritable nature of our rights and liberties has been eloquently enlarged upon by a man who, with a giant's strength, has stood between our constitution and its assassins: but this part of his argument our Saxon reformists have been inconsistent enough to assail with ridicule and contempt. It is clear that both are favourers of the principle of inheritance, with this immense difference, that the one would send

us back upon our steps, in contradiction to the order of nature, to imitate an inceptive government subsisting in rude and unlettered times; the other exhorts us to regard with such veneration as nature inculcates towards individual men, the constitution which our ancestors have formed in a course of successive experience. As we cannot repay this debt of gratitude to our forefathers, let us discharge our bosoms by emulating their virtue in our love to posterity, and our solicitude to send down to our children a constitution entire in its principles, but improved in its practice. Thus, like the ancient husbandman in Tully's *Old-age*, we must answer, to those who demand for whom we are planting our oak, "For posterity and the immortal gods."

No man, whose mind is properly constructed, can abstain from venerating the first struggles of an infant people towards obtaining a correcter liberty—it is another thing to imitate their conceptions; this is a homage which no thinking person would wish to see paid to them; as well might we set about pulling down St. Paul's, to make room for a metropolitan church after the model of the ruin on Salisbury Plain. But though upon the whole, the Saxon legislature, as it appears by such records as we have, was very inadequate to the purposes of good government, and to restrain the disorders of social life; yet, as it is always safer to borrow from former establishments than to follow our own inventions, it is both natural and right to consult the practice of these early times, and to copy, but with discrimination, what examples they may happen to afford us for the benefit of our own.

It would be clearly according to the spirit of that government, for not only every copyholder, but

every householder, to have the privilege of voting for a member of the representative body. In respect to the copyholders, I own I see no colour of justice or reason in the exception; their place in society is among the most respected orders, and they are capable of serving their country in parliament. It seems, therefore, an inconsistency to deny them the full rights of citizens, and to depress them below every freeholder of forty shillings a year. On the other hand, I know of no good that can result to the government of this country from extending this privilege to every householder: this measure, instead of giving purity to our constitution, would be stirring up the bottom of the stream, to sully its waters and obstruct its course. In the mean time, the system of borough-representation is intolerably corrupt in itself, and the source of incredible dissipation and immorality among the lower orders. I build nothing on the impurity of its origin, as having had its beginning in the interested partiality of princes and nobles. If it be notoriously corrupt and rotten, it demands an effectual remedy at the hands of the British legislature.

No. 39. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

Intenti expectant signum.— VIRG. ÆN. v. 137.

Eager they wait the sign.

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

“ The junction of many animals, utensils, &c. upon the same sign may be accounted for in different ways. Some appear to be put together merely for the sake of *alliteration*, as the Lamb and Lark, and the Goose and Gridiron ; a figure so degraded by the abuse of it in modern poetry, that at present it can hardly be dishonoured by any application. Others have a sort of connection, as the Fox and Goose, the Dog and Duck, and the Ship and Star. The Bolt and Tun I take to have been a rebus upon the owner's name ; and many others, it is probable, may be accounted for in the same manner. The Cock and the Bottle has, I imagine, some connection with the transactions of the Cockpit. The Cat and Wheel is a corruption of Catherine Wheel. The Bull and Mouth, and the Bull and Gate, are well known to be corrupted from Boulogne Gate and Mouth, very fashionable signs at the time of taking that city from the French. Many of these junctions, otherwise very unaccountable, have been occa-

sioned by the removal of landlords from one inn to another, who, unable to forget their local attachments, have frequently incorporated their new sign with that of their old habitation, however monstrous the union might be. Some such idea as this will help us to account for the good understanding that subsists in this new creation between beings which have seldom or never met in any other ; as, the Lamb and Dolphin, the George and Blue Boar, the Cock and Rose, the Black Lion and three Beehives, and the Blue Mare and Magpie. Of this sort likewise is the celebrated Bell Savage inn on Ludgate Hill, the most ancient perhaps in the city of London. This sign has been the subject of various conjectures, many of them ingenious, but all erroneous. By some it is attributed to a lady of the name of Arabella Savage ; others suppose it to allude to an old romance, and to be a corruption of *La Belle Sauvage*. The sign formerly represented a savage man standing by a bell ; and the truth is, that it arose from an union of two inns which bore these respective signs. This piece of information I gained from an ancient record, in which it is described as the Savage Inn, *alias* the Bell upon the Hoop. There is reason for supposing that most signs consisted formerly of carved representations fixed upon a hoop ; and several old books mention the Crown upon the Hoop ; the Bunch of Grapes upon the Hoop, the Mitre upon the Hoop, and the Angel upon the Hoop. A sign of this nature is still preserved in Newport Street, and is a carved representation of a bunch of grapes hanging within a hoop. The Cock on the Hoop may be seen also in Holborn, painted on a board, to which perhaps it was transferred on the removal of sign-posts. It is probable also that this sign may have given rise to

the phrase of 'Cock a Hoop.' The Mitre near the Temple is still called, according to the old manner of spelling, 'the Hope and Mitre;' though some of your readers will be disposed to put a more literal construction upon this sign, and judge the connection to be by no means unnatural.

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

"A sign is sometimes an indication of the favourite pursuits and amusements of the landlord, or of the prevalent sports for many miles round; thus, the Ring of Bells, the Cricket Players, and such-like diversions, are very common upon every road. The Hand and Flower prevails among florists; though I have seen this idea greatly improved upon, in the late king's reign, by an eminent gardener, who, being possessed of a beautiful carnation called after the queen, procured an accurate portrait of it, and, placing it at his door as a sign, wrote underneath, 'My Queen Caroline.'

"Among signs distinguished by their singularity, may be reckoned the Tumble-down Dick, in the Borough; the Old Taberd Inn, in the same place, celebrated in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales; the Two Sneezing Cats, in Houndsditch; and the Four Winds. The Bag of Nails, at Pimlico, formerly called the Devil and Bag of Nails, has been supposed to have been a representation of Pan and the Bacchanalians. I have seen a book, however, wherein it is called the Blackamoor and the Wool-pack, *alias* the Devil and Bag of Nails. The La-

bour-in-vain, or the Devil in a Tub, at Canterbury, alludes to the old fable of washing the Blackamoor white. The celebrated Devil Tavern, near Temple-Bar, now no more, was an instance of a remarkable misnomer : the sign, properly speaking, was that of St. Dunstan, the patron of the neighbouring church, and represented him in the act of performing that signal exploit of pulling the Devil by the nose with a huge pair of tongs. Notwithstanding this humiliating condition of his infernal majesty, by a natural obliquity in our minds, the sign was unhandsomely transferred from the saint to the devil, from whom the tavern has been called time out of mind.

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

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

‘ I’ll go with my friend
To the world’s end.

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

“ We are put in mind of a striking period of our history by the Saracen’s Head. The rough manner in which that people treated our crusaders, and the sounding tales that were told of them by those who returned from engaging with them to their own country, gave this sign the formidable appearance it wears to this day.

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

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

We had accordingly the Magpie, the Old Magpie, and the Old Original Magpie.

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

‘ Fine Purl rare o,
Fit for a hero.
If not in haste,
Step in and taste.’

‘ I am a Fox, you plainly see;
There is no harm can come of me;
My master he has plac’d me here,
To let you know he sells good beer.’

“ I have now, Mr. Olive-Branch, nearly exhausted my sign-post erudition, which may perhaps have afforded some information that is new and interesting to many of your readers. To you, at least, it may show what a multitude of topics lie before you, that have scarcely been breathed upon, and how objects that seem of no importance are connected with other objects of real magnitude in

the system of life, and supply sources of amusement, and matter for contemplation.

“ Yours,” &c.

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

“ TO MR. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

“ SIR,

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

“ I am only kept from travelling by one consideration, which I conceive is a pretty ordinary one among persons of circumscribed incomes. In this inability, however, I am greatly consoled by the perusal of such books and papers as describe the travels of others. As I have a pious confidence in the veracity of all writers of travels, especially if they write their own, I take a more than common

interest in this sort of reading, and my mind is full of a new creation, into which I can slip at pleasure, when any thing disgusts me in the visible world. So extensive has been my reading on these subjects, that I have very little to learn at present from such as go about the world by day-light: but as it is of late the custom to peregrinate by night, I think a volume of road-dreams, or, where they havelamps in their carriages, highway lucubrations, would not be unacceptable to the public.

“ But to return to the daily accounts which we receive of those that move in a sphere above us, I fear I cannot make your readers sensible of the satisfaction I have just enjoyed, from being positively informed that the duke of Ditchend, who reposed yesterday at Newmarket, sleeps to-morrow in town, and being able to make up my mind as to the fact of lord Feeble’s arrival at Bath. Sir John Garçon, driving down Pall-Mall, in his phaëton, gives a pleasing jog to my spirits; lord Canaille’s losses at play inspire me with pathetic emotions; lady Jumper’s delivery excites my sympathies; and Dr. Gobblestone’s gout throws me into a delicious melancholy. My soul feasts with delight on the motions of the court; and my bosom glows with satisfaction when I read of a journey to Windsor, and am assured that the royal family have all had their dinner. I sometimes imagine myself controuler of the universe, and that these accounts are officially laid before me. In short, it is impossible to tell you how much tender anxiety is bred in me for my species by this kind of reading, and how much I learn to forget myself in these glowing pictures and *moving* details of other men’s actions and concerns. Indeed, I would have every motion of the Great, however minute, announced in the way

which a grave author informs me is practised in Monomotapa, where, when the king sneezes in a room, those present greet him in a voice loud enough to be heard by those in the antichamber; these give the same warning to those in the next rooms; thence it goes into the court, next into the places nearest the palace, and at length into the town; so that in a few moments all places resound with acclamations. If every action of those above us could be so extended, and every sound that issues from them be promulgated in the same authentic and official manner, it would afford infinite satisfaction to their curious inferiors; and I am sure none would take greater delight in hearing from them this way than,

“ Sir,

“ Your very obedient humble servant,

“ PETER PRY.”

No. 40. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9.

*O imitatores, servum pecus, ut mihi sæpe
Bilem, sæpe jocum vestri movére tumultus.*

HOR. EPL. I. 19, 19.

O imitators vile! O slavish herd!
How oft within me have your efforts stirr'd
The spleen, how oft with laughter shook my beard!

I KNOW of no quality of the mind of a more general force than the love of imitation: every circumstance of opinion or behaviour bends to it by degrees; and often while we suppose ourselves entrenched in a most inflexible singularity, we are working after some secret model which engages us insensibly, and in a manner steals us from ourselves. My old housekeeper is an instance of the truth of this observation; the irregularities and roughnesses of whose temper are every day yielding to the contagion of tranquillity, and to the gentle influence of my mother's example. My principal correspondent in town, between whom and myself there subsists so regular an intercourse, and who is my first cousin by my father's side, is mightily taken with the smooth and uniform character of the Olive-Branch family. I am informed he has so successfully hit my manner, and the turn of my features, that the other day, upon his entering the coffee-room, a Northamptonshire gentleman declared, that Old Simon was come up to town—and spread a general alarm. The curiosity of all present grew so troublesome to my representative, that he could not forbear contracting his brows, and

showing evident signs of dissatisfaction and distress, which immediately convinced the whole room that the original Mr. Simon Olive-Branch must be still in Northamptonshire. I have desired him to add a tail to his wig, and to dismiss his little round buckles and sugar-loaf buttons, that he may be less suspicious for the future in public places.

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

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

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

I observe with great pleasure, however, that this love of imitation is directed to another object in our club, from which no ridiculous misconceptions can possibly arise. The sentiments and maxims of Mr. Allworth begin to be retailed by every member of the society, and his temperate use of words is becoming very general. Thus, when we are emulous of a person's spirit and principles, rather than his manner, our attempts are generally to a certain degree successful; and if we fail, we are but where we were, without any superinduced absurdities of carriage and behaviour. If we succeed in our endeavours, we often carry more points than one; for the new habits of thinking and conversing we have acquired, seldom fail to give a new effect and colour to our manners, to impress on our conduct new modes of address and delivery, and to give to our feelings new tones of utterance and expression.

The other evening, as my mother and myself

were sitting over the parlour fire, we happened to fall upon the subject of to-day's paper. I remember it was a remark of my mother's, that those persons whom it has pleased Providence to place in such situations of eminence as necessarily hold them out as objects of imitation to half the world, must have a vast deal more to answer for than their own conduct. "The eldest son of the crown," continued she, "what a mighty influence has this man over the nation in general! Let him wear the bow of his neckcloth at the back of his neck, and the seam of his stocking on the front of his leg, and in a fortnight's time not a leg or a neck but would receive the same twist. How worthily might such an influence be exerted on the moral character of his countrymen! How easy 'twere to make it the fashion to be just, honourable, and religious, if this great personage could be convinced that these were points of equal importance with the style of a head-dress, or the structure of a phaëton! I wish he would read and study," continued the good old lady, reaching from the window-seat a small octavo, with black covers, "this excellent book, which belonged to your great-grandfather, and, for aught I know, to his ancestors before him."

She then read to me a great part of the Life of Sir Philip Sydney, till beginning to grow weary, she shut up the book, and thus continued—"This bright and accomplished cavalier might, if he pleased, in his day, have set the fashion of a shoe-tie, or have altered the shape of every man's peruke in the country; but he thought it more be-seeming his manhood and his greatness of soul to hold out a brave example of virtue and religion. While all were looking up to him as the sample of courtesy, of elegance and gallantry, he was be-

'thinking himself of his paraphrase of the Psalms. He fell, fighting for his country, and died in an act of Christian charity.'

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

“ HUMBLY SHOWETH,

“ That your petitioners conceive they have an equal title with the buckle-makers of Birmingham, to entreat the benefit of your highness's sanction to the interests of their trade. The commerce of Virtue and Religion is the most important that is carried on by this prosperous nation. That your petitioners are convinced, that all the articles of their manufacture are of sound and staple consistency, and would be particularly becoming to your highness's figure and condition. Your petitioners are the more particularly induced to throw themselves upon your royal protection, because they are well assured that their commerce, so intrinsically noble, wants nothing to promote and enlarge it, but the recommendations of fashion, which your highness is so well able to bestow upon it. Your petitioners take the freedom to assure you, that while their cause would borrow great advantages from your polished deportment, these qualities would derive infinite grace and dignity from their new connections. Moreover, they pray that your highness would not content yourself with being negatively virtuous; and that while you are, to the great joy of good and loyal men, laying down your imputed extravagance, you would take up, to fill the vacancy,

some of those Christian habits which your petitioners deal in, and which, for want of fashion, lie long on hand. In great hopes that this petition will find its way to the ear of your highness, your petitioners will ever think themselves bound to pray, with a true Christian loyalty, for long life and prosperity to the Eldest Son of the British Crown," &c. &c.

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

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

For the decadency of dramatic writing, many reasons may be given; but no one strikes me more forcibly than the rage for imitation, so characteristic of modern composition: for perhaps with no kind of poetry does imitation so ill agree as with that of the stage. Nature and real life is its only model: and the fluctuation of common opinions, sentiments, and manners, requires a fresh impression to be taken off at every time we wish to exhibit a likeness. When the great and simple effects of passion are described, as in the epic poetry, imita-

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

To all these ends nothing is so contrary as the effects of imitation, which excite in the mind of the hearer or reader a disgusting idea of artifice, deception, and want of feeling in the author: and even though it remain invisible itself, it never fails to impress its character wherever it prevails, and produces incongruities and disproportions, and a general sickness of colouring, that fatigues and offends the reader of animated taste. We shall nowhere perhaps find these observations better illustrated than in the ridiculous imitations of Shakspeare, so common among our modern dramatic writers. It is not by imitating but by emulating this great poet, and by copying unweariedly from the same model which he himself had ever before him, that we can hope to rise to any sort of resemblance. We make but little advancement towards this perfection, by a

superficial mimicry of his forms of expression, and those antiquated words, of which time, not Shakspeare, is properly the author.

When Shakspeare wrote, his style was doubtless of the most popular and familiar sort. In the merit of language, therefore, we best imitate this great author, when we adopt the most natural and suitable expressions relatively to the times in which we live, and to which we write. It is plain, that the same language which was natural and simple in his time, has lost that character in our own, and is become difficult, remote, and affected. We reverence in it the author himself; we are prepared to expect it in a writer of that age; we revere it as the rusty armour of our ancestors, which would nevertheless show ridiculous enough on the shoulders of a modern cavalier*.

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

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

"THE TOUR OF SENTIMENT.

"And so!—said I, on entering the famed town of Brentford—and so!—I could bear it no longer—I gushed into a flood of tears—An unfeeling butcher who stood near, and who had no joy above the fruitless struggles of the ox who tottered under his axe, pointed me out to the ridicule of his hardened comrades—A glow of shame, which by the bye human nature cannot always suppress, suffused my cheek—This, said I, is the dark side of things—My horse (who perhaps felt the force of the appeal—'tis a pliant beast) went onward, as if grateful that I had spared the spur. Before I knew that I was out of the reach of the butcher's taunts, my faithful steed stopped, as if unwilling to interrupt my reverie—at Mr. March's great inn at Salt-hill.—And in what, said I, am I superior to the labouring wretches that herd in the meaner houses which are open to their more circumscribed necessities? A conviction of self-applause invigorated my whole frame.—In my life I never experienced a more tranquil glow of animated sensibility.—A chequered window shutter soon caught my eye—'Good entertainment for man and horse'—Aye, aye, said I—for my late triumph over pride still made my blood dance in milder meanders through my veins—Aye, aye, said I, and I patted the meek neck of my faithful companion—Aye, aye, said I, and I hope we may reverse the motto, and say, 'Good man and horse for entertainment'—and so saying, I gave my horse to honest Will the ostler; and walking briskly into the *worst* room I could find, I fared sumptuously on a crust of brown bread half mouldy with age, and a glass of

water, which I drew from the pail in which my steed had been drinking. The worldling will smile at my mortification—but let it be remembered that I am writing a language which the worldling cannot understand.

“ ’Tis strange! said I—passing strange, that French cooks should be called in, when sentiment can give so keen a zest to the homeliest fare!—[A tear filled each eye as I spoke—I know not how they came there—and as the heart is not made for scrutinies, I did not stay to inquire.] Thou, hapless animal, said I to my faithful steed, art unacquainted with this luxury. Esopus knew it not, or peacocks’ tongues would not have been in his bill of fare. I spoke with vehemence; and I fear my quiet companion suffered by the enthusiasm of his master—for he stopped suddenly, hung his head, and presented an attitude so moving, and so pregnant with silent reproach, that Balaam’s ass, with all his loquacity, would have suffered by the comparison. ‘Pardon me,’ said I, ‘most useful and harmless creature, if I have unwarily drawn innocent blood.’ My tones, as I spoke, were sweet and flexible—partaking of the melting philanthropy of the soul that gave them utterance. His gentle nature was appeased—he recovered his pace—‘Kind heaven,’ said I, ‘for once reverse thy decrees, and grant my excellent beast the immortality he merits, by virtues his rider would be proud to possess.’ Whether my imagination was warmed by a train of reflections, each of which would put the tyrant conqueror to shame, or whether merit, though in a quadruped, is never unnoticed—but it matters not—the effect was the same: (we are ever prone to judge by events;) so it was, that he reared exultingly as I finished my prayer. He had never thus raised himself before:

his humble disposition kept him nearer the earth.— And why, said I, should I reject the suggestions of my expanding heart? Xanthus, said I, prophesied before thee, honest brute. I embrace the omen; and, if I am credulous, let me not be scoffed. Achilles was so before me—And so saying, I raised my eyes, which, by a habit of thoughtfulness, were generally rivetted to my horse's mane, to view the streets of

SLOUGH.

“ *Slough!*—’tis an invidious name—but let that pass.—Charity would perhaps have chosen a tenderer appellation: but are not words intended as the pictures of ideas? The town, reader, is not clean; and the mire which my steed gathered in his passage through it impressed more forcibly upon my mind the appositeness of the title.—Yet what will not habit effect?—The countenances of the inhabitants, though defiled, were illumined with serenity; but the solution is not yet complete.—Patriotism will have its dues—it was native dirt; and who shall say that the natale solum can ever inconvenience or disfigure?—The mystery was at an end—or I was too indolent to pursue the inquiry—or perhaps pride concealed the deficiencies of my theory, as is often the case with wiser men, or what shall we say to Descartes and his atoms?—But be it as it may—when an attempt is made to remove difficulties, one may fail in the primary end—but it is made up to us in another way; and the self-applause arising from a consciousness of strenuous endeavours more than pays us for our trouble. If I am wrong, let not a cruel world too harshly buffet my system—A fly’s wing might overturn it—I have a heart too feeble and tender to sustain the penalties to which

the errors of my head might expose it.—‘ Do not laugh, but pity me.’ ”

It was my intention to have added something on the signs and evidences of imitation in authors; but the question is too diffusive for my present paper. I cannot help remarking, however, while I am upon it, that we are to make up our judgments in this matter from evidences which lie both in the sentiment and in the writer. No man has better described what ought to be taken into the account in respect to the writer, than the author of the *Essay on Imitation*.—“ If a northern poet,” says he, “ describe an Italian spring—if an author of a gloomy disposition delineate scenes of merriment—if we find a course of sentiments or cast of composition different from that to which genius, situation, or complexion, would naturally lead; that is, if a recluse man write like a man of the world, if a great writer deviate much from his natural manner, if a humane man deal much in bitter and acrimonious sentiments—we may judge them all to be led away by the charms of imitation.” We must make also a comparison between the general turns of sentiment and manner by which two writers are characterized; and in proportion to the affinity we think we can perceive between them, we should be disposed to think a similitude of thought fortuitous.

Perhaps this apology cannot fairly be made for Tacitus, one of whose most beautiful passages runs suspiciously parallel with one I met with the other day in the twelfth chapter of Xenophon's *Agesilaus*.

“ Huc illuc agebatur Galba vario turbæ fluctuantis impulsu, completis undique basilicis et templis lugubri prospectu. Neque populi nec plebis ulla vox, sed attoniti vultus, et conversæ ad omnia aures; non tumultus, non quies—quale magni metûs et magnæ iræ silentium est.”

TACIT. HIST. LIB. I. XL.

Καὶ κραυγὴ μὲν οὐδεμία πάσῃ, οὐ μὲν οὐδὲ σιγὴ, φωνὴ δὲ τις ἢ τοιαυτὴ εἴαν ὄργῃ τε καὶ μαχῇ παράσχοιτ' ἄν.

XENOPH.

In determining with respect to the probability of imitation from a consideration of the sentiment, we perceive that one thought, by its own nature and quality, is more probable than another to have occurred accidentally to different writers; and therefore that, notwithstanding the widest dissimilitude of character, authors may sometimes exhibit remarkable coincidences, without deserving to be suspected of imitation. Thus, the well-remembered sentiment in the play of Terence, *Homo sum*, &c. is exactly expressed in a line which I read a long time ago, in the first or second part of Lucian's Panegyric on Demonax; but which I do not remember well enough to quote.

The resemblance which a passage of Menander in Hirelius bears to the Scriptural commandments, is remarkable, and is certainly not to be ascribed to imitation, but to the breadth, compass, and universality of the thoughts, as well as the home appeal they make to the moral sense and our general nature.—“ If any one, O Pamphilus, think that by merely offering a sacrifice he can arrive at the favour of God, he has an unworthy opinion of him, and will find himself mistaken. He must become a man of virtue, beneficial to society; must not

pollute virgins nor commit adultery, nor steal, nor murder; and the wife, house, horse, youths, and maids of another, he must not covet them.—Sacrifice therefore to God with justice and benevolence; let your purity therefore be in your hearts rather than in your garments.”

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

“ Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole at one time is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression.”

BURKE'S *Reflections*.

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

BUFFON, Nat. Hist. Anim.

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

VIRGIL, GEORG. iv. 206.

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

No. 41. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

Round him much embryo, much abortion lay.

POPE.

IN revolving the general cast and spirit of such of my lucubrations as have been committed to the world, I cannot help secretly accusing myself of treating the votaries of fashion with too little indulgence. So much has this lain upon my conscience, that I determined, a few days ago, upon making them some reparation; and accordingly wrote with great urgency to my friend the Projector, to turn the course of his labours, as far as possible, into a channel that might produce some advantages to fashionable life. He has accordingly exerted himself with his usual vigour and alacrity, and has sent me several draughts and plans designed for the ease and benefit of the world of fashion. The first produce of his lucubrations is a system of economy, by which the Great will be enabled at once to abridge their expense of time, of pocket, and of study. His conceptions are given to me almost in the following words:

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

- “ 1st. No time to be expended on thought, as nothing comes of it among men of fashion.
- “ 2dly. The wear and tear of time, by constant *use*, to be avoided, as so precious an article ought to be employed sparingly.
- “ 3dly. Time often to be protracted by long and wearisome lounges, by way of making the *most* of it.
- “ 4thly. When time is heavy with lassitude, and dull with inoccupation, be tender of using it in this torpid and vapourish condition, and endeavour to refresh it by the slumbers of inanity.
- “ 5thly. Make up your mind at once and irrevocably on every question : by these means you save the time that would otherwise be lost in choosing, and need never after waste a moment in hearing what another man has to say.
- “ 6thly. Avoid the acquisition of too many new ideas, which will demand considerable time to arrange in your minds. The fewer your ideas, the more speedily will your measures be taken, and your resolutions formed ; it being a much shorter process to determine with two ideas than with half a score.
- “ 7thly. Dispossess yourself as much as possible of all feeling for other men ; sorrow for others is a double consumer, and lights at both ends the torch of existence. We lose to ourselves the present moment, and quicken the approach of gray hairs and the grave.
- “ 8thly. Rob other men of as much of their time as possible, by way of saving your own. This is a golden rule, and a most ingenious economy.
- “ 9thly. Study your own gratification in every concern of life, and *waste no time* in thinking of

the sacrifices you make to them, or of their consequences to other men.

“ 10thly. Let all your time be spent upon yourself, on the farmer’s principle of spending his manure on his own grounds ; and let your constant admiration of your own perfections absorb all the praise that is due from you to others.

“ 11thly. Fill up your time as much as possible with pleasures that exclude participation.

“ 12thly. The last and greatest rule is this:—Allow no time for praying, or for works of charity : for this is giving up a portion of our time to eternity, which is a greater absurdity than sending presents to Cræsus, or pouring water into the ocean.”

So much for my friend’s rules for the economy of time, designed for the benefit of the fashionable world. He next considers the various articles in which money may be saved, so that a sufficiency may be preserved for the uses of gaming, and the business of dissipation.

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

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

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

- “ 4thly. To sacrifice comfort to ostentation in every article of life ; to go without substantial conveniences, for the sake of shining superfluities ; to be misers at home, that we may look like prodigals in public ; and to live like beggars in secret, to glitter like princes abroad.
- “ 5thly. To abandon all poor relations, and to be charitable only to those who are much richer than ourselves—this is pious usury.
- “ 6thly. To be loud against the ingratitude of the poor, which we have never experienced ; and to reserve our charity for deserving objects, which we are determined never to acknowledge.
- “ 7thly. To be active and forward in speculative schemes of charity, which we are well assured can never take place ; while we are silently raising our rents, to the ruin of distressed families.
- “ 8thly. To pass by the door of Famine, with our money glued to our pockets ; while, to see a new dancer at the Opera in the evening, we draw our purse-strings as generously as princes.
- “ 9thly. To repair to the house of Distress, not to dissipate our money in common-place acts of compassion and generosity, but to extort good bargains from hunger and necessity, and to purchase at cheap rates the last valuable relics of perishing fortunes.
- “ 10thly. To be lavish of kind speeches, which cost nothing ; and to lament, when death has come in relief to misery, that the circumstances of so melancholy a case were not known to us in time to afford us the luxury of exercising our humanity.”

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

- “ 1st. To become a member of two or three learned societies ; for thus we maintain the title of philosopher, at the cheap rate of a few guineas a year.
- “ 2dly. Instead of collecting a library, to belong to a reading club, where one book may serve many persons, and where the waiter takes the responsibility of choice off our hands, and contracts to supply books, as he usually does cards.
- “ 3dly. A cheap system of morality may be collected from the introductory parts of advertisements, which may do for ourselves and children. For instance—Some fine sentiments on the passions may be found in the advertisement of the Cyprian Preventive.—The Dumb Dolly, or a machine for washing, is recommended by some lively remarks on the saving of time.—An elegant preface on parental duties ushers in the famous pills for conception.—The great fecundity of nature is a natural theme of admiration in the advertisement of the Persian powder for lice.—The contagion of bad communications is very forcibly descanted upon by the inventor of the antivariolique bags against the infection of the small-pox, &c.—A sincere believer in future rewards and punishments conscientiously recommends his elastic *desiderata*.—The advantages of exercise are set forth very pointedly in recommendation of a plaster for corns.—The inventor of the *aqua mirifica* for the eye, has not forgotten to expatiate on the tendency which

the contemplation of Nature's works has to open and expand the mind."

These valuable passages contain all the morality necessary to a man of *fashion*. The rumbling of his carriage will soon shake them together, so as to form them into a compacted system; and so furnished, he will soon acquire the title of a great philosopher in his *own circles*.

Together with his system of fashionable economy, my friend the Projector has sent me some hints for a visiting-map, which he desires me to lay before the elegant part of my readers. To this map there are to be an equator, ecliptic, poles, circles, degrees, &c. The houses where visits are due are to be distributed after the following manner:— Persons of high quality are situated nearest the line, as claiming the greatest warmth of attachment; and all above the degree of baronet to be placed within the tropics. In the degrees without the tropics, our acquaintance to be ranged according to their figure and fortune. A poor relation to be carried to a very cold latitude; and an old friend with broken fortunes to be transported to the regions of eternal frost. Persons of celebrity for genius or beauty to be placed on our own meridian. Whatever part of the map has most of the sun, which is the emblem of prosperity, there your visits are chiefly to be directed, till this luminary again forsake them. The places of worship are to be situated on the tops of high mountains, which will afford an apology for leaving your card at the door only once a month or so. As visits of charity make no part of the fashionable scheme of visiting, the poor must either be kept at a great longitudinal distance, insulated in the midst of the

ocean, or ice-bound in the polar extremities. The signs of the Zodiac are to be noted, and the sun's passage through them is to influence the spirit and plan of your visits. While he passes through Aries and Taurus, and the realms of Love, let love be the principal object of your visiting; but when he enters Cancer, you may fairly let yourself loose in scandal. While the sun is in Libra, you are to sit in judgement on your neighbours; and during his stay in Scorpio, you are at liberty to deal around damnation to all you have ever known or heard of. Persons to whom you may happen to be under great obligations, are to be placed as far as possible out of reach, on the point of some cape or promontory, at the back of impassable mountains, on the farther side of vast lakes, or in the midst of forests and defiles, or, lastly, at the bottom of the sea. Your creditors are to be set down in the map as Nogayan or Katschintz Tartars; and in your progress you are to do all you can to avoid the *trade* winds, which may hurry you against your will into very *inhospitable* climes.

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

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

“ A gentleman at the court end of the town,

“ having a great many cards to leave in Bloomsbury,
“ Bedford, Hanover, Cavendish, Manchester, and
“ Grosvenor squares, wishes for an agreeable com-
“ panion who has been used to travelling. The
“ gentleman is of a cheerful disposition, and will
“ readily enter into any scheme that may be cal-
“ culated to render the journey pleasant. He
“ wishes particularly to take advantage of the pre-
“ sent fine weather, and the moon which now rises
“ before the genteel part of the morning sets.”

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

“ TO MR. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

“ SIR,

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

“ I hope to raise myself in the opinion of your readers, as a person of elegant taste, when I assure them that I often admire a gay equipage, at the risk of being run over by it. My mind, thank God! is

not so mean as to think that the existence of a poor pedestrian deserves the least consideration, when opposed to the sublime satisfaction a youth of distinction must enjoy in finding that dinner at the Thatched House has not waited for him above two hours. Indeed, as the poor are an useless and expensive part of the creation, and are likely to overrun the rich, if the rich do not run over them, I am vastly pleased when I see persons of exalted rank, or great fortunes, whirl over the pavement, and especially through a crowd, making us fly on all sides. There is something truly magnificent, and, indeed, classical, in this; for, if I recollect right, we read of armed chariots, in the ages of antiquity, driving through the thickest ranks, and mowing down all resistance; and as the poor-rates are an enormous burden upon us, I think it a question not unworthy of consideration, whether the addition of a few scythes to our phaëton wheels, would not more effectually thin our streets, and diminish the number of the poor, especially the helpless, through age or infancy, than any of the methods which the numerous writers on that subject have proposed.

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

woman, will forcibly strike the youth of the present day. The chariot, notwithstanding it was introduced by the king, was far from becoming a general fashion; and some time after, Ann of Bohemia, Richard's queen, invented side-saddles; and the ladies, following the queen's example, went a shopping, visiting, and to the public places, on horseback. The mules had the honour of carrying the churchmen for several centuries; and cardinal Wolsey appears mounted on one, in his picture at Windsor. In the reign of Mary, an open carriage, called a Landau, was introduced, so named from the place in Alsace where it was invented; and Stow informs us that, in his day, the world was running upon wheels. If we should hit horses together this time, perhaps I may whip up something more for you on this subject on a future occasion. In the mean time I shall continue

“ Your constant reader,
“ PETER PRY.”

TO MR. SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH.

“ SIR,

“ I understand that the funds of a charity-school, in Cripplegate parish, were in such a declining state, that the governors found it a hard task to support the establishment, even upon a very contracted scale. Sermon after sermon was preached, and little advantage derived from them. At length a genius, who happened to be in the direction, suggested the happy idea of instituting a ball for the benefit of the charity. The proposal was instantly adopted: a room was hired, and a number of tickets were printed, on which the device represented a figure of Charity in the fourth position. For these

there was a very speedy demand ; and the worthy inhabitants of the parish convinced the world that, although when ye mourned unto them they would not weep, when ye piped unto them they would dance. The profits arising from the assembly, restored the affairs of the school ; and there is every reason to hope, that a ball or two annually will carry the intention of the pious founder into effect. I further understand that, in gratitude to the science from which the establishment has derived such advantages, the children are all to be taught to dance. A saving will be made, sufficient to counterbalance the expense, in not suffering them to learn to sing ; for charity, which used to be at our fingers' ends, has, of late, got as low as our toes ; and thus they have gained more by a single appeal to this part of us, than by all the anthems and hymns they have chanted these seven years. I suppose, as the experiment has been attended with success, charity sermons will give way to charity balls, and the poor children must foot it in future into the favour of the public.

“ Yours, &c.

“ PETER PRY,”

No. 42. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23.

It is as long coming as Cotswold barley.

RAY *on Proverbs.*

IN returning to the long-forsaken subject of religion, I feel like a traveller, who, after feasting upon the various produce of various countries, after roving from delicacy to delicacy, and sharing in the luxury of princes, turns homewards his wearied steps with increased delight, longs to slake his thirst at the fountain before his door, and brings a keener relish to the simple fare his home affords, than he carried to the remotest rarities of the richest climates. Not, however, in quality of a clergyman, but in quality of a thinking man—not on account of my profession, but on account of my nature—not from a peculiar, but a common interest, do I love to turn my thoughts towards religion, from time to time, as their final home. In all its distresses my heart fastens upon it as the great anchorage of its hopes, and refuge of its sorrows. It refreshes me from a fountain that sends new life into my veins, and braces me anew for the warfare of the passions. After all its crosses and all its perplexities, in the unsatisfactory round of common occupations, to this at length my mind reverts, as the solace of its cares, as the sabbath of its labours.

In pursuance of the plan of my argument, after considering the grounds for our belief in a future

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

As far as the events of this world can determine our notions of God's government, we have every reason to expect a future state of rewards and punishments, and that too depending upon circumstances within our own power. Pleasure and pain, in this world, are the consequences of our actions; and we are endued by the Author of our nature, with a capacity of foreseeing these consequences. All the good of this world depends upon our own exertions; and we arrive at no kind or degree of enjoyment, but through the medium of our own actions. By a prudent management and discreet forbearance, we may pass our days in tolerable ease; but the fruits of indolence and excess are, disgrace, poverty, sickness, and untimely death. It is not at least the question in this place, if it can be soberly agitated elsewhere, why the Supreme Being adopts these measures of governing the world, and ordains that man should not be happy but by the instrumentality of his own actions? The whole end and design of Providence in the government of the world, it may be as impossible for us to conceive, as for a person born blind to have a right conception of colours.

It is natural for us to suppose, that we are under the government of God in the same sense as we are

under the government of civil magistrates. Our proper formal notion of government implies a distribution of pains and pleasures according to the quality of our actions, supposing that those who are concerned have been previously warned of the judgment that awaits them. Thus far the reasoning from analogy assists us in the present question, which is but little invalidated by considering that the measure of our rewards and punishments is not in exact proportion to our behaviour, according to the present appearances. Enough is experienced here, to show what the laws of the universe may admit; enough is experienced, to manifest the folly of that disbelief of a future state, which is founded on a vain idea that the force of temptations and the fragility of our nature can be pleaded against the guilt and the punishment of human vices. And since, in the system of this world, our obliquities of conduct are stamped with a degree of disgrace and suffering, it is plain that the objections from *necessity* have no grounds of analogy to stand upon, or such objections as proceed upon a supposition that, as an infinite being cannot be contradicted, he must therefore be a stranger to offence and provocation. “*Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur irá.*”

The question of future rewards and punishments draws naturally after it the consideration of God's moral government of the world. It is in the direction of these rewards and punishments that we are to look for the character of this moral government. Were the world so constituted, that the footsteps of vice were marked with constant misery, and that happiness invariably attended upon virtue, this most essential doctrine would rest upon plain and indisputable grounds; but it appears that the virtuous man not always receives his recompense in this

world, nor the vicious his overthrow: the moral scheme is, therefore, far from being perfect in the present existence. This is not a state in which things can be expected to be perfect; were it the abode of perfection, it would cease to be a state of preparation. A righteous government, however, appears to be carried on in this life to a certain degree—enough to ground an apprehension that it shall ultimately be completed, or raised to that degree of perfection which religion assures us it shall accomplish, but which cannot appear until much more of the divine administration shall be seen than can be contemplated in the present life.

Let us inquire how far this is the case; how far the principles and beginnings of a moral government may be discerned amidst the confusion and disorder of human affairs. It is agreed that virtue must often be disappointed of its natural effects, and vice rescued from its consequent evils, by accidental obstructions and perversions arising from the perplexed and jarring course of human actions and human policy. Notwithstanding these interruptions, however, it is plain that they maintain an uniform character and established tendency. The general tranquillity, the mental satisfaction, and the external advantages of virtue, as well as the frequent calamities of which vice is productive, manifest a right constitution in nature, as the correction of children, under circumstances of misconduct, is a part of right education. Moreover, as we are endued with a capacity of reflecting upon this constitution of things, and of foreseeing the consequences of our behaviour, some sort of moral government is plainly implied.

But not only in the natural course of things, but by the intervention of human means, the same moral scheme appears to be carried on; and mankind find

themselves placed by Providence in such circumstances, as to be unavoidably accountable to each other for their behaviour. Thus is our conduct rewarded or punished, in a view of its being mischievous or beneficial to society. Besides which, in the social commerce of the world, virtue and vice are distinguished by various degrees of favour or discountenance. The man of upright conduct claims and receives from the generality a disinterested respect and regard; and the vicious man, for the most part, has a great majority even of his own character against him. Injuries are retaliated not only in a view to the harm they produce, but to the wrong they imply; and we have our resentments in behalf of others as well as of ourselves. On the same principle we are disposed to requite good offices, not merely as a party benefited, but from a love of the actions themselves.

Upon the whole, then, besides the good and bad effects of virtue and vice on their authors, the course of the world does in a great measure turn upon the approbation or disapprobation of them as such in others.—Thence we may reasonably infer the existence of a moral nature erected in our minds; and since our condition here is such as to give this nature scope for operation, and in effect to oblige it to operate, it holds out a farther additional proof of a moral government of the world. The first observation leads us to conclude, that God will finally give effectual support to virtue: the second furnishes an example of a certain degree of actual support afforded it in the present existence. This constitution of our minds, that inclines us to discountenance vice, and to treat virtue with favour and distinction, is an intuitive proof that so Nature intends it, or a palpable solecism would follow. It is doubtless her pervading voice, that proclaims this pre-eminence of virtue, and promulges

its unalterable decrees, amidst all the errors and incongruities of human actions.—“*Sunt enim ingenii nostris semina innata virtutum, quæ si adolescere liceret ipsa nos ad beatam vitam natura perduceret.*”

I am well aware that the existence of a moral sense or instinctive preference of virtue, is a point in much dispute. Those who take the negative side of the question, insist that our distinctions in favour of virtue originally result from a perception of its advantages; and that nothing but repeated experience of the good which is reflected from it on ourselves, erects in the mind that settled habit of approbation, which at length comes to pronounce an instantaneous judgement in its favour. The constancy of these good effects establishes a general consent in behalf of virtue; and as the feelings of mankind are improved by the exercise of social benevolence, new maxims and duties branch out, as the interests of humanity become better understood. This, according to them, is the course in which we proceed without supernatural aids and instructions. Were you to relate the story of Cataline's conspiracy, or Tarquin's usurpation, to a solitary savage, he would discover no marks of abhorrence, or even of disapprobation. Moreover, were this preference of virtue instinctive, it must necessarily act with uniform and universal ascendancy: on the contrary, however, what has been considered as vicious in one age and in one country, has been regarded as praiseworthy in other times and other situations. Suicide, theft, fornication, and even crimes which we tremble to name, have been sanctioned and approved in particular nations, and among certain individuals.

To all this it may be replied, that it little imports whether or not it be allowed that these seeds of

virtue are given us with our existence, if it be admitted that as soon as reason begins to operate, it pronounces in its favour, and that there is plainly a constitution of things adapted to foster and confirm this pre-eminence. The existence of a moral government is no less indicated by such a disposition of things, than by supposing an instinctive preference of virtue, or what is termed the moral sense. The relation of any particular act of criminality might fail of its due impression upon the mind of a savage, from the absolute impossibility of conveying to him an adequate idea of its mischief, and a perfect sense of its consequences: for the real nature and injury of vice is only to be contemplated through its operation on society; and the mind must be placed in its proper relative position, ere it can come to any right conclusions respecting the tendencies and qualities of human actions. Still, however, this savage has clear impressions of right and wrong, although his right and wrong be not shaped to the condition of man as a member of civil society.

Again, the objections to the doctrine of a moral sense, founded on the want of uniformity and universality in our notions of virtue, and the encouragement afforded to particular vices in different ages and nations, will lose their force if we consider that where these inverted maxims have prevailed through whole countries, they have arisen either under some violent and unnatural system of religion or civil policy, or during a state of barbarous depression; and that, where they have obtained among particular sects or individuals, they may always be traced to some peculiarity of circumstances, or to some superadded motives which have over-ruled the tendencies of this secret guide.

The encouragement of theft, said to have been a principle of Spartan policy, was the result of a forced and distorted system, which had for its sole object the promotion of military talents, among which, in those days, deception and stratagem held a conspicuous place.

I have never read of any country, however barbarous, where the sense of modesty was entirely asleep; and the promiscuous commerce of the sexes lies every where under an implied reproach, where marriage is among the customs of the country—and marriage has every where place, where the smallest approaches have been made to social intercourse. Murder has never been purely and positively sanctioned in any condition of humanity. The Indians, it is true, put their captured enemies to cruel deaths; but to this bloody practice they are prompted by an excessive love to their fallen associates, and mistaken principles of patriotism and friendship. Suicide was wont to carry with it such an imposing image of virtue, before the promulgation of Christian morality, that the frequency of it argued no want of instinctive love of virtue, but was an instance in which a fond interpretation was put upon her decrees, to favour the impatience and imbecility of passion.

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

In respect to individuals, these tendencies are obvious; but the settled tendency of virtue to accumulate power in society, and to prevail over every sort of power which is not under its direction, is perhaps less readily conceived. It is an

important part of the subject, as it may elevate in our conceptions the dignity and might of that instrument by which Providence governs the world.

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

Now, as to the first requisite, it is to be hoped there is in the world a proportion of virtuous men, sufficient to render virtue prevalent to a very considerable degree, if other circumstances would permit; for much less force, under the direction of virtue, would prevail over much greater, not under its direction. There are many causes, however, which obstruct the union of virtuous men, spread over the face of the earth; and, above all, the very short and busy scene we are passing through, denies to virtue its proper latitude of operation. This tendency, therefore, is disappointed of its natural effect in the present state. But haply these hindrances may be

removed in a future world; and surely it is more natural to conclude, that the obstructions will be removed, than that the tendency will be destroyed. Virtue is militant here, and many untoward accidents contribute to its being overborne: but we may fairly hope that hereafter it may combat with greater success, or rather may enjoy its rewards in triumph and in peace.

It appears, therefore, that God has qualified us to perceive a peculiar connection in the several parts of his great scheme, and a tendency towards the completion of it arising out of the very nature of virtue, which tendency is to be considered as something moral in the essential constitution of things. On the whole then, there is a kind of moral government implied in God's natural government—virtue and vice are naturally rewarded and punished, as beneficial or mischievous to society, and rewarded and punished directly as virtue and vice.—The notion, therefore, of a moral scheme of government, is not fictitious, but natural; for it is suggested to our thoughts by the constitution and course of nature; and the execution of this scheme is actually begun in the present world.—And the notion of a moral scheme of government, much more perfect than what is seen here, is not a fictitious but a natural notion, suggested to our thoughts by the essential tendencies of virtue and vice.

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

No. 43. SATURDAY, MARCH 2.

*Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis Olive
Sacra ferens?*

VIRG. ÆN. VI. 808.

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

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

Methinks I have him now before me, with his tall and graceful figure, his oval face, his dimpled mouth and large benevolent eyes! I seem again to see his features gathering fresh and fresh animation as involuntarily he winds the conversation into that channel in which his bosom so loved to discharge

itself: and now his countenance assumes a softened expression of melancholy, as the subject gradually takes the colours of his mind—a mind, almost from the cradle, of too high a pitch for the tones of ordinary life, and destined to a course of continual disappointment. But nothing had the effect of souring the temper of Eugenio; and I know not if I am right in calling *that* melancholy which produced neither complaint nor despondency, and which felt it no indulgence to criminate the motives and actions of mankind, but showed itself alone in a certain bias towards topics of sorrow, and an inclination to visit the house of mourning rather than the house of joy. It comforts me to think that the soul of this excellent youth has been long at rest, after a short career of sorrow in this world; and that that bosom, which found so little congeniality here, is probably in those abodes where its sorrow is turned into joy, and where what was the source of disappointment is become the fountain of delight.

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

and the great ends of his creation. Before this period he had passed through various scenes and situations of life.—But why should I thus piece out the history of my friend? I feel that in the end it must all be told, such is my fondness for talking about him: I will therefore lay it before my readers, with the advantages of a regular narration.

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

As my friend's house, where I then was upon a visit, was only a mile distant, and as it now held up, we took leave of the company, all of whom rose, except the traveller, who took no more notice of our departure than he had done of our entrance. My friend (whom in future I shall call Barville, having some reasons for concealing his true name,) during our walk home, was silent and thoughtful, and would enter into no conversation the whole evening. The next morning we met early in the garden, where he thus addressed me:—"My good Mr. Olive-Branch, I must beg your forgiveness for my behaviour yesterday evening; but the truth is, the physiognomy of the young stranger we saw last night has so touched me, that I have been able

to think of nothing else ever since. My mind," continued he, "will never be at ease till I have had some conversation with him: what think you of sending to desire his company to breakfast?" I approved of his intention; the message was sent, and a very polite refusal was returned. This, however, only the more inflamed the curiosity of Mr. Barville. He set off himself to the inn, and returned in half an hour, together with the stranger. He was a little better dressed than on the preceding day, and bore every characteristic of the gentleman about him. His deportment was the most manly I ever beheld; and a slight suffusion, which tinged his cheeks upon entering the room, being unaccompanied with any embarrassment, prognosticated that amiable union of qualities which adorn a mind at once modest and assured.

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

As Mr. Barville was a character a little out of the common road, it may be worth while to digress a moment for the sake of describing him. This gentleman was the eldest of several children. His father was a merchant of some eminence, and a man of very solid parts, and great worldly knowledge. He used to say, that he looked on his seven children with the sentiments of a Spartan: that he considered them as a stock, in which the public and himself had equal shares. To the commonwealth he resigned the qualities of their

heads; and reserved to himself the paramount property in the province of the heart.

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

As this change in circumstances raised him into more elevated company, he began to feel his own disparity in the point of education so severely, that he resolved to repair these deficiencies by a few years of assiduous application. He immediately purchased a judicious little collection of books; and being too old and too nice to become a pupil, he sat down with solitary ardour to the elements of mathematics, and the treasures of ancient literature. Aided by a quick comprehension, and a sound memory, he made such despatch, that, in the course of three years, his head was furnished with a rich variety of materials for reasoning and contemplation. The solitude in which he prosecuted these researches, did not fail to give an original turn to his thoughts and arguments, and fastened some singularities and prejudices on his mind, which time and opposition served only to provoke and confirm. In the scholar's craft, as well as in others, there pre-

vails a common cast of conversation, a sort of complexional tincture, which some would call *cant*, that pervades the whole profession. Mr. Barville's learning was not of this technical sort; his preferences and aversions were the progeny of his own mind, and his taste was unborrowed, as well as the principles on which he supported it.

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

Mr. Barville was just proceeding to address some important questions to the stranger, whom I shall in future call Eugenio, when Amelia entered the room. I shall attempt no description of this young lady's person; it will be enough to say, that the most melt-

ing sensibility, and the most exalted virtue, heightened and corrected each other's expression, in a complexion, and a set of features formed for love and delight. Mr. Barville introduced her to his guest, whose frame underwent a new kind of agitation, and who now felt doubly ashamed of the meanness of his apparel. "Amelia," said the father, "you are to look upon this gentleman as no common acquaintance; certain rules of judging, which have never yet betrayed me, make me very ambitious of his friendship." This speech, in spite of herself, strained her looks towards Eugenio, and an involuntary expression of sweet approbation kindled the first spark of that unhappy flame in which they were both destined to be consumed. Mr. Barville stopped a moment for their mutual compliments to be paid; but Nature had fixed on their mouths a seal of silence, on which each other's image was engraved, and which a little time sufficed to carry to the heart, there to abide for ever.

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

that towards the close of it, the stranger had shaken off much of his reserve, and more than once gave way to emotions of gaiety and mirth, which so developed the expression of his countenance, that many new and excellent qualities were read in it by the philosophical Mr. Barville; and the seeds of much future sorrow were sown in another bosom, where, alas! the same philosophy did not, at least at that moment, exist.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, the worthy gentleman of the house turning towards his guest, and putting his two fingers upon his hand as it rested upon his knee—(I see them both now before me)—“You must be sure, Sir,” said he, “I could have had no inducement to seek so earnestly your acquaintance, but what was perfectly disinterested and honourable: I have long cherished the persuasion that there are certain lines in the countenance which never fail to announce a well constituted mind. There is a kind of running-title in the face, which opens fresh matter to interest us in every page. Not a certain assemblage of features, but the modification of those features under the various influence of successive emotions, is the rule of my judgement in these cases, with a reserve, however, in favour of the testimonies of subsequent experience. Look upon me as one, therefore, whom no accidental circumstances of obligation or connection have made your friend, but whom the secret ties of nature herself have drawn towards you with a force not to be resisted. I frankly offer you my confidence and friendship; make what use you can of me in your own affairs; and if you have any distresses (alas! they are legible in your countenance), which are not too desperate for relief, or too severe to be softened by communication, I earnestly en-

treat you to make me a sharer in them. I too have had my sorrows: in the most virtuous and affectionate of wives, I have lost the tenderest of friends; and my only son is gone from me, Heaven knows where, with circumstances that render the loss of him ten times more distressful, and which add weight to a misfortune that one would think almost too heavy for aggravation."

These kind of sentiments, uttered with great energy, were too much for Eugenio: he was mute for some moments; in spite of his efforts, a tear stole from him, and a sigh escaped from the depths of his bosom. At length, after some unintelligible effusions, he went on thus: "This generosity, my dear Sir, and this extraordinary goodness, are so greatly above what I have been used to experience, that I dare not attempt to make adequate acknowledgements. The best way, doubtless, to manifest my sense of it, would be to yield instantly to your flattering request; but, indeed, Sir, my history contains but little to interest or to amuse you. As for some few distresses I may have suffered, they have not been of that incidental, various, and adventurous kind, which affect in the relation, but were for the most part spun out of my own feelings, which are such as to raise trifling circumstances into serious misfortunes: while, so is my mind constructed, that I can endure those evils, whose sensible magnitude is infinitely greater, and which most disturb the serenity of others, with sufficient calmness and composure. I know, Sir, I am making a confession much to my discredit; but I cannot abuse such a noble good nature, by keeping you ignorant of the unworthiness of its object."

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

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

Eugenio proceeded, as well as I can recollect, with the assistance of my memorandums, in the following terms: "I am the only son of virtuous parents, and who, if more need be said, were both of gentle blood. My father bore arms at a very young age, served his country in many campaigns, and was, as those report who have followed his fortunes, a truly gallant soldier. Whether it was from reading, or a natural elevation of mind, I know not; but it was his misfortune to have imbibed a certain enthusiasm of honour and grandeur of sentiment, which proved a great interruption to his happiness during the whole course of his life. My father had a soul for great actions: he was the hero in the field, but he was also too much the hero in common life; and as Socrates is said to have brought down philosophy from the skies, so it seemed an ambition of my father's to force into the most ordinary concerns in which he was engaged, those erect principles of justice, and those sentiments of heroic disinterestedness, which, though in the main, they certainly should form the great

rule of our actions, yet can never be rendered universally applicable in the petty commerce of society. I use the past tense in speaking of my father, not because I know that he is dead—to be assured of that would remove from my mind a heavy load of anxiety—but because I fear I have lost him for ever; and my busy sorrow is ever presenting him to my thoughts in a state much worse than death—a state unworthy of his birth and his feelings, and ill accommodated to his age and infirmities. In short, Sir, after having lost him for one twelvemonth, without knowing whither he was fled, I heard only a week ago, that during all this interval he has served as a common soldier in the army of prince Ferdinand. But I will not anticipate the events of my story; I fear they will interest you but little, with every advantage of relation.”

No. 44. SATURDAY, MARCH 9.

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

HOR. CAR. I. 24, 6.

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

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

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

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

were a counterbalance to the fatigues and sufferings of his whole life.

“ He had married a woman of no personal accomplishments; but Providence had rewarded his pious regard to the memory of his friend, by giving her a soul great like his own, and full of the most exalted notions of justice, purity, and benevolence. Her German ancestry were noble, and a tincture of national haughtiness had formerly discoloured her sentiments; but as their union was more a marriage of the mind than of the person, their constant communication and mutual respect softened down the pride of my mother’s bosom to the same temper with that which informed my father’s, and effected a perfect congeniality in the principles on which they were founded. Strengthened by his reasons, animated by his example, and assisted by the force of her own understanding, she was soon persuaded of the folly and fragility of that pride which has no sources to draw from but human prejudices and self-flattery, and discerned the broad partition that separates dignity from disdain, and grandeur of soul from pride of circumstance.

“ In the year 1745, when I was entering on my tenth year, my father followed the Royal Duke into the Netherlands, and left me to the sole care and tuition of my mother, who, though not wanting in female sensibility or maternal softness, was yet so well acquainted with the duties and the ornaments of my sex, that every endeavour was made to build up that masculine structure of thought and habit, of which my father had laid the foundation in my mind; and as the warmth and sensibility of female bosoms rarely suffer them to be moderate in a cause in which their interests or affections are engaged, she carried this principle as far as it would bear,

and perhaps a little beyond the scope of its meaning and application.

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

“ I am ashamed, my good Sir, to trouble you with this petty detail ; but as the period of life we are now considering, though of little importance in itself, borrows a great deal from the influence it has on the years of maturity ; and as it may, perhaps, in some degree apologize for the singular and unaccommodating cast of my mind ; I cannot refuse myself the liberty of relating an anecdote of my infancy, which I still remember with feelings in which pleasure and pain are somewhat whimsically blended.

“ I had just completed the extravagant though bewitching Memoirs of Charles XII of Sweden, and the roar of bombs and cannons was still sounding in my ears, when a letter from my father brought us an account of the defeat at Fontenoy, acquainting us at the same time, that he was then in garrison at Ostend, and in hourly expectation of the enemy. Here my ardent imagination figured to me all the horrors of a siege, and I resolved to sympathize with

the supposed sufferings of my father. I chose a spot in a meadow about a mile distant from our house, where I laboured incessantly for a week, in raising ramparts, and digging trenches, to represent the fortifications at Ostend: as soon as they were completed, I prevailed upon the son of a gardener in our neighbourhood, a boy about my own age, to carry on the siege, while I shut myself up within my works, resolving to hold out to the last, having previously frightened the besieger into secrecy, by threatening, in case of treachery, to lay waste his father's cauliflowers, and put all I should find to the sword. We kept up this mockery through half the day, when suddenly the operations of the enemy ceased altogether; whether the vigour and impetuosity of my frequent sallies had driven him off, or hunger, a more powerful assailant, had forced him from the field. I gloried, however, in neglecting the calls of hunger; and imagining myself blockaded, I resolved to try how long I could hold out in such a situation. I kept within my fortifications with great obstinacy till late in the evening, when, beginning to find that the contest with nature could no longer be maintained, I determined not to surrender to the besiegers; but snatching the standard which I had fixed on the ramparts, with one hand, and grasping my sword in the other, I rushed out at a breach that was made in one of the ravelins; and fancying myself in the pursuit of the enemy, I ran to our garden wall, where I fell, overcome with weariness and hunger. Here I lay for some time, with my sword and standard still in my hands, and probably should have died on the field of honour, if one of my father's labourers, who happened to pass by, had not picked me up, and conveyed me to my mother.

“ As soon as she was made acquainted with the

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

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

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

good deal from my military enthusiasm ; but, as you will see in the sequel, the impression has never been thoroughly effaced.

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

“ I shall now pass over a lapse of seven years, which were chequered by no incidents worth relating ; except it may be proper to mention that in this interval my father, surrendered to the impressions of sickness, grew gradually sedate and tranquil in his deportment and sentiments, and lost in great part his predilection for the military life. So great, indeed, was the change which time and circumstances had wrought in his mind, that when I reached my eighteenth year, instead of realizing the splendid visions of my childhood, he sent me to college in the year 1755, to accomplish myself for holy orders. But before two months had expired, I was heartily wearied with the forms and institutions, as well as with the manners and usages of the place.

“ My ideas had been accustomed to expatiate over a wide scene of action, in which every thing that

was vast and unbounded in human enterprise, or elevated in human character, was ever moving before my fancy, in which a shade was cast over vulgar wants and vulgar interests, and in which that middle order of men, among whom I was now to take my place, was seen at a confused distance, or lost in the surrounding blaze. The inactive pomp, the inglorious ease, the narrow range, and the petty politics of a college life, were ill calculated to arrest a mind like mine, which had taken flight, at ten years of age, into regions of visionary perfection, and whose aspiring humour had already taught it contempt, not only for the common amusements of infancy, but for the common playthings of maturity.

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

“ What principally fostered my aversion to college was doubtless the very circumscribed state of my finances, which soon taught me to measure the distance at which poverty throws us from our social dues—from a just participation in the courtesies

and amenities of life. It is, however, its high privilege and consolation to be secure from the seductions of flattery, to see before it the unvarnished side of human nature, and to view the native forms of Virtue and Vice in their genuine light.

“ Though my poor parents almost beggared themselves to support me with respectability, all would not do; and my circumstances were so low, as hardly to suffice for my bare maintenance. The reverence I feel for the principle of every institution which has the good of mankind for its object, makes me cautious how I reprove; for there is a spirit of correction, which chases away the good with the evil, and which, in its zeal for completing the beauty of a building, destroys the cement on which its existence depends. But I cannot avoid, in this place, expressing my concern, that means are not more industriously used, to lower the rate of living at college, by a close inquiry into frauds and excessive charges, by the prevention of long credit, and a clearer exposition of college accounts. I had not been above three weeks in my new situation, before I began to be weary of the society into which I had entered, and to draw upon myself no small portion of hatred and persecution. I was nicknamed Major Strutt; my windows were frequently broken, and my doors were scribbled over with low and contemptible scurrility. The high and dignified notions which my father had taken such pains to rear in my mind, were in a great measure the cause of this odium; yet it is but fair to confess, that whereas these were mixed and qualified in my father's mind with a thousand soft and humane ingredients, in mine they soon hardened into a firm and indissoluble frame, and bred within me a degree of misanthropy and choler which

neither reason nor religion has yet been able to subdue."

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

"A thousand boyish and pitiful insults continued to be levelled at my peace, but they were yet too weak and diminutive to provoke any thing more than contempt; I treated the whole pack with sovereign indifference; and I really believe that hitherto the mortification was greater on their side than my own. My loftiness of temper, and the scorn expressed in my countenance, challenged their utmost malignancy. Hints were at length thrown out in disparagement of my birth, and derogatory to the virtue of my mother as well as to the courage and honour of my father. This atrocious attack applied a torch to my feelings, and kindled them into a blaze of indignation. What methods I took to vindicate the honour of my family are perhaps as well omitted: they were such as compelled my calumniators to contradict in writing the infamous reports they had spread, and even further, to write severally to their parents in the spirit of abjuration and remorse; which letters I put myself into the post, and in a few days received answers, filled with expressions of shame and sorrow for the ignominious conduct of their sons,

These letters, together with their recantations, I took care to make sufficiently public : my enemies were abashed, and an interval of peace succeeded. This suspension of hostilities was, however, only a breathing-time for my persecutors, and the same infamous tales continued to be propagated.

“ My disgust now rose to such a pitch, that I lived a whole year in entire solitude, nourishing the pride of my spirit, and my contempt for those around me.”—At this moment, a gentleman of the neighbourhood called in; and Eugenio and myself, in the interim, took a walk into the garden. I seized this opportunity of entreating him to continue one day longer among us, and was secretly delighted at his ready acquiescence, and with his manner of expressing his compliance. “ Mr. Olive-Branch,” said he, pressing my hand, “ I don’t know what it is which gives you this power over me, but I feel that I can refuse you nothing. The complacency I read in your looks helps to tranquillize my own thoughts—and it seems as if my spirits could find in your friendship a harbour from those storms within and without me, to which I am ever exposed.” A tear, which stood in my eyes at this moment, assured him of those sympathetic feelings which were really too strong to suffer me to answer him directly, and, taking courage from this omen, he addressed me as follows.

No. 45. SATURDAY, MARCH 23.

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

PLAUT. PCENUL.

With how much modesty, good sense, and propriety, did he speak !
This is the man after my own heart.

WE broke off last Saturday, when Eugenio was beginning to speak as follows. “ I am aware, Mr. Olive-Branch, that I have been much my own enemy in relating the particulars of a life so sullied with errors both of sentiment and practice—of the heart and of the head. If, however, without displaying a fresh instance of that pride which it is my resolution to overcome, I may look to an event so much above my deserts, as the acquisition of your friendship, I shall hope yet to redeem myself in your opinion, by summoning all the resources of reason and philosophy to this work of reformation. I am convinced that in nothing the justice of Providence is more conspicuous than in the balance of strength, the action and reaction with which our minds are endued. There is sufficient vigour for the controul of our passions wherever there is the will to exert it ; but the armour of the mind, like that of the body, must be polished by use, and preserved from the rust of neglect, or, like that, it becomes a testimony to our reproach, and a monument of our cowardice and degeneracy. I have it written in my heart that the time is coming, when

I shall resume the empire of my feelings, and drive out this capricious and cruel usurper, this petty tyrant to which I have been so long enslaved. Assist me, my good Sir, in these resolutions: your friendship and counsel will ensure them success, if Providence permit me to return to so great a blessing from the doubtful errand in which I am embarking."

Here he left off speaking, and I could perceive that his bosom was discharged of a considerable burthen. "My dear Sir," I replied, "you have made this day the most interesting, and perhaps the happiest of my life. You have given me great preferment in my own eyes, by calling me your friend; and trust me, it shall be my future study to deserve so honourable a title. As for the work of reformation, I look upon it as already done: to walk in the train of your triumph without a share in the victory, is all that is left to me: but this will content my ambition; and I shall sympathize in your glory, as much as if it reflected honour on my own exertions. But do not refuse me the satisfaction of knowing the nature of that doubtful errand on which you are bent. I may be in time to contribute to the safety of your person, though I am too late to assist in the consummation of your virtue."

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

that was my sister's name), that no inadvertent expression might escape me, to betray the situation of my mind: and during the few weeks I spent with them, I feigned all the complacency I could possibly assume, though I could perceive, by the anxiety expressed in my mother's countenance, that my dissimulation was not as successful as I had hoped.

“In spite of my abstinence from all the diversions of my age, my expenses were considerably greater than my income. To confess the truth, in money concerns I was already as much a soldier as my father, who would long ere this have swallowed up his little revenue, had not my mother's excellent management suspended the blow, to fall in the end with redoubled violence.”—Here Mr. Barville interposed—“And can you not,” said he, “call to mind any secret donations to the indigent and distressed, which might help a little to impoverish you? Did no truant guinea steal away in some holiday of the spirits, when an object of misery has thrown itself in the way of your compassion, and betrayed this misanthropy, which you profess to have felt, into a momentary slumber?”—“Indeed, Sir,” replied Eugenio, “there need no such collateral drains, to account for my poverty: the direct expenses of an University life, are a sufficient reason for a man's becoming poor, whose pocket is but moderately supplied. I will not deny that sometimes the imbecility of my mind may have drawn me into such imprudences: for what better title do those feelings deserve, which induced me to dissipate money that was not my own? In the order of moral duties, justice precedes generosity.”

“I know,” interrupted Mr. Barville, “that you will pardon a curiosity which results from the deep

solicitude I feel in all that concerns you. An absolute seclusion from society for a whole year appears to me a situation so dreadful, that I can hardly conceive a mind endued with strength to support it; but as your quarrel seems only to have been with our sex, you may perhaps have derived consolations from the other, which were capable of very much softening this sentence of solitude."

"In my situation at that time," answered Eugenio, "it was not easy to form any of those tender connexions to which you allude; but, however," continued the young gentleman, looking on the ground, and reddening as he proceeded, "to keep from you no part of the truth, Nature, when she planted so many strong and ardent propensities in my mind, did not forget the passion of love. Not all the haughtiness of my temper has been able to resist its growth; in spite of every opposition it has flourished with incredible luxuriance. I cannot, however, accuse myself of any hard-heartedness, treachery, or design, in my intercourse with the sex: nothing but simple crimes of this nature load my conscience—tear has been shed for tear, wherever they have flowed on my account."

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

"Well, Sir," continued Eugenio, "as soon as I felt that my fortunes were sinking fast, I revolved in my mind various schemes of redemption; and no re-

source took my fancy so much as that of writing for the press. With this I immediately retouched some satirical pieces, into which I had poured all my indignation, and sold them for trifling sums to a bookseller of no eminence, who appeared to esteem them so little that I never afterwards made any inquiries after them, or even looked for their characters in those monthly bills of literary mortality, the Reviews. They answered, however, the purpose of present relief; and kept me from that saddest of all degradations, the necessity of running into debt. By engaging in various booksellers' jobs, I gained a tolerable supply; and as I was subject to no interruptions, I made such despatch, that I was able, out of my savings, to send two or three little presents home, and, among others, some books on medicine, to my mother, who, finding it impossible to be bountiful in proportion to her feelings, was daily filling up the measure of her humanity by administering such comfort as was within her reach to the sick and the sorrowful. This experience of what I was able to perform towards my own support, fired me with an ambition to launch forth into the literary world in quality of Author, which situation I figured to myself as most correspondent to my feelings of independence.

“ Impressed myself with an awful respect for genius, I conceived that its claims must be heard wherever they were advanced; and that as soon as my title was acknowledged, it would ensure me place and precedence amidst the press of interest and the pride of fortune. Full of these illusory expectations, I wrote a very florid epistle to my father, in which I scrupled not to acquaint him with the irksomeness of my situation, as well as with the unprofitable expenses to which I was subject, and painted the ad-

vantages of my plan of authorship in the best colours I was able. I proposed to take a lodging in town and immediately to enlist in the service of the booksellers, some of whom had suggested such tasks to me as they thought were suitable to my particular talents. My father, whose enthusiasm was not entirely vanquished, and who felt his old fires rekindle at the notion of enterprise and adventure, entered readily enough into the proposal. My mother resisted for a time, from a general habit of caution and timidity; but being furnished with no particular objections from experience, soon left the field to my father, who now growing heated with the project, as was his custom, urged me to hasten my departure from college, and to enter upon my *brilliant career* as soon as my arrangements could be made. My precipitancy corresponded with my father's impatience. In two days after the receipt of this letter, I cleared all my accounts in the University, and set off for London with a few guineas in my pocket, and a lighter heart than I had ever yet felt in the course of my life, except when I sallied out against a flying enemy from my little fortifications behind my father's house.

“ As soon as I arrived in town, I repaired to the house of a bookseller, with whom I had corresponded, and who had promised me accommodation and employment. My friend was as good as his word, and I entered immediately on this brilliant career, as my father had termed it, in a little room four stories high, which was my parlour, my study, and my chamber. From this elevated apartment, I looked out of my window, and proudly surveyed the little world below me, as a victorious general casts his eye over the country before him, which he soon expects to lay under contribution. Such were the extrava-

gant hopes I had suffered my fancy to indulge, which a few months were sufficient to disenchant.

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

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

ments, of all which circumstances I observed that he made notes in a little book of memorandums.

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

“ ‘ I also was intended, Sir, for holy orders ; but I was of a humour uncongenial with all professions ; and my mind was too excursive, or my nature too volatile, to endure the confinement and buckram of any formal course of habit, or punctilious line of duty. I resolved to remain at large, and to take up at once the character of a gentleman, without sacrificing the most precious half of life to obtain it. In the life of an author I saw all that distinction of which I was enamoured, and a range of exertion very suitable to the vivacity of my temper and genius.

“ ‘ I must confess too, that having but a small fund of my own to draw from, I saw vast room in this great town for the exercise of innocent chicane, in profiting by other men’s superfluities of talent, and disguising my own deficiency ; in which kind of resource I may say I have proved myself consummate. Thus prepared, I set out upon my career

about twelve months ago ; and, notwithstanding the great competition which late years have produced among our fraternity, I soon acquired more than my just share of distinction, and am already considerable enough to be abused by half the town. By computing the ratio of this abuse for the last three months, I find that my credit is making very rapid advances ; and, as I am pretty prodigal of abuse in my turn, I have reason to expect that my head, ere a month passes over it, will either appear in the pillory, or as a frontispiece to the next magazine.'

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

" ' And now, Sir, what are your sentiments ? Are you willing to follow the track which I have marked out for you, and which I believe you will find as profitable and easy as any ?' I shook my head, and replied, that I was afraid I had not much talent for abuse ; and moreover, that as this particular branch of literature required a disposition invulnerable to abuse from others, I knew myself to be very ill qualified for a member of his academy. ' Well, Sir,' continued he, ' I will lay some other schemes of

advancement before you ; and, that example may not be wanting to my instructions, I will expose to you, in great confidence, the various methods of literary chicane practised with the most brilliant success by a club of gentlemen, of which I have the honour to be a member. Two or three instances will be sufficient for the present : but I shall be proud to introduce you to the whole society, that you may become the disciple of him of whose fancy you shall most approve. They are none of them those ordinary drudges, that drag their steps along through the common rounds of the Forum and Academy ; but speed onwards, as the crow flies, unanxious about what they leave behind, and fearless about what they encounter. These gentlemen disturb no families by their early rising, or their midnight lucubrations ; but, by a little management, and much acquaintance with human nature, and the motives of human applause, they have risen to greater eminence than your great readers, without the same expense of spirits and constitution. There is a kind of economy of learning, with which none but these adepts are acquainted ; and to make a little go far, by a mode of setting it off, is one of those perfections on which we value ourselves the most in this our select society. The imposing manner in which we announce our publications, the pompous stage on which they are reared, by the mechanical helps of printing, paper, and engraving ; our flourished title-pages, comely portraits, and the procession of initials that march before our names ; all help to distinguish our productions from vulgar performances, and to enable one of our eighteen penny pamphlets to wrestle with imperial quartos, and eclipse the labours of half a life.' "

No. 46. SATURDAY, MARCH 30.

*Non est Romano cuiquam locus híc, ubi regnat
Protogenes aliquis, vel Diphilus, aut Erimanthus.*

JUV. SAT. III. 109.

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

“ I FEAR, Sir,” continued Eugenio, turning towards Mr. Barville, “ that this discourse on authorship will interest you but little; it presses, indeed, rather forcibly upon my mind, as having wrought a change in my condition, and disabused me of a very material error: we are too liable to suppose our own feelings in the breasts of other men, without regard to difference of circumstances.” “ Your remark is generally good,” returned Mr. Barville, “ but it does not apply. Little as I know of learning, I know yet less of learned men. How chicanery can find a place in the province of literature, I am at a loss to imagine. The skill of the moderns in mechanical improvements has not yet risen to the invention of false understandings, unless false legs may be so called; and I have never yet heard of the brain’s being out of joint, but in a metaphor. I am therefore curious to be informed what means men have devised to impose upon one another in a point in which no artificial aid will avail us, and where the appeal is so easy and direct to clear and unequivocal testimonies.”

“ My dear Sir,” replied Eugenio, “ this appeal is only open to the clear-sighted and impartial; it

argues no mean capacity to estimate the abilities of other men. The mass of mankind, though right in their abstract judgement of things, are perpetually wrong in their application of this judgement to persons. Here its purity is destroyed by associations, which mix in its decisions, and debase its value. The common opinion waits upon the efforts of a few superior wits, who march before to cut down the barriers, that the muddy stream may escape, and clarify itself in its course. I agree, then, that in regard even to persons, give the public mind but time enough, and its opinions will be gradually depurated ; but unfortunately this process of fining is so slowly performed, that it is odds but in the mean time success has crowned the imposture. But to proceed with the group of characters to which my friend was beginning to introduce me.

“ ‘ There is Dr. —, of the scholar’s department,’ continued my communicative friend, ‘ a venerable linguist, commentator, and scholiast: if your bent be towards languages, I do not know what better model I can lay before you. The doctor was whipped through a public school to a very little purpose: it was not till he had been a twelve-month at college that those fine obliquities of his genius began to expand, and, taking a thousand slant and cross directions, to graze the confines of many of those remote provinces of scholarship, where few of our hardest academicians have dared to venture. Impelled by a generous love of distinction, and rightly judging that, in the ordinary paths of literature, to acquire fame he must penetrate further and persevere longer than suited the reach of his understanding or his powers of application, he struck out at once into those roads where few were disposed to follow him, and, leaving

common minds to grapple with common difficulties, set out upon those great and gigantic pursuits only to *embark* in which is greater glory than to carry a *common* undertaking to its accomplishment.' These last words suited very much the complexion of my mind: and I had begun to feel a predilection for this gallant course of study, when my friend proceeded thus to undeceive me, by finishing his portrait.

“ ‘ It is with learning,’ continued he, ‘ as it is with travelling. We are tired of accounts of Italy and Greece, and look with much greater admiration on him who tells us he has killed a lion or a lynx in Africa, or feasted with Kamtschadales on the fat of dogs, than on one who brings back from classic regions fresh accessions to the literature of his country, and a taste inspired by the chastest models of Athens and of Rome. The same gaping principle of ignorant wonder leads us to contemplate with awe the merest smattering in Hebrew, Arabic, or the Gothic languages of Northern Europe; while the Greek and Latin will scarcely push our fame beyond the walls of the university, or raise our fortunes above a Welsh curacy. The learned gentleman in question knew very well how to avail himself of this propensity of the species towards the uncommon rather than the useful; and at the same time that he suffered no pursuits but what were extraordinary to engage him, he took care to lose no time by proceeding a step further in any one of these pursuits than was necessary to impose upon mankind. Thus he is generally understood to be consummate in the Coptic and Chaldee, and is supposed at this moment to be very busy with the Turkish and Tartarian; though it is well known to us who are in the secret, he would be puzzled to ask his way in any place out of his Majesty’s three

kingdoms. He has always, however, a kind of *Lingua Franca* ready at command, with which he assists certain authors of our fraternity, who undertake to elucidate ancient customs and manners by the help of the analogies of language; likewise those who endeavour to account for the first peopling of countries by verbal coincidences; and all those travellers who describe more than they have seen. As all this, however, was playing a very deep game, and as one or two ventures had been a little unlucky for him, he determined to make haste to profit by his reputation; and about two months ago espoused the daughter of a capital grocer, whose heart he had gained by interpreting the Chinese characters on a chest of *Souchong*. I am informed, however, that the grocer's daughter is a match for him with only one language, and will fairly out-talk him at the end of a long day.' "The disgust which this picture excited in my mind was sufficiently explained in my looks; and my instructor waited for no other answer, but thus proceeded—

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

“As the nods and gesticulations of this man

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

" I replied, that silence was not ill accommodated to my talents or turn of mind; but that I was so unpractised in imposition, that I despaired of succeeding, even where my only task was to hold my tongue. This was not enough to discourage my friend from proceeding with his list, after having assured me that these were the prejudices of a green author, whom the logic of hunger had not taught to conclude, that the world must, after all, be treated in its own way.

" ' Voltaire says of Gassendi, *Il avoit moins de réputation que Descartes, parce qu'il étoit plus raisonnable*; and the truth of this remark was well understood by a young gentleman of my acquaintance, who, being determined to raise a reputation on a very slender foundation, saw no way so good, of conciliating the praise of mankind, as by contradicting them as roundly as possible. On whatever subject this gentleman's thoughts are exercised, he is sure to turn up something that nobody has dreamed of before; and where he cannot persuade by the inge-

nity of his argument, he never fails to surprise by the hardiness of his assertions. He affects in every thing a *goût de travers*; and the zeal of opposition has carried him to an incredible pitch of absurdity in the points of dress and deportment. To avoid the imputation of thinking like other men, he stops at no profanation in principle, or solecism in taste. He commends Dr. P—y for his religious arguments, as much as he condemns his philosophical researches; and is much offended at the preference bestowed on the theories of Newton above those of Descartes and Buffon. He pretends to great depth in the occult sciences, and praises them chiefly for the certainty they afford, and their superior precision to the deductions of mathematics. He accordingly affects to be greatly enamoured of the sciences of physiognomy, demonology, and astrology, where it is not easy to dispute the ground with him, and where ignorance finds a refuge from the weapons of logic, and escapes like the cuttle-fish by muddying the stream through which it glides. By these means, this gentleman has succeeded in raising a curiosity about his productions, which prepares them an universal reception, and has turned them very much to his profit. He is now engaged in writing an apology for polytheism, with a hymn to Jupiter Olympus, who, it is supposed, will reward him by descending again in a shower of gold.

“ ‘ Another knight of this our venerable order has adopted a plan of proceeding remarkable for the ingenuity of its conception, no less than the ease and certainty of its execution. He observed, that the general did not fight like the soldier, and yet engrossed all the honour of the day; and that the master-mason, and the owner of the mill, and not those who actually performed the labour, were the

principal gainers in their several crafts. It was his ambition to introduce a like disposition of things into the provinces of literature, and to bring it under those laws of exchange and profit, to which all things should bend in a commercial country. To get his work done cheaply, it was his first care to search out obscure wits, whom the urgency of their affairs rendered happy to find any market for their labours; youthful geniuses, who knew not as yet the value of their productions, or those timid spirits, who, not daring to execute their own conceptions, require a task-master to prompt their efforts and accredit their productions. The success which has attended this gentleman's career has been equal to the dexterity of his conduct; while the real founder of his prosperity has often, like the lamp to which Anaxagoras compared himself, been on the eve of perishing for want of oil.

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

“ You are surprised, perhaps,” said Eugenio, “ that I remember so well the greatest part of this lecture ; but the truth is, that it interested me in more than common degree, and occupied my thoughts night and day for some time after ; not to mention some memorandums which I made on my return to my chamber. I could not help remarking, however, at the time,” continued Eugenio, “ that it was a little extraordinary for a gentleman who had given proofs, in the course of the conversation, of respectable abilities, to mix in so low a conspiracy, and demean himself by the adoption of such illiberal arts. ‘ It is true,’ he replied, ‘ I am not so destitute of real claims as some of those to whose characters I have introduced you ; but as I was full as destitute of money, I considered that the returns would be too slow for my necessities if I employed my talents in the service of mankind. Men do not read out of gratitude towards the author, but from interest in his work : they speak well of a man, if they speak of him *at all*, who writes for their improvement ; but they do not read his book the more on that account. We must consult, therefore, the methods by which this interest is to be excited ; and as men are more alive to abuse than they are to kindness, an author will do well to practise upon them in this rough manner, if he hope to draw advantage out of them. I will frankly own to you, I bring rather too much feeling and nicety into the business for the particular department of authorship which I have chosen, and do not entirely possess those rigid nerves, those *cornea fibra*, which are so necessary to form the great man. The gentleman under whom I have studied in this school of scurrility is happy in a most classical obduracy of mind. He includes in his black list the innocent, the generous, the

dignified, and the brave ; and, to pay his lodgings for a month, will hang them all up together in a string of doggrel rhymes.

“ ‘ Our time,’ continued he, ‘ will not permit me to go more at length into my present subject : indeed, you give me but small encouragement to proceed, as I see in you little or no disposition to become one among our worthies. Believe me, however, on the credit of no mean experience, that neither learning nor talents will avail where address and management are wanting. Whatever is the subject of much competition, will necessarily accumulate round itself much deception and imposture ; it is the nature of all human things ; and while every one is practising his arts about him, he imposes upon himself egregiously who dreams of gaining his dues from mankind without some degree of imposition on his own part. All the world are so exalted on stilts, that a giant becomes a dwarf without them. A part of your youth, as well as my own, has been spent in the groves of the Academy ; but your habits of seclusion were such, as to let you but little into the history of the different characters around you. Had your observation been greater, you would have seen that not even the Muses’ seat was secure from these sort of profanations, and that the hallowed river, even at its source, is not entirely pure from stains and corruptions. You have there, as every where, a great deal of affectation without learning, and but little learning without affectation.

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

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

“ ‘ There are a body of authors, of whom I have not yet taken notice, because they are viewed by our fraternity with that kind of jealousy and indignation with which the poorer sort regard the inventors of those machines which are calculated to abridge employment—I mean the literary manufacturers. Late years have brought their engines to great perfection; insomuch that a good workman, if furnished with the raw materials from a rhyming dictionary, may compose two or three hundred lines a day. *Scit tendere versum—non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.* It is curious to enter the apartment of one of these mechanical poets, and view it strewn with heaps of half-lines from Pope, Dryden, &c. which are joined together in a moment, like conjuration, with *cæsuras* between them to keep the peace, that never fail to fall, like smiths’ hammers, exactly in the same place.’

“ Here my kind instructor again consulted his

watch ; and finding it time to depart, took an obliging leave of me, with a promise of assistance and advice upon all occasions. I turned myself homewards, with a bosom dismantled of all its towering hopes, and abandoned to disappointment and remorse, its usual assailants."

No. 47. SATURDAY, APRIL 6.

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

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

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

“ As the progress of my indisposition was very gradual, I attended but little to its first approaches, till at length it attacked me with such violence, that I was one morning unable to rise from my bed, after a night of painful application. My fever, which was of a nervous kind, entrenched so much upon my understanding, that I became totally useless to my employer; and, for the three weeks following, my life was considered as in imminent danger. My employer, who saw his chance of compensation lessening in proportion to the length and danger of my disorder, grew proportionably less solicitous about my treatment, and I was turned over to an apothecary and an old woman, who, between them, were conducting me very fast to my dissolution. At the end of fourteen days my senses had almost abandoned me, and I became pretty much unconscious of what was passing around me. This dereliction of mind lasted but a short time; and my surprise was not little, when I regained my faculties, to find a very officious attendance at my bedside, and every convenience and solace which my situation required. I was now visited by a physician, whose methods of treatment succeeded beyond expectation; and in a few days I felt myself much advanced in my recovery.

“ As soon as my thoughts began to return to the objects of this existence, after having been some time absorbed in the contemplation of another, my pride, my gratitude, and my curiosity, were all interested in discovering the humane quarter whence these silent benefits had flowed. I could collect nothing, however, towards the explanation of this mystery from any body that attended me, though I could observe that my kind host affected an air of consciousness, as if he wished the suspicion to fall upon him.

self. I was now, however, too well read in mankind to be the dupe of such a finesse; and, as my blind sensibilities had no where else to fasten, I felt myself strongly disposed to see in my physician my only friend and benefactor. This persuasion operated so strongly upon my feelings, that I could not forbear seizing an opportunity of confessing my suspicions to him, and entreating him, if they were erroneous, to draw aside the veil that hid from me to whom those unappropriated feelings belonged, which so agitated my bosom.

“ This gentleman, it so happened, had too honourable a mind to give a tacit encouragement to a belief which conferred upon him the credit of an action unowned by the delicacy of its real author. He assured me he had no claim to my acknowledgements, except as the agent of another, whose silent charities stole abroad like dews under the shade of night, and who had laid upon him such injunctions of secrecy, as he could not in honour disregard, however painful it was to be dumb on such an occasion. I was constrained, therefore, to suffer the mystery to remain, after my thoughts were fatigued by a thousand vain efforts to find some clue for its detection. I am truly ashamed to confess, that at that time pride had as large a share in the disappointment as gratitude; and I felt myself shocked at the consideration that I had owed my preservation to any hands but my own. But how mean and unmanly is that pride which is at variance with the noblest feelings that the bosom can entertain! that makes of the mind a desolate insulated solitude, where no harbour is open to the commerce of benevolence, or medium afforded to the precious produce of humanity.

“ The anxieties and mortifications of life are

thorns whereon science rarely builds her nest. The very name of a book raised painful ideas in my mind; and my intellect not having yet recovered its original tone, I forbore to push it beyond its strength, for fear of occasioning a relapse. In the mean time, the care that was taken of me, and the assiduity with which I was attended, kept me still in an anxious perplexity in respect to the source of these humanities. One day, as I was leaning out of my window for the sake of the air, a lady walked out of the shop below, and, having proceeded a few steps, was stopped by an elderly gentleman, who engaged her in conversation exactly under me, and whom I soon perceived to be the physician by whom I had been attended. Though the circumstances of this meeting were sufficient to rouse all my curiosity, yet a feeling of common delicacy was forcing me to retreat, when I heard my name pronounced by a voice that seemed to sympathize with my sufferings, and which was surely the sweetest that ever came from the lips of woman. I could no longer resist; and, listening attentively, I distinguished the following sentence, pronounced by the same lips from which my name had issued—‘ Well, Sir, as you tell me he is a young man of merit, I am doubly happy in having contributed to restore him to his friends and to society.’ What followed was in so low a tone of voice, that I could hear nothing that was said. As she took leave, however, of the doctor, she accidentally cast a look at the window where I was. I thought her concern in my recovery made her regard me with an unusual attention; and her beauty was such as to rivet mine, in spite of my shame and my pride. The eloquence of her large blue eyes, and a complacent sympathy in her expression that almost bordered upon a smile, the

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

“ ‘ MADAM,

“ ‘ It is in vain that, anxious to distribute your bounties unseen, you desire to imitate the great Dispenser of all things: such perfection of virtue is denied you in a place where such goodness is too rare to escape observation. I have seen you; and had I seen Virtue herself embodied, she could not have taken a form more becoming her excellence. This is not gallantry; for how should I hope to please a person who so studiously shrinks from applause, by common-place eulogy? But this, Madam, is the tribute of a man that knows not how to flatter, and whose fortunes are too humble, were he so disposed, to give his flattery effect. In one respect, however, to remain unseen may be

your greatest charity: for, be assured, that such benevolence, so set off, can be contemplated by none with impunity. I regard myself, indeed, as safe, in an adoration which excludes passion, and an awe that checks presumption; safe in the habit of considering myself as too much the outcast of Fortune to cherish any views towards your delightful sex. Thus fortified by my insignificance, I dare ask to be permitted to pour at your feet the effusions of the most grateful of hearts; to meet again those gentle looks; and kiss, were it not too high a favour, the hand that has raised me from the bed of sickness and sorrow."

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

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

“ ‘ This, Sir,’ said she, bidding me sit down by her side, ‘ is the way in which I amuse myself during the absence of my husband. I have more money than I can spend upon myself, by reason of the little satisfaction I receive in the pleasures which money can purchase. You perceive, therefore, that I can appropriate to myself but little credit for these bounties, as the sacrifice they demand from me is so small. My compassion, too, you may, perhaps, consider as of a contracted sort; for I confess to you, that the calls of loud and clamorous misfortune do but little excite it—the shallowest streams murmur most in their course. I am in the habit of searching only for that peculiar wretchedness which courts concealment, and flows in a deep and silent channel through the vale of

misery. The fruit of this employment has been a constant serenity and cheerfulness of mind, under circumstances which, in the opinion of the world, must necessarily disturb my tranquillity. My husband lives from me the greatest part of the year, and, the world says, is false to me: but I take no pains to inquire into his conduct, having enough to do to preserve my own from contamination.'

“ How it was, I cannot tell, but I felt it no mortification to be informed that she was married: I had never raised my hopes to an union with her; and singular though it may seem, in the whole course of our friendship nothing of the vulgar passion ever mixed with my affection for this best of women. Unriddle, me, Sir, if you can, for you probably are more read in these subjects than myself, how is it that, in our connexions with the sex, we sometimes feel too much admiration for love, and too much obligation for intimacy, at the same time that our zeal and devotion transcend even common love, prepare the mind for greater sacrifices, and carry it to a higher pitch of enthusiasm ?

“ Something like this, Sir, was my attachment to this adorable person: but alas! Sir, in what terms sufficiently chaste and sanctified shall I confess to you, that such was not the temper of her own regards; our affections are always mellowed towards those whom we have greatly obliged; and the pity with which we view the children of misfortune, is very apt, ere we are conscious of the change, to soften into love. Indeed, Sir, if you have escaped the misery of beholding it, believe me, it is the most painful of all human sights, to contemplate the decay of a great and ornamented mind—to behold it the innocent prey of a hopeless passion—to see it

defoliated and withered, just as it had accomplished its growth. Such an affecting sight was I destined to behold in my dear benefactress, with the additional sorrow inspired by the reflection, that, in saving me she lost herself, and that my very existence is implicated in the destruction of the fairest and best of women.

“ In such circumstances, Sir, what are my hopes of happiness on this side of the grave? My very life is a reproach to me; and with my breath I draw in an accumulation of that debt which is poorly paid in sighs to her memory. By the decay of her mind, suppose not that I mean any vitiation of sentiment, or impoverishments of principle, much less any stain upon that virtue which passed immaculate with her to the grave, and was pure enough for an angel to own, after all that was mortal about her had perished. But such were the effects of her fatal passion, that I was doomed to see all her energies of soul—even her alacrity in the service of humanity, droop; her spirits languish; and the sceptre drop from that mind, where reason and compassion had reigned together. Alas! Sir, do tell me, how I shall ever discharge such a debt as this, unless by dying a martyr, like her, which is surely an improbable event, to the merciless effects of a fruitless passion.

“ I shall spare both myself and you, by avoiding a detail of this unhappy attachment, which, taking place in a mind too unsuspecting of its growth, and too innocent to regard itself with distrust, attained insensibly to such strength, that no force could withstand it, or even moderate its violence. It lay a long time concealed in the deep sanctuary of her bosom, till an event happened, which drew aside the veil, and displayed the secret ruin that passion

had wrought. We were one day on the road at a late hour, when two highwaymen stopped the carriage; one of whom putting his pistol brutally to the cheek of my companion, I was unable to restrain my indignation, and wresting it with violence from his hand, brought him to the ground with the butt end. At the same moment a bullet from the other grazed my temple, whom, however, I managed to treat as I had done his comrade, and in the end secured them both.

“ On my return to the carriage, I found the dear lady so ill, that it was necessary to stop at the next inn we came to for rest and refreshment. Her gentle spirits had been so agitated during the encounter, that she was some time in recovering her faculties. In her delirium, she insisted that I was shot through the heart, and held her handkerchief to my breast to stop the blood which her distorted fancy represented as flowing in torrents. As her reason at this moment had deserted its post, her passion had nothing to oppose it. From time to time she flung her arms round my neck, and imprinted kisses on my cheek; then recovering herself, put her handkerchief again to my supposed wound, and cast her eyes up to heaven, streaming with tears. It is my firm persuasion, however, that not one thought which saints might blush to acknowledge, found its way into that spotless mind: and I may safely say, that these blandishments had no other effect upon me, than to distract my soul with the cruellest presages. In the state in which she was, it was necessary to rest at the inn: and, as her servant informed me, she did nothing but talk in her sleep of Eugenio all the night long, and call for fresh handkerchiefs to stop his bleeding wound. Alas, Sir, I am almost tempted to wish

that it had really been a bleeding wound, and that that night had been my last; but I was unhappily preserved to feel a deeper wound than any bullet could have inflicted. Happy had it been for me, had the chances of battles in which I have since been engaged, released me from my melancholy existence!

“ The next morning this best of women had recovered her usual serenity, and fortunately retained but a faint recollection of the transactions of the preceding evening. From this moment I marked the gradual waste of her spirits and understanding: but the expression of humanity had given her unperishing graces; and though in a few months nothing was left but the shadow of that beauty which was made to rob princes of their rest, yet enough of her native loveliness remained to manifest that it was a decay without degeneracy, and that her virtue, though inactive for a while, was waiting in dormant suspense the summons to a more suitable existence. Meanwhile the breath of scandal, which tainted her reputation, gave her not a minute's sorrow, and she repined, for their own sakes, at the malignities of her sex. Confusion to that outrageous virtue, that can feast, like savages, on the very blood of the fallen! As to myself, it has ever been my opinion, that want of charity is the greatest heresy, and that the infirmities of the sex are above their severities.”

No. 48. SATURDAY, APRIL 13.

————— *Non ego te meis*
Chartis inornatum silebo,
Totve tuos patiar labores
Impunè, Lolli, carpere lividas
Obliviones. HOR. CAR. IV. 9, 30.

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

“As soon,” continued Eugenio, “as my eyes were opened to the full extent of the danger into which we had incautiously plunged ourselves, I was determined to exert every power that was left me to avert the malevolence of our stars. As I had just received from home a bad account of my mother’s health, I embraced this occasion of making a visit to my parents. I shall not speedily forget the sensations with which my bosom was filled, upon my father’s observing the many new lines which marked a new history in my countenance. In truth, he saw enough in my manner and deportment to convince him, that the *brilliant career*, in the prospect of which his imagination had indulged, had not yet been entered upon. In the mean time, sorrows were coming fast upon me from another quarter. The following letter was the last I ever received from that hand which raises misery no

more from its bed of sickness, but waits in the grave till it is called up to receive a recompense above, for its unrewarded charities on earth.

“ ‘ Let not my best of friend’s feel a moment’s sadness on my account. All my suffering is over ; there is now no struggle, no conflict in my bosom. My spirits are suddenly become wonderfully tranquil—and I know not how : I do not even lament my situation—and I know not why : it is not certainly because any new prospects within the barrier of the grave are opening themselves to my mind. One thing, however, my dear youth, I feel it necessary to insist upon, for our mutual repose—and that is, that we meet no more in this mortal state. May your passage through life be as smooth as my departure out of it ! and let your sorrow for me be solaced in the reflection, that I am snatched from no enjoyments for which I could wish to remain ; and that as to thy society, which is a pleasure, indeed, I am going to the only place where I can have that with innocence and irreproach. Fare thee well !’

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

sounds that originally adapts them to grave or merry airs, and which, if you strain them from their native bias, will often turn grief into burlesque, and falsify merriment with involuntary touches of sorrow.

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

“ My father, with whom it was a point of honour never to be outdone in good-natured offices, insisted so much on his walking home with us, and partaking of some refreshment, that he could not help accepting his invitation. I thought, as he walked beside my mother, I never saw a manlier figure than that of the young stranger. His limbs were large, but not ponderous, and adjusted to the nicest proportions. A complacency and sweetness of countenance mingled itself with a boldness of expression, that bespoke him at once brave and compassionate. His forehead and all his features were large, without being coarse: his nose aquiline; his eyes hazel,

and full of fire; his mouth wide, but set well in its place, and full of intelligence when he smiled. His manners were perfectly open and assured; his confidence seemed to spring from good intention, and his vivacity from good-nature; while his sense prevented this good intention from being mistaken, and his sensibility his good-nature from becoming tame and uninteresting.

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

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

“ My father’s loftiness of sentiment, and the kind

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

“A person so elegantly constituted, with an eye of anarchy, that refused the controul of her modesty; a soul on fire, that maintained an endless struggle with her prudence; a body trembling to every movement of the mind; could not fail of touching the heart of a young man whose countenance bespoke him no stranger to the softer passions, any more than they could save a young woman from the attractions of a youth decorated with the choicest gifts of nature, and glittering with all the polish of cultivation. There never surely was a truer model of a lover and a gentleman, than that which was displayed by this young stranger. His attentions were so delicate, his assiduity so tender, and his whole deportment so manly, open, and engaging, that Sophy could not conceal her approbation, and a very little time was sufficient to ripen this sentiment into love; and love, indeed, it was, of the truest and

tenderest kind that ever man inspired, and of which princes might envy the object.

“ I speak, Sir, in these terms of eulogy of my poor sister, because she is unfortunate; for there is in misfortune something that challenges all the praise which is its due, and that praise which at other times it might be indelicate to bestow. Their intercourse was now arrived at such a state of maturity, that it was thought time to declare themselves to my father and mother—a service which Mr. Laurens performed with every appearance of honour and sincerity. Yet it was a circumstance not a little surprising that when we requested to be informed on the subject of his family connexions, he begged to be excused from complying with this demand, reasonable as it was, as he had powerful motives for concealing them at present, which he was sure our kind opinion of him would not suffer us to imagine to be such as he was ashamed to avow. My sister was so satisfied of his honour, and our prejudices were so strong in his favour, that we could not suspect him of disingenuous reasons for keeping from us this essential part of his history. My mother, indeed, watched him from this time with greater caution; but the more he was observed, the more amiable he appeared; and nothing could equal the happiness he seemed to enjoy in Sophia’s company, but the respect and delicacy of his carriage towards her. Things were in this state at our little cottage in the country, when the post brought me the following letter from London.

“ ‘ SIR,

“ ‘ No man rivals me in the affections of my wife with impunity; and he who has so done, and refuses to give me satisfaction with his sword, is a coward as well as a villain. How far you have

gone with Mrs. — I do not trouble myself with inquiring: it is enough for me that you have, somehow or other, robbed her of her peace and her health. That love is a poison, I never was so convinced as now; for no serpent's juice could more effectually have destroyed the lady whom you have chosen for the object of your mischievous passion. If you have any of the feelings of a gentleman, you will not refuse to meet me at — Coffee-house, on Monday, at twelve o'clock, to fix the time, place, and manner, in which we shall settle our difference.'

“ As every thing in this life has its consolation, so is despair itself not without it, in its privilege of exemption from fear. I felt at that moment so little interested by any thing that this existence could promise me, that I would have gladly quitted it to follow my benefactress. But another consideration startled me: my despair was bounded to the objects of this world, and I had still ever before my eyes the most awful fears for eternity. My late sickness, and subsequent sorrows, had deepened every religious impression which education had made on my mind; and my conscience was not now to be satisfied with the sophistry of the passions, and with arguments drawn from the unauthorized principles of a fictitious honour. But the misfortune is, that where conscience is unsatisfied, she cannot always enforce her claims; and so unripe at this period was my philosophy, that all she could obtain of me was a secret resolution not to spill the blood of my adversary. A long course of years, spent in the admiration of military achievements, and in the nourishment of those captivating prejudices which the language of honour inspires, could not at once submit to a new yoke, although that yoke be easy, and that burden light.

“ I was at the coffee-house which had been named, at the hour appointed. The husband of my benefactress was there. He was a person of a gentlemanly figure, and mettlesome carriage, though there was something of the plebeian cast in the turn of his features. His eye was full of fire ; but it did not burn clear, as from the furnace of a fine understanding ; and his manner was precipitate, without the vivacity which results from a quickness of feeling and comprehension. In short, he was not the man whom Nature had intended for her whose bed he had filled, whose bed he had dishonoured, and for whom he was going to fight with her friend that had done him no wrong. I found him much too obtuse for any arguments to enter his brain, or interest his sensibility, which humanity or religion could supply, against the crime we were going to commit : he answered them from the common-places of honour and character, and persisted in his first resolutions. It was decided that we should meet on the morrow evening, in a field at the back of this gentleman’s house, which was situated at one of the extremities of the town. The whole of the preceding night I spent in a most unphilosophical temper of mind : my spirits fluctuated amidst a thousand hopes and fears respecting that eternity I was probably going to experience. I cared not a great deal for what the sword could do to my body, but I shuddered at the damage it might do to my soul ; and I trembled at the criminality of affording to a fellow-creature an opportunity of committing murder.

“ It was by moon-light, in one of those evenings of autumn, when the chilling damps of the air, and the caducity of nature, deepen the gloom of a melancholy mind, and strengthen melancholy resolutions, that we met at the place appointed. I was alone,

but my adversary had his surgeon and his second. As I stood on the spot on which we were to engage, I cast my eyes sorrowfully towards the house, and beheld the window of the little study in which I first visited the unhappy subject of our quarrel. At that instant the shutters opened, the gleaming light of a taper appeared in the room ; and in a moment after, the form of a female glided rapidly across the opening. I had no time to give way to the horrors which rushed into my mind at this mournful sight ; my adversary's sword was drawn, and any more delay would have looked like fear. I drew mine also ; determined, however, to act only on the defensive, and, if possible, to disarm my enemy. This I was able to effect without much difficulty, as fencing had been one of the favourite exercises of my youth.

“ Near the spot where we fought, there was a grove of trees, among which the wind was making a mournful noise, while the leaves were whirling in eddies about us. My adversary's weapon lay on the ground, and I knew that, under our present circumstances, my superior skill might not avail me if he recovered it. I felt, however, so overpowered by my situation, that I stood still while he stooped to take up his sword. At that moment I thought I heard a thick panting among the trees :—my mind misgave me, and my hand lost its vigour. In the mean time my adversary pressed on, and passed his weapon through my sword-arm. Immediately a violent shriek issued from the spot where the panting was heard ; and suddenly the form of her on whose account my blood was flowing stood before us. The dear unhappy lady staggered into my arms, and could only pronounce my unfortunate name. She was instantly conveyed home, and, as I afterwards learned, breathed her last in a few days after this

wretched interview. The physician, by whom I had been attended, had been sent for ; and the surgeon, observing my wound to bleed fast, conveyed me to my lodgings. Nothing can be more vain than to attempt a description of such feelings as were mine, long after this melancholy event. The wound in my arm was presently cured : but what can ever cure the wounds of my heart, but the physician that cures all—the grave ? This, Sir, is the great misfortune of my life : what I have suffered since, I count for nothing in comparison. It is this which has bent down my pride and my ambition, and laid to sleep all the fervours of my mind. It is this which has made me the man of melancholy which you see before you ; which has, as it were, stripped my soul of its regalia, and taken from me the command of my powers and capacities.

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

and death, and yet so far under the dominion of ancient habits, as to feel a kind of mechanical love to the soldier's profession. Before I set out on this new career, I had just time to take leave of my parents in the country, whom I found still enamoured of the young stranger whose acquaintance they had just made when I was last at home."

No. 49. TUESDAY, APRIL 20.

*Tuque, ô sanctissima Conjux,
Felix morte tuâ, neque in hunc servata dolorem.*

VIRG. ÆN. XI. 158.

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

" I MAY safely assert, that no soldier ever began his fortunes armed with greater intrepidity than myself, though I confess that this intrepidity was borrowed rather from the desperation than the ardour of my mind. The remains, however, of former impressions were still alive enough within me, to mount into some degree of enthusiasm, when surrounded by objects of enterprise and courage, and all the spirit-stirring apparatus of a moving army. There is something too, in a common participation of danger, which by closer drawing the knot of amity, and awakening the social and benevolent affections, gives to the spirits a sort of spring and hilarity which the happiest occasions cannot always inspire.

" I shall not fatigue you with a history of the campaigns in which I served, much less with a general account of this destructive war, in which so much of English blood was shed, and so much of

English valour displayed. The history of wars is but a dull theme, involving a number of wearisome repetitions, and furnishing but one mournful inference of a general kind. It teaches us only to conclude, that man can cheerfully go on to massacre and to plunder, without regard to the authority of reason or religion, in the pursuit of a vain and criminal glory, derived from the multiplied destruction of his fellow-creatures. Yet, while we are compelled to acknowledge that war is in itself a proof of the corruption of our general nature, we may still consider it as a theatre in which the most generous qualities of our mind are exercised, and in which virtue meets with more splendid and trying opportunities of exertion, than in the comparatively calm and equable course of common life. This remark, indeed, holds most in regard to the tumultuous warfare of ancient times, in which, though carried on with greater national ferocity and personal rancour than in our days, yet, from the looser principles on which the art was grounded, fortitude was encompassed with more difficulties and perils, honour was provoked by loftier occasions, and compassion was excited by more eminent sorrows and distresses. Thus the history of ancient wars creates an interest greatly above what we feel in modern details of the same nature.

“ The business of war is now reduced to a perfect science, and men go gravely and coolly to the bloody employment, contend without emulation, and slaughter without resentment. This mode of destroying our fellow-creatures, the delicacy and refinement of the moderns has discovered to be more humane : but perhaps it would be difficult to prove, on any rational grounds, that to destroy from motives of interest, is less culpable than to do it with the plea

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

“ But I must beg your excuse for so unnecessary a digression, for which, however, perhaps, you are to blame your own condescension, which, by inspiring me with an unusual confidence, has opened at once all the channels of my bosom. I have generally observed, that pensive and thinking minds, which have treasured up, through a long silence, an accumulation of sentiments and inferences, no sooner are unlocked to the gentle calls of friendship, than all their contents are lavishly poured forth, and the whole reservoir is emptied as from so many sluices and flood-gates.

“ I need not tell you, that the campaign of 1757 was not very glorious to the British arms. The first considerable action in which I partook, was very inauspicious. I carried a pair of colours under the

duke of Cumberland, when he lost the battle of Hastenbeck, against the marshal d'Etrées. Little anxious about my life, and disdaining to fly, I kept my ground in the midst of a close body of Hanoverians, who made a desperate stand in the defence of my colours. The blood I lost from a wound I received in my thigh, made me tumble upon the bodies of those brave men who had fallen by my side ; and even in this condition, when death seemed inevitable, my mind ran back to that ominous incident of my playful years, when holding fast my mock banner to my little bosom, I fell breathless at the back of my father's garden. A wound which I now received on the back of my head, with the stroke of a sabre, rendered me perfectly insensible to all the horrors which passed around me ; and, when I recovered my faculties, I perceived that night was fast coming on ; that the engagement was over ; and that I had been left for dead on the field, amidst a heap of bodies, which formed a kind of rampart around me. My hat had so far defended me, that the blow on my head had only occasioned a large contusion, and a considerable hæmorrhage, which, added to the loss of blood from my other wound, made it difficult for me to raise myself.

“ By exerting the very utmost of my little strength, I crept along to the distance of about a mile from the place where I had lain, when I heard amidst the gloomy silence of the night the sound of a horse's hoofs behind me. I had forgotten the plume in my hat, which was conspicuous enough to discover me at a considerable distance ; and the horseman, directed, I suppose, by this mark, came up with me, in a few seconds, on the gallop. He had a drawn sabre in his hand, from which I patiently expected my death, as I leaned against the trunk of

a miserable pollard, in the midst of the heath. He accosted me in the German; but upon my answering in English, he told me, in my own language, that he was a Hanoverian captain, who had been compelled to fly with his troop, after receiving a wound from a musket-shot in the shoulder. He then invited me to accompany him to a light, which he distinguished at about a mile distance. I assured him, however, that I was unable to proceed any further, and, wishing he might repose that night in a safe asylum, desired to be left where I was to finish my existence. This humane person, however, persuaded me, after many entreaties, to suffer myself to be raised on his horse, which carried us to the house where the light had been perceived.

“ As soon as I was taken off the horse, I became insensible, through weakness, and was carried fainting to bed. It was morning before I came to the possession of my faculties, when I saw my companion and preserver sitting by my bed-side, and expressing in his looks the tenderest concern for my situation. My wounds had been dressed, and I was every way so much recovered as to be able to converse with him, which as soon as he perceived, he took me by the hand, and addressed me thus:—‘ Let it support you, my dear Sir, to be assured that you are here under the kindest and most hospitable roof that the sun shines upon; and the people to whom we are indebted for such a seasonable relief, are some of the best, if not the wealthiest, on earth. But if you, Sir, have reason to rejoice, how supremely happy ought I to consider myself, not because my life has been preserved, for that is of no high price, but because in this place I have recovered that for which I most should wish to live—the best and most affectionate of wives! My poor Matilda would follow me yesterday to the camp, in spite of all my

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

"As she spoke thus, I raised my head, to contemplate this uncommon person. Her form I could not judge of; for she had on a kind of military great-coat, buckled round her waist with a soldier's belt; but her face wore every mark of an extraordinary character: alas! it still lives, and breathes, and speaks in my imagination, together with another countenance, resembling it only in sympathy of sadness and sorrow. Surely there is no room in my mind for another portrait such as these; and my stars have not in reserve for me, any more conflicts like those I have

already sustained." Poor Eugenio ! As he spoke this, his head dropped upon his breast, his heart's blood filled the veins of his temples ; a tear glistened on his cheek ; and his bosom struggled with a sigh, which at length broke from its prison, and gave him apparent relief. After a pause of some moments, he continued thus :

“ Every feature in the face I was now contemplating, was bold, and would have been masculine, were it not for a certain dimpled expression about the mouth, which sent forth innumerable graces over the whole countenance. She was a native of a Danish island in the West Indies ;—indeed, nothing could be less German than the cast of her features : her hair was nearly black, but hung upon one of the whitest necks in the world, in glossy ringlets ; and her long sweeping lashes shaded a pair of large lustrous eyes, the whites of which, though sparkling like crystal, were streaked with two or three blood-shot veins, in which there was such a dance of the spirits, as brought her whole soul into her countenance : her nose was very large and aquiline ; her complexion a clear brown ; the form of her face oval ; and her forehead divided into compartments, by a large blue vein which seemed to swell with the workings of the brain, and which gave such an intensity to her looks, as doubled the force of her meaning, and claimed homage from every beholder. Her husband was a young man every way worthy of her, and the truest soldier I ever beheld. His looks were full of spirit, tempered with an extraordinary gravity ; his deportment solemn and taciturn ; his make uncommonly robust ; his face not handsome, but dignified and benevolent : he had little hair on his head, but a profusion of it in his whiskers, under which, however, his mouth was well shaped and expressive, and his teeth delicately white.

When on horseback and equipped for the field, he was the most martial figure in the whole army. His element was the camp; and he always seemed most possessed and collected, in the moment of greatest peril. A thousand times have I seen him weep at the commonest tales of distress, and at such scenes as the chances of battle were continually presenting before his eyes; and then, in a minute after, rush like a lion into the thick of the fight, whence he would sometimes return with the enemy's colours in his hands.

“ We remained about a month under this kind roof, and in the mean time I was perfectly cured of my wounds. One day as we walked round the territory of our poor host, my companion and preserver thus addressed me—‘ I am happy beyond measure, Eugenio, that our care has been so completely rewarded by the restoration of your health. You have doubtless seen enough of the military life, to be heartily weary of such a course of danger and hardship. You have, too, most certainly, dear friends, who wish for your return; and you have abilities to shine in a more peaceful profession. I am a soldier, and nothing else: my home is the camp; and my wife, who is my only friend, attends me wherever I go. It is my determination to follow the army of the magnanimous king of Prussia, whose virtue I venerate, and who will reward my exertions in his service. My wife and myself always carry our fortune about with us. We have enough to enable you to travel homewards with comfort, and to reward this poor cottager for his kind reception of us besides.’ This was the first sensation resembling joy, which I had felt for a length of time. My colour, however, rose in my face, to think that so noble a friend should imagine me capable of deserting him. I strained him to my bosom with sincere delight, and

assured him that nothing should induce me to leave him, while I thought my company would give him pleasure, or render him service. It was determined, therefore, between us, to set out in a fortnight for the Prussian army. In the mean time Matilda's health declined, and a cold which she had caught in the offices of humanity had fixed itself upon her lungs. It was with the greatest difficulty we persuaded her to remain where she was, till the conclusion of the next campaign. My friend left the greatest part of the little money he possessed, between Matilda, and the poor cottager and his wife ; and, on the 15th of October, we bent our course, disguised in the habits of peasants, towards the place where the Prussian troops, under the command of their illustrious monarch, lay encamped.

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

“ We were taking too close a view of the enemy's works, when my friend received a mortal wound, and fell by my side. What my feelings were at such a crisis I shall leave you to imagine. He had applied his handkerchief to the wound ; and as I

knelt down to receive his last breath, he laid upon me, with a voice scarcely audible, this melancholy command:—‘ Take from my bosom my handkerchief steeped in my blood; carry it to my wife—it is the token agreed upon between us; and when she sees that, she will know I am dead, and, what is more, that I died an honourable death.— It will moreover save you, my dear friend, a painful recital. You will find my pocket-book about me; carry it likewise to her—and take care of that excellent woman.’ With that he clasped my hand, and died without agony or distortion.

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

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

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

“How shall I describe the scene which succeeded! The fewest words will do it best. Matilda lay on her poor mattress, the prey of that disorder which had seized her the week before our departure. She could hardly raise her languid head; but when she did, it was to recognize me, with a look so piercingly tender, that I thought I must have died ere I could expose the fatal token. As I fell upon my knees, to bathe her hand with my tears, the bloody handkerchief dropped out of my bosom upon the bed. When I saw what was done, my eyes fastened tremblingly upon hers, where, however, I could perceive but little emotion. It was too late—her pulse was fluttering—her hand was convulsed—Surely death was never so kind as now. She drew, however, the handkerchief to her, and could just articulate—*Bury it with me!*—Poor Matilda! It was indeed buried with thee, but not till it was as wet with my tears as it had been with thy husband's blood. Alas! how often has it been my fate to follow the virtuous to the grave!—But Heaven's will be done!—it will be reward enough, if one virtuous man shall weep over Eugenio's tomb.”

No. 50. SATURDAY, APRIL 27.

Ad majora quædam et magnificentiora, mihi crede, Torquate, nati sumus. CICERO.

We were born, believe me, for greater and nobler things than these, Torquatus.

“ IT was on Matilda’s tomb, while my tears were flowing to the memory of this excellent pair, that I perceived the first dawn of those new resolutions which, since that day, have been continually letting fresh sunshine into my thoughts, and opening my mind to nobler and wider prospects. About a stone’s throw from the little cottage, where two stunted yew-trees, which seemed to have borne the pelting of many a storm, formed a rude kind of arch in the middle of the heath, we buried the remains of poor Matilda. The old cottager, his wife, and myself, were her only attendants to this humble grave: yet if the honour done to the dead is to be estimated by the tears of those that mourn their departure, never were funerals more pompously executed than those of this virtuous couple. On the night of that melancholy day in which this last office of kindness was performed, as I lay unable to compose myself, on the wretched mattress on which Matilda had died, in one of those slumbering deliriums when the fancy is most at work, I thought I heard myself invited to the grave of my gentle friend.

“ Those sensible minds who can imagine themselves in my situation, will not wonder that, subdued and softened as I was at that moment to any

impressions, I imagined this to be a real summons, and instantly resolved upon my little pilgrimage. The stars shone very bright ; and every terrestrial object being veiled in darkness, the heavens seemed to stand forth as the great subject of contemplation to man. I have always loved these midnight rambles:—in a mind properly constituted, they never fail to engender wholesome resolutions, which, though they generally vanish with the darkness, yet I am persuaded they often leave a kind of glow in the mind, like the flushing that sometimes remains on the cheek after a happy dream, and gives a graceful colouring to the features which lasts through the day. But here the comparison ends: the dye upon the cheek survives but a little time the cause which occasioned it: but the mind is so influenced by habit, that it gathers strength with every struggle, and retains for ever the vestiges of virtuous exertions.

“ I do love, indeed, to feel my spirit mounting above the low-thoughted anxieties and petty troubles of this existence, till it reaches ‘ the fiery-wheeled throne of the cherub Contemplation.’ I knew nothing, I confess, of the resources and satisfactions provided for us in this self-converse, this silent soliloquy, till the many meeting circumstances of that night conspired to produce in me a new train of reasoning and reflections. Much of what I held most dear on earth had just been withdrawn from me; the earth itself was obscured; my thoughts, therefore, were involuntarily thrown upon the subject of another existence, and turned upwards to those views of futurity which make every thing in this world look trifling and diminutive, except in the relation they bear to those views. How can we regard that dread magnificence above us, that world upon world,

that system upon system, without feeling every petty ambition perish within us, as village honours lose their relish when the splendid preferments of the city are opened to us, or as lesser cares retire, when ermines, sceptres, and diadems, are placed within our reach!

“ These thoughts occupied me till I reached the grave of Matilda. Here, after some moments of involuntary sadness, a lucid calmness took possession of my spirits, to which I had hitherto been a perfect stranger. In this favourable position, my judgement and all the powers of my intellect seemed to gather unusual strength; and I felt on a sudden such a sovereignty of mind as I would not have exchanged for any throne in Christendom. I threw my thoughts back upon my past history, in which every thing now appeared absurd and unaccountable. I saw clearly how much I had mistaken my better interests, and how much I had misemployed the force of my understanding. I saw too, that the only means of preserving the balance of the mind when Nature has bestowed upon us too large a share of feeling for the occasions of this existence, is to dedicate a just portion of it to the higher objects and interests of an awful futurity.

“ A distempered sensibility, and an irritable frame of mind, are the sure consequences of a high state of feelings, with a low state of religion. If they have no other passage but what this life supplies, they will necessarily act unkindly, and produce continual conflict and disorder: operating, as it were, according to a law of physics, by which the impetus is increased in proportion to the narrowness of the vent. I reflected on the short journey through this state which that excellent young person had made, on whose turf I was reclining; I recollected her sub-

lime countenance, and those rays of an immortal mind that were shot from her eyes ; I recollected that luminous intelligence that was spread over her face ; and, above all, that indescribable spiritual something that played about the dimples of her mouth. I then cast my eyes downwards upon the barren spot which covered her remains ; and asked myself if so much excellence was made only to come to this at last ? or if all that feeling and all that intellectual beauty, with which these mortal remains were once animated and illumed, were made only for the occasions of her poor perishable body, and the objects of an existence that was thus to terminate its course ? The many delightful conclusions which branched out from this thought, held me in a delicious state of mind till every star retired that studded the canopy above me. In the meantime, every proud thought retired together with them ; and I felt it an unpardonable shame for a mind endued with immortality, and destined to another range of objects dispersed through an infinity of space, and which, in the circumscribed and feeble views of them afforded us at present, fill our souls with rapture and delight—for a mind that has such promises held up to it, to found its pride on the circumstances of a paltry existence like that we at present enjoy, or to consider them as entitled to engross all its sensibilities, and to exercise the full measure of its powers and capacities.

“ From this moment I date the entrance of a philosophy into my mind, which has brought with it a thousand satisfactions and delights: of a philosophy, not of that dry and factitious sort which consists of the cold propositions of ethics, and involves itself in a labyrinth of logical subtleties ; but of that authentic, plain, and practical kind, that regulates the feel-

ings, while it interests the heart ; that corrects our wanderings, while it stimulates our inquiries ; that teaches us how to live, and how to die, by teaching us who we are, and for what we are designed. The book of Nature, and the book of Revelation, are the only sources from which this my humble philosophy is derived : when I simply regard the works of my Creator, I am confounded with their immensity ; when, on a more particular view of them, I discern the magnificence of design, and the parsimony of means which they every where discover, I am astonished at their wisdom ; when I attempt to count the benefits which flow from them, I am overcome with their goodness : when from this glorious contemplation I turn my observations upon myself, I awfully acquiesce in my own unworthiness ; but again, under this sense of unworthiness, I am supported when I reflect on the great sacrifice which has been made for me, low as I am, and on that dignity conferred upon my nature by the reconciliation wrought through the merits of my Redeemer.

“ With this new treasure opened in my mind, I determined to return to my country and my friends, and to seek that situation in which I might be able to turn it to the best account. The military life was every hour sinking lower in my esteem ; and, indeed, every life but that in which my conscience might have repose, my thoughts freedom, and my actions some determinate objects of utility. Nothing worth relating happened to me till I reached my native country, where I hoped that, as my spirit of adventure was gone, my career of fortune would be closed : but some trials were yet in reserve to put my philosophy to the test. I found what remained of my family in the deepest affliction. About two months before my arrival, my father had been arrested for a debt for which he stood liable on a brother officer’s

account, who was now abroad. Almost as soon, however, as they received the intelligence of this distressful circumstance, another letter brought them information, that the money was paid by some unknown hand, and the matter still remains a perfect mystery to us all.

“ My father did not recover his peace of mind together with the liberty of his person. His spirit was wounded by the degradation which he conceived himself to have undergone; and being conscious that his situation was such as to subject him to more vexations of the same nature, he took the sudden resolution of leaving the country, and of trying once more his fortune in the field, under the victorious banners of prince Ferdinand. This project, so desperate for a man of his years, but so natural to a man of his complexion, and which was too speedily executed to allow us any time for interference, did not surprise us so much as the conduct of Mr. Laurens, which gave us hardly less vexation and sorrow. He happened to be at our house at the time of this unfortunate event, where he scarcely waited to hear the particulars related; but taking an abrupt leave, set off for London, and was not heard of till about a week ago, when a letter from my father informed us that they were both together in the army of the prince. Such an account could not but fill us with extreme surprise; but nothing perplexed us so much as the affectionate zeal of the same young gentleman, who seemed to have followed my father out of pure regard, and to whose unexampled friendship, as the letter expressed, he was indebted for every comfort he enjoyed. When we compared this extraordinary generosity with the seeming insensibility of other parts of his conduct, we were at a loss what to think of so contradictory a behaviour.

“ In the meantime, Sophia's distress, which had

begun to occasion us the greatest alarm for her health, fixed me in my resolution of making a fresh journey abroad, to unravel, if possible, these mysteries, and to persuade my father to return to his disconsolate home. This, Sir, is the errand on which I am embarking, and Heaven knows with what heavy presages on my heart. If, however, it shall please God to crown my embassy with success, I think the frame of mind in which I am every day growing more confirmed, will at least enable me to live without repining; to meet events with patience, if not with complacency; and to make a more sober and solid use of my talents, than I have hitherto done."

Eugenio ended; and we were all much comforted by his last assurance, which left us reason to hope that as his feelings grew more sedate, and less exacting, his mind would daily become more accommodated to the ordinary course and complexion of life. He remained three days under this hospitable roof, and we had the satisfaction of thinking that our conversation had somewhat conduced to improve the favourable turn that was manifestly taking place in his thoughts and sentiments. We did not at length part without a thousand promises, on each side, to cement this triple alliance so auspiciously begun, and a particular assurance from Eugenio, that he would ever consider as the most essential article of the treaty, the duty of exerting all the strength of his reason, to complete the victory he was no near obtaining over the violence of his feelings. Soon after his departure, we could observe that Amelia grew more pensive than was natural to her, and more fond of the little bower at the end of the walk, where Eugenio had told his tale: she was frugal, however, of her remarks on his history, and seemed somewhat

afraid of trusting herself with his name, lest it should escape in a sigh, or force from her an involuntary comment in the blush upon her cheek.

Mr. Barville, in the mean time, felt some consolation for the loss of his son, in the discovery of a young man so fashioned to his own opinions, and so worthy of his friendship; and from some intimations, I could perceive that he was often on the point of regretting that this excellent young lady, his daughter, was engaged to become the wife of a person at that time in the East, upon his return to England.

As the cottage where the family of Eugenio resided was not a great way from Mr. Barville's house, this gentleman took frequent occasions of paying them consolatory visits in his absence; and was greatly instrumental in keeping up the spirits of Sophia, and inclining her to put the most favourable constructions on the conduct of her lover. In the mean time, it pleased Providence not to disappoint these gentle hopes, and to prepare a course of events that was to recompense them amply for what sorrows they had hitherto endured. In a month after Eugenio's departure, they received from him a letter, replete with the most joyful intelligence. He had succeeded in finding both the father and the lover, whose merits made it easy to trace them where virtue had met with opportunities of displaying itself. They had passed under the appellation of Nisus and Euryalus—such was the affection they bore each other, and their reciprocal services in the time of action and danger. A slight wound, which Laurens had received, was at present the only obstacle to their return.

Soon after the receipt of this letter, an event happened, that scarcely yielded to it in the delight it occasioned to both of these ladies, but particularly to

the tender Sophia. One morning they were surprised with a visit from the person into whose hands the money had been paid for that debt which at present occasioned the absence of three men so dear to them. He brought a letter from Eugenio's father ; and while the mother was perusing it with a countenance full of delight, Sophia was regarding, with a look of anxious curiosity, a diamond ring on the finger of the stranger. " That ring, Sir, I have surely seen before : permit me to ask you if you have long been the owner ?"—" No, Madam : the ring was given in part of your father's debt, by the person to whom it belonged." Sophia knew it to be the ring which she had often admired on young Laurens's finger. The mystery was immediately explained : Sophia flung her arms round her mother's neck, with frantic expressions of delight ; and so excessive was her joy at the discovery she had made, that it was adjudged prudent to conceal the contents of the letter till the following day.

A legacy, however, of 10,000*l.* was nothing to Sophia in comparison of the proofs she had discovered of her lover's affection, truth, and greatness of mind. She heard her mother with little emotion, and immediately again fell upon the subject nearest her heart. This legacy was bequeathed by the same brother officer of her father's for whose debt he had stood security, in recompense of this, and a multitude of other obligations conferred upon him during the campaigns in which they had served together, when they both were young. In the midst of these happy occurrences, the time was drawing on when the three wanderers were expected home : the impatience for whose return had been greatly enhanced by the joyful news which was in store

for them. A few days before it took place, Mr. Barville, Amelia, and myself, were cordially invited to visit this happy pair, that we might be present at so interesting a meeting.

At length the long-expected day arrived. Sophia and her mother were in their gayest attire: garlands were hung out at the door; and the rooms were decorated with a thousand devices expressive of this happy occasion, about which the young lady had employed herself, instead of sleeping, the preceding night. Every wind was converted into a voice; a thousand times they were sure they heard the rumbling of carriage-wheels; and I was continually stopped in the midst of a grave observation, to hear the latchet of the outward gate. No morning was ever so tediously long. At length the moment arrived—a moment which I shall never forget. The three travellers entered, and a scene ensued, of which it would be folly to attempt a description.

I was surprised beyond measure to see young Laurens, instead of rushing into Sophia's arms, fling himself upon his knees before Mr. Barville, who raised him, and fell upon his neck with such a melting affection, as presently drew the attention of the company towards them, and painted a momentary chagrin on the face of Sophia. This, however, was presently explained in a manner that doubled the delight of all present. Mr. Barville had found in Laurens his own lamented child, of whom he had made such bitter mention to Eugenio. As he had pretended a shooting expedition only to cover his visits to Sophia, he had disguised his name, lest the well-known delicacy of her father might have interrupted his addresses, when he knew the extent of Mr. Barville's estate; besides which, he had some fears that his own father might disap-

prove a connection in point of fortune so much below his expectations.

Mr. Barville now freely forgave his son the generous robbery he had committed in behalf of Sophia's father, whose engagement he had satisfied with a thousand pounds, which his own father had commissioned him to place with his banker. Never was joy so complete as that which succeeded these affecting explanations. Eugenio's countenance expressed unusual complacency; he joined the hands of young Barville with those of the happy trembling Sophia, and then solemnly asked the consent of their parents, which was granted amidst a thousand tears and embraces.

How painful is the thought, that any part of so good and happy a group should be destined to fresh afflictions! But the mournful catastrophe of Eugenio's history has already been related; and no event of sorrow shall tarnish the lustre of this joyous day, with which I shall dismiss my present account of him to my readers—not without a hope, however, that they may gather some useful inferences from the contemplation I have afforded them. They may observe how much a happy frame of mind depends upon the corroboration of religious regards, and how much its good dispositions are improved by sober reflection, and a timely examination of ourselves. They may conclude, from the history of this poor youth, that it is not the excess of our feelings which destroys our comfort, but the want of a proper application and distribution of them; the want of that harmony which religion inspires into them, and the wider range it affords them of proportionate objects on which they may be exercised.

No. 51. SATURDAY, MAY 4.

*Illam quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.*

TIBULL,

Whate'er she does, where'er her steps she bends,
Her every act a subtle grace attends ;
We can't tell how—but when she speaks, it talks ;
We can't tell where—but when she moves, it walks.

It was last night considered as an especial favour, that I was permitted to have a seat at the female board where my mother sits as presidentess. It had been determined on this evening to take into consideration the state of the female nation—a discussion to which they dedicate one sitting in every six months. Miranda, who is my mother's principal secretary, had the chief direction and management in the business of the day ; and almost all the motions, petitions, remonstrances, advices, &c. either originated with her, or passed through her hands. I think I never saw her appear with such advantage as upon this occasion. It is a most difficult task for a woman to come forth in the character of a director and manager, and to mix in the more active duties of life, without losing something on the side of delicacy and softness ; and it is on this ground, principally, that the men are found to object to any masculine undertakings in the women—not because we regard such undertakings with jealousy, as an invasion of our provinces, but because we consider them as leading to the destruction of that amiable

and captivating gentleness which constitutes the great ornament of the female mind.

Somehow or other, Miranda manages to steer with the nicest precaution in these difficulties: a certain magical grace of manner, a lubricous insinuating softness slides into every action and gesture, and often disappoints their natural effects; so that, attempt what she will, it is all becoming; and say what she please, we cannot find fault. Thus she can do a thousand things which other women dare not, and allow herself a thousand freedoms which would be indecorous, and even dangerous in others. Miranda is a little too short, but you hardly know it; and somewhat marked with the small-pox, which you presently forget. She is little under forty, but you would leave twenty-five to follow her; her very blemishes she converts into graces, and infirmities bear a premium in Miranda, and go farther than perfections in another face. She possesses an uncommon power of giving a price to trifles, and of decorating mere nothings with the playfulness of her wit, the sprightliness of her allusions, or the importance of her inferences. She will raise a Venus out of the froth of the sea, or from an elephant's tooth produce an ivory statue.

Last night she was busily employed in laying before the assembly the different reports, proposals, and requisitions, which had been sent to her, as the secretary, from all quarters. The first paper which was read to us was of a singular nature, considering the chaste assembly to which it was submitted. It was a petition from an association of such of the sex as profess loose love, the keepers of bagnios, &c. praying to be heard against those usurpers of their craft, who, in this great city, had of late years drawn all the trade to them-

selves ;—against those duchesses and countesses who had engrossed, as the petition set forth, all the fashionable custom of the town, by underselling those whose bread depended upon the profits of their business—that the *fair* traders were reduced to the saddest *shifts* imaginable, by these smugglers of debauchery—and that one of the most numerous classes of female manufacturers was likely soon to be reduced to throw up their calling, and beg their bread, or to emigrate to other countries, and carry the mysteries of the trade with them—That these interlopers had taken the most ungenerous and illiberal means, and acted in a manner that was calculated to bring scandal upon the profession, in order to attract custom ; that they parted with their favours for nothing, only to pilfer in other ways with greater success—That they had sunk the price of intrigue, only to make it subservient to their gaming plans, that thus the dupes of their caresses might hug themselves in the excellence of their bargains, and cheapness of their pleasures, while a collateral drain was insensibly emptying their pockets. That these petitioners and innocent sufferers entreated the high court of females, assembled under the direction of Madam Olive-Branch, that they would back with all their credit another petition which they had in contemplation to present to Parliament, by the help of such connections there as they still retained ; praying to succeed to those honours and dignities which ought in all reason to be laid down by the said duchesses, countesses, &c. who had taken up a traffic so entirely inconsistent with their quality.

In the mean time, if this injured part of the community should after every resource had failed, be reduced to try that of honesty, they hoped that

government would think of some equitable compensation. They would stipulate freely on their parts to give up their rights to the Magdalen and Lock Hospitals, for the use of the disabled duchesses and contrite countesses; but that in lieu of these advantages they expected to succeed to their pews in the churches, and precedence at court—That they would surrender up all their convenient resorts in the vicinity of the playhouses, in the Strand, and in Oxford-road, on condition of being put into possession of the genteelest squares in the west end of the town—That as the said duchesses and countesses were visibly moulting very fast, and baring their necks and shoulders, the petitioners thought it but just that they should come in for those rejected parts of their dress, especially as their own skins had long been battered by the inclemency of the weather—That if the outline of this proposal met with the approbation of *Madam Olive-Branch* and *her ladies*, the petitioners would have the honour of stating their plan more in detail, and submitting it a second time to the judgments of that honourable society. Signed by the different associations of the Sisterhood, met together under the Rose.

I am forbid to divulge what was determined by the board as to the merits of this extraordinary petition, as the matter was referred to a secret committee that goes, with them, under the name of the Court of the Bona Dea.

The next question which came before them was on the subject of a proclamation issued by my mother last week against a certain seditious volume, published by a female incendiary, called the *Rights of Woman*, tending most notoriously to inflame the minds of the sex with opinions dangerous to the

permanence of the female empire, calculated to destroy all that power and ascendancy which they have hitherto owed to their gentleness of character, and to embroil them in a contest with a superior force, that must inevitably terminate in a most disgraceful defeat. An unanimous vote of thanks to my mother was immediately concluded upon.

The paper that now was produced, was of a very extraordinary kind; and as it was the first they had received from any of our sex, there was a debate of some continuance, whether or not it ought to be admitted. At length, however, they decided in the affirmative, after having entered a clause in their journals against its becoming a precedent. It was a petition from a gentleman who stated himself to have turned the corner of thirty, without ever having had the felicity to be really in love, though this had been the leading object of his ambition since he had entered into his fifteenth year. He represented himself to be precisely in the predicament described in a sensible maxim of La Bruyere: "Les hommes souvent veulent aimer, & ne sauroient y réussir; ils cherchent leur défaite, sans pouvoir la rencontrer; & si j'ose ainsi parler, ils sont contraints de demeurer libres." He begged to be indulged with an opportunity of explaining himself more at large to the society, that they might judge whether the fault was in himself or in the sex, and furnish him accordingly with their advice and assistance. He furthermore stated, that for this last fortnight he had felt some unusual pains about the diaphragm and præcordia; but that he was somewhat in the case of the King in Tom Thumb, who was unable to tell whether it was love or the wind cholic that tormented him. That he has had also many other little equivocal

symptoms, which he is unable to pronounce upon until he has taken the sense of this female synod. Some sensations too, which he has sometimes felt in a morning before breakfast, and in the afternoon after a pint of wine, have looked so like what he conceives of this passion, as to raise in him some hopes that he may yet arrive at the accomplishment of his wishes. The petitioner concluded with requesting to be informed if the society had any apothecary belonging to them, whom they could instruct to compose a philtre that might remedy this radical deficiency in his mind—for in his mind alone he felt this deficiency to exist.

The senate decreed that the case of this poor gentleman was without remedy, as there was no possibility of imparting a tenderness of soul where nature had denied it; but that he was right in suspecting that these paroxysms were no true symptoms of love, however they might explain a part of our nature that was common through all animated existence.

Some proposals were now brought forward, which the press of weightier business made it necessary to adjourn to a future day, and some notices were given of intended motions. A vote of censure was passed on a staymaker's widow, who advertised to carry on her *husband's business* with the same *workmen*; it being judged inconsistent with female delicacy to admit any but females to a privacy so close. A motion was made for a declaratory act respecting the proclamation of Harry the VIIIth, against female gossipping.

A paper was next heard, exhibiting some severe strictures on the practice among fashionable mothers, of committing their children to the care of French mesdemoiselles. The letter contained ad-

vices of several instances wherein the principles of a young family had been poisoned under such tuition; and stated, in terms of great indignation, that they were nothing but a kind of higglers, that brought over the veriest trumpery, the merest shreds and rags of a wretched Epicurean philosophy, which had long ago found its way among all orders and degrees in their native country. It ended with a passage out of the play called the Provoked Wife, which paints admirably well the lax opinions of this sect of female philosophers.

Lady Fan. Rendezvous? what, rendezvous with a man, mademoiselle?

Madem. Eh, pourquoi non?

Lady F. What! and a man I never saw before in my life?

Madem. Tant mieux; c'est donc quelque chose de nouveau.

Lady F. Oh, but my reputation, mademoiselle, my dear reputation!

Madem. Madame, quand on l'a une fois perdue, on n'en est plus embarrassé.

Lady F. Fie, mademoiselle! reputation is a jewel.

Madem. Qui coûte bien chère, madame.

Lady F. Why, sure you would not sacrifice your honour to your pleasure?

Madem. Je suis philosophe.

Lady F. Bless me, how you talk! what, if honour be a burden, must it not be borne?

Madem. Chacun a son façon: quand quelque chose m'incommode moi, je m'en défais vite.

Lady F. Get you gone, you naughty woman. I vow and swear I must turn you out of doors if you talk thus.

Madem. Turn me out of doors!—turn yourself out of doors, and go see what de gentleman have to say to you. Tenez: voilà votre escarpe, voilà votre quouife, voilà tout. Allons, madame, dépêchez-vous donc. Mon Dieu! quelles scrupules!

Lady F. Well, for once, mademoiselle, I'll follow your advice, out of the intemperate desire I have to see who this ill-bred fellow is; but I have too much délicatesse to make a practice of it.

Madem. Belle chose vraiment que la délicatesse, lorsqu'il s'agit de se divertir!—ah, ça—vous voilà équippée—partons—Eh bien! qu'avez-vous donc?

Lady F. J'ai peur.

Madem. Je n'en ai point, moi.

Lady F. I dare not go.

Madem. Demeurez donc.

Lady F. Je suis poltrone.

Madem. Tant pis pour vous.

Lady F. Curiosity is a wicked devil.

Madem. C'est une charmante sainte.

Lady F. It ruined our first parents.

Madem. Il a bien diverti leurs enfans.

Lady F. L'honneur est contre.

Madem. Le plaisir est pour.

Lady F. Must I then go?

Madem. Must you go? must you eat? must you sleep? must you live? De nature bid you do one, de nature bid you do todor; vous me ferez enrager.

Lady F. But when reason corrects nature, mademoiselle.

Madem. Elle est donc bien insolente.

Lady F. Ah! la méchante Française!

Madem. Ah! la belle Anglaise!

A letter from a learned lady was read, praying for the sentence of the synod against a passage in the sixth Satire of Juvenal, which bore shamefully

hard upon that class of female doctors to which she belonged. The lines complained of run as follows :

Illa tamen gravior, quæ, cùm discumbere cœpit,
 Laudat Virgilium, perituræ ignoscit Elisæ :
 Committit vates, et comparat inde Maronem,
 Atque aliâ parte in trutinâ suspendit Homerum.
 Cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores, omnis
 Turba tacet, nec causidicus, nec præco loquatur,
 Altera nec mulier : verborum tanta cadit vis.
 Tot pariter pelves, et tintinnabula dicas
 Pulsari. Jam nemo tubas atque æra fatiget :
 Una laboranti poterit succurrere lunæ.
 Imponit finem sapiens et rebus honestis :
 Nam quæ docta nimis cupit, et facunda videri,
 Crure tenus medio tunicas succingere debet,
 Cædere Sylvano porcum, quadrante lavari.
 Non habeat matrona, tibi quæ juncta recumbit,
 Dicendi genus, aut curtum sermone rotato
 Torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes ;
 Sed quædam ex libris et non intelligat ; odi
 Hanc ego, quæ repetit volvitque Palæmonis artem,
 Servatâ semper lege, et ratione loquendi,
 Ignotosque mihi tenet antiquaria versus,
 Nec curanda viris opicæ castigat amicæ
 Verba. Solæcismum liceat fecisse marito.

SAT. VI. 340.

I was desired to read the translation of this passage which Dryden has given us : a request I did not comply with without some compunction.

But of all plagues, the greatest is untold ;
 The book-learn'd wife, in Greek and Latin bold ;
 The critic dame, who at her table sits,
 Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits ;
 And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
 She has so far th' ascendant of the board,
 The prating pedant puts not in a word.
 The man of law is non-plus'd in his suit ;
 Nay, every other *female* tongue is mute.

Hammers and beating anvils, you would swear,
 And Vulcan with his whole militia there.
 Tabors and trumpets cease ; for she alone
 Is able to redeem the lab'ring moon.
 Even wit's a burden, when it talks too long ;
 But she who has no continence of tongue
 Should walk in breeches, and should wear a beard,
 And mix among the philosophic herd.
 Oh ! what a midnight curse has he, whose side
 Is pester'd with a mood and figure bride !
 Let mine, ye gods ! (if such must be my fate)
 No logic learn, or history translate ;
 But rather be a quiet humble fool ;
 I hate a wife to whom I go to school ;
 Who climbs the grammar tree, distinctly knows
 Where noun, and verb, and participle grows ;
 Corrects her country neighbour ; and, abed,
 For breaking Priscian's, breaks her husband's head.

The assembly decreed that the satire was not unjust as it was directed, and that therefore there was no reasonable ground of complaint : but that, if it be the tendency of learning in the main to derogate from female softness, so much the larger share of glory awaits those paragons of the sex, who, haply have found out the way of combining these vigorous attainments with their more appropriate excellencies, and of brightening, by severer attrition, the polish of the mind, without wearing its enamel, or corroding its substance.

The last subject which came before them was occasioned by a letter which the secretary had received from one of those outrageously virtuous ladies, who repine at the necessity of breathing the same atmosphere with their sinful sisters, that have drawn such a quantity of common-place satire, and proverbial ridicule, upon the sex in general. There was so much in her style of expression, of disappointment and disgust, that I could not help suspecting

her to be one of those hidden treasures which are only safe because nobody looks after them ; and begged to be permitted to express my sense of the subject before the society, through the medium of a pleasant story I had somewhere met with.

Pluto, perceiving that his Furies were beginning to grow old and worn in the service, called Mercury to him, and desired him to go to the upper world, and search the globe over, to find him three maids, such as were every way proper for the duty in which they were to be engaged. Mercury set off on his errand. It happened, at the same time, that Juno was in want of three handmaids, being obliged to turn away those she had, for their intrigues with Jupiter. Iris was accordingly despatched to look in every corner of the earth, till she could meet with three virgins of such severe chastity, that they were never known to smile upon a man. After a considerable time spent in the search, Iris returned out of breath and alone. "What!" cried her mistress, "have you not succeeded then? Is it possible? O chastity! O virtue!"—"Goddess," returned Iris, "I have indeed found three rigid maidens, that neither Jove nor Mars himself could ever have subdued; but, alas! I arrived too late."—"Too late!"—"Yes, too late; Mercury had already engaged them for Pluto."—"For Pluto! for what purpose?"—"To make three Furies of them."—My story had such an effect, that no attention was paid to the representation contained in the paper before them.

No. 52. SATURDAY, MAY 11.

Good with bad

Expect to hear ; supernal grace contending
 With sinfulness of men ; thereby to learn
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear
 And pious sorrow ; equally inur'd
 By moderation either state to bear,
 Prosperous or adverse ; so shalt thou lead
 Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure
 Thy mortal passage when it comes.

ONLY five papers have yet been consecrated to the subject which ought to be the nearest to every man's heart. This is the greatest satire I have yet pronounced upon my countrymen ; for my age, my profession, and my predilection, would naturally have bent my thoughts continually to this object, had I judged that the religious frame of the public mind was sufficiently solid to endure so much grave deduction and inquiry. The more rational and thinking part of my readers will forgive me this ill compliment to the many : sensible of the regard that must be had, in these delicate times, to the slight constitution of our minds, they will wish me to imitate our fashionable physicians in mixing up together in such unequal proportions the nauseous and the nice, as to make of the whole what they term an *elegant* preparation.

The object of my last speculation on this subject was to prove the moral government of God ; a state

of probation is included almost under the same idea. The notion of a general righteous judgement hereafter implies some sort of temptation to do what is wrong; but as the word *probation* is more particularly and distinctly expressive of allurements to wrong, and the danger of miscarriages, than the words *moral government*, in this view it may deserve a separate consideration.

If we turn our attention from the moral government of God, to his natural government over us, we shall perceive that the whole course and procedure of it plainly indicates a state of trial, in a similar sense, in regard to the present world.

The *natural* government of God consists in his placing us in a balance between right and wrong, with a power of choice, and an anticipation of the consequences of that choice. Present fruition and subsequent sorrow, present forbearance and succeeding enjoyment, mark out to us plainly a sort of conditional covenant which God has made with us in respect to our career through this present world. So far as men are under temptations to any course of action which will probably occasion them greater temporal uneasiness than satisfaction, so far their temporal interest is in danger from themselves, or they are in a state of trial with respect to it. That which constitutes our trial in our temporal capacity, does also constitute it in our religious capacity; and the description of the one will be a description of the other, if only what we call temporal interest in one place we call future in another, and substitute virtue for prudence in speaking of the trial for a future life. If we contemplate the behaviour of man under his trial in these different capacities, we may observe him proceeding in the same neglect or defiance of the consequences of

his actions in both cases. Men will persevere in a course of dissolute extravagance with no remorse, and with little dread, with the certain foreknowledge in their minds, that it will end in their temporal ruin, and some of us under the apprehension of the consequences in another state. Thus, our trials of difficulties and dangers in our temporal and our religious capacities, as they proceed from the same causes, and have the same effect upon our behaviour, are evidently analogous and correspondent.

Without this experience, afforded us in the natural constitution of things, we might, perhaps, with some speciousness urge, that it is inconsistent with the character of Infinite Mercy to involve us in any hazards which he foresees must end in confusion and misery. Indeed, why any sort of danger or hazard should be imposed on such mortals as we are, may well be thought a difficulty in speculation, and ever will be so till we are furnished with a higher degree of intelligence, and are admitted to more comprehensive views of things than it is the lot of our natures to enjoy. But whatever the vanity of our reason may suggest with respect to the moral government of God, the course of the natural world affords a complete, decisive, and awful answer to all our presumptuous inquiries.

That the same thing exists in the constitution of nature, experience proves; let our inquiries, therefore, begin here; and if they can obtain no solution here, here let them end. All reasoning, therefore, against a state of trial from its speculative difficulties, and our inability to accommodate it to any righteous scheme according to our notions of justice, is defeated in the point of fact by our own daily experience, and by the testimony of our senses.

Considering the difficulties and hazards of our probationary state, it might be natural enough to inquire how we came to be placed in it. This curiosity, however, can never be satisfied, as it is directed to a subject which we are not competent to understand, without much higher degrees of knowledge and capacity. "Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker! Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth! Shall the clay say unto him that fashioneth him, What makest thou? or thy work, He hath no hands?" If we make the question, "What is your business here?" which must be acknowledged to be a frame of inquiry more important, as it is more humble; not only religion affords us an answer, but a view of the course of the world in which we live will convince us that our present condition is no way inconsistent with the perfect moral government of God. If our religion teach us that we are placed here in a state of so much hazard and affliction for our improvement in virtue and piety, as the requisite qualification for a future state of happiness and security, we shall also find, upon inquiry, that the same plan and the same gradation is observed in the conduct of nature, and the rest of God's government and dispensations.

We must again consider man under a religious and temporal capacity; and in this double view of him, the beginning of life, considered as an education for mature age, appears plainly at first sight analogous to our general trial for a future life. This analogy may be pushed to a great extent, and is certainly well worth the pains of investigation.

To be capable of enjoying any state of existence, we must have a frame of mind within us correspondent to the order of things around us. Without determining what will be the employment and the hap-

piness of good men hereafter, we may be sure that some determinate qualities and capacities will be necessary to render them susceptible of their external condition, and the objects that surround them. Now it is the property of man to be able to mould and accommodate himself to states of life for which he was once wholly unqualified. This gradual rise in the human character, this insensible and subtle transformation, is effected through the medium of habits. Habit has a wonderful rule in human affairs; it consecrates and preserves all our acquisitions, whether moral or intellectual; and memory itself is little else than habitual knowledge. There are passive as well as active habits; and the mind, long accustomed to expand to the treasures of wisdom, affords them an easy entrance, and a safe repository. Passive habits and active habits, in respect to each other, proceed in an inverse ratio. Active habits gradually receive confirmation and permanency through a course of acting upon certain motives and incitements, or passive impressions; while these motives and incitements themselves, by proportionate degrees, become less and less sensible to ourselves; that is, become continually less sensibly felt, as the active habits acquire strength and consistency. The inference to be drawn from these considerations is plainly, that these passive impressions, which may be made on our minds by experience, admonition, and example, though they have a strong remote efficacy, and conduce to the formation of active habits, yet, unless they do really succeed in forming these active habits, they will have no efficacy at all, but will expire in repetition.

Without this process and agency of habit, nature alone is insufficient to qualify us ultimately, much

less at once, for a mature state of life. Maturity of understanding, and perfection of bodily strength, are not only attained to by degrees, but depend also on the continued exercise of the powers, both of the mind and body, from the age of infancy. If we suppose a person brought into the world with his powers of mind and body complete, he must plainly be distracted with astonishment, curiosity, and suspense, and be totally unfit for the sphere in which he is called to exert himself: nor is it probable that his senses of seeing and hearing, would be of any practical benefit to him, before experience had taught their use and advantages. It is evident he would be destitute of that moderation, forbearance, and self-government, which the habits of education and discipline inculcate.

Thus then the beginning of our days is intended to be, and really is, a state of education to the theory and practice of mature life; and this is a providential disposition of things, in regard to the objects of this present existence, to which that supposed discipline which we undergo in this world, as a preparation for the next, is perfectly analogous. Nor are those objections at all solid which are grounded on our inability to discern in what way the present life can be a preparation for another; for children are perfectly ignorant how they contribute to their health and growth by the sports and exercises to which they are instinctively addicted. But our state in this world is not merely such as to afford frequent opportunities of exercising our virtuous principles, but holds out to us the constant necessity of an unwearied circumspection and perseverance, that thus our virtue may be rendered in a manner more intense, and a more confirmed habit may be the conse-

quence: and this wakeful and continued exertion of the moral sense, is calculated to give it a certain supremacy in our minds, however the momentary sallies of passion may sometimes disturb its reign.

It may possibly be objected that the present state is so far from proving in reality a discipline of virtue to the generality of men, that on the contrary they appear to make it a discipline of vice. It is true the generality of us do not gather much improvement in our passage through life; but this can never be urged as a proof that it was not intended as a state of moral discipline, if we at all consider the analogy of nature. Of that infinite number of seeds of vegetables, and bodies of animals, which are furnished with an organization and disposition to arrive at maturity and perfection, perhaps not one in a million does actually reach that period of its destination.

If again it be objected that nothing but afflictions and crosses can exercise or demand the virtues of resignation and content; that therefore they will not be necessary to a condition of perfect repose, and consequently cannot be exerted in this life with any view to a future one: we must again resort to experience and analogy for the answer. In the course of this world we do not find that our trial ceases when we are arrived at the consummation of our fortunes. Prosperity itself begets unbounded desires, and out of our own imagination there springs as much discontent as from any thing in our external condition. We must carry therefore to this state of worldly advancement a mind exercised to forbearance, by frequent disappointment, in order to profit by our elevation; and this very elevation is a source of new trials by which our principles are kept alert,

and our habits maintained in activity. It is true indeed there can be no scope for patience, when sorrow and trouble shall be no more; but there may be need of a temper, which shall have been formed by patience; there may be need of a bland conformation of mind, an uniform spirit of meek contentment, such as acquaintance with sorrow and affliction has a tendency to produce.

But some men may suppose that all which has been here advanced must fall before the doctrine of *necessity*. It is not to the present purpose to demonstrate the absurdity of that doctrine: it will be enough to prove that it furnishes no conclusions inimical to what has been argued on the question of God's moral government, and a state of probation. If this word *necessity*, in the minds of those who maintain it, have any definable meaning, it must mean something that does not exclude deliberation, counsel, choice, and preference; for this is a matter of undoubted experience, and of which we are conscious at every moment of our lives. It is equally clear that necessity does not pretend to account for the origin and continuance of things, and maintains nothing further than that they could not have been otherwise than they are.

If a fatalist, and one who believed himself a free agent, were disputing about the origin of a house, they would both agree that it was built by an architect; their only difference would be, on this question, whether the architect built it freely, or by necessity. Suppose then, that they should proceed to inquire into the constitution of nature, and that, in a lax way of speaking, one of them were to say that it was by necessity, and the other by freedom. Now, if they have any meaning in those words, as the latter must

mean a free agent, so the former must mean an agent acting by necessity; for abstract notions are idle to the purpose.

It is true, we ascribe to God a necessary existence, not caused by any agent; but this is our imperfect manner of expressing a thing of which we can have no adequate idea. Two things are therefore undeniable; first, that when a fatalist asserts that every thing *is* by necessity, he must mean by an agent acting necessarily; and secondly, that the necessity by which such an agent is supposed to act does not exclude intelligence and design; so that, were the system of fatality admitted, it would just as much account for the formation of the world, as for the construction of a house, and no more. After all, the fatalist must be reduced to allow that his necessary agent deliberates necessarily, chooses necessarily, designs necessarily, changes necessarily, combines, discriminates, compares necessarily; all which is very difficult for a plain man to conceive.

On the whole, then, it is clear that the opinion of necessity does not destroy the proof that there is an intelligent Author of Nature, and a Natural Governor of the world. Let us see of what force it is against the supposition that we are in a state of religion. It is plain, that if a child were educated in this idea of universal necessity, in such a manner as to efface every thought of praise or blame, of punishment or reward for his actions, and were to form his behaviour upon that system, he would find, upon the application of the principle to the affairs of life, that it would mislead him into dreadful situations. He would find it, on trial, totally impracticable in the course and constitution of this world. Why may not then the application

of the same principle to the affairs of religion mislead us in the same analogous manner, with respect to a future more general and more important interest?

Religion is a practical subject; and as this system is clearly inapplicable to practical subjects, it is surely not to be depended upon, since it teaches that we are free from the obligations of religion. If, therefore, the evidence of religion be conclusive on a supposition of freedom, it remains so on a supposition of necessity; because the notion of necessity is not applicable to practical subjects; that is, with respect to them it is as if it were not true. And here a difficulty presents itself, which shakes the very foundations of the doctrine: for, if the notion of universal necessity be true, why should it be dangerous to believe it and to act upon it? Can it be against the interests of mankind to make truth the basis of their actions? Moreover, we feel that we have a will, and are conscious of a character; now if this will and this character be reconcilable in respect to man with the notions of fate, they are reconcilable with them in the Author of Nature. The Author of Nature, then, is of some character or other, in spite of necessity: and this necessity is as reconcilable with the particular character of benevolence, veracity, and justice in him, which attributes are the foundation of religion, as with any other character.

Now mark the inconsistency of these fatalists: they say all punishment is unjust, because it is inflicted on men for doing what it was not in their power to avoid; as if the necessity which is supposed to destroy the criminality of an action, did not also destroy the injustice of punishment! Thus the notions of justice and injustice remain as fixed

as ever, notwithstanding our endeavours to suppose them removed. They are indelibly imprinted on our nature, and will continue to force themselves into our thoughts and reasonings, while we are framing suppositions which we think will destroy them.

The opinion of necessity cannot destroy that internal proof which we have of the moral government of God, in the moral sense impressed on our nature; for this is a matter of fact, a thing of experience: nor can it destroy the conclusion, for this is immediately deduced from the fact: neither can it operate to the prejudice of those proofs which are drawn from the external condition of things. From all this reasoning it appears, that necessity, supposed possible and reconcileable to the plain constitution of things, does in no sort prove that the Author of Nature will not, or invalidate the proof that he will, finally, in his eternal government, render his creatures happy or miserable according to their behaviour: and if it do not destroy the proof of natural religion, it evidently makes no alteration in the proof of revealed.

I shall dismiss my readers, with a word or two in explanation. There are two general kinds of necessity maintained by the Fatalists: the one is superior to the Deity, and placed in the nature of things; the other is existent in the decrees and ordinances of the Deity, and flows in an inevitable series of causes resulting from him. There are other distinctions which do not deserve consideration. The Epicureans appear to have held the first opinion, the Stoics the second. The reader will see that the arguments in this paper are equally conclusive against both, though both are not distinctly examined. The common Pagan notion was

on the side of an universal necessity over-ruling the power of the gods: “ Τὴν πεπερωμένην μοίραν ἀδύνατά ἐστι ἀποφυγέειν καὶ τῷ Θεῷ.” Herodot. Clio, I. 91.—“ It is impossible for the Deity himself to avoid the established decrees of fate.” There were some who held a material necessity, without any Deity in the universe; and such is said to have been nearly the doctrine of Democritus. From this sprung the Atomic philosophy, in which Epicurus was a considerable sharer, and with which Pythagoras is said to have been pretty much tinctured. The Monads of that philosopher are concluded by many to be the Atoms of Epicurus. Anaxagoras and Empedocles were also favourers of this philosophy, and most of the ancient Physiologists had some taint from this poisoned source.

No. 53. SATURDAY, MAY 18.

*Ad quem ita subridens: Felicia tempora! quæ te
Moribus opponunt; habeat jam Roma pudorem:
Tertius e cælo cecidit Cato.* JUV. SAT. II. 37.

With a disdainful smile he cried, Blest times,
That made thee Censor of the age's crimes!
Rome now must needs reform, and vice be stopt,
For a third Cato from the clouds is dropt. DRYDEN.

“ TO THE REVEREND, BUT OFFICIOUS, MR. SIMON
OLIVE-BRANCH.

“ SIR,

I HAVE been a long time floating between contempt and surprise, at the presumptuous impertinence with which you take upon you to interfere in every thing that is going on in this great city. You have no respect to rank or office, but have usurped a title of so catholic a kind, that even princes themselves are expected to bow before it. Believe me, Sir, it is not the temper of the times to acknowledge such a supremacy. Nay, to deal plainly with you, you are already denounced at a club of *Patriots*, where I heard it declared, that, in their list of intended decapitations, your head comes next to the Pope's.

Let me advise you, Sir, not to be so busy with the times in general; but particularly beware of coming up to London, the rumour of which intention has already reached every corner of the metropolis. How this hardy design of your's has got

wing, I cannot imagine, unless your own indiscretion, or that of your correspondents has betrayed you. Certain however it is, that the Pretender's invasion did not spread a more general consternation through this city, than has been occasioned by the bare apprehension of this visit from your worship. Being resolved myself upon knowing how far the report deserved credit, I made it my business to trace out one of your correspondents in town. Here, however, I should never have succeeded in gaining the intelligence I wished for, if I had not feigned myself to be also one of the emissaries employed by Simon Olive-Branch; which stratagem so threw him off his guard, that he not only confessed to me that he expected you in a few days, but took me into his study, and exposed to me all his lists, memorandums, documents, and communications of all sorts, and particularly a kind of moral *stocks*, arranged according to the prices they seemed to have fetched in the market at different times since the publication of your paper. By the scale preserved by this partial financier, it appeared that many of the vices which were wont to bear a premium, had sunk considerably in value, while the virtues had maintained a progressive advancement. He observed to me, that a very rapid fall had taken place in the price of Immorality since the belief of your intended visit to the capital had become general. Notwithstanding all this, however, as far as I can remember of the scale, it ran nearly thus:

Hypocrisy, 10 per cent. prem.

Plain dealing ———

Honour chimer. red.

Honour ration. 72½

Chastity, shut

Bonds, 73, 4, 1-16

Tradesmen's Bills, 53½, 54

Gaming Bills, 87, 85½

Patriotism, 45

Charity and Ostent. Cons. 88½

Upon the whole, with the omnium-gatherums, scripts, discounts, &c. it appeared that the funds and credit of Virtue were gradually rising, but that still the advantage rested with its opposite. Now, Sir, I am firmly persuaded that this is a very uncandid statement, and calculated to answer some jobbing interests of his own. Be assured, that both these accounts are fallacious: for this century past virtue has maintained an uniform ascendancy, nor has its credit been at all enhanced by the news of your approaching visit. To disabuse you of so material an error, and to fortify you against any future attempts to deceive you, I will here give you a brief account of the condition of the capital at this moment.

Religion was never in so flourishing a state; in-somuch that the most enlightened begin to find that they can do very well without going to church; and the few that persist in frequenting it, perceive that they already know as much, and act as virtuously, as their teachers. Religion is at the same time rendered more portable and attainable than formerly, by being rid of the incumbrance of morality, which is now discovered to be a branch entirely disconnected with it, and to belong wholly to the sentiment of honour. As in other attainments we have systems of instruction calculated to make every man his own broker, every man his own gardener, &c. so in religion, we are soon to see the effects of our present principles of philosophy, in making every man his own parson; and, indeed, grand preparations have been making for it in the late practice of cropping the hair, in imitation of the ministers of the Gospel. This cropping system too, you will observe, has been extended to Christianity itself, and has cut away a quantity of those rules

and obligations with which it used to be embarrassed, whereby it has gained an easier introduction into the *beau monde*.

The arts and sciences have been cultivated with a similar success, and have unaccountably extended their empire to the minutest concerns of life. Our very fans and cards bear testimony to the truth of this observation; and botany, history, and geography, are now acquired through such familiar mediums, that a lady may be culling simples behind her fan, and have her whole *hortus siccus* about her, in the midst of a room full of company; or regale her fancy with the odours of Arabia, while, in less perfumed sighs, her lover is whispering his nothings in her ear. In the meantime some new sciences have been incorporated, such as that of boxing, animal magnetism, archery, and such like productive and useful attainments; while architecture has met with extraordinary encouragement, in the present plan of burning down opera-houses, theatres, and houses of parliament.

It is very pleasing to observe how some of the arts go hand in hand, and how the artists are of reciprocal benefit to one another, like the physician and apothecary, or the counsellor and attorney. Thus if I publish a book, I must call in the painter as well as the printer; for it is nothing without my own portrait, with a globe by my side, a couple of Muses to supply me with pens and paper, and a third flying off with my proof-sheets to Parnassus. Thus we are daily expecting a most splendid publication on the science of boxing, with a *kit-kat* of Johnson, and a beautiful *miniature* of Big-Ben, with a festoon of laurel between them to keep the peace.

As for the reigning fashions, I maintain that nothing can be more rational or respectable. All the

young ladies are inspired with an ambition to become mothers of families, or to appear to merit that honourable character ; and thus we are to account for the swellings which lately it has been the mode to carry about with them. It corresponds admirably with the nakedness of their necks, and seems to be a natural consequence of this tempting discovery. I have no doubt but that this last custom had its origin in the magnanimity of the sex, which, while the men were exposing their necks abroad, made it seem but fair that they should be doing the same at home during the war.

If, however, notwithstanding my representations, you are determined upon coming up to town, let me exhort you to shake off the remaining rust of a college, and all the pedantry of your profession, before you put your design into execution. It will be as much as your head is worth to claim any authority among us ; on the contrary, you will find it adviseable to mix with us in all our amusements, to adopt all our tastes, and to clothe yourself in all our fashions. Let us see no austerity of carriage, but strive all you can to derive your mirth and entertainment from the same sources as supply it for the most part to the inhabitants of this august city. In the mean time, read and digest this little poem, which will point out the true objects of amusement here, and prepare you for the proper relish of them.

L'ALLEGRO.

Off, blubbering Melancholy !
Of the blue devils and book-learning born,
In dusty schools forlorn ;
Amongst black gowns, square caps, and books unjolly,
Hunt out some college cell,
Where muzzing quizzes mutter monkish schemes,

And the old proctor dreams;
 There, in thy smutty walls, o'er-run with dock,
 As ragged as thy smock,
 With rusty, fusty Fellows ever dwell.

But come, thou baggage, fat and free,
 By gentles call'd Festivity,
 And by us rolling kiddies, Fun,
 Whom Mother Shipton, one by one,
 With two Wapping wenches more,
 To skipping Harlequino bore;
 Or whether, as some deeper say,
 Jack Pudding, on a holyday,
 Along with Jenny Diver romping,
 As he met her once a pumping,
 There, on heaps of dirt and mortar,
 And cinders wash'd in cabbage water,
 Fill'd her with thee, a strapping lassie,
 So spunky, brazen, bold, and saucy.

Hip here, jade, and bring with thee
 Jokes, and sniggering jollity,
 Christmas gambols, waggish tricks,
 Winks, wry faces, licks, and kicks,
 Such as fall from Moggy's knuckles,
 And love to live about her buckles;
 Spunk, that hobbling watchmen boxes,
 And Horse-laugh, hugging both his doxies;
 Come, and kick it as you go,
 On the stumping hornpipe toe;
 And in thy right hand haul with thee
 The *Mountain* brim, French Liberty.
 And if I give thee puffing due,
 Fun, admit me of thy crew,
 To pig with her, and pig with thee,
 In everlasting frolicks free;
 To hear the sweep begin his beat,
 And, squalling, startle the dull street,
 From his watch-box in the alley,
 Till the watch at six doth sally;
 Then to go, in spite of sleep,
 And at the window cry, "Sweep! sweep!"
 Through the street-door, or the airy,
 Or, in the country, through the dairy;

While the dustman, with his din
 Bawls and rings to be let in,
 And at the fore or the back door,
 Slowly plods his jades before.
 Oft hearing the sow-gelder's horn
 Harshly rouse the snoring morn,
 From the side of some large square,
 Through the long street grunting far.
 Sometimes walking I'll be seen
 By Tower-hill, or Moorfield's green,
 Right against old Bedlam gate,
 Where the mock king begins his state,
 Crown'd with straw, and rob'd with rags,
 Cover'd o'er with jags and tags ;
 While the keeper, near at hand,
 Bullies those that leave their stand ;
 And milk-maids' screams go through your ears,
 And grinders sharpen rusty shears,
 And every crier squalls his cry
 Under each window he goes by.

Strait mine eye hath caught new gambols,
 While round and round this town it rambles ;
 Sloppy streets, and foggy day,
 Where the blundering folks do stray ;
 Pavements, on whose slippery flags
 Swearing coachmen flog their nags ;
 Barbers jostled 'gainst your side,
 Narrow streets, and gutters wide.

Grub-street garrets now it sees,
 To the Muse open, and the breeze,
 Where, perhaps, some scribbler hungers,
 The hack of neighbouring news-mongers.
 Hard by, a tinker's furnace smokes,
 From betwixt two pastry-cooks,
 Where dingy Dick and Peggy, met
 Are at their scurvy dinner set,
 Of cow-heel, and such cellar-messes.
 Which the splay-footed Rachel dresses :
 And then in haste the shop she leaves,
 And, with the boy, the bellows heaves ;
 Or, if 'tis late, and shop is shut,
 Scrubs, at the pump, her face from smut.

Sometimes, all for fights agog,
 To t'other end o'the town I jog,
 When St. James's bells ring round,
 And the royal fiddles sound,
 When every lord and lady's bum
 Jigs it in the drawing-room;
 And young and old dance down the tune,
 In honour of the fourth of June;
 Till candles fail, and eyes are sore,
 Then home we hie, to talk it o'er,
 With stories told of many a treat,
 How lady Swab the sweetmeats eat;
 She was pinch'd, and something worse,
 And she was fobb'd, and lost her purse;
 Tells how the drudging Weltjie sweat,
 To bake his custards duly set,
 When, in one night, ere clock went seven,
 His 'prentice-lad had robb'd the oven
 Of more than twenty hands had put on,
 Then lies him down, the little glutton,
 Stretch'd lumbering 'fore the fire, they tell ye;
 And bakes the custards in his belly;
 Then, crop-sick, down the stairs he flings,
 Before his master's bell yet rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By hoofs and wheels soon lull'd asleep.

But the City takes me then,
 And the *hums* of busy men,
 Where throngs of train-band captains bold,
 In time of peace, fierce meetings hold,
 With stores of stock-jobbers, whose lies
 Work change of stocks and bankruptcies;
 While bulls and bears alike contend
 To get that cash they dare not spend.
 Then let aldermen appear,
 In scarlet robe, with chandelier.
 And city-feasts and gluttony,
 With balls upon the lord-mayor's-day;
 Sights that young 'prentices remember,
 Sleeping and waking, all November.

Then to the playhouses anon,
 If Quick or Bannister be on,

Or drollest Parsons, child of Drury,
Bawls out his damns with comic fury.

And ever, against hum-drum cares,
Sing me some of Dibdin's airs;
Married to his own queer wit,
Such as my shaking sides may split,
In notes, with many a jolly bout,
Near Beaufort's Buildings oft roar'd out,
With wagging curls, and smirk so cunning,
His rig on many a looby running,
Exposing all the ways and phizzes,
Of "Wags, and Oddities, and Quizzes;"
That Shuter's self might heave his head
From drunken snooses on a bed
Of pot-house benches sprawl'd, and hear
Such laughing songs as won the ear
Of all the town, his slip to cover,
Whene'er he met 'em half seas over.

Freaks like these if thou canst give,
Fun, with thee I wish to live.

No. 54. SATURDAY, MAY 25.

— *Civitatem quis deceat status*

Curo, et urbi sollicitus timeo.

HOR. CAR. III. 29, 25.

The care of this great city is upon my mind, and occasions me
much anxiety and alarm.

THERE lived an Athenian, of the name of Thrasilus, who was mad in the pleasantest manner imaginable. He cherished a conceit that the gods had bestowed upon him the empire of the ocean, and maintained stoutly that every ship which put to shore in the Pyræus, was his own property. He was thus the richest man in Greece, or in the world, without

encountering any hazards, or exciting any envy. He was the greatest, with the fewest enemies, and with the least danger from conspiracies and rebellions. Of those which were wrecked, he took no pains to make any inquiries, but was beyond measure delighted when a vessel came safe into port, with a valuable lading. He lived a long time in this flattering delusion, till one of his brothers, who had a tender regard for him, arrived from Sicily. By his directions he was attended by a skilful physician, who succeeded in restoring him to the sound possession of his faculties. This was no sooner effected, than his cheerfulness in a great measure abandoned him; and he was wont ever after to declare, that he had never been so happy as when he drove a trade with all parts of the world from his own port, the Pyræus.

The case of this happy madman in some degree resembles my own; for the truth is, I have so long exercised the privilege of dictating to my countrymen, that I sometimes feel as if every thing I saw around me was my own property; and whatever my neighbours enjoyed, was held under me on condition of their good behaviour. Let no good-natured friend therefore endeavour to disenchant my mind from so pleasing an error, as long as they think it may conduce to give me spirit in an undertaking that may not be wholly useless to the public and to posterity. But perhaps another little story which I have in my memory may serve to represent my situation better.

There was a certain carpenter in a little town of Silesia, who was famous for despatch and skill in his craft: he was besides a man of a most facetious fancy, and would often amuse himself with contriving curious and whimsical machines. It happened that

a king of Bohemia was wounded in battle near the place where he lived: the carpenter was immediately employed to construct a kind of cradle, in which his majesty might be transported to his palace with ease and safety. The poor man was so elated with the honour done to his professional abilities, that he fairly lost his reason. In his disturbed imagination, he conceived that Jupiter had given him a job, which was to construct another globe that should be free from the inconveniences to which that which had already been formed by himself was so liable, as he had it in contemplation to substitute a more virtuous race of mortals, that would deserve a better accommodation. This poor fellow became in the end so crazy, that when he was sent for to put up a neighbour's door, or mend his elbow-chair, he would return for answer, that until he had chiselled out his new city in the place of Grand Cairo, he could not possibly attend to any other business. Now the conceit with which I am possessed, is not unlike that of the crazy carpenter, with this difference, that whereas he supposed himself employed by Jupiter to construct a new globe on a superior principle, it is my humour to imagine myself deputed to hammer out a new and worthier race of mortals to inhabit it when it shall be ready for their reception.

With these notions in my head, I set off a few days ago for this metropolis, where I am lodged in the house of a turner, in which the OLIVE-BRANCHES have occasionally resided for this century back, and where my great grandfather bought his favourite tobacco-stopper, but which has at present no other recommendations. They lay claim here also to the honour of having built my mother's great chair; but as this important fact has no place in our family records, I am very much inclined to doubt its authenticity, although it is very certain, that, among my

landlord's curiosities, the most valuable article is a real undoubted splinter of a walking-stick, that was many years in the possession of Mr. Isaac Olive-Branch, the father of my great-grandfather, and the author of those original observations which appeared in my 17th Number.

The morning after my arrival in this city, having substituted a pair of buckles in the place of my old ones, that savoured less of the middle ages, and having at once covered the family cut of my frock, and given a decent consistency to my little mummy frame, by the help of a common blue surtout coat, and all this to prevent my being pointed out as Old Simon, the Northamptonshire parson, I sallied forth with a fine sun over my head, determined to lounge away the morning in the streets of this capital. A long time had now elapsed since my visit to London; but as my mind has always been pretty much peopled, and my thoughts accustomed to the contemplation of crowded scenes and active life, and turned, by a natural bias, towards the human kind, I did not experience those bewildering emotions, that confusion of ideas, that mental trouble, and that sinking sense of comparative insignificance, which some of the most retired of my country neighbours have represented themselves to have felt in walking through the streets of London, after a long rustication. It is pretty certain that most men feel their personal consequence die away in crowded resorts, unless they themselves bear a principal part in them, or by some means or other have extended their connexions over a very considerable range. When we have once raised ourselves, however, to this elevation, the very reverse of these effects will be the consequence: and the greater the crowd, the business, and the stir there is about us, the more we feel our consequence advanced, and in such a case we are never more at home than

when we are abroad. Now, however little disposed my readers may be to acknowledge it, I cannot help feeling myself in this latter predicament; and as I walk along in this great market of human souls, in the midst of this fermentation of business and pleasure, among shops, and theatres, and taverns, and churches, and horses, and houses, and shows, and funerals, and forums, and halls, and palaces, I consider them all as administering to my undertaking, and under a kind of contribution to my plan, as well as under my special controul and cognizance.

I was a good deal amused and surprised by the numerous changes which had taken place since my last visit, and which appeared in every circumstance of life; and though upon the whole the balance was much on the side of improvement, I had not got to the end of my street before I encountered a vast deal that was ridiculous and discommendable. The first observation I was led to make on the state of the capital, was the very promising symptoms of an increasing population, in the shapes of the young ladies; and I own I was much delighted to behold so much elegance and fashion enlisted in the cause of matrimony. I drew a plain inference from this spectacle that was very honourable to my fellow-creatures; and I considered it as the effect and the proof of that sanctity of morals, under which the marriage state is sure to be accredited and promoted and in the exultation of my spirits was on the point of appropriating to myself a share in this happy revolution, when, happening to call at a fashionable ladies' school, to inquire after the health of two of Mr. Allworth's nieces, I was again disconcerted by beholding my two young friends, who were neither of them fourteen years old, in a very mature state of pregnancy. Though I am spared the confusion of a

blush by the *olive* cast of my complexion, I felt a strong sensation of inward shame, at an appearance so suspicious, and had just made up my mind to call the young ladies aside, that I might put such questions to them as my age allowed me, before I carried this unwelcome news to my worthy unsuspecting friend, when a couple of French teachers entered the room, that seemed each to be within a month of bringing twins into the world, followed by the governess, who, though apparently turned of fifty, brought with her a more rampant protuberance than them all put together. I shuddered at my own pinched-up figure amidst this surrounding plumpness, and seemed to myself almost shrunk up to nothing—till, no longer able to bear it out, I stole my hat off the peg on which it was hung, and having recommended all the company to the protection of Heaven, repaired straight to my landlady, to entreat a solution of this strange phenomenon. My landlady was unfortunately from home; and in the mean time I took up a letter that was upon my scrutoire, to amuse myself till her return. This letter was from my mother, and could not have been sent at a time in which it was likely to make a stronger impression.

“ MY DEAR CHILD,

“ Being aware of the bad habits, and the manifold snares of the great town into which you are launched, I cannot help again beseeching you to exercise all the discretion which God has given you to defend you against the craftiness of evil-minded men, and the poisonous wiles of cunning untoward women, remembering that the pure blood of the OLIVE-BRANCHES flows in your veins. In the mean time, I offer up my humble petitions, night

and morning, to Him who has so long protected your ancient and peaceable ancestry in a most notable and gracious manner, that He would administer to your youth a portion of that strength of mind which, at the giddy and tender age of fifty, distinguished your great-grandfather. You are now fast approaching that crisis, which has usually been looked upon as the prime of life in our family: and I have every hope, my dear child, that your blossoms will terminate in a fruit as wholesome and mature as any Olive-Branch of our tree has hitherto produced. Therefore, Sim, I charge thee, child of my bosom, take prudent care of thyself in that gay city; and for the few days that thou remainest there, harden thy little heart against the seductions of cunning folk and naughty women, that will be aimed at thy innocence and inexperience.

“ Look me out, my dear, at some fair-dealing shop, and where folks are kind and want custom, a new shagreen spectacle-case, as my present ones are come to that age in which it is customary in our family to excuse them from service, and lay them up among our archives in the great chest: and buy me, Sim, furthermore, sundry pairs of those linseywoolsey hose, of which neighbour Allworth and madam Miranda have bought such a mighty quantity for the poor children and labourers of our parish. Keep yourself in-a-doors a-nights, Sim, and trust yourself as little as may be convenient to the fogs of that great town; for your constitution is not yet sufficiently confirmed to bear much foul weather. Wrap yourself up when you go a-visiting, and take especial care of the tiles that fall from the roofs of the houses, and mad oxen. Your coloured roquelaure I have had cleaned and scowered, so that you will hardly know it, child, when you see

it again. God preserve my child, and keep him under his blessed protection! This is the constant prayer of

“ Your loving mother,
“ M. O.”

This letter from my poor mother co-operated so strongly with the apprehensions excited in my mind by the mysterious corpulency of most of the ladies whom I had hitherto met, that something like despair of succeeding in my plan of reform was beginning to shake my resolution, when my landlady most opportunely arrived to solve this problem, which had so much embarrassed and chagrined me. From her I learned, that this problematical protuberance was only one of those burdens which the tyranny of fashion is daily imposing upon the sex, and which at present seems to have been amplified with the pillage of their bosoms, which, in consequence, are left cruelly exposed, to supply coarse jokes to the fund of common-place ridicule; and by heating the imaginations of our British youth, to furnish them with weapons against themselves. I propose, therefore, that these pads be changed into padlocks, or virgin zones, or something of a less scandalous and suspicious appearance. In the mean time, I shall send a true account of this puerperal mania to the female sisterhood assembled under my mother's direction, for their opinion, proposing at the same time a question for their consideration, namely, whether there be not an allegory couched under these pads; for, I am told, they are nothing more than the migration of those safe-guards which are wont to be worn in their bosoms during the cold weather. I think the whole contrivance does very emblematically express the danger resulting to females, from the adoption of

a *bosom friend*, and the progress he makes from one favour to another.

I care but little about the dress of the gentlemen; though, if I cared more, I should see a good deal to discompose my serenity; that men should be inspired with such an idiotic love of change, as to sacrifice to it all grace, proportion, and comeliness, is a truth discreditable to the times; and surely the cumbrous dress of our ancestors should be spared from the ridicule bestowed upon it, when we regard the equipment of our modern beaux. The hat at present worn would suffer in the comparison by the side of that shown at *all* the museums as the *identical* one worn by the judge who condemned King Charles I.; and I have somewhere seen an old surtout of Sir Walter Raleigh's, the cut of which I should prefer to that of our modern coats.

I shall say nothing in derogation of the gentlemen's neck stuffings, as the fashion has been so ably recommended in the following advertisement, which I have met with in some of the public prints.

“ NECK OR NOTHING.

“ TO TRAVELLERS.

“ This being the season of the year for excursions, the curious in cravats are informed, that Nicholas Vanneck has prepared a new and unparalleled assortment of stuffing, capable of containing twelve shirts and two suits of clothes, with other appurtenances. They are besides so admirably contrived, as, in case of long sea voyages to Botany Bay, the Coast of Africa, or even a temporary situation in the Hulks, to include a complete mattress, bolster, pillow, &c. He flatters himself that an object big with so many conveniences, will necessarily meet with its

due encouragement. To duellists and such as venture their necks in battle, they will be an effectual armour as far as they go—not to mention the terror they may happen to strike into an enemy unaccustomed to these phænomena. As fools are had in great honour in certain countries, and as, in the country of Monstrous Craws, idiotism for the most part goes together with this attribute, our young English travellers may profit mightily by this fashion in their progress over the Continent, provided they do nothing more to forfeit this idiotic pre-eminence than they have hitherto done in their customary tours.”

It is impossible I should comment upon half the absurdities which have either scandalized or diverted me during my stay in the metropolis. I have made minutes, however, of every thing that has attracted my observation, to furnish out the matter of a future paper. What has given me as much trouble as any thing has been the multitude of little improvements in the most diminutive articles of ordinary use, with which life of late has become ponderous. A pair of snuffers is as complicated as a cotton mill; and a man must have a knowledge of mechanics to put on his buckles. Among them all, I cannot find one that, as Pythagoras said of Euclid's 47th proposition, deserves a hecatomb. For my own part, I would willingly consign to oblivion the greatest part of these holiday inventions, to recover some of those useful discoveries which have been swallowed up by the avidity of time; and would willingly see exchanged Mr. Merlin's chairs for Archimedes's machines; and our newly-invented liquid shining blacking for shoes, for the Egyptian secret of staining marble. Every thing you touch now-a-days is endued with a kind of mechanical life; and if I venture to handle a

piece of furniture at a friend's house, 'tis ten to one but that, in a moment or two, there flies out a spring, by which I receive a violent rap on the forehead—and this passes for a great convenience. It is in vain that I endeavour to reinstate the thing in the posture in which I found it; it mocks all my ingenuity, and I am forced to call in the master of the house to my assistance. The other day, in visiting an acquaintance, I was obliged to ring the bell to inquire how to knock at his door; and after my admittance, the whole evening was passed in a succession of trick and surprise, insomuch that I could not have been in greater alarm if I had been trespassing among steel traps and spring guns. The chairs and tables, the knives and forks, the skreens and the fire things, seemed all bewitched, and I scarcely touched an article without sincere repentance.

The diversions were of the same cast; curious packs of cards, puzzling fans, and magic lanterns, made out the whole amusement of the evening; and I found my old friends converted into conjurors, much against the design of nature. I reckon it indeed a peculiar piece of good fortune, that I have been able to find a simple unsophisticated shagreen spectacle-case for my mother, who might puzzle herself for an hour to find a use for those conveniences which I have generally found annexed to it. There was a time when our contrivances used to be made for our wants; but now we begin at the other end, and must make wants for our contrivances.

Thursday night, 10 o'clock. The following proclamation has just this moment been brought to me by express from my mother's synod.

“Whereas it has been made known to our high

court of females, in council assembled, that the rage of public amusements is grown to such a height among our loving subjects, that the London ladies run away to them before they are entirely dressed; we do hereby order, that such females be subjected to the penalties of the vagrant act. As it is the nature of fashion to familiarise us gradually to the most frightful innovations, and to carry us step by step into the most indecorous habitudes, we shall shortly publish, with the stamp and seal of our authority, a scale of dress, adjusted to the thermometer, from the freezing point up to blood heat. We shall hereby provide, that in the sultriest weather the British ladies never uncover below a certain point, or let the Zephyr on any account imprint a kiss upon their bosoms; for we judge it not only perilous to our own sex, but unjust towards the other, to overheat the gentlemen in cooling ourselves. We have, moreover, taken into our most serious consideration the disorder and disorganization that has taken place in the different parts of our dress, which has of late years occasioned strange deficiencies and redundancies, in contradiction to, or in exaggeration of, Nature's benign institutions. To restore the necessary equilibrium, we shall take very summary measures to call up all the constituent parts of dress into their proper places, so that every lady may appear with the form that Nature has bestowed upon her, and not outrage her work by coarse attempts to correct it. We cannot but consider the sex, at present, to be in the condition of other bodies, whose equilibrium of electrical fire being destroyed, are ready for explosion as soon as they come into contact with a proper conductor. Thus their bosoms are charged with negative, and their waists with positive electricity—a state as

dangerous as can well be imagined to the tranquillity of their minds and safety of their persons. We do therefore enact, by virtue of our sovereign authority, that all females in England, in our dominion of Wales, and town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, do implicitly and reverently comport themselves in strict observance in this our scale of dress, after the 6th day of May next. Given at our Court the 21st day of April, 1793."

I cannot help thinking that my mother's apprehensions on my account, now that I am exposed to these surrounding temptations, have accelerated the publication of this wise proclamation.

No. 55. SATURDAY, JUNE 1.

Τὰ ἡγεμονικὰ αὐτῶν διαβλέπει, καὶ τοὺς φρονίμους, οἷα μὲν φεύγουσιν,
οἷα δὲ διώκουσιν.

ANTONIN. PIUS.

Examine the constitution of their minds, and the nature of their pursuits, the grounds and objects of their disgusts and affections.

I HAVE been now three days in the capital : and every hour's experience confirms me in the conviction, that I was not born to make any considerable figure within the bills of mortality. It is not that my coat is so out of the fashion, though I confess that even there I am not in all the severity of the mode : but there is a certain incorrigible indocility in the turn of my mind, which makes it slow in adopting what has

nothing to recommend it but change, and dull in comprehending the value of inconvenience, and the wisdom of incumbrance. I carry about with me a formal cast of thinking, which fastens upon a set of principles, that refuse to be disciplined by the world, or modified by its customs. My pleasures too are still of a more unaccommodating nature, and will not be tutored into that line of enjoyment which fashion has prescribed to its votaries. Being thus, in a manner, abandoned to my own counsels, I am determined upon making the best of my bargain; and as I observe that it is among the secret maxims of every man's bosom, when he finds himself in an error, to invent a system to countenance and support it, rather than confess his fallibility; and that, when a philosopher is wrong, his way is not to seek to correct himself, but to prove himself right: so it shall be my business to fortify myself in my singularities of opinion, by building up a system around them.

Preparatory to a business of such magnitude, it will be necessary to remove all interruptions and impediments that may rise in my way from former systems, and to make, as other great philosophers do, a general clearance, to all of whom the old proverb may be very properly applied, "That new brooms sweep clean." I give notice, therefore, that I have it in contemplation to astonish the world with a new list of vulgar errors, or *pseudodoxia epidemica*; a short specimen of which I shall here subjoin.

A fine coat makes,	proves, or discovers the gentleman;
A red coat,	the soldier;
A tight pair of breeches,	a fellow of ease;
A snuff-box,	a connoisseur;
An eye-glass,	a short-sighted man;

A cabinet of rarities,	a naturalist ;
A gallery of portraits,	a man of family ;
A large library,	a good scholar ;
A good table,	a man of hospitality ;
A phaëton and four,	a man of fortune ;
A pudding-sleeve,	a minister of God's word ;
A doctor's degree,	a dignified clergyman ;
A seat in parliament,	a statesman ;
A stare in public,	a man of great acquaint- ance ;
A bluntness of manner,	an openness of mind ;
A short memory,	deep erudition ;
The want of judgement,	a man of genius ;
A gold-headed cane,	a critic of the drama ;
A knack at versifying,	a good poet ;
A good preacher,	a good sermon-maker ;
An open purse,	a man of charity ;
Volubility,	a man of eloquence ;
Taciturnity,	a contemplative man ;
Infidelity,	a philosopher ;
Discontentedness,	a patriot ;
Facility,	a good-natured man ;
A couple of duels,	a man of honour ;
A couple of bottles,	a man of a strong head ;
A couple of mistresses,	a man of gallantry ;
A declaimer against mankind,	a better man than his neighbours ;
A humble speaker,	a modest man ;
A good joker,	a good companion ;
A great soaker,	a jolly fellow ;
A horse-laughing,	a pleasant fellow ;
A man of sentiment,	a man of virtue.

All these opinions, and a thousand more, equally established, I shall endeavour to remove, before I come forward with my new system, to which I am

resolved, in imitation of other great philosophers, to make every thing a victim that opposes it, if, to clear the way for it, I am forced to pull down the very pillars of fashionable orthodoxy, and blaspheme the sanctity of dulness at its very shrine. I cannot answer for the extraordinary lengths to which my systematizing fury may transport me: possibly it may lead me on to maintain that, to be a thorough gentleman, one must be a Christian, at least in practice, and that our appearance in the next world is of more consequence than our figure in this. For such heresies as these, I can expect no toleration in the hierarchy of fashion; yet I am resolved to buckle to my tenets till the last extremity, though the inquisition of the *beau monde*, in the plenitude of its cruelty, should condemn me to be "married, and settled in the country."

One of the most cheerful hopes with which my mind amused itself, in forming the plan of this visit to the metropolis, was that of finding, in this great field of human character, a truly polite man, and such a one as my fancy had often pictured to itself, in my moon-light walks through the chesnut groves of my neighbour Blunt. I despair, however, in the course of the short time I have yet to dedicate to the search, of finding my man; I shall therefore describe this creature of my fancy, as accurately as I remember it, that if, perchance, he should be met any where by any of my readers, or if haply he should be among my readers, he may know that in an obscure town in Northamptonshire, there lives an odd little old man, whose pulse would beat like a drum, and whose bosom would glow with delight, to behold, ere he sinks into the tomb of his ancestors, the original of that copy with which his dreams have presented him.

He is a person of a settled and composed carriage,

and his walk is easy, natural, and graceful; he does not move as if he thought he was admired, or were solicitous about it; as if he were conscious of shame, or were afraid of ridicule; he approaches you with an unstudied, unconstrained, and simple demeanour; he has no jerk or toss with his head, nor any set smile on his face, nor any gesture that savours of the dancing school, or the mirror; he stands steady while he is speaking to you, looks you in the face, and talks not as if he wished others to listen rather than yourself, stealing perpetual glances at the company or the bystanders. What he means *for* you, he directs *to* you, and has nothing tortuous or oblique in the turn of his observations; he is still less inclined to be problematical and mysterious: he never tells you half a secret, to make you more curious about the rest, and to raise his consequence in your eyes: when he converses, it is not as if he were pumping from a reservoir, but drawing from a fountain: he lets a good thing perish in his mind, rather than protrude it unseasonably: his humour is the relaxation, and not the stretch, of his understanding; and of a character more to amuse than to dazzle—thus he never torments himself, to produce mirth, and can bear his own silence rather than talk without ideas. He is frugal in compliment, and flatters more in actions than in words; in which case he may lose the credit of a fine speech with the company; but the specific value of his compliment rises proportionably in the eyes of the object for whom it was meant. He has erudition, but he can afford to let it sleep at times; it is not his only resource; and if his other resources occasionally fail him, he can redeem himself at a future opportunity. There is between his gestures and his observations a correspondence

and consent, that communicate to his manners a certain harmony and equilibrium, and gives a secret charm to all he says and does. He never employs more force than is necessary to its object, or makes a parade of grace and agility when a simple thing is to be done. His principles, like his manners, are modest, but firm; and he carries his pliancy to no fundamental articles of religion and morality, but speaks of the virtuous and the vicious as they are, if he speaks of them at all. He hears with patience what you have to say, and his answers prove he has been attending to you. He never speaks of his education before an ordinary man; of his riches, when in company with the distressed; or vaunts his happiness, in the presence of such as are ill at ease; still less does he disparage himself unreasonably, for the sake of extorting his eulogy from you. His assiduities are delicate and interesting, his tones natural, and his smiles and his tears unbought, uncopied, and unshorn. He has spirit and mettle enough, but it is not forthcoming on light occasions; and, rather than disturb a company, he leaves a paltry victory in the hands of his antagonist. In a word, he is

— as gentle

As zephyrs blowing beneath the violet,
 Not wagging its sweet head; and yet as rough,
 His generous blood inflam'd, as the rud'st wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And makes him stoop to th' vale.

I was just proceeding to brighten this character yet more, by drawing its contrast, when there came into my mind two sketches by M. La Bruyere, which are so much to my purpose, that I shall present to my readers that part of each of them, which has fixed itself in my memory. “ N’espérez plus de candeur,

de franchise, d'équité, de bons offices, de bienveillance, de générosité, de fermeté, dans un homme qui s'est depuis long-temps délivré à la cour, et qui secrètement veut sa fortune. Le reconnoissez-vous à son visage, à ses entretiens ? Il ne nomme plus chaque chose par son nom : il n'y a pour lui de fripons, de fourbes, de sots, et d'impertinences. Pensant mal de tout le monde, il n'en dit de personne ; ne voulant de bien qu'à lui seul, il veut persuader qu'il en veut à tous, afin que tous lui en fassent, ou que nul du moins lui soit contraire. Non content de n'être pas sincère, il ne souffre pas que personne le soit ; la vérité blesse son oreille. Tyran de la société, et martyr de son ambition, il a une triste circonspection dans sa conduite et dans ses discours, une raillerie innocente, mais froide et contrainte, un ris forcé, des caresses contrefaites, une conversation interrompue, et des distractions fréquentes. Il a une profusion, le dirai-je ? des torrens des louanges pour ce qu'a fait ou ce qu'a dit un homme placé, et qui est en faveur ; et pour toute autre, une sécheresse de pulmonique. Il a des formules de complimens différens pour l'entrée et pour la sortie à l'égard de ceux qu'il visite, ou dont il est visité ; et il n'y a personne de ceux qui se paient de mines et de façons de parler, qui ne sort d'avec lui fort satisfait. Il vise également à se faire des patrons et des créatures. Il est médiateur, confident, entremetteur ; il veut gouverner ; il a une faveur de novice pour toutes les petites pratiques de cour ; il sait où il faut se placer pour être vu ; il sait vous embrasser, prendre part à votre joie ; vous faire coup sur coup des questions compressées sur votre santé, sur vos affaires ; et, pendant que vous lui répondez, il perd le fil de sa curiosité, vous interrompt, entame un autre sujet ; ou s'il survient quelqu'un à qu'il doive un discours tout différent, il fait,

en achevant de vous congratuler, lui faire un compliment de condoléance ; il pleure d'un œil, et il rit de l'autre. Se formant quelquefois sur les ministres, ou sur le favori, il parle en public des choses frivoles, du vent, de la gelée ; il se tait au contraire, et fait le mystérieux, sur ce qu'il sait de plus important, et plus volontiers encore sur ce qu'il ne sait point.—

“ J'entends Théodocte de l'anti-chambre : il grossit sa voix à mesure qu'il s'approche ; le voilà entré ; il rit, il crie, il éclate : on bouche ses oreilles, et c'est un tonnerre : il n'est pas moins redoutable par les choses qu'il dit que par le ton dont il parle : il ne s'appaise, et il ne revient de ce grand fracas, que pour bredouiller des vanités et des sottises ; il a si peu d'égard au tems, aux personnes, aux bienséances, que chacun a son fait sans qu'il ait eu intention de lui donner ; il n'est pas encore assis qu'il a à son insu désobligé toute l'assemblée. A-t-on servi, il se met le premier à table, et dans la première place. Il mange, il boit, il conte, il plaisante, il interrompt tout à la fois. Il n'a nul discernement des personnes, ni du maître, ni des conviés ; il abuse de la folle déférence qu'on a pour lui. Est-ce lui, est-ce Eutedeme, qui donne le repas ? Il rappelle à soi toute l'autorité de la table ; et il y a un moindre inconvénient à la lui laisser entière, qu'à la lui disputer. Le vin et les viandes n'ajoutent rien à son caractère : si l'on joue, il gagne au jeu ; il veut railler celui qui perd, et il l'offense ; les rieurs sont pour lui. Il n'y a sorte de fatuités qu'on ne lui passe. Je cède enfin, et je disparois, incapable de souffrir plus long-tems Théodocte et ceux qui le souffrent.”

These two last characters I have happily found during my short residence here, and within a stone's throw of my lodgings. To my discerning readers I leave the task of matching the first. In the mean time I will endeavour to amuse them with the relation of an odd

kind of dream, which I fell into last night, after having consumed most part of the day in rambling over the different squares in the neighbourhood of Oxford-street. My thoughts had been diverted, amidst the whirl of opulence and splendour which surrounded me, with reflections on the topsy-turvy dispositions of civilized life, where the law of inheritance and succession places us frequently in situations so wide of those for which Nature has formed us. I could not get these thoughts out of my head, when I laid it upon my pillow; they pursued me in a dream, and brought the following scene before my eyes. Methought I stood by the road side, on the margin of a pellucid stream, of which some one at my elbow told me the following tradition:—Persecution had once borrowed the Furies of Proserpine, to lash Truth out of the world. The poor maid, whose custom it was to go about half naked, was cruelly driven by these implacable Billingsgates. She was pursued from city to city, and from town to town, till, at the moment when she was beginning to faint with fatigue and the loss of blood, she came to the brink of this little rivulet, into which she forthwith plunged, and was preserved, by the presiding deity, from the further vengeance of her tormentors. In recompence for this happy rescue, the stream was endued with the property of reflecting each person that passed by, in the true character and office for which Nature had designed him, had Nature been suffered to take her course.

I was now desired to contemplate in the stream the images of those who passed, and observe well the metamorphoses it represented. At that moment there appeared, in a chair, an elderly lady, in her way to St. James's: there was as much of her, clothes and all, as the chair could well contain. As

soon as she was opposite the faithful pool, the transformation was surprising. Her vehicle was converted into an ordinary wheelbarrow; and the same person that I had, but a moment before, beheld enveloped in flounce and brocade, fell to crying potatoes with the lustiest scream, and the most hearty good-will imaginable. I had scarcely taken leave of my old dowager potatoe-woman, before I beheld, at a distance, a couple of noble peers approach in a phaëton and four. As soon, however, as they arrived at the spot, the water reflected back the image of a cart carrying two criminals to the place of execution, and the blue riband round one of their necks took the likeness of a halter. A very spruce gentleman in black now came forward, with a cane and tassel in his hand, and a glittering something on his finger. This gentleman, I was told, was an evening lecturer, and a very popular preacher. It was singular enough to see so venerable a personage, as soon as he came to this oracular water, equipped with a bag and brush, and crying forth, "Sweep! Sweep!" with the most natural tones conceivable. A nobleman's carriage now came rolling by, when what was my astonishment, to see his lordship get out of his vehicle, and, after handing the coachman into it, mount the box himself! I could not observe his lordship's skill in driving for the noise made in my ears by a passing nabob, who was stunning me with the cry of "Black your shoes, your honour!" My attention was now diverted by a long funeral procession: the hearse underwent but small alteration, as no dead man is out of character, but the plumes all fell upon the ground, and were trampled under foot; in the succeeding carriages there was one roar of laughter; the chief mourners were changed into merry-an-

drews, while the mutes fell to singing with a very hearty good-will.

I turned my eyes from this disgusting spectacle, and beheld, at some distance, two gentlemen arm in arm, who, I was informed, had long passed for models of disinterested friendship. They had hardly, however, come up with me, before, as it appeared in the stream, one of them drew out a pistol from his bosom, and would certainly have shot the other through the head, if he had not taken to his heels the moment his arm was disengaged. A couple that had been united some years, as a bystander informed me, succeeded these bosom friends. I thought I blushed, after my fashion, that is, as much as my adust complexion would allow me, to see them change their lower garments in the watery mirror, and the lady walk off, *en cavalier*, with her husband's breeches. A surgeon happening most opportunely to meet a carcase-butcher just at the critical spot, appeared to give him up his box of instruments, and march away with his tray on his shoulder. A very fine man, in a red coat, was now coming up, with a truly martial stare; in a moment, however, his regimentals were covered with a smock frock, and his cane changed into a carter's whip, and in this equipment he plodded away like another Cincinnatus retiring to the plough.

At this instant, as I looked into the stream, a person seemed to be picking my pocket as he passed: I turned hastily round, and was told that the gentleman that was walking by, was a methodist preacher. A stately person that now advanced, was, as I was informed, a famous poet at watering-places, and celebrated for his elegies on ladies' larks, and linnets, and lap-dogs, and ladies themselves: as he approached, the whole inside of a book, which

he held under his arm, seemed to be dispersed a thousand ways, like the leaves of the Sybillæ, and nothing but the covers were left him, while the man himself was reflected by the stream in the character of an undertaker.

Methought, after this, a most solemn scene rose before my eyes. A succession of the OLIVE-BRANCHES, for ten generations back, passed beside the stream ; and, what was truly surprising, it reflected them all just as they were, in their native simplicity, not a lineament of their faces altered, not a shred of their garments transposed. I thought my great-grandfather, whom I knew by the tobacco-stopper in his hand, cast a discontented look at the modish appearance of my buckles, which I had purchased since my arrival in town ; which circumstance so terribly disconcerted me, that I was on the point of throwing myself into the stream, if I had not waked at that instant, and changed my mind in consequence.

No. 56. SATURDAY, JUNE 8.

Like a maiden shy and fearful,
Hidden now by turns, and seen,
Frownest now, and now art cheerful,
Spring, Creation's fickle queen.

Winter's wither'd clutches hold thee,
Doting on thy youthful charms;
Summer, longing to infold thee,
Pulls thee to his ardent arms.

My paper owes, methinks, a kind of annual tribute to the Spring: under its auspices it began, and started into life with the primrose and the violet. I question much if I should have had courage for this project at any other time of the year; but when all nature is teeming with a new produce, when every vegetable is acting up to its destination, and answering its calling, I should feel it as a tacit reproach to myself, if at the same moment I were conscious of an indisposition towards those duties and exertions for which, as a moral agent, I was designed. The aids too of a fine day, and a glowing horizon, are not inconsiderable towards forming a temper of mind adapted to spirited undertakings; and it is on this account, that if there be one day in the week finer than another, it is sure to become the æra of a cheerful Number; and on this occasion the fields of my neighbour Blunt are the scene of my operations. I know of no spot in which Spring appears with such advantage, as in the premises of this gentleman; who, since the surprising revolution wrought in his character, by the in-

stitutes and habits of our society, has developed a great many hidden qualities of a very agreeable kind, and among the rest, a peculiar talent in the distribution of rural scenery. There is, indeed, so strong a relationship between morals and taste, that the one is seldom improved without a manifest advantage to the other; and as they both have their birth in the same right constitution of mind, a secret tie of affinity always approximates them, however their natural tendency to unite may be crossed by superinduced habits, and perverse modes of education. Thus, for every step my neighbour Blunt has advanced in his plans of self-correction, I think I have remarked some corresponding improvement in the disposition of his grounds: and his present expansion of mind has been attended with a proportionate enlargement of his scenes and prospects. A little hillock in the midst of one of his fields, on which there is a circular bench round the trunk of an ancient oak, whence you look down upon his garden, which is only a more studied kind of park, has always been the scene of my lighter speculations; as his chestnut groves have been my resort, when it has been my purpose to submit to my readers a soberer train of thoughts. Shut up as I am at present, in the midst of the capital, I must necessarily forego these aids; but yet perhaps this denial gives me an intenser feeling of the beauties which I lose, and paints them yet stronger in idea, for the regret which accompanies the thought of them. The time which I had dedicated to this visit, is on the point of expiring; a circumstance that gives me the greater pleasure, as I observe that no one in this part of the world seems to feel any interest in the progress of the year, but as it facilitates the destruction of the species: thus, while Nature is busied in

refreshing her works, and breathing new life and youth into the creation, we are in this metropolis only occupied about the progress of slaughter, and have no ears but for topics of calamity. Nobody talks now of the rose, or the lily, or the blossom, or the verdure: a new interest has succeeded, by which they are totally supplanted; and the odours of Spring are exchanged for smoke and powder. Her ethereal mildness, her balmy fragrance, and her rosy chaplets, will no longer be her favourite attributes; and it will be unclassical to represent her under any less formidable figure, than that of a frowning goddess, reposing on a cannon. She must adopt a crown of laurel, instead of her garlands of flowers; and instead of opening her buds, she must be occupied in opening her campaigns. Poetry too must give up many of the fine things which she has borrowed from the Spring, as well as many of the handsome things which she has said of her in return; and considering the threatening form under which she is viewed at present, the “ ἐγέλασε δὲ γαῖα πελώρη ” of Hesiod will no longer apply to this season of the year.

In another view also this novel character in which the Spring appears, threatens very much to circumscribe the range of compliment, and to impoverish the fund of allusion and comparison, which supply us with eulogies on the female sex. Thus, when we ascribe to a lady the breath of Spring, unless her perfections be such as not to leave it in doubt, it may not be immediately understood whether we mean that breath of Spring which comes from her *carnations* or from her *cannons*, from her *howitzers* or from her *hyacinths*. As to myself, however, who have received such true delight from contemplating the Spring under her ancient form, I am determined

not to acknowledge her in her new character: I shall not follow her when she is transporting her artillery and baggage over dusty plains, where "fields, all iron, cast a gleaming brown;" but shall seek her through fields of cowslip and clover, and study to surprise her in those moments when she is sporting it with Zephyr and Flora "on a soft downy bank damask'd with flowers." I shall still persist in borrowing my allusions from her in my eulogies on the fair sex, and shall still come to her for patterns of sweetness and grace. I shall hope that the ladies will consider me with more than usual favour, on account of these my disinterested exertions in their cause; for their cause it certainly is, who have hitherto held all the seasons of the year under contribution to their praise; and who, when one province of compliment is invaded, may reasonably be apprehensive for them all.

*Galla, tibi totus sua munera dedicat annus;
Ver roseas malas et labra rubedine pingit;
Mille oculis ignes radiantibus imprimit ætas;
Autumnus matura sinu dua poma recondit;
Quod reliquum est aspergit hyems candore nivali.*

Galla, to thee the lavish year has given
All that its genial lap receives from Heaven:
The Spring thy rosy cheek with damask dyes,
And Summer suns shoot kindling from thy eyes;
Two apples Autumn hides within thy breast,
And Winter's purest snow has bleach'd the rest.

I consider too, that if the Spring should lose its ancient honours and attractions, I may possibly lose a part of the credit attached to one of my principal receipts for the moral cures I undertake to perform; I mean the cultivation of rural pleasures. Now this is a circumstance of great national weight, and only *next in importance* to that defalcation of compliment sustained in the female empire. A course of quiet

contemplation at this season of the year is my chief dependence in those chronic cases of the mind, where the mass of our reasoning is vitiated, and where the sources of enjoyment are corrupt. A little Spring physic is as wholesome for mental diseases, as for those of the body; and I know of no moral medicines of a more alterative efficacy, than those which operate by the gradual introduction of new sentiments and tastes. I generally recommend a Spring in preference to a Summer course, because the novelty and vivacity of its productions engage us to persevere in it with greater cheerfulness and constancy; and make it the properest to be balanced against the common amusements of a dissipated career.

But though, in this view of it, my prescription must be acknowledged to be excellent, inasmuch as, by giving us a sublimer relish of life, it discredits those pleasures which are at best unimproving and barren, yet as a specific against the melancholy passions, I consider it as deserving still greater praise. Pride, envy, and those choleric and gloomy feelings, which for the most part accompany poverty and disappointment, are softened and subdued in our minds, as soon as our ambition is directed to more obvious gratifications, and to more attainable objects. The inquiry to which Nature invites us is so boundless, so various, and so inexhaustible a theme, that no man, who has ever engaged in it with spirit, has ever complained of weariness or satiety, looked back with regret on the objects which he has abandoned for it, or repined at the triumphs of the great and the fortunate, in the more envied situations of life.

It is a certain truth, that few things contribute more to calm the passions, and expand the heart than this direction of our inquiries; it calms the pas-

sions, by disposing them to milder and more innocent enjoyments; it expands the heart, by the infinity of new relations it unfolds, and the vaster views it affords of creative wisdom. By thus acquiring the habit of regarding things more in their relative places, and in their real colours, we learn to make a juster estimate of life, to set the proper price upon unsubstantial greatness, and to look around us, *oculo irretorto*, with resolute complacency, and with dignified composure.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny :
You cannot rob me of fair Nature's grace ;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve.

But that which, perhaps, more than all, recommends the silent lessons which the mind may receive through the eye, by a proper use of this season of the year, is the happy and wholesome mixture of gay and grave admonitions with which they are checkered. I could never look upon the progress of vegetation, and so complete a renewal of Nature's graces, without a secret pensiveness, inspired by the reflection that the return of the daisy, and the regeneration of the rose, has brought me, with a sensible approach, one step nearer to old age and the grave ; that they meet me again, indeed, but not where they met me before ;—not renovated as they are, not gathering fresh youth and vivacity ; endued, perhaps, with less ability to enjoy them ; perhaps deprived of some of those sharers in the satisfactions they conveyed, who were wont to endear them by a partnership of feeling.

It is true, that right over yonder hill the sun is rising again with his usual splendour ; I recognize

the returning fragrance of this grove and this field ; I see the little lambs in sprightly groups again covering the green slopes, and the furze again hanging out their golden baskets. But where is that bosom friend that stood with me upon this spot last Spring, and remarked with me the then returning glory of the sun, as he broke out from behind that same hill ; that recognized with me the returning fragrance of this grove and this field, and contemplated with a corresponding gaiety of heart the little fleecy progeny sporting on the declivity of yonder hill, amidst the yellow bloom of the furze ? Alas ! the winter in the mean time has laid *him* in his grave, where his worm-eaten body lies, without sense or motion, although the same objects which used to raise in him such high delight are come again with their former charms, though the fields smell as fresh as ever, and the same merry tribe are again skipping on the sides of the mountains.

Hélas ! hélas ! ce beau Printemps,
Qui quelques jours à-peine dure,
Ne revient point pour les amans,
Comme il revient pour la nature.

At this season of the year, and cherishing, as I do, these ideas of the Spring and its advantages, I must needs be a little out of humour with the metropolis, where she is only regarded for her cabbages or her campaigns. Indeed, I have cautiously abstained from introducing her as a subject at any houses where I visit, since the other day, when upon my observing, at a friend's table in the city, how great a feast was afforded to the curious and contemplative at this time of the year, a little gentleman with spectacles, at my right hand, agreed that now we might begin to expect news from the Continent ; while at the same in-

stant I was supported in my remark by a very consequential voice from the top of the table, which pronounced *that salmon was in all its glory.*

These are affronts passed upon Nature's prime, which I cannot with any patience endure; and as the Spring is always personified, in my fancy, under the form of a beautiful female, breathing perfumes, and adorned with garlands, I feel all that gallantry and zeal in her behalf, which it is natural to be inspired with in the cause of the sex. Accordingly, I am sure to be filled with indignation, when I see her the object of gross and indelicate regards, and viewed only as the source of sensual gratifications. I am impatient to go where I shall behold her treated with her due honours, and where she speaks not to sense and appetite, but to the understanding and to the heart.

In the mean time I cannot help regretting that our English gentry, by the present modes of living, are cut off from all connection with the country at this delightful time, and really see little more of it than what languishes in their flower-pots, or travels on the backs of chimney-sweepers. Any thing attracts more than rural objects and rural contemplations: and the barren sea receives them as soon as the town is too hot to hold them, or pronounced so by the laws of fashionable feeling. I tremble for the fate of the English garden, that pride of our nation, in such inauspicious times, unless, while their owners are salting themselves at Weymouth and Brighthelmstone, they could put their country-seats in a pickle that could preserve them. The sea could never with more propriety be said to be gaining upon the land, than at the present moment; nor does she in this instance restore what she takes, with the same punctuality with which she is said on the coast to make

good in one place, what she has wrested from us in another; indeed, it would not be easy to make us compensation for these robberies which she commits in the very heart of our country. That she pillages our forests, I can see with patience; she is even welcome now and then to a morsel of barren land on the coast; but I never can bear that she should rob our gardens of their due care and cultivation, till I am satisfied that in this particular also she makes us a complete public reparation.

I shall finish this day's entertainment with a translation of some remarks which I find in Baron Von Lowhen's Analysis of Nobility, and which I think assist the objects of this paper. "It will not be disparaging the nobility, to recommend agriculture to them in all its branches. The English philosopher, whose thought on education I have quoted, among other objects of a young person's study, lays considerable stress on the advantage of learning some manual trade; which also made a part of the plan of Charles the Great in the education of his children. The benefits flowing from agriculture are so great, that an attention to this art will supply the want of more splendid talents to the community. There is certainly no part of natural philosophy of equal importance with agriculture: and a nobleman merits as much the esteem of his country for benefitting it through this channel, as through that of war or negotiation: the use of such talents results from the depravity of mankind; but both the origin and objects of agriculture are innocent and virtuous. The perfection of a nobleman's character consists in the union of these qualities; so that, while by his civil and military talents he is promoting the honour, by his agricultural skill he may be improving the estate of his

family. Among the Romans, Cato the Censor wrote treatises upon agriculture, and the Emperor Dioclesian resigned for it the charms of sovereignty. Cyrus the Great made it a mark of his particular favour to admit a subject into his little orchard which he had cultivated with his own hands. We read in the historical relations of China, that there is a public ceremony of opening the grounds, at which the Emperor and other Indian Monarchs assist every year; and the Kings of the ancient Persians mixed with the husbandmen at an annual feast. We are also told, that every year the farmer who has turned his lands to the best account, is made by the Emperor of China a mandarin of the eighth order. The heroic Prince of Condé frequently made agriculture the amusement of his leisure; and I myself, when in England, saw the Earl of Peterborough, who had commanded the British forces, stripped to his waistcoat, with his spade in his hand, and hard at work with his gardeners."

No. 57. SATURDAY, JUNE 15.

Semper ego auditor tantum, nunquamne reponam?

Still must I hear, and never answer make? JUV. SAT. I. 1.

SERMON TO A CLERICAL CONGREGATION.

How was he honoured in the midst of the people, on his coming out of the sanctuary!

When he put on the robe of honour, and was clothed with the perfection of glory, when he went up to the altar, he made the garment of holiness honourable. Eccl. ch. 50.

IT is now a long time that the privilege has been yours, of counselling, correcting, exhorting, admonishing, and reproofing myself and the rest of my countrymen, without danger of interruption or reply; and, upon the whole, I have no great fault to find with your *doctrines*, which, in the main, have been salutary and well-intended. But it is the great mischief attendant upon the office you have undertaken, that, while a man is employed in exposing the errors and reprehending the vices of his fellow-creatures, he is apt to make a tacit reserve in his own favour, and, in the ardour of his preceptive zeal, to forget the necessity of practice, and the power of example. The corruption of the clergy in earlier times was the effect of this self-partiality. Their eagerness to make converts, swallowed up this attention to their own conduct; and if their consciences became importunate and troublesome, the sophistry of the passions was always at hand,

to suggest that their private vices were only the result of their public zeal; that, in our present state of imperfection, a great and unlimited scope of exertion must necessarily multiply particular failures, and that these particular failures drew a kind of honour to themselves, from the alliance they claimed with an universal activity and unbounded zeal in the great cause of religion.

This argument, if true of one man, must be true of another; pursue it whither it leads, and we shall find it will operate its own overthrow, and prove nothing by proving too much. Let every man adopt it, and let every man neglect himself in the pursuit of a general good; where will be the advantage of lessons and instructions, and what kind of general good will that be, which fastens upon no individual? Such palliatives of private and particular vices, are absurd and dangerous in the extreme; since the end of our creation, the interests of humanity, and the law of nature, require that a man's self should be his first care, and that his own practice should be the measure of his worth.

If there were men, however, formerly, who could satisfy themselves with these hollow excuses, even these have now lost every shadow of foundation. The age of church-errantry is over—missionaries, legates, crusaders, and reformers, have long gone off the stage; and the range of our parochial clergy is sufficiently confined, to give them the needful time for attention to their own conduct, and the discharge of their personal duties. On the contrary, I conceive that the great leisure they enjoy, comparatively with the generality of professional men, imposes on them a severer obligation, in respect to all the rules of social virtue, as well as the principles and practices of religion and morality; whereas, amidst the nu-

merous calls and interruptions that arise in all secular professions, that collectedness of principle, that steady march of virtue, which are the fruits of much reasoning with one's self, and the tacit victories of the heart, are hardly to be expected in any eminent degree, from men immersed in interested pursuits and habituated to look upon wordly advantage as the great concern of their being.

If some of our teachers are more engaged than others ; if some are even loaded with occupation ; yet this occupation, however great, is always, or should be always, calculated to season their minds with wholesome lessons, to supply matter for the highest contemplations, and to purify, whether it be little or much, the leisure they enjoy.

I consider that our Creator has made us all stewards in different departments, and of different trusts : that one is a steward of his riches, another of his health, another of his faculties, and that thus one will be more particularly responsible on one account than on another. The clergy are stewards of their leisure, inasmuch as they, for the greater part, possess more of it than other men. To him, therefore, who has husbanded well this leisure, it may perhaps be said, when the moment of retribution shall arrive—" Well done, thou good and faithful servant ; thou hast been faithful over thy portion of *time* : I will make thee partaker of *eternity* !"

The space, it is true, is circumscribed, in which this leisure is to be exerted ; and this I will allow to be a most honourable ground of complaint, in those who have exhausted all the opportunities of doing good, which the limits of their station afford ; who have silenced every call of misery ; removed every aching doubt ; adjusted every family dissension ; and performed every part of their commission within the

reach of their ability, to the extent of their parochial charge. But I cannot admit that the space for their labours to move in is too confined to nourish that dignified love of praise, and that wholesome ambition, which, they may fairly contend, is a very principal and commendable spring of virtuous actions. The indeterminate admiration of crowds, where few can give any better reason for their applause than because those around them applaud, may satisfy a coarse appetite for praise, and an avidity that excludes preference; but a noble mind values admiration for the spirit in which it is bestowed; and is more flattered by the eulogies of humble gratitude, and the unsuborned testimonies of rustic veneration, than the senseless shouts of staring multitudes, that have nothing but noise and number to enforce their applause. It was wisely said to Alexander, in reproof of his extravagant thirst of fame, that but little more than Greece was sufficient to render Hercules a demigod, while all the world was not sufficient to render Alexander a Hercules.

The want of room, therefore, in their several spheres, for the exertion of their industry and talents, supplies no excuse to clergymen for that deviation, too common among them, from the paths of their profession, and the adoption of new and strange characters. As every man who deserts his character, forfeits the esteem and credit attached to it, so some men can repair this loss by their new acquisitions and collateral attainments; but a clergyman is a double loser, who departs out of his own province, in search of remote excellence; he is contemptible for what he has abandoned, and ridiculous in what he assumes. When I see, therefore, a minister of the gospel straining every nerve to shine in the *beau monde*, and pass for a choice spirit, I look upon such

a person as the most miserable of all dupes to his vanity ; and such a conduct as no bad comment on that energetic line of the poet's,

Guilt's blunder, and the loudest laugh of Hell.

A grave and modest carriage in a young clergyman is so well rewarded, and there is yet remaining in our country such a disposition to venerate a virtuous parish priest, that one cannot but wonder, that a description of men can prevail upon themselves to forfeit this pre-eminence, for the sake of a profane distinction in characters and attainments, which in others are indecorous and unamiable ; in them preposterous and criminal. There is, in life, a contrast between certain professions, and certain manners, which deepens the scandal of small obliquities and irregularities of conduct. Thus, in one who is revered by his profession, levity is laxness of principle, wantonness is wickedness, intemperance is debauchery, violence is outrage, vanity is vice, obscenity is profanation, idleness is desertion, mimicry is buffoonery, and swearing is blaspheming.

There certainly is, in the mass of mankind, a natural and general feeling of physical and moral proportion, which no logic can subvert ; they will continue as long as the present system holds, in spite of all our reasoning and declamation, to look with ridicule upon a man who on the Sunday is expounding the gospel in the pulpit, on Monday cutting capers in a ball-room, singing glees at a club-dinner on the Wednesday, riding after a fox on the Thursday, on Friday betting on a race-ground, acting Falstaff at a private theatre on the Saturday, and again, on the Sunday, expounding the gospel, to which the same *commentary* succeeds during the week following.

A prelate was taken prisoner in France, by Richard

the First. The pope, being informed of his imprisonment, wrote in a peremptory manner to the king, to insist upon the immediate release of his beloved son. Upon which his majesty sent to his holiness the bishop's whole set of armour, with this satirical answer, "See now if this be thy son's coat or not." A modern curate in a domino, or with his hunting whip and cap, is almost as little in character as the bishop in his suit of armour.

A well-directed and intelligent mind is thoroughly aware how much the system of this world depends upon rules, decorums, and forms: it is by these that all the beggary of life is covered, and a skreen is placed before the nakedness of our minds. These remain in the habits, even when the essence of virtue is departed from the principles, and keep even the vicious in a certain awe of each other; they supply the place of reason to the simple and uninstructed, and will sometimes bind stronger than the laws of one's country, or the dictates of conscience. When I observe, therefore, a manly, spirited, and well-informed person, whose mind is in itself above the necessity of them, thus condescending, for the sake of example, to the little forms and usages of society, I regard this conduct as an unequivocal mark of greatness of soul, inasmuch as it discovers a disdain of those diminutive triumphs, those facile victories, which are gained from such petty contests.

It may be true, that set forms and observances are not equally necessary to all: but if the ignorant and uninstructed discover, by the cheapness and neglect in which they are held by wise men, that they were designed only as helps to their own incapacity, and as corroborations of their own weakness, the pride of our nature will dictate an opposition in the persons to whom they lend a very essential support. There

were some mathematicians, says Selden, who could, with one stroke of their pen, describe a circle, and, with the next touch, point out the centre. Is it, therefore, reasonable to banish all use of the compasses? Set forms are a pair of compasses.

Those who are occupied about their daily concerns, or to whom their situations have denied them all the advantages of culture and intellectual exercise, will necessarily judge confusedly of distant objects; they will necessarily, in the consideration of them, seize upon those parts which come most within the sphere of their senses and observation, and upon the testimony they offer, conclude in regard to the whole. Thus ordinary men contemplate religion in its professors; they appreciate its worth, by the operation of it upon their lives; they see its order, its beauty, and its harmony, in the decency, the dignity, and the consistency of their pastors; and raise their thoughts to the conception of its internal excellence, on the testimony of those external marks with which it is accompanied.

But those indecorums and irregularities which, in the daily conduct of a clergyman, are such stains and blemishes in his character, are downright deformities in his official capacity. When he is not content with degrading his profession by his ordinary manner of comporting himself, but must even introduce his coxcomberies, affectations, and eccentricities into the high service in which he is engaged in the pulpit, the friends of religion have only to mourn over his folly and wickedness, while the scoffers grow more bold in their ridicule and loud in their exclamations, insult the feeble and confound the irresolute, by casting in their teeth the depravity of their teachers.

It has always appeared to me, that human arro-

gance and insolence has then reached its farthest limit, when a clergyman, in his pulpit—in the house of his God—in the actual exercise of his ministry, where an overwhelming sense of his own littleness, in respect to the sacred service about which he is occupied, ought, methinks, to bow down his heart of flesh to the dust, and prostrate every selfish thought within him, looks only to his present elevation above his audience, and discovers plainly, by his gestures and grimaces, that he is solely taken up with a pragmatistical conceit of his own consequence, and forgets his Maker's glory in the mistaken pursuit of his own. What bosom does not swell with indignation, to behold a clerical fop, whose week has been passed in the stye of Epicurus, or consigned to the meanest amusements, and most barren occupations, suddenly start up in his pulpit in all the pride of office, and all the plenitude of pudding sleeves, blown out like a bladder with pury conceit, unable to subdue the effervescence of his folly, or restrain his obstreperous ignorance within any bounds of decency, and tearing unmercifully to rags and tatters one of Tillotson's best sermons, with the fury of his mock zeal, and the unsparing vengeance of his emphatical blunders!

I would, with all my soul, that the manes of those reverend gentlemen, who have done honour to their profession, by so many wise and profitable sermons, might rest in peace; but if any thing, methinks, could disturb their shades, it must be the galling necessity of beholding their meaning so miserably murdered in some of their most laboured and finished performances. It is thus that spendthrift heirs throw away their ancestral property, and make ducks and drakes of that gold, which in wise and charitable hands might answer a thousand useful pur-

poses. I think we want some legal restriction, by which such valuable relics might be preserved from the rude touch of the vulgar and profane; and these clerical Goths should no more be admitted to such a repository, than a blind bullock into a glass manufactory.

But there are many other classes of abuse through which the church is wounded in its dignity and its interests, by the ignorance and affectation of its professors. Sometimes the mischief is done by turbulent and tempestuous folly: sometimes by smooth and adulating ignorance. Religion has its *petits-mâîtres*, as well as its swaggerers. Thus it is regarded by the mass of its votaries, under different aspects, according to the character of the minister who sets it forth; for, at present, such is the rage for fine preaching, that, in the contemplation of the greater part of *sermon-fanciers*, their devotion is fastened upon the pulpit, or pinned to the sleeve of the minister. Religion undergoes a kind of personification in their imaginations, that depends upon the complexion of the teacher. It has sometimes a red face and a fiery deportment; sometimes a sleek countenance and a white hand; and sometimes a saturnine pomposity of aspect, that can afford to dispense with knowledge and with wit.

It would be pleasant to observe, could we draw pleasure from a ridicule which touches the concerns of religion, the various methods adopted by those ministers, who "give not God the glory," to play upon the doting imbecility of their auditors. I have known the heart of an elderly lady taken captive by a clergyman's manner of walking to his pulpit; another has fallen a victim to his method of *making himself up*; another has held out till the cambric handkerchief has begun its operations; and some

are proof against every thing but the *coup de main*, or slapping-to of the book after the second lesson. My curate distinguished himself, upon his first arrival in my parish, by a most irresistible roll in his reading; he would begin with the simple motion of his lips, which at length rose to such a solemn mutter, as announces a thunder-clap; and presently such an uproar would succeed, as threatened to dispart the earth and discover the realms of Pluto. The discipline of our club, however, and particularly the chastisement of the Echo, has sobered down his tones to so reasonable a pitch, that ladies in any state may venture to be present, and the parish is no longer in pain for the foundations of the church. He retains only, now, a sort of whining recitative, a kind of opera tone, which I understand is in high esteem in the metropolis; where, I am told, it has been in contemplation to invite over a certain number of Italian youths, to be educated for evening lecturers.

It is my plan in general to preach comfortable and cheerful doctrines to my congregation; not that I spare them either, when I see grounds for severity and reprehension. But I find that the minister of the next parish has drawn off a part of my audience by the very winning manner of his denouncing them to perdition: he tosses about his damns with such a grace, as Addison says Virgil, in his Georgics, did his dung, that his church is crowded with voluntary victims, who repair to this sacred executioner, to be launched into a dreadful eternity, with as much cheerfulness as to a christening.

Indeed, it is a sad truth, that the church has of late years been considered, both by the preacher and his congregation, as a place rather of amusement than instruction, as a kind of show or spectacle, where

we hear and see, and do a great many fine things, without a reference to any other end than that of showing ourselves to each other to the best advantage. In this view, therefore, it signifies not, whether the subject of the day be cheerful or melancholy: whether it be tragedy or comedy, we are equally amused and equally impressed; our object is to see fine acting, and splendid scenery. On the same principle, but little regard is had, in the adoption of candidates for holy orders, to their characters or their knowledge; and Mr. Allworth says that a bishop will ordain a priest with less inquiry into the state of his morals, than he uses in the appointment of his butler. If what this gentleman says be true, who never asserts rashly, there shoots up with every new prelate a fungous cohort of ecclesiastics, whose only pretensions are the want of provision, and the dignity of their new connection. Thus the diocese of a new made bishop is crowded with a hasty growth of clerical adventurers, like a nabob's park with Lombardy poplars.

No. 58. SATURDAY, JUNE 22.

Ξηνίων δέ τε θυμὸς ἄριστος.

Welcome is the best cheer.

THE manner in which my return home has been welcomed, has been truly grateful to my feelings. I find that every member of the club is resolved upon giving me an entertainment at his own house. That my readers, however, may be in no mistake about the spirit of these meetings, it may be as well to assure them that the institutes of our general society furnish the model to these private parties; and though here we are under no dread of forfeits or the Echo, a kind of loyalty to the cause in which we have embarked keeps us firm in our adherence; and we pique ourselves upon showing that our habits are mellowed into principles, and are no longer the fruits of coercion. Nothing has more contributed to spread the honour, and propagate the advantages of our institution, than these little volunteer corps, which I am assured have already begun to make a sensible impression on the character of this part of the country.

It has been more particularly remarked of the members of our society, that no men entertain so well, or, in other words, are so perfect in the art and mystery of rendering their houses *comfortable* to their guests. This I take to be the natural result of the rules by which we are governed, which, as their im-

mediate tendency is to inculcate self-command, and to foster the habit of forbearance, impart that characteristic ease to the exertions of politeness, without which it is little more than trick and gesture. The effect of our institutions is the more valuable on account of its rarity ; for, although hospitality in its grosser sense is a common attendant upon opulence, instances are unfrequent of those happy arts of welcoming, those unbought graces of manner, which, to a delicate mind, give to the coarsest food a relish above the tables of princes. In these urbanities and comforts of hospitality, I know no man so consummate as my friend Mr. Allworth. He has a way of making his *guest* appear to be the *entertainer*, and has so nicely hit the middle point between neglect and importunity, carelessness and punctilio, want and waste, indifference and anxiety, slovenliness and incumbrance, that at his house you have a *home* stripped of its *cares* ; and the foundation of many a LOOKER-ON has there been laid, under the notion that I was in my slippers and roquelaure, and seated in my mother's great chair.

It is, I suppose, on the same account that every thing I taste at this gentleman's house seems to be better in its kind than what I meet with elsewhere ; and his oysters and cyder I should prefer to a supper with Lucullus, on the produce of the Lucrine bay, and the vines that grew on the mountains of Arevisia. As others have entertained us with essays on the sublime and the beautiful, I have seriously projected a treatise on the COMFORTABLE (*vacuique animi tranquilla voluptas*), which, with the hints I shall be able to borrow from my friend, I shall hope to reduce to a very rational system, and raise my name in the world as the founder of a new philosophy.

As there is a false taste in regard to the sublime

and the beautiful, so are there an infinity of false notions in what respects the comfortable: and I much question if our advances in the two former have not been more considerable than in the latter. That philosophic equilibrium of mind, that sober spirit of calculation, that chastised and wholesome relish of life, that perfect measure and tacit controul of feeling, requisite to the constitution of a true taste in the one, are surely qualities at least as rare as those intellectual perfections which the others demand. It is for this reason, and purely from the many constituent excellencies which enter into its composition, that the comfortable so seldom makes a part of any man's scheme of hospitality; that the common rule by which its extent is measured is that of quantity alone; and that so few men have any knowledge of that part of it which cannot be cut into solid inches upon a trencher.

But while I cannot admit the quantity or quality of an entertainment to the same consideration with those unpurchasable delicacies of manner, which there are those who have the talent of blending with it, I do not entirely despise the solider parts of it, but regard them as the foundation of the building, which should be strong and substantial, or it will be in vain that grace and accommodation are consulted in the superstructure. A good dinner has its good effects; it sometimes opens the heart as well as the mouth; it has sometimes reconciled ancient enmities; it often disrobes the pride of office, and shows the real man; it gives to merit and genius opportunities of discovering themselves; it not unfrequently removes prejudices and antipathies, by approximating the distance between man and man: and it brings to light many hidden qualities which may contribute to render men reciprocally more amiable to each other. All this,

however, is only to be understood of those tables where mirth is tempered with decorum, and where a liberal jollity, a *verecundus Bacchus*, characterises the day. Under these circumstances many a man eats himself into a good opinion of his neighbour; and if he carry his resentment to the end of the dinner, it is ten to one but he swallows it down with the first glass of wine.

Since I have taken upon me the care of this parish, I have not been insensible to the moral effects of a good dinner, and have found it a most efficacious mode of effecting reconciliations between my neighbours. When I find one person rather violent in his abuse of another, I always take the liberty of suspecting that his own interests or pride are somehow or other remotely or immediately affected; for I conceive that we have very few of those patriotic declaimers who take up the public cause against an individual from a genuine regard to justice or to truth. As we descend lower into life, we find its interests and concerns simplified into objects, if not more sordid, certainly less complicated, and which are circumscribed more to the common feelings and wants of nature. Thus, when one of my poorer parishioners complains to me of the roguery of an acquaintance, I generally suspect that the quarrel is more with his mutton and potatoes, than his principles or his practice; and accordingly, by enabling the delinquent to give his accuser a plentiful meal, have found that it was not possible for two men to have a better opinion of each other in their hearts. My mother has followed up this plan of peace-making with the most remarkable success; and, as a proof of the effects it is capable of producing, has preserved a list of cases, which runs much after the following manner:

Timothy Blaze was suspected, a few years ago, of entertaining the dreadful design of setting fire to some stables belonging to Mr. Blunt. This gentleman was advised to give his bitter enemy the run of his kitchen for a day: and the stables are a *standing* monument to the efficacy of this our plan.

Will Savage carried a case-knife about with him for six weeks, to the great terror of one of his neighbours; till Savage, being invited to put his weapon into a joint of his enemy's mutton, lost sight of its original destination.

James Firebrand's resentment was beef and mutton proof for a week together, but surrendered to pancakes on Shrove-Tuesday.

Mark Fury's revenge was subdued by a couple of capons.

The anger of Kit Crab was a martyr to codlings and cream.

Jacob Cross slept away his animosity, after some ale with a toast in it.

Sam Surly picked a bone, instead of picking a quarrel, with neighbour Brute.

A roasted pig discovered to Benjamin Backbite his mistake about his neighbour's wife.

A Michaelmas goose was arbitrator in a difference between Walter Wagstaff and Will Stout, and prevented a law-suit, which would have ruined them both.

A Welsh-rabbit threw an entire new light upon a matter between Joe Crib and Jeremy Jumps.

Ben Bodkin, who had cabbaged most notoriously in the making of Sam Spruce's new coat, made it up to him in two yards of black pudding, London measure.

But it is not only among the lower order of the

people that I have remarked the conciliating efficacy of a good meal. Its effects are very observable in higher life; a haunch of venison, or a Christmas turkey has wrought miracles this way, and has succeeded better in composing differences, than all the law in the parish. Mr. Blunt, whose quarrels with his neighbours I have remarked upon in my third Number, tried the potency of a good dinner with wonderful success, in rubbing off old scores, and effacing all impressions to his disadvantage; and those who have taken opinions respecting him on the Monday, and again on the Wednesday, have been astonished at the change in the public sentiments wrought by the intervention of a single day, during which the whole neighbourhood was treated in a sumptuous manner,

And fools, that went to scoff, return'd to praise.

As I have before observed, however, this tendency of a good dinner is rendered abortive, and its triumphs are turned into mourning, by intemperance and excess. I remark with concern that there is usually more tragedy than comedy in our merry-meetings; and have rarely been present at any one where men have met with a determination to be jolly, which has not made a very sombre conclusion. I apprehend that the principal source of these disappointments is the very mechanical way in which we set ourselves to the business; for we seem to consider ourselves as a kind of electric substances, which, to be properly excited, require a redundant quantity of inflammatory fluid to be forced upon us, till our equilibrium is completely destroyed. Now it is as absurd for a man to say that he is determined to be merry upon a particular occasion, as to say he will repent of his sins on

the first Sunday after Easter ; for both repentance and mirth do certainly presuppose a favourable disposition of mind, which it is in no man's power to command, unless he can bring every circumstance that appertains to him under perfect controul. It is a mark of a poor and debauched spirit to trust to wine for its happiness: besides, it can only be half the man that is made happy by such methods; that half which is stripped of our highest nature, our noblest attributes and properties, our judgment and our memory.

We are told by Lonicerus of a man who was violently urged by the temptation of the Devil to the commission of one of these three sins; to be once drunk, or to pollute his neighbour's bed, or to murder a certain person. At length the tempter gained so far upon him as to prevail upon him to commit the sin of drunkenness, as apparently involving the smallest guilt. No sooner, however, was the poor wretch completely inebriated, but the temptation to adultery became irresistible, which ended in the murder of the husband, to prevent the consequences of his resentment.

There is certainly no poorer picture of the human mind, than what hourly exhibits itself in the complaints of those martyrs to the indulgence of their appetites, whom no warnings can reduce to any measures of forbearance, while they are carrying their puny lamentations from house to house, as if they were persons robbed of the rights of their nature, and curtailed in the privileges of humanity. Every man's stomach is doubtless his best physician; but unhappily its doom is, like that of the prophetess Cassandra, always to speak the truth, but never to be believed. We have surely no right to bewail our condition, when we reflect how much

of our misery is of our own making, and how few of those ills are attached to our nature, which are the theme of our constant complaint: nor, on the contrary, can we soberly presume much upon the elevation of our fortunes, when we regard the train of sorrows by which they are accompanied; when we consider how little riches, or titles, or empires, can balance against the disabilities and tortures of sickness and disease.

I met with a comical little fable the other day, which, perhaps, may be as new to my readers, as it was to myself.

It happened on a certain day, that Gout and a Flea took it into their heads to travel together. They proceeded sociably enough on their way till night drew on, and it became necessary to think of repose. As it was perfectly dark when they entered a large town, where they proposed to rest themselves, it was too late to seek for acquaintances, or to be particular about accommodations. That they might find a more easy reception, they agreed to go separately in search of lodgings; and it so fell out that the Flea took up his quarters at the house of the worshipful mayor, while Gout was entertained by a poor fisherman who lived in the suburbs. The next morning our travellers met by times to prosecute their journey. After the first compliments had passed, they began to be particular in their mutual inquiries as to the manner in which the preceding night had been spent; for nothing could be more apparent than that neither had had his needful repose. "A murrain take this inhospitable town!" cries Gout, as he limped along with pain and difficulty: "I never have been so scurvily treated in all my life. I had hardly got footing in the house of that rascally

fisherman, before I was clapped into a jack boot, and, tired as I was, carried out by this inhuman fellow into the midst of an eel pond, where I was kept three miserable hours up to my calf in water: judge if I have enjoyed a very refreshing repose. I never was happy in low company. Give me a gentleman, say I." "And give me," returned the Flea, rubbing his eyes, and yawning piteously, "give me any thing rather than a gentleman. No sooner had I begun to stretch myself between the shoulder-blades of Monsieur the Mayor, and taken a mouthful of supper, before such a riot was commenced, as was never heard before in the world: I thought all the elements were coming together to destroy me. The bell was rung a dozen times in a minute, and the room was presently filled with a set of the most determined assassins that were ever met for the purposes of destruction. After being bruised in every part of my body, and hunted about for the space of two hours, I with great difficulty escaped with my life. My dear friend, we must contrive better in future: you are always boasting of your reception among the great, where you are seated on satin sofas, and have your toes as much regarded as if they were the Pope's. In God's name keep these elegancies to yourself; but give me content and a cottage as long as I live."

As I reckon the concerns of eating and drinking to involve a question of the most general consequence to my readers, I design to continue my remarks through next Saturday's Paper, in which I shall touch again on the uses and abuses of good dinners, and enter into a further delineation of my theory of the comfortable, and the nature and criteria of true hospitality.

No. 59. SATURDAY, JUNE 29.

— *Non aliá bibam*

Mercede.

HOR. CAR. L. 27, 13.

On these terms only will I dine,
 However excellent your wine.

It was my intention to have offered in this Paper such rules of hospitality as I thought might help to ascertain and fix its true character ; but upon reflection it occurred to me, that where there is the want of openness of heart and accuracy of feeling, rules could be of but little benefit, while they are necessarily bred in the mind where these requisites subsist. There is frequently a crossness in the decrees of Nature, which maintains a pertinacious struggle with the dispositions of civilized life. Thus she continually withholds from the rich and lofty that liberal conformation of mind which is so essential to the dignity of their stations, while she lavishes her finest qualities on the children of obscurity and want. I look with no common compassion on those indigent souls which are poverty-struck amidst piles of riches, and encumbered with their own magnificence, move heavily under the weight of their trappings and insignia ; condemned by an in-born obtuseness and contractedness of feeling, to be without grace in their gifts, or welcome in their hospitality ; to be sordidly sumptuous, and penuriously prodigal.

I have always thought that the worst qualities a dish can have is the sour taste of obligation : and he

who lets it appear that his friendship and affection is typified in his table, makes his meat cost more to a spirited guest, than its price in the dearest market. This poor appreciation of friendship was reprobated by Juvenal as common among his countrymen. "*Fructus amicitæ magnæ—cibus.*" And I fear the present age is not yet corrected of these illiberal notions. Friendship and a good dinner, though things perfectly consistent, cannot be representative of each other, and if friendship will not satisfy a man who comes hungry within our threshold, so neither are the demands of friendship to be paid with the hospitalities of our board.

When I enter the house of one of these wealthy plebeians, I am almost frozen at the entrance; and, however magnificently furnished his parlour may be, however briskly his fire may burn, there is the gloom of a prison in my imagination; and when I place myself at table, I sit under the sword of Damocles, or like the Governor of Barataria, amidst contraband delicacies. The real source of half the prodigality in the world is not in the excess of generosity, or a constitutional negligence of mind, but in a contractedness of spirit, that cannot embrace the right and rational uses of wealth, and a certain disproportion between the man and his circumstances. Thus we should not be prodigal, if we knew how to be generous; and a man is frequently luxurious or ostentatious, for want of knowing how to be noble and hospitable.

DEMADES is a person of great property, and has an undoubted share of good-nature; he looks on nothing with so much abhorrence as the character of a covetous man; and rather than be thought to want hospitality, would make his whole neighbourhood swim in an ocean of Madeira. Nothing can be more

costly than his furniture and his liveries; all his appointments are magnificent; and it is not easy to excel him in the splendour of his entertainments. But **DEMADES** makes but a sorry figure in the midst of all his profusion, with which he is evidently overstocked and encumbered: he lets you perceive in a moment how high he rates the honour he has done you, and takes especial care that no part of his magnificence shall escape your notice, which if it appear to dazzle you, he cannot help betraying the delight your embarrassment affords him, in a smile of exultation. As this sort of feeling in his guests is considered by him as the most unequivocal praise that can be offered to him, he is solicitous to produce it as often as possible, by playing off his grandeur before men of broken fortunes and blushing indigence. Thus it is a rule with him to propose a dozen sorts of wine to a man who, he knows, has never tasted but two, and is charmed with his perplexity of choice, and mistakes of pronounciation. His table, for the same reason, is filled with foreign dishes, "of exquisitest name," and of most ambiguous forms; and you might fancy yourself at supper with Lucullus, on fattened thrushes and the cranes of Malta. Most of his dishes have such formidable names, that few care to risk the ridicule of their host by venturing to ask for them; and if they name them rightly, it is ten to one but they blunder in eating them, which answers equally well to the facetious entertainer. If any thing is particularly rare and out of season, you are told how much it cost before you touch it, so that you eat with a sort of grudge, and with that feeling which disappoints the relish of the richest dainties. This ham was sent him from Westphalia; this pickle was prepared from the receipt of an Italian count: this wine was imported for him by the Spanish ambassador; the venison he

killed himself; the pig was fed with chestnuts and apples. Every thing has its history : his potatoes are not common potatoes ; they are the potatoes of **DEMADES** ; they have an anecdote belonging to them—touch one and you will hear it. His apartments are replete with every imaginable contrivance for elegance and accommodation ; but his manners render it plain that they are there, not for your convenience, but your admiration. Whatever you touch, taste, or use, you cannot forget for a moment who is its owner. Egotism, and a certain stamp of property and possession, accompany all his acts, and characterise all his phrases. *My* is a monosyllable never omitted, and always emphatic : thus it is *my* doors, *my* hinges, *my* coals, and *my* carpet. Touch his poker, and you will presently feel that it belongs to **DEMADES**. You may always know in what part of the room **DEMADES** is seated, without the trouble of looking for him ; for, besides a magisterial cough, his voice is the loudest in the company ; and if he moves, you are sure it is **DEMADES**, for some ceremony attends upon every act, that marks it for his own. He breathes with a certain emphasis ; he has a motion more than any man present in using his handkerchief ; there is a supererogatory flourish in his manner of drinking your health ; his glass makes a turn or two extraordinary in its journey to his lips ; and in seating himself in his chair, the toe of his right foot describes on the floor a semi-circle with the other—that is to say, he does it with a swing that shows him to be the master of the house, and the chair be his own. Thus altogether his entertainment is the grandest and the meanest, his viands the best and the worst in the world. I prefer a radish with Mr. Allworth.

To complete my idea of true hospitality, I require

three constituent qualities—generosity of spirit, delicacy of feeling, and a taste in the comfortable. The two first demand no explanation: those only can comprehend them who feel them, and their rules and criteria are supplied from nature and the heart alone. They have their shrines in some certain bosoms, where appropriate honours are paid them; where they are secretly adored with those rites and mysteries which no tongue can express, and which cannot be revealed to the vulgar and profane. I am persuaded, however, that these silent feelings of the breast have a more kindly growth in our own country than any where besides; and that there runs through English veins a fuller tide of sensibility, a more vigorous current of humanity, than foreign hearts can supply. When I regard the immensity of our philanthropical institutions, and the vastness of that capital which circulates in charitable uses, I look upon this systematic humanity as one of the great branches of our domestic commerce, as a staple article of British produce, and as a noble medium of circulation and employment peculiar to this generous country. In what respects the comfortable, no nation has ever enjoyed such lively and accurate ideas as the natives of this island. The word itself, as well as the idea, is peculiar to my countrymen, and only an Englishman has a perfect sense of the charm it expresses. In looking, however, for the origin of this pre-eminence, we shall meet with some check to the pride it suggests.

It is the nature of melancholy minds to seek with earnestness all the relief and consolation which can be derived from exterior circumstances, and to borrow a colour by reflection from the objects about them, that may help to brighten the complexion of their thoughts. In that state too of dissatisfaction

with the way of the world, which is so common with minds of a delicate and susceptible make, and a constitutional bias towards melancholy, it is natural to cast about with solicitude for such resources as can be procured most independently of others, and, as the phrase is, "to make much of ourselves;" by which I understand an attention to those little points of order, of neatness, of cleanliness, of disencumbrance, and of ease, comprehended under the general idea of comfort.

It was in this shaded part of the English character that our notions of comfort first took their rise; born of necessity, like other arts, and nursed in the cradle of want and solicitude. But the art of being comfortable, however sombre its origin, having once obtained a name, and raised itself upon principles, has proceeded in the same progress of improvement with other arts, and undergone a variety of new modifications in a course of subsequent embellishments. It has by degrees become a very principal feature of our national hospitality; insomuch that, where it is wanting, its loss is not to be redeemed by any waste of opulence, or wantonness of expense, by any polish of address, or courtesy of reception.

When thus the comfortable began to be generalized, and to form itself into some kind of system; when it began to be blended with our characteristic hospitality, and to take a higher colour of sociability, *that* was considered as but a small part of its excellence which was circumscribed to ourselves; the noblest use of it was implied in the art of dispensing it to others, while its abuse consisted in that selfish excess which induces a negligence of other men, or the sacrifice of our personal duties and regards.

I do not find in the Greek and Roman authors any very accurate ideas of the comfortable. From

barbarous ages the want of repose must necessarily exclude it, where there is no security of person and property. In such times, the means of our preservation are a sufficient object for the employment of our thoughts. In republican forms of government, domestic refinements can have little place, amidst the general interest and agitation in the concerns of the commonwealth; amidst the fluctuations of power, and the struggles of ambition. Despotic governments, by destroying all personal independence and individual consequence, by discouraging commerce, and perpetuating poverty, by inspiring alarm and distrust, by damping the exercise of ingenuity and invention, by subjugating, contracting, and impoverishing men's minds, are still less calculated to cherish a taste in the comfortable, and to foster the growth of so perishable an art. In our own country, where personal freedom conspires with public controul; in our own country, where it is not forgotten that a nation is composed of individuals, and that where individuals are ill at ease, it is idle to talk of national prosperity; where every man's property is as secure as his person is free; where there is a government strong enough to oppose great fluctuations, and good enough to make them unnecessary; where there are objects to excite activity, and pledges to inspire security; where there is wealth to support liberality, and liberality to employ wealth—in our own happy country has the comfortable been rightly understood, generally systematised, and brought to a dignified perfection.

It must be owned, however, that there are two Latin authors in whom something like the comfortable is to be found. In Tibullus, and particularly Horace, there are passages very descriptive of those

feelings which enter into its composition ; but these are rare instances, and are not only invalidated by other passages in the same writers, containing very contradictory sentiments, but are found not to correspond with the state of manners at the time in which they wrote. It was the boast of Augustus, that he found Rome constructed with brick, but that he should leave it a city of marble. It is a question, however, if he left it much improved in its ideas of comfort, and, indeed, according to the principles here laid down, the kind of government which succeeded the reign of that Emperor was very unfavourable to the progress of this object.

In those times the comfortable had but an indifferent chance amidst an excess of luxury, debauchery, and pride. The multitude of domestic slaves was itself an encumbrance sufficient to banish true comfort from their houses ; nor do I think I should have made a comfortable supper with Cicero and Pompey, in the Apollo of Lucullus. There is but little either of true elegance or delicacy in Petronius, and surely not enough to balance against the testimony of Tacitus, and the invectives of Juvenal. If we believe either their gravest poet or most faithful historian, the manners of the latter Romans were entirely exclusive of every principle on which the comfortable is founded. What ideas were entertained by them analogous to this subject were in general borrowed from the philosophy of Epicurus, which a little examination will convince us comprehended only that negative and spurious description of it which consists in a certain apathy and *nonchalance*, an indecorous ease, and a selfish indolence.

The doctrines of Lucretius breathe no very comfortable spirit to a sensible mind ; and even were

they of force to release us from all sense of constraint and obligation, they would resign us over to a dull and mechanical existence, to a torpid leisure, and obtuse indifference. There are some ideas of snugness in the four following lines of Tibullus ; but let it be remembered that snugness is but a part of the comfortable, and that the general turn of thought throughout the elegy from which these lines are taken, is such as does not harmonize at all with the description which has been given in this Paper of the subject before us.

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu !
Aut gelidas hybernus aquas cum fuderit auster,
Securum somnos, imbre juvante, sequi !

In the sixth Satire of the first book, and the sixth of the second, are found those ideas of Horace which come nearest to the true description of the comfortable ; but the libertine and lazy notions of happiness which are dispersed through his Odes are a proof that he had formed no solid system of comfort in his mind, and throws over his sober paroxysms a shade of insincerity. His sentiments, too, on this head, are generally more expressive of the snug, than the comfortable, and are such as could not easily enter into social life: and when he takes in the social idea, he degrades it with so much grossness and profligacy, that the dignity of true comfort expires in debauchery. I will not admit that to be the comfortable in which I do not recognize the hospitable ; nor do I set any price upon that hospitality from which the comfortable is excluded. As far as snugness goes, I know not a more delightful picture than that which Thomson has given us in his Winter.

Now all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by a boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene ;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom ; there studious let me sit.

As I have already observed that in my notion of hospitality I include the comfortable, there is an obvious reason for my silence about the hospitality of the barbarous ages. The virtues of those times, those virtues which have their birth in trouble, misery, and disorganization; those virtues which spring out of a vicious constitution of human affairs, I regard with *some* pleasure, as proofs that the mind of man cannot be dismantled of all its distinctions and attributes, under any depression of circumstances; but as common sense cannot desire a revival of *those* situations which inspired *those* exertions, our business is only with such qualities and virtues as belong to man in his improved nature, as are answerable to his present wants, and accommodated to the habits and occasions of civil society. Such hospitality as was exercised in those early times cannot find a place in the present system, where the same objects and the same opportunities do no longer occur.

New arrangements and dispositions of life establish a new kind of intercourse between man and man, and demand a new modification of hospitality; in the mean time charity springs up in the place of the old; so that in fact the same measure of virtue subsists, under different denominations. There is, however, an instance of hospitality recorded in Lucian, that does honour to an early period of Athenian history, and which has always afforded

me a peculiar pleasure in the perusal. The anecdote to which I allude is the introduction of the Scythian Anacharsis to Solon, by Toxaris his countryman. "Toxaris then went up to Solon: 'I have brought you,' said he, 'a valuable present: a stranger who stands in need of your friendship and protection; a Scythian by birth, who has left his country and family, to live with us, and see the wonders of Greece. I would fain point out to him the shortest way of being acquainted with every thing and every body worth knowing here; and for this purpose, I have brought him to you. If I have any knowledge of Solon, I may presume he will treat him hospitably, pay him public honours, and adopt him as a citizen of Greece.

" 'And now, Anacharsis, you have seen Solon, and in him every thing. He is Athens, he is Greece. You are no longer a stranger here. All men know, all men love you. So much depends upon this good old man. Living with him, you will soon forget Scythia.' "

How much Solon was pleased with the present which Toxaris had made him was soon proved by the strict friendship which was formed between them, and the profit which in the sequel Anacharsis derived from his services and instructions.

No. 60. SATURDAY, JULY 6.

— *Solutis*

Gratiæ zonis.

HOR. CAR. I. 30, 5.

Graceful with ease, and loose without neglect,
 With caution bold, without constraint correct,
 Thus let translation hold that mellow'd mean,
 A strait-lac'd prude and arrant romp between.

IT is the peculiar hardship of my undertaking, that while Homer was sometimes allowed to sleep, I can at no time take a nap, without great danger to the interests of my Paper; unless, indeed, I have the luck to dream of something that may turn to the profit of my readers. Those authors who are judged of in the gross have a much better chance with the public. In the scope of a volume, they may sleep through a dozen pages, provided they awake to some purpose at last. It is thus that, in a very extensive prospect, a few barren spots serve to brighten the effect of the rest; but, in an acre of garden-ground, we require throughout a rich and cultivated appearance. The privilege, however, which I enjoy, of flying from one subject to another, as it may suit the occasional complexion of my thoughts, I consider as a great relief to the severity of this duty; for, while in an almost unbounded tract of country we are at liberty to fix upon the happiest spots, we have certainly less to plead in excuse for our miscarriages.

I am now going to say something on the subject of translation, for which I should feel it necessary to offer no further apology to my readers, than that it

happens to come into my head, were it not for the advantage of my Paper to place before them the circumstance which put me upon this consideration. The other day, during my last visit to London, as I was reading the paper in the coffee-house, a person, that had very much the appearance of a compositor, entered the room, and put into my hands a packet directed to SIMON OLIVE-BRANCH. Upon opening it, I found it to contain proposals for a new translation of the *Æneid* of Virgil, together with one or two specimens, on which, with some compliment to the clearness of my judgement, I was requested to pronounce my opinion. As I was not given to understand where I might find the author, or how I might privately convey to him my sentiments, I concluded him to be among my readers, and that, accordingly, he chose to be conversed with through the channel of my Paper. I am pleased with this mode of consulting me, and confess I would always choose rather, on a grave subject, to converse with my pen than with my lips; for, as it is my custom to be long in collecting myself, before I can deliver my thoughts with ease, I have no chance in an oral contest with the declaimers of the present hour.

The literary present, of which I have been speaking, was the more agreeable to me, as, on the principles on which I reason, in regard to the general character of any particular period, it exhibits, as far as it goes, a testimony to the honour of the times; for I consider that a spirit and taste in poetical labours, as long as they hold a place in our minds, are a proof that we are not yet abandoned by that vigorous relish, and that keen sensibility, which belong to a lively and sound organization, and which, in the history of all nations, I perceive, do gradually desert them, when they have passed the consummation of

their fortunes, and begin to measure back their steps through that returning scale, by which all human greatness is humbled.

It is with nations, as it is with individuals : in the florid stages of youth, when the spring of the mind is unworn, and the spirits and health are sound, the resources of real life are hardly enough for the exercise of its powers ; the bounds of truth and existence are broken, and the stores of fiction are called in to supply the deficiency. As age advances, the mind narrows itself to the range of actual objects, and finds a sufficient exertion in the common topics and occurrences of life. At length the season of decay arrives, and the date of a more limited activity ; what remains of force and vigour is expended on the means of preservation ; and existence itself is object sufficient for the efforts of extreme decrepitude. While the works, therefore, of imagination preserve their esteem in this country, and the higher Poetry has still a train of votaries sufficient to maintain her dignity, I consider that ominous moment at some distance, whence the period of our national decay is to be dated.

The close of the eighteenth century will have produced English translations of two of the most celebrated poems in the world, which, if we refuse to admit them as testimonies to the genius of the age, we must at least accept as proofs of a yet-prevailing taste for the sublimer kinds of poetry. If there be genius, however, in catching the spirit of a great original writer, in transfusing that spirit into a new language ; in sustaining a correspondent dignity of expression, and elevation of manner, through so different a medium ; in taking to pieces the whole structure of his language, and building it up again with new materials, which materials we have also to

shape and adjust to the purposes of our new edifice ; if there be genius in all this, there is genius in the work of an accomplished translator. It has been sensibly observed, that to comprehend perfectly the extent and value of another's abilities, a portion of those abilities was necessary in the judge. " Ut enim de pictore, sculptore, fictore, nisi artifex judicare, ita nisi sapiens non potest perspicere sapientem." If, therefore, simply to qualify us to taste and appreciate them in others, such a participation be necessary, a much larger share, surely, must be required to represent them with fidelity and justice. Were it asked, therefore, what qualifications were requisite for a translator of Homer, nothing less could be demanded, than a perfect knowledge of the two languages with which he is concerned, and a sympathy of feeling and conception with the great original.

An Englishman has a stronger interest in asserting the dignity and difficulty of translation, than the native of any other country, inasmuch as his own language contains the most arduous attempts and most successful specimens. The French, it is true, have not been insensible to the advantages to be derived from this direction of literary industry: they understood that the deficiencies of a language were only to be ascertained by comparing its strength with that of others: but together with what profit they derived from the labours of translation, they made also this unwelcome discovery, that there was something of constraint and formality in the genius of their language; something court-bred and precise in its character and complexion, which rendered it of a cast unfit for the great representations of general nature, and the sublime simplicity of the higher poetry. We have

nothing of the Greek and Roman labour in this kind, of any importance, unless we can agree that some of the plays of Terence are versions of those of Menander ; a notion taken up too much upon trust, like a thousand others of a similar nature. The Iliad of Salvini is without the first pretension of poetry, its power of giving pleasure ; I shall therefore say nothing upon it, for where there is nothing to invite a reader, there can be nothing to provoke a critic.

In England the spirit of translation has extended itself over the whole province of ancient literature ; an effect attributable to two causes—a genuine and prevailing relish of these precious models, and the pliancy, vigour, and abundance of our language. In that spirit of commerce, which is our national characteristic, we have extended our traffic in words to every corner of the globe ; and have carried on this trade with the dead and the living, to a greater degree than any other country : we have not only drawn immediately from the Greeks and the Romans, but in the circulations of commerce, we have made other countries our carriers, and have imported, in foreign bottoms, a variety of ancient idioms, and classical derivations. Out of such a fund of materials, and such a choice of combinations, a style is furnished us for every occasion, and for objects the most opposite in their nature and demands. We have an arsenal replete with all kinds of stores ; and whether we are to depend upon our artillery or our muskets, whether we fight on horseback or on foot, we may be armed for either contest.

There is something, however, in the nature of translation which discourages genius, by throwing a veil before that perfection which it loves to contemplate. We can propose nothing to ourselves but

second praise, and for this we have to struggle with a band of difficulties which it is not even in the power of genius to remove. While language is of so local and complexional a nature; while words are not merely representative of things, but represent also the feelings which accompany them, which feelings vary with the manners and customs of different nations and ages, more or less disappointment will always attend upon the labour of translation. It is a task with which the world is never satisfied. To content us, it must suit our present tastes and complexions, while it is required to be true and faithful to its original. These merits are rarely consistent with each other; the hero of one country is the savage of another; and what in one age is simplicity, in another is vulgarity.

The heroes of the Iliad, to modern conceptions of courage, are a group of bullies and bravadoes: if it be nature, it is nature stripped of its humanities; and a mind must be lost to feeling, or blinded by its partialities, to draw pleasure from such a contemplation. Veiled in the obscurity of a language but half understood, and surrounded by a cohort of sonorous words, and noble images; viewed through so reconciling a medium, the descriptions and characters of Homer in a great measure lose their natural effect, are carried to a distance that levels their obliquities, or regarded behind a skreen that throws an advantageous shade upon their deformities. It may be remarked too, that, in the perusal of a strange language, the mind insensibly drops a portion of its native habits and sentiments, and in some degree accommodates itself to the spirit of those new objects which are presented before it: but when customs and manners, the most abhorrent from our nature and feelings,

are exhibited in all the familiarity of translation—in the dress of our fathers and brothers ; when they set foot, as it were, on our very hearths and thresholds—it is impossible we can make those same allowances : it is impossible, with our present principles and feelings, to delight in such a contemplation. It is, as if a savage from Otaheite were to appear in the dress of an English gentleman, eating his raw meat, or dressing his food in a hollow stone.

The latest translation of Homer exhibits an attempt to render, in our language, the real spirit of the original, and to present a faithful transcript of its simplicity ; it has certainly succeeded in departing much less than former endeavours, from the spirit of its model. To this ambition, however, it has sacrificed what is of the first importance to a writer, the power of attracting readers ; and its general character is so coarse and rugged, as not to be redeemed by those features of true poetry, by which it is here and there adorned. Very opposite to this was the design and principle of Mr. Pope's translation : he wrote for the English reader, under a conviction that, to produce entertainment was the first object of poetry, and that in this end he must necessarily fail, unless he consulted the genius of his own language and his own times. This is what Homer did before him ; and had Homer written under his circumstances, there is little doubt but that his immortal poem would have breathed a similar elegance. The nature, however, of our minds is such, that we can entertain no principle with moderation ; and Pope has carried a little further than was expedient, that of accommodation to the taste of the times. He seems to have had the same stomach for Homer, as had

the superstitious old slave, in the Sultan's seraglio, for the Alcoran, who devoured a versicle every night, at going to bed, written on a piece of China satin.

The English reader will certainly derive from Pope's translation no accurate acquaintance with the Iliad; but the scholar can never cease to wonder at those talents which have been able to compose any thing so different from it, and yet so like it: he can never cease to wonder at that admirable art by which the same story is told, with so different a colouring, and that mighty genius by which so much of its sublimity has been saved in the wreck of its simplicity. We have in this translation an inexhaustible store of poetical language, and the richest treasure of poetical combinations that any production affords. There is no instance of so much elegance with so much energy, in the whole compass of English literature; and perhaps we are to date the highest polish of our language, from the appearance of this wonderful work.

There must necessarily be a strong affinity in the constitution of all truly poetical minds: their chief difference is derived from the bias of education and the influence of external circumstances. I speak here with reference to those princes in poetry, who extend their sovereignty to ages; that is, to such men as Homer and Virgil. I conceive that Virgil might have written like Homer, had he written in barbarous times; and that the polish of the age would have decorated the genius of Homer, had he composed his Iliad in the court of Augustus. While the bewitching arrangement and the consummate choice of words in the *Æneid*; while its inimitable variety of phrase, and captivating harmony of rhythm, imposes a trying task upon the

translator—he is encouraged and supported by the consideration, that the affinity of character between the age in which the *original* was produced, and the *translation* undertaken, must eminently contribute to reconcile the spirit of the former with the interests of the latter, and, by blending truth with entertainment, and exactness with elegance, require none of those mortifying sacrifices by which a translator, to attract readers, must expose himself to critics—must die a martyr to fidelity, or live a scandal to scholarship. With these advantages, Dryden is less excusable for the faults of his English Virgil. Had he put his genius to the stretch, he might surely have maintained that constant magnificence, that unbending majesty, which is the characteristic of the Roman poet. His irregularities, and his meannesses, merit a double reproach; they are not only blemishes in themselves, but are sins against that uniform dignity which runs through and distinguishes the whole of his mighty original. The best manner of Dryden is always stately and magnificent; and there is a bound and elasticity in the march of his verses, which, had it prevailed throughout his translation, would have very successfully represented the character of the original; but his constitutional carelessness broke in upon this system, and betrayed him into such unpardonable negligences, that it seems as if he had designed to exhibit the two extremes of good and bad translation, in the course of his volumes. The gentleman by whom the task is at present undertaken, has submitted the five first books to my perusal; and as far as I can judge, if the rest are in the same spirit, it will be the most complete translation in the English language. He has adhered to the sense of his author with a re-

markable scrupulosity, to which, however, he has made no sacrifice of ease or perspicuity. If you read it with an eye to the original, you are delighted with his precision; if you read it for itself, you forget it is a translation. It is a modern structure built with Roman brick and Roman cement, and such as gave such unperishing strength to their ancient castles. I shall close my Paper of to-day, with the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, which he has sent me for a specimen, beginning with the 454th line of the Fourth Georgic.

Now, wild in woe, the miserable bard
Mourns his rapt bride! she, while along the stream
From Aristæus' hot pursuit she fled
In headlong haste, saw not before her feet
A Hydra huge, beneath the spiring blade,
Guarding the banks; saw not—to death devote
'Twas then the Dryad Choir, her sister train,
Rais'd piercing plaints, that loftiest mountains rang
In tears the Rhodopean rocks dissolv'd,
And tall Pangeus wept, and (nurse of Mars)
Thrace, and the Getæ, and swift Hebrus' stream,
And Orithyra fair, Athenian maid.
He, soothing his sad love, thee, consort sweet,
'Thee sole along the solitary shore,
'Thee at advancing, thee at parting day,
Sang to his hollow shell. Th' infernal jaws
Of Tænarus, and gates of Dis profound,
And forests that with blackest terror gloom'd,
He pierc'd: and dar'd to face the shades of hell,
And the tremendous king, and ruthless souls,
Unknowing how to melt at mortal pray'rs.
But, at his train arous'd came flitting fast
Thin shadows from the bottomless abyss
Of Erebus, and empty shades of men
Now banish'd from the light of upper day,
In number countless as the birds that fly
By myriads to the woods, and hide them there,
Driv'n from the mountain tops by closing eve,
Or wint'ry show'rs. Here matrons, husbands, throng,

And spirits, now of life disburthen'd, once
 Heroes magnanimous; unwedded maids,
 And boys, and youths, erst on funeral piles
 Laid 'fore their parents' eyes; whom circling bind
 Cocytus' mire obscene, and squalid reeds,
 And, with her sluggard wave, th' abhorred lake,
 And Styx, with streams thrice three times circumfus'd;
 Nor less the damned domes astounded stood,
 And Death's Tartarean deeps; and Furies three,
 With tangled locks of twisted adders blue;
 And Cerberus, to silence charm'd, fast held
 His yawning mouths threefold; and sudden paus'd
 Ixion's indefatigable wheel.

And now, all perils with reverted step
 Safe had he pass'd, and, on the verge of light,
 Ransom'd Eurydice was now arriv'd,
 Following behind (such law Proserpine gave)—
 When here infatuate phrensy sudden seiz'd
 Th' unwary lover; pardonable, I deem,
 To pardon could the gods infernal know.
 He stood; and now, on the last bounds of day,
 All mem'ry lost, alas! and soul-subdu'd,
 On his Eurydice back-turning gaz'd!
 There lost was all his toil, and there infrig'd
 Th' ungentle tyrant's law! Thrice sounds were heard
 To bellow through Avernus' floodless pool.
 Then she: — And who me, miserable me!
 And who, my Orpheus, thee, hath thus undone?
 What madness seiz'd thy soul? See! once again,
 Where me the iron destinies recall,
 And death-like slumbers seize my swimming eyes!
 And now farewell! By deepest night clos'd round,
 Far am I borne away, and stretch to thee
 My powr'less hands! ah me! now thine no more!

She said; and sudden melted from his view
 In flight dispers'd, as smoke dissolving blends
 Into thin air; no longer him discerns
 Clasping the shades in vain, and eager still
 To speak innumerable things; nor more
 Hell's boatman grants th' opposing lake to pass.

What should he do? or whither (twice by Fate
 His bride now wrested) bend his wandering way?
 How shall he weep, what magic tones employ,
 To mitigate the manes? She the while,

Chill'd by the hand of death, sails far away.
While sev'n sad months in tedious order roll'd
(So fame records), beneath a sky-clad rock,
Beside forsaken Strymon's pensive stream,
Ceaseless he wept, his woes revolving sad
In gelid caverns, soothing tigers fierce,
And luring with his song the list'ning oaks.
Under a poplar tree, thus Philomel,
Moaning, bewails all lost her tender young,
Whom, callow in her nest, th' obdurate clown
Observing, thence in secret drew; but she
Sorrows all night, and, drooping on the bough,
Renews and still renews her doleful strain,
And fills with piteous plaints the regions round.
From that sad hour, no joys of Venus born,
No Hymeneal rites his constant soul
Could bend; but ice-bound Hyperborean climes,
And snowy Tanaïs, and Riphæan wastes,
To frost for ever married, wild he roam'd
In solitude forlorn; lamenting still
Eurydice for ever, ever, lost,
And Pluto's frustrate boon.—The Thracian dames
(Their love despis'd), amid the rites divine,
And Bacchanalian orgies of the night,
Wide o'er the fields the lacerated youth,
Scatter'd. Not less ev'n then, when Hebrus' stream
The head rude-torn from off the marble neck,
Amidst his eddying tide roll'd buoyant on;
Ev'n then, Eurydice! the voice itself
And torpid tongue, ah! sad Eurydice!
While linger'd still the parting spirit, call'd;
Eurydice! along the river's length,
The winding banks in dying echoes bear.

No. 61. SATURDAY, JULY 13.

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

HOR. ART. POET. *ult.*

Nor will he leave his skin, until he drains,
Through every pore, the liquor of his veins.

THERE is no better proof of the difficulty that attends any species of composition, than the scarcity of successful specimens it affords, among a more than common multitude of trials. It is hard to point out an indisputably good translation in the language; whence it follows, that no mind of ordinary mould is equal to the performance, and that, to accomplish for the task, some certain qualities must conspire, which do rarely operate in conjunction. Why men should think humbly of an object which great geniuses have thought not unworthy to employ them, and on which original talents have been tried in vain—which, in the literary warfare, has proved too strong for the mighty, and which, circumscribed as its limits may seem, has held out against those conquerors by whom greater provinces have been subdued, it is not easy to conceive, unless it arise from the envy inspired by failures in original attempts, which derive some consolation from under-rating the glory acquired in less arduous undertakings. They are best answered, however, by a fact which contains in it something a little problematical: there never was a capital translator that was desti-

tute of original powers, while many an original genius is without the qualifications of a translator.

If translation were nothing more than a verbal exercise of the memory, and a mechanical accommodation of one part to another ; if the letter alone, and not the spirit, were concerned : if the force of a man's mind existed separately in the words, and not in their combination ; and if the sum of his meaning were always to be produced from the same denominations ; the translator might stand in the middle, between the maker of an index, and the compiler of a vocabulary : but, if there be any intellectual chemistry employed in the transfusion of thoughts and images from one language into another ; if, to represent, in all their vivacity, the pictures wrought in another's imagination, we must possess all the corresponding colours in our own ; if it be necessary to feel nicely, to describe justly ; if we must conceive fully, to copy faithfully ; then there is a dignity in translation above the reach of common men ; a merit that belongs to it beyond what the original reflects ; a merit peculiarly and eminently its own ; and a mode of excellence not always within the grasp of original ability.

But what is that circumstance in which consists the superior difficulty of translation ; a difficulty which great wits and accomplished writers have rarely, if ever, surmounted ; and before which genius itself falls often prostrate, and avows its imbecility ? A greater felicity of invention, or power of imagination ; a greater skill in combining, or force in colouring ; a greater expansion of thought, or affluence of materials, it cannot require than works of original genius : to these belong whatever hold the highest place and character in the order of intellectual endowments ; whatever is paramount and

princely in the mind. In what then consists this peculiar difficulty of translation? Not in its concerns with the genius or the judgement separately; not in its claims upon the imagination, or its exercise of the memory; but in that equal tribute it exacts from all the powers of the intellect, in that poise and equilibrium of the faculties it requires, which holds them all in reciprocal dependence; in its calls for genius, but genius yoked to discretion; in its calls for prudence, but prudence informed with vivacity; in that rigour of its demands, which requires an assemblage of qualities, that rarely conspire, which requires ambition with moderate pretensions, emulation without the wish to surpass, freedom tempered with reserve, and spirit exercised to forbearance.

This speculative difficulty of translation has produced those defects in practice which might have reasonably been expected. In its earlier efforts, we behold a tameness and servility which disappoint us of all the genius of the original; by its idolatrous adherence to forms and symbols, it lost sight of the true objects of its adoration—the spirit and divinity itself. Of this character are the attempts of Ben Jonson, Hobbes, Holiday, and others. Then followed a crowd of slovenly translators, whose pride seemed to consist in familiarising their originals, by coarse and ordinary expressions, content with a loose display of their meaning, without caring about the quality of the medium through which their sense was conveyed. Such are the versions of Echard and Estrange, whose productions may be studied with advantage by those whose business is with the vulgar combinations of the language, with sordid witticisms and proverbial buffoonery. In the cohort of licentious translators who followed, and who may justly

be said to be above their profession, Dryden appears at their head,

———— by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence.

Franchised by nature, and endued with that grace of manner by which some men are privileged above rules, he felt that he could adventure in poetry beyond any other writer of his age. Unhappily he carried this habitual carelessness into the province of translation, where it could not but work considerable mischief, and overthrow the very principle and purpose of his labours; where it was a breach of literary trust and a violation of that faith to which he pledged himself by the undertaking. He complains, indeed, of the insufficiency of our language, which was unable to supply what the original exacted in the grace and splendour of diction; and repines at the difficulty which grew upon him, of making new words and phrases, to correspond with the unwearyed variety of his author's language: but this plea, which is doubtful as far as it goes, can never excuse his violations of that first and fundamental law of his original, which enjoined a chaste severity, and an uniform elevation of style.

I do not know how a man can reasonably complain, with the *Paradise Lost* in his hands, of the want of strength, or variety, or majesty, in our language. We have words in abundance for high and low occasions, for grave and mirthful topics: a wardrobe furnished for every character, whether we act the prince or the mountebank, the hero or the harlequin. Yet, true as this observation may be, of the language in general, it is a misfortune inherent in translation, that no language can furnish, for every particular phrase, a phrase of corresponding

dignity; for every particular word, a word of similar energy. Some sentences must unavoidably lose a proportion of their value, for the want of adequate expressions; and the force of a passage must frequently be reduced by words of inferior sound. But where there is a prevailing character in the original, whatever that character may be, such is the versatile capability of our language, that the English translator is inexcusable if he fail in the ultimate resemblance, and lose sight of the leading excellence, of his model.

Languages are not always in unison, and their chords will not always afford corresponding effects of sound; an irremediable defect attached to translation, in respect to single words, which no arts of combination can supply, and no subsequent compensations redeem. When the harassed army of the Greeks, under the conduct of Xenophon, after innumerable sufferings and fatigues, had gained the heights of the Carduchan mountains, the sea, suddenly bursting upon their view, gave them a prospect of their homes, and, in a moment, filled their hearts with a thousand tender hopes and recollections; they saw before them the sweet reward of all their toils; and already their fancies regaled them with the joyful congratulations of their wives, and the lisping welcomes of their children: “θάλαττα! θάλαττα!” broke involuntarily from the lips of those who were foremost, and the sound ran increasing from the van of the army; presently those who were behind took it up, till at length it spread from battalion to battalion, till it reached the ears of Xenophon, who was bringing up the rear of his troops. Now what sort of figure will the words “the sea! the sea!” make in place of “θάλαττα! θάλαττα!” Not all the echoes of a thousand hills, or

the union of a million of voices, could give it an equal effect; and here we must confess, that there is no force of mind in the translator, which can compensate for the defect in his language.

But, as certain words, in certain languages, have sounds which cannot be imitated, so have they meanings which cannot be transplanted. If any man of knowledge and research, equal to the undertaking, were to set himself the task of collecting those words, in different languages, which are most untranslatable into others; the adoption of such words, instead of the multiplication of our synonymous terms, might be a real accession of literary wealth, and by saving the necessity of circumlocutions, would bring with it very material advantages in respect to brevity of phrase, and simplicity of expression. In the course of such an inquiry, he would often fall upon very pleasing discoveries of the strong connexion between language and manners, and might discern, through this medium, many of the distinguishing features of ancient and modern times. Thus "sentiment" is a word of modern origin, and explains in a manner, by its date, an effect of the Gothic institutions of chivalry. In the Latin word "orbitas," for which we can find no corresponding term, we perceive some intimation of the consequence and immunities which were gained among the Romans by a numerous progeny. The complexional peculiarities of the English have produced a variety of appropriate words, such as "comfortable,"—"humour," and a hundred others; of which quality are, "appétissant,"—"piquant,"—"naïveté,"—"ennui," in the French.

But it is not in single words only, that one language bids defiance to another; they are as often irreconcilable in their combinations; and there are sentiments in every language which can neither be

literally nor virtually translated. That accidental force which is communicated to words by those circumstances and incidents, those trivial localities which leave their impressions on a language long after they expire themselves, impart also to certain phrases an untranslatable quality, an essential inherent virtue, which baffles imitation. Thus, in some writers, who are most intimately acquainted with the secret resources of their language, we observe a delicacy which will not bear removal, a vivacity which dies in the handling, a charm which fades with exposure. This is that *curiosa felicitas* by which Horace is distinguished above other writers, and which adheres to the language as a painting to its canvas. Who can express, in other words, the "strenua inertia," the "facili sævitiâ," the "simplex munditiis," and a hundred other phrases of that most exquisite poet? They are among the ἀπαξ εἰρημένα, once said and never to be said again.

It is flattering to our natures to find excuses for human failures, and to lodge the blame rather with the instruments with which we work, than with ourselves. In the business of translation, we are sure that no perfection of intellect can remedy or supply the deficiencies of language; yet, in the specimens which our country's literature exhibits, we perceive a sufficient number of errors, for which no reason can be given, but the false taste, ignorance, or pride of translators. It may be fairly attributed to one of these causes, when we see an author's meaning grossly mistaken, a new dress given to his sentiments, or new sentiments substituted in their place. Thus, I lose my patience, when I see what was meant metaphorically by the author, interpreted literally by his translator; or a thought cast into a metaphor, which was simply intended. This is only warrant-

able in cases where one language cannot be accommodated to the spirit or idiom of another ; but it is plain to be perceived, how often it springs from a pragmatistical interference in the translator, who is so continually led away by the conceit of improving upon his original.

A vanity of this sort seems to have strongly possessed the mind of the celebrated translator of Cicero's and Pliny's Epistles, who not seldom sacrifices his original to an overspun delicacy of phrase, and is, in some respects, too fine a gentleman for a faithful translator. " *Epistola enim non erubescit*" — Thus Tully, in his famous letter to Luceius ; which his translator has Englished, " For a letter spares the confusion of a blush." Had he rendered it literally, its strength and its brevity might have been preserved in the translation. He has too much of what the Greeks express by the term ἀκρίβεια, a word whose force cannot be represented by any single word of any language with which I am acquainted.

There is no fault into which the pride of improving more frequently betrays modern translators, than this aberration from the simple meaning and spirit of their authors. The circumstance, indeed, which still secures to the ancients their poetical pre-eminence, is that superior vein of simplicity, by which, in general, they are distinguished. As the dress of shepherdesses becomes some women best, so some thoughts are best adorned in the plainest attire. The modern translator is for tricking out every thing in a meretricious splendour ; is for covering with a corrosive cosmetic the vivid bloom of nature, and for hiding her original whiteness with a cold and lifeless enamel.

This difference of character between ancient and

modern compositions, is marked in nothing so strongly as in the taste for allegorical representations. The emblems of the moderns are distinguished by their complication and confusion; those of the ancients by their simplicity and propriety. The same opposition of character runs through the whole range of metaphor and allusion. The ancient designs with two or three strokes; the modern is always filling up and retouching: the one imagines you can never have enough; the other is afraid of giving you too much. It was a risk more perilous than he thought, for an ancient to have indulged his genius; his boldness is sure to be outraged by his translator: if he be witty, he is converted into a conjuror; all his conceits are wrought up into conundrums; his native elegance is refined into coxcombray; and, if his natural walk be graceful, he is made to dance in the translation.

I don't know whether I do not seem to my readers to fritter things into too curious distinctions: but I cannot help observing, that there is a way of translating a passage, which, though at first view it shall seem to run pretty close with the original, shall yet, through pores of the language not discernible except to nice observers and exercised organs, suffer, as it were, all the spirit to escape, and shall play the losing game so dexterously, if this double metaphor can be excused me, that the stake shall be lost where success seemed *inevitable*. This losing game some of us moderns excel in. To illustrate my meaning, let us take, for an example, the beautiful passage from the *Medea* of Euripides, where that princess thus gives vent to those agonizing feelings which must rend a mother's heart ere she can resolve to murder, with her own hands, her infant babes;

Φεῦ φεῦ· τί προσδέκεσθε μ' ὄμμασιν τέκνα;
 Τί προσγελάτε τὸν πανύστατον γελαῖν;
 Αἶ αἶ· τί δράσω, κάρδια γὰρ οἴχεται.

This passage, in the hands of one of our elegant translators, would run a great hazard of losing its strength through an affectation of grace and purity, and perhaps might be thus translated :

Alas! alas! why, my children, do you turn your eyes upon me?

Why do you laugh for the last time?

Alas! alas! what course shall I take, for my courage abandons me?

A robuster hand, that despised pusillanimous graces, and dared be literal where the *spirit* was in the *letter*, would translate the passage word for word.

Alas! alas! why do you look at me, my children, with those eyes?

Why do you laugh your last laugh?

Ah! ah! what shall I do, for my heart is gone?

Now though there is no great ambition of elegance in the first mode of translating the passage, and the language is coarse in comparison of the usual tenuity of modern versions; yet has it lost the characteristic energy of the original Greek, where the very strength and vigour of the sentiment consists greatly in that seeming tautology and pleonasm, which, in the first translation, is fastidiously rejected.

In the business of translation, there is no attempt more delicate and dangerous, than that of tampering with a thought under a notion of improving its effect. It is not in the compass of any general rules to define so dubious a right, or limit so precarious a liberty. Let it be exercised by those only, who, by long ac-

quaintance with their author's manner, have learned with accuracy to distinguish the colour of his thoughts, to embrace the true scope of his meaning, and to detect in his language the tacit operations of his mind. To force upon him a thought, of which he has given no sort of intimation, is an offence without excuse or palliation; and so much like treachery and falsehood, as to take a shade of immorality.—If this be a crime in translation, Dryden must be considered as criminal in no common degree, unless it will be admitted in excuse that, as often as he overcharges the sense of his original in one place, he curtails it in another.

The last stumbling-block to translators, which I have room left me to remark upon, is the wit and humour of their authors. There is nothing which will bear so little to be loaded, as genuine humour, the texture of which is generally so fine, that a breath will almost dissolve it: yet here the wantonness of the translator conspicuously breaks out; and nothing is more rare than a flower of this kind that survives the transplanting. One might wonder how any man, in whom there was nothing congenial, should venture upon the translation of a comic writer, if every hour did not serve to convince us that the point of humour is that in which our self-flattery leads us into grosser mistakes than any faculty which belongs to our natures. The sources of humour lie so buried in the words, and its effect is so complexional, and adheres so closely to the manner, that it cannot be separated by rude hands, or developed by common acuteness.

Besides which, the jest of the humourist lies often in his earnest, and his earnest reciprocally in his jest; a circumstance which induces perpetual mistakes in the translator, who is for ever interpreting seriously,

what is jestingly meant in the original ; and is shaking his sides, when his author only smiles severely. We may boast, however, of translations, both of Lucian and of Plautus, two of the most humorous writers of antiquity, which are highly creditable to the literature of this country ; and a living author of some sensible essays has shown us, by a very spirited specimen, how well qualified he is to preserve, in a translation, the irresistible humour of Aristophanes. I do not recollect an instance in which the idea of an original has been improved by a chaster and happier turn, than one that occurs in a passage of Plautus's *Treasure*, translated by Thornton. The passage to which I allude is in the fourth scene of the second act, the force of which, however, can only be understood by a perusal of the context.—“ Hem ! sic oportet obseri mores malos !” The turn given to “mores malos !” by translating it “wild oats,” adds infinitely to the humour, without departing from the scope of the idea.

No. 62. SATURDAY, JULY 20.

Manus manum fricat.

Give ME that warmth which hands impart,
That, join'd, convey from heart to heart
The glow which gratitude conceives,
And pity, genuine pity, gives ;
The fire that's borrow'd from above,
And only heaven-taught bosoms prove.

IN an age and in a country wherein the tones of every thing are stretched to their utmost, and in which the thirst of refinement has carried our virtues to the very confines of vice, it is an useful service to distinguish between the just measure and the excess, the pretended and the real, the solid and the superficial. There is a period in the progress of society, when virtues and vices seem to draw towards each other with a mutual approach ; a period in which a certain delicacy of appetite, and fastidiousness of feeling, shapes our vicious indulgences to something like a virtuous elegance, and overstrains our virtues to so unnatural a pitch, as to destroy their efficacy, and distort their appearance. The noble pre-eminence to which this country has raised itself in the present crisis, by a catholic spirit of charity, which no enmities, no hostilities, no national difficulties can repress, should, methinks, make us the more solicitous to preserve this lustre of character from the tarnish of ostentatious and hypocritical sensibility.

Nothing has a greater tendency to lower the price of real virtues, than the progress of these imitations. When it is found that the boast succeeds as well as the practice, and that loud and loquacious feeling raises our credit higher than the quiet tenour of good actions, the imbecility of our minds is overcome by this union of ease and splendour, and we are content to take the honour without its pains and sacrifices.

It is the lot of some impostors to impose upon themselves, while they think they are only deceiving the world; and, by continual professions and boasts of sensibility, the mind comes at last to believe them itself, erects to itself a secret shrine, and is the idol of its own contemplations. Even in the best constituted minds the smallest speck of ostentation is a dangerous blemish: it steals on with an insensible enlargement, till it stretches to the whole circumference, and admits only a troubled and deceiving glare, while it shuts out the distinct and definite objects of genuine compassion.

We are come to those times in which it is necessary almost to set as strong a guard upon our virtues as upon our vices; since it is the tendency of great refinement to draw out the one to an excess and extravagance that destroys its practicability, while it operates as a check to the other, and mitigates its violence. Besides which, there is in the high polish of general manners, an effect, which in some measure confounds the distinctions of virtue and vice, and, by giving an uniform universal brilliancy to our actions and deportment, requires a very close observation to distinguish the different shades and colourings of characters.

But, besides the distinctions between true and false sensibility, there is a very material difference in the nature of sensibility itself. There is a sensibility

which is bounded to our own interests and concerns; and there is a sensibility which embraces all that appertains to man—which makes the cause of misery its own, dissolves with a stranger's woe, and drops tear for tear with the sorrowful and broken-hearted. Again, we may divide into two separate classes those sensible hearts that feel unfeignedly for the woes of others, and interest themselves tenderly in all that concerns the happiness of their fellow-creatures; for there are who sympathize with every tale of distress, who love to dwell on topics of sorrow, and whose tears drop fast at a tale of affliction, but whose pity is only in speculation, and who make but few sacrifices for the woes they lament; and there are others again whose tears are few or many, and whose apparent commiseration is either much or little, but whose actions *invariably* point to objects of kindness and humanity, and whose hands accompany their hearts in every concern of benevolence or pity. Let such as come under this latter description enjoy exclusively their just though silent claims; let them not be confounded with fraudulent pretenders, who ravish the rewards without performing the duties; or with such as feel only within the circle of their own interests and connexions; or with those barren sentimentalists who love to refine upon sorrows without relieving them: but let *them* stand in their due eminence above the common mass of pity's advocates, and let *their* inheritance of praise be such as rightfully belongs to the eldest children of humanity.

After all, however, in our estimation of human actions perhaps it were better not too curiously to examine into their origin and motives; we have little else to do in this world, but with ostensible proofs and results. Whatever it is which keeps a man in the observance of his duty, or in the practice of be-

nevolence, it is enough for us that the present purposes of humanity are answered; we shall account at a future tribunal for our secret motives, where all hearts will be laid open, and the depths of human counsels scrutinised and exposed. Among those whose hands are always open to human distresses, and whose actions seem to testify sensibility of soul, there are some, doubtless, whom the love of celebrity alone incites, and in whose bosoms a tacit bargain accompanies every act of generosity, by which they bespeak an equivalent of praise; others, by whose conduct it should seem that they conceive that they purchase a right to sin, by scattering their bounties among the poor, or consecrating their tears to suffering humanity; and some again, whose charities belong to no better motives than a mere mechanical impulse, or a certain bias towards imitation, or an imbecile homage to the fashion of the day. It is fair, however, to pronounce, that the charities of *that* man are not the fruits of his sensibilities, nor his public assiduities and liberalities the progeny of genuine feeling, when his wife deploras at home his indifference, his unkindness, or his tyranny, or his children bear testimony to the narrowness of his heart, that has induced him to withhold those opportunities and instructions which were requisite to open their minds to their better interests.

As the business of life becomes arranged, classified, and systematised in the progress of national refinement, and as inventions and improvements push themselves on all sides, till every thing is reduced to a science, we may observe, that even the virtues themselves are squared into rules, so that the practice of them may be learned by those who have but little of the spirit or essence of them in their hearts.

A gentleman becomes a natural philosopher by purchasing a cabinet, and adopting the cant of the London schools; a house filled with paintings, establishes a connoisseur; a man is made a gentleman at the Herald's office much sooner than by the ordinary methods of education; and, not satisfied with manufacturing nobility of blood, we have contrivances for making men charitable, humane, and tender-hearted without requiring them to possess these qualities in their bosoms: thus we have only to bestow in a certain way a certain sum of money, and exercise ourselves in a certain mode of declamation, to be considered as professors in the science of humanity. My projecting friend, with whose conversation I am seldom favoured, by reason of the multiplicity of business he has always on his hands, passed a day with me a fortnight ago, and was prodigiously struck with my idea of a school of sensibility, accommodated to the present state of fashionable feelings. He sent me, the next day, the following advertisement, intended for the public prints, in which some part of his plan is exhibited.

“ GROWN LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TAUGHT
 “ SENSIBILITY ON MATHEMATICAL PRINCIPLES.

“ The advertiser hopes for the encouragement
 “ of the public, upon the strength of his long and
 “ laborious application to this most elegant of all
 “ arts, which he has reduced to a system that
 “ makes it easy to the dullest capacity. The prin-
 “ cipal excellence of his plan consists in its being
 “ universally applicable, as it requires no particu-
 “ lar constitution of the mind, or habits of life, to
 “ qualify a scholar to arrive at all its advantages.
 “ As the advertiser is well aware that different
 “ kinds of sensibility become different characters

“ and stations in life, he will do his utmost to accommodate all ranks and denominations, from the countess to the common-councilman. Any lady who may have occasion to faint during the present hot weather, at any public place, may learn of him the most natural and easy mode of accomplishing her purpose. He flatters himself he can give equal satisfaction in his hysteric fits; and engages, in the course only of twenty lessons, to teach a delicate embarrassment, and gentle suffusion, to the most unbending set of features, and the most rigid apathy of countenance. In the different modes of weeping, he is acknowledged to be an unrivalled master, by those who have made trial of his abilities this way; he would engage to ‘ draw iron tears down Pluto’s cheek.’ In the course of a twelvemonth, he pledges himself to turn out of his academy such a tribe of snivellers, whimperers, sobbers, and blubberers, at our funerals, charity-sermons, hanging-bouts, and tragedies, as shall raise a very sentimental uproar through his Majesty’s three kingdoms. Young divines may be taught how to cry at any part of their sermons, in such a manner as to overcome the women and churchwardens; and the flourish of the white handkerchief is reduced to general rules. From a gentle dying-away to an agony of sorrow, from a burst of compassion to a soft murmur of sympathy, the advertiser is consummate in his art: and whether it is at Sterne’s ass, or the woes of Clementina; whether at the dissolution of a cock-sparrow, or the death of a husband; whether his assistance is required by a fine lady or a carcase butcher, a mountebank or an undertaker; he will teach the most becoming modes of sensibility, and the most characteristic expressions of sorrow. The younger

“ part of his scholars will have their heads filled
“ with scraps from Sterne, and his imitators; and
“ such books as the ‘Feelings of the Heart,’ and the
“ ‘Tears of Sensibility,’ will be considered as clas-
“ sics of the highest authority. The boys will be
“ taught to ask for their bread and butter in a re-
“ citative, and return thanks for a holiday in the
“ most plaintive and desponding tones. Thus much
“ at present for the notice of his scheme. A fuller
“ explanation of his plan will be given with the pro-
“ posals, which he has it in contemplation to pub-
“ lish in a few weeks. However, in the mean time,
“ to prevent any suspicion that his methods of dis-
“ cipline are harsh and painful, and require an ex-
“ cruciating process to produce their ends, the ad-
“ vertiser assures his friends and the public, that
“ nothing beyond a common rod will be used on the
“ most indocile disciples, and that gentle means will
“ always be preferred, such as onions, mustard, and
“ the like, where these are sufficient to exercise the
“ scholars, and there is a reasonable irritability of
“ organs. Any hints or communications will be
“ received with the warmest effusions of grati-
“ tude, and the most exquisite feelings of the soul,
“ by

“ PAUL PENSIVE, Heart-street.”

I have been always delighted with an anecdote of Louis the Fourteenth, which exhibits a delicacy of feeling in that Monarch, not common among the great and powerful. As he was one day sitting in the midst of some of his courtiers, he undertook to tell them a story which should make them all die with laughing. Notwithstanding his promise, however, the conclusion was very insipid, and produced only a forced smile on the countenances of his hearers. As soon as he had finished speaking, the

prince d'Armagnac happened to leave the room : whereupon Louis resumed his story, with informing those who were present, that he had recollected in the middle of it, that, in the humour on which it turned, there was something which might give pain to the nobleman that had just left the company ; but that, now he was absent, he would try again. His story, which was exceedingly diverting, had its full effect upon his auditors.

Sensibility branches out into as many relations as the scriptural sense of charity, and touches as many points of human character and conduct. Where I discern only a partial exercise of it, I cannot think that it can have any real existence in the mind ; and such as can weep at a tragedy, without solicitude or sorrow for the actual distresses of life, or those who, while they are founding an alms-house, can feel pleasure in mortifying honest pride, or exciting a blush on the cheek of modesty, may be well enough as active citizens, but, in my mind, are among the lowest order of hypocrites, considered as moral agents, and as members of social life.

I hold it necessary to offer no apology to my readers for the introduction of the two following little poems. The one, by discountenancing the false, the other, by exhibiting the true sensibility, are both of them promotive of the purposes of to-day's essay, and have in themselves the richest claims possible to the patronage of every feeling heart. Why need I mention that the author is a female, since she stands neither in need of courtesy from the critic, nor of partiality from the public ?

TO SENSIBILITY.

OH, sacred source of joy below,
Thou friend of life, thou nurse of woe ;

Rich essence of the high-wrought soul !
 Blest spark that animat'st the whole !
 That bid'st th' enlighten'd thought aspire,
 That lend'st to genius all its fire—
 Thy gifts ennoble and refine ;
 Aye ! all the LIFE of LIFE is thine !
 Shall then conspicuous Sorrow pour
 From willing eyes her ready show'r,
 At mimic woes by fashion dress'd,
 Because distress becomes her best,
 And the soft heroine appears
 Most amiable when dress'd in tears !
 Within so cold, so vain a heart,
 Thy angel form can share no part ;
 Nor dwell'st thou in th' eternal quote
 Of hackney'd phrases conn'd by rote ;
 Or whining sentimental chat,
 How Sterne said this, Eliza that.
 Yorick ! indignant I behold
 Such spendthrifts of thy genuine gold !
 To see Le Fevre's hallowed tear
 To vulgar eyes expos'd and bare !
 And every rhyming school-girl's verse
 Thy poor Maria's woes rehearse ;
 And, panting for a fond renown,
 Call thy " recording angel" down !—
 Sick is my wearied soul to see
 Such proofs of sensibility.
 Ye spirits, who delight to show,
 And deeper dye, the dress of woe !
 Go, range through pallid Mis'ry's cell ;
 Go, where Disease and Anguish dwell ?
 Where Want extends her eager hands,
 Where unrepining Patience stands,
 And palsied Age, by Grief subdu'd,
 In faltering accents craves for food—
 There fix thine eyes—there ask thy heart,
 If in these sorrows thou hast part ?
 These scenes full surely will reveal,
 If thou hast learn'd what wretches feel !
 If *then* escape the stealing sigh,
 If the kind tear *then* dim thine eye ;
 If, more than all, thou weep'st to know
 So scant thy lot of wealth below,

As barely leaves thee for thy share
 But little more than tears to spare ;
 Yet, unresisting, still you give
 That **LITTLE MORE** that bids them live ;
 Deny'st thyself one joy, to shed
 A comfort on thy brother's head,
 And all the while unheard thy sigh,
 Unseen the tear that dims thine eye ;
 If thy benevolence be known
 To misery and thy God alone ;
 Then answer'd is thy just appeal ;
 Yes ! thou hast learn'd what wretches feel !
 Yes ! yes ! will voices from on high,
 Of sainted sufferers seem to cry—
 Yes ! when my mortal flesh was weak,
 When tears bedew'd my pallid cheek,
 And when my naked limbs were cold,
 When I was hungry, poor, and old,
 You rais'd me from the bed of woe,
 You bade my tears no longer flow ;
 You did my naked body hide,
 Gave me what great ones had deny'd,
 The needful long-untasted meal—
 Yes ! thou hast learn'd what wretches feel !

WRITTEN AT THE BED-SIDE OF A SICK INFANT.

AH, dear one ! while thy suffering form I see
 So pale, extended on thy bed of pain,
 What a sad tale, thy dumb grief tells my heart !
 Yet sure 'twere kind to let thee thus depart,
 Nor call thee to this cheating life again.

For should'st thou live, sweet cherub ! who can tell
 What woes, what vice, may future years impart ?
 And what could I, to soothe thy misery,
 But cling around thy neck, and weep with thee,
 And, weeping, load afresh thy breaking heart !

See cold neglect repress each rising thought,
 Or see thy youth's first hopes meet swift decay ;
 The roses on thy mind-illumin'd face
 Wither'd and every soul-enchancing grace
 Thrown, like a weed, a worthless weed, away !

Or crush'd by Poverty's indurate hand,
 Or Labour's ruder grasp, thy rising powers;
 Or worse, some sworn seducer stain thy mind,
 Whilst thou to thine own killing thoughts resign'd,
 Weep'st out the remnant of thy wretched hours!

Oh, better, better far to see thee dead!
 Nay, better could I bear to see thee die;
 Could sooner take thee in these trembling arms,
 And offer up to heav'n thy infant charms,
 Than see thee scorn'd by each insulting eye!

Thou God of mercy, justice, truth, and love,
 To whom, at Mis'ry's midnight hour, I pray,
 Who seest that quiv'ring cheek, who seest these tears
 These restless thoughts, these agonizing fears,
 "Whate'er Thou will'st, unargu'd I obey."

No. 63. SATURDAY, JULY 27.

Tuas res tibi habe, Amor: mihi amicus ne fuas unquam.

PLAUT. TRIN.

Love, I have nothing to do with you—you were never a friend to me.

My readers may well wonder how the subject of love finds its way into the thoughts of such a poor little piece of anatomy as myself. It is a certain, though singular truth, that our family, as far back as we can trace our lineage, notwithstanding our hereditary composure, have had locked up in their veins a portion of this subtle poison, which has never failed to manifest itself with more or less strength in every

generation, and still inhabits the weak little frame with which I am endowed. In me, however, age, and the natural coldness of my constitution, have overcome its ordinary effects; and I am only put in mind of its existence by a certain involuntary interest which I feel in all that concerns this noble passion, in every tale of tender sufferings, and every instance wherein true hearts are united. This hereditary particle in the constitution of the OLIVE-BRANCHES has sometimes lain quiet for a generation, and then again it has broken out with redoubled effect: but I gather from our family records, that it has shown itself under very different aspects, according to the different complexions on which it has operated.

What remains of my great grandfather's opinions on this subject are eminently sober and sentimental; and in consonance with his love of general rules, and his spirit of legislation, he has left us a very ample code of amorous institutes, adapted to all ages and all conditions. I remember, when I was full five and thirty, before which age, by the laws of our family, we are not allowed to assume the *toga virilis*, my mother put into my hands this mysterious manual, saying, "There, Sim, this will make a man of you: depart not, while you live, from the wisdom it contains—and when you shall, at a discreet age, bethink yourself of matrimony, lay it by, as a sacred gift to be handed down to your children's children."

In the person of Mr. ISAAC OLIVE-BRANCH, who is considered as the wittiest of our patriarchs, this hereditary sentiment discovered itself in the drollest conceits imaginable. It was one of his whims to contrive what he called his amorous pudding, into which he threw such a collection of ingredients, as, by a proper fermentation in the stomach, might send up those melancholic fumes into the brain, which

engender soft ideas and images, and dispose the whole system to love. My comical progenitor, having a pretty turn to poetry, put his receipt for this dish into verse, a part of which, for the whole is very long, and contains a list of ingredients that would require a long life to collect, I shall here insert.

Round about the pudding move
 You that wish to live and love ;
 And the magic fuel throw,
 All that to love does sacred grow :
 First a lock of Lydia's hair,
 But not that one that floats in air,
 That which in her bosom lies ;
 Ruthless seize the wanton prize,
 Seize it, ere it yet has seen
 Summers more than bare fifteen.
 Trouble, trouble, tender trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
 The tear from night's blue arch that drops
 Till in the blossom's bell it stops ;
 Tip of Philomela's tongue,
 Chaunting o'er her callow young ;
 Plume pluck'd from a sparrow's side,
 As it quiver'd by his bride ;
 Farina from a passion-flow'r ;
 That hath not felt the zephyr's pow'r ;
 Pend'lous drops, in morning gray,
 The balmy quintessence of day ;
 Then a tear from Chloe's eye,
 That with Indian pearl doth vie ;
 Finger of the gadding vine,
 That with liquid love doth shine ;
 Snow-drop nurs'd in April's lap,
 Throw into the potent pap ;
 Flower of Nigella great,
 Stooping to his dwarfish mate ;
 Sprig of woodbine, ivy shoot ;
 Mimosa's leaf throw in to boot ;
 Nodding cups of cowslip sweet,
 Cast into the charmed treat.
 Trouble, trouble, tender trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

In those days of witchcraft and credulity, an invention of this sort gained an easy belief, which was moreover assisted by the spirit of amour which the genius of chivalry inspired. Mr. Isaac, who was somewhat of a beau, a knight, and a conjuror, and who had almost a faith in the magical potency of herbs, persuaded himself and half the court into a high conceit of the merits of such a pudding.

If our records are to be believed, queen Elizabeth invited lord Essex to breakfast upon one of these puddings, of my ancestor's making; the first effects of which so much resembled the colic, that it was always a nice point to distinguish between love and simple indigestion. As this was the first refinement upon the ancient plum-pudding, and gave the first stimulus to our inquiries into those innumerable modifications of which this standing dish is susceptible, I conceive that the world is more substantially indebted to my family than it imagines. The ancient mystical pudding is represented at present by the wedding-cake; and the property ascribed to it, when cold, of settling love, is a discovery that has since branched out from the great original invention of my wise progenitor.

This constitutional bias towards love did not fail of manifesting itself in my mother's father, together with a strong analogous propensity towards pudding; and as a disorder in the viscera carried him off at the age of ninety-seven, my mother and the faculty are still at issue about the cause of his death—the one attributing it to disappointment in love, the other to a constipation of the bowels. The family-mark is not yet worn out of my mother: I found her, the other day, in the middle of Solomon's Song; and a variety of old ballads, which have fastened upon her memory, and from time to time break

involuntarily from her lips, betray symptoms of a yet unsubdued relish of these amiable fancies. She called me to her, about a week ago, as she was reading in our little arbour the Memoirs of Lord Herbert of Cherbury; and assured me very gravely that she had thoroughly resolved against a second marriage—and that not so much from any aversion to the state, as from her dislike to the manner in which our young cavaliers conducted the business of love in the present day, when she compared it with the disinterested ardour and generous enthusiasm of our gallant forefathers.

I assure my readers I am not behind the rest of my family in this warmth of sentiment, though I confess that my turn is rather to *speculate* upon the passion of love, and watch its effects on the bosoms of my fair countrywomen, than to take an active interest in its proceedings. As a fountain plays the stronger, the more confined its aperture, so the sentiment of which I have been speaking, having nothing to play it off in my exterior, no grace of carriage, and but little animation of feature, no magic of persuasion or secrets of utterance, no seductions of manner or brilliancy of tongue, acts in my bosom with a collected force, and inspires it with an energy of feeling, that extends to every concern of my fellow-creatures where love has a place. Thus my soul is kept continually awake by an unwearied solicitude for the sorrows and sufferings of this noblest of the passions; and I am ever lamenting that there is so much in the world to cross its tendency, and abuse its blessings.

There is surely nothing more to be deplored in the system of life, than its counteraction to the natural movements of this exalted passion; and it is, methinks, the greatest of all satires upon our schemes

and contrivance for happiness, to reflect, that it is their tendency to traverse and exclude those boons of Nature from which our greatest enjoyments arise. That unnatural disposition of things which has raised money to so undue a pre-eminence, has placed love under those circumstances of slavery and depression which effectually disappoint all its grandest purposes, and leave it little more than a name to decorate a fiction, or to cover a design. In contemplating the gradual extinction of this sentiment, to which, in its true nature, is attached whatever is great and honourable in man, we cannot regard without shame the system under which it is trampled, and repine at the triumphs of those treacherous passions which engage us to conspire against our own felicity. Instead of that delight to which it naturally leads, we see nothing in the present operations of love but a perpetual warfare, an incessant struggle after that freedom for which Heaven designed it. And instead of forming a part of the system of life, so widely has the present scheme departed from its principle, that wherever it appears, it beggars the hopes of rising fortunes, and diverts from the road of industry and advancement.

In former days it was the effect of love to prompt the spirits to activity, and to challenge all the vigour of the mind; to inspire felicity into all our undertakings, and to animate the business of life. The arrangements of society were not then in hostility with this generous passion: to ensure success, we had only to prove ourselves worthy—and personal superiority, the distinctions of manhood, and the gifts of Heaven, were the only claims that beauty would acknowledge. But how is the complexion of things altered! In vain has Nature distinguished her fa-

avourites by her costliest endowments; in vain has she bestowed her orders of merit, her titles of nobility: she gives nothing that is negotiable on the Exchange, where the commerce of love is at present transacted;—her funds supply no interest that is marketable, no dividend that can be transferred. Shame on the pedlar system of life! her handwriting has less credit than that of a jobbing Jew; and her promissory notes, whatever their amount, are of less value than a Liverpool penny.

In former days, a true and virtuous love was the source of dignity and confidence, and prowess and magnanimity; it lent intelligence to the simple and grace to the rustic; it was the ornament of youth, and the attribute of a gentleman; no man feared to avow it, or dared to despise it; the eyes that confessed it were the brighter for it, and it bloomed on the lips and on the cheeks;—but that was when the dispositions of life made it paramount over the sordid passions, and placed it in its just elevation.

Alas! what a reverse has succeeded! Is Pamphilus in love, and is he fortuneless? Adieu the confidence of his carriage, and comeliness of his looks! Adieu the manliness of his mind, and vigour of his understanding! Lost is his activity, and lost are his hopes; defoliated is his mind, in the very spring of its advancement; and the promises of his intellect are cankered in the blossom. A gradual dereliction of his powers sinks him lower and lower in the scale of society; every one remarks the change, and Envy is gratified with contemplating his fall; till at length even Envy loses sight of him, and Pamphilus is heard of no more. This is the fate of the genuine passion without portion. I have nothing to do with that mockery of it which subsists at present—it is a subject for bargainers and for calculators.

—What woes arous'd

Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life!
 Neglected Fortune flies; and sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin fall his scorn'd affairs.
 'Tis nought but gloom around: the darken'd sun
 Loses his light; the rosy-bosom'd Spring
 To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.

I am an ancient man, gray-headed, and fettered to principle; not illuminated by the lights of the new philosophy in morality or metaphysics; and tenacious of the maxims of my forefathers; and yet I freely declare myself to regard with more favourable eyes a clandestine amour, nay the grossest prostitution by which the temple of the Holy Ghost can be defiled, than the basis on which modern marriages are founded—in which some of my countrywomen sell themselves, not for a transitory bliss, not for the fleeting raptures of the moment, but for the whole of human life, for the whole of that life on which heaven depends; and in a manner stipulate to pollute that life with one lengthened series of perjury and legal prostitution, one continued course of sanctified abomination, for the sake of a paltry eminence, and a spurious grandeur. I look upon it as one of the unhappiest consequences that flow from ill-sorted matches, or those in which the true passion has no place, that they induce a constant habit of feigning, where any sense of decency prevails, and perpetuate a lie through a course of years. The best feelings and the strongest principles are not able to contend against such a stress of circumstances; necessarily then, such feelings and such principles as those women must have, who can marry without love, must be without much contest overborne.

Clarina was married to the most affectionate of

husbands; and as it appeared to the world, the love which she felt in return had never been equalled in any tale or romance. Four months had not elapsed since their marriage, before the husband fell dangerously ill; yet the poor Clarina was the object of the greatest compassion. It was judged impossible for her to survive him; and so unbounded was her affliction, that no one thought she could live to close even the eyes of her dying husband. "O Death! Death!" she cried, as she leaned weeping over his emaciated body, "O Death! if you are not altogether a stranger to pity, make me your prey instead of my dear husband." Death heard, and presenting himself at the door, demanded, Who called? "The gentleman who lies in that bed," replied Clarina.

I shall conclude this paper with something on the other side, that the ladies may not quarrel with my severity, or suppose that it is a pleasure to me to heap censures on that sex to which life is indebted for its sincerest delights.

In the year 1594, a young Norman gentleman entered at the university of Angers, to study the civil law. Renée Corbeau was the daughter of a tradesman in the same town. She was young, prudent, and handsome, and possessed an extraordinary share of understanding and wit. But these brilliant qualities were tarnished by a fault, of which philosophers make but little account, but which, in the eyes of the world, was deemed unpardonable—Renée Corbeau was poor. The young student no sooner beheld this amiable lady, than he became enamoured, and had the good fortune to inspire her with an equal passion. So rapid was the progress of their mutual flame, that in a few weeks he made her an offer of marriage, and, in the transports of his affec-

tion, gave her a promise in his hand-writing. It was too in one of these transporting intervals that the poor young lady forgot her prudence; so mighty and sudden is the success of love in overthrowing that structure of modesty, which whole years of admonition and discipline have been spent in erecting.

The effect of this amour could not long be concealed; and the unhappy girl was obliged to tell the sad tale to her mother, who disclosed it to her father. It was now past the season for reproaches: all that was left them, was to lay their heads together to discover the best remedy which the case admitted. After a reasonable consultation, it was agreed that the parents should feign a design of going into the country that same evening, while the daughter, in the mean time, was to give an interview to her lover at their own house, so that thus they might be surprized together. The contrivance succeeded entirely; the lover was surprized, and, in the first emotions of his fear, confessed himself ready to enter into any engagement that would be deemed most satisfactory. Not to lose this opportunity, they pressed him upon his word, and forced him to sign a contract of marriage. This business was scarcely transacted in a regular form by a notary, before the young gentleman felt his passion unaccountably chilled, and a sense of compulsion gave the engagement into which he had entered the colour of an odious obligation. He quitted his mistress in two or three days after this transaction with very little ceremony, and repaired to his father, to whom he related his story from beginning to end. This father was, as fathers often are, a stranger to the true interests of his child, and determined against any match for his son that was not brilliant in point of fortune and connexion. In this difficulty, the

only means of escaping was by entering immediately into holy orders; a proposition to which the son readily agreed.

Renée Corbeau received the intelligence of this cruel transaction with such grief and indignation as was natural in her situation. Her parents determined to avenge her infamy, and entered into a prosecution of the perjured seducer. The affair was referred to commissioners from the parliament of Paris, of which Mons. de Villeray was president. Here the whole proceeding being traced and laid open, its iniquity appeared so flagrant in the eyes of the judges, that the culprit was condemned to lose his head, unless he chose to fulfil his engagement; and as this was rendered impossible by his entrance into holy orders, it was decreed that the sentence of decapitation should be executed. He had only a short time given him to prepare himself, with the aid of his confessor, for his approaching dissolution.

In the mean time the heart of Renée Corbeau was cruelly torn, when she considered what a lamentable end her excessive love was on the point of bringing upon its object. She was unable to support this idea; and, in a distracted state of mind, rushed into the hall where the judges were yet assembled. Here, with such eloquence as grief inspired, she thus addressed them:—"Gentlemen, I come to present before you a lover, the most wretched that the cruelties of fortune have ever afflicted. In condemning to death that dear person, you pronounce the same sentence upon me—upon me, whom you have judged more unfortunate than culpable. Nay, the very infamy of his death will rebound to me; and I shall die, alas! as dishonoured as I have lived. You have done this to repair the wound my honour has received: but in doing it you have doubled my dis-

grace, and have made me an object of detestation to the world. How can you reconcile such a conduct with the justice you profess? You were men before you were judges, and have, some of you, felt what lovers feel: yes, you have felt enough to paint to your imaginations the torment which one that so dearly loves must feel, when she can reproach herself with being the cause of death, of a miserable death, to the object of her passion. Tell me, if ye are men, and sympathize like men, is there in the compass of your decrees a punishment equal to this terrible idea? To condemn me to the scaffold, would be a blessing in comparison. I am now going, Sirs, to open your eyes. I have hitherto concealed my crime, that your decision might be favourable to me: but, urged by remorse, I can no longer dissemble my guilt. It was I that loved the first—I communicated the flame which was consuming me—I was the seducer—I was the instrument of my own dishonour. Spare an innocent person—spare my love; and let your punishments fall upon the real offender. He has indeed engaged in holy orders, to avoid the necessity of fulfilling his contract. But this is not his own action; it is the action of a barbarous father, whom he had no power to resist. It is right in you, who are fathers, to postpone the duties of a child to the duties of a lover? But how can you retract your first decree? You condemned my lover to death, *unless* he performed his promise to me; and then, by your second award, you precluded that option which your first had allowed. You permit him a mockery of choice, and then choose for him what his own heart would of course have rejected. That he may yet marry me, in spite of the profession he has embraced, who can doubt? Although, in truth,

I am nothing but an ignorant girl, my love prompts my tongue, and gives me knowledge upon this occasion. Ah! what science could not such love as mine inspire me with, if its interests required it? Yes, I know—and you, Sirs, know also, that an ecclesiastic may marry, with a dispensation from the pope. The legate from his holiness is expected soon to arrive, and he has all the plenitude of the papal power. I will ask myself—on my knees will I beg this dispensation, and I know I shall obtain it. My love is a match for all obstacles. Oh! deign then to suspend the execution of your decree, till the legate arrives. Though you still persist in thinking the crime of my lover enormous, ah! consider, in your clemency, what crime is not all the apparatus and show of death, that has already moved before his eyes, sufficient to expiate? Are you still inflexible? Then refuse me not the consolation of dying under the same axe with my lover.”

The judges were melted, and suspended the decree: but the legate was so struck with the iniquity of the young man's conduct, that he would grant the dispensation to no instances or tears. Distracted with the disappointment, Renée Corbeau rushed into the presence of the king, and threw herself at his feet. It was Henry the Fourth, and afflicted beauty was imploring his assistance;—little more need be said. The kind monarch himself became her advocate, and easily obtained the dispensation. The marriage was immediately celebrated, and became the happiest in all France.

As my story is no fiction, but among the celebrated causes collected by Mr. Gayot de Pitaval, let my readers confess that it is one of the greatest miracles which love has ever performed.

No. 64. SATURDAY, AUGUST 3.

Pace vestrâ liceat dixisse, primi omnium eloquentiam perdidistis; levibus enim atque inanibus sonis ludibria quædam excitando effecistis, ut corpus enervaretur et caderet. Grandis, et, ut ita dicam, pudica oratio non est maculosa nec turgida, sed naturali pulchritudine exurgit.

PETRONIUS.

Allow me to say that you have been among the first corrupters of the true eloquence: you have substituted indeed a kind of mockery of it, while the real substance is perishing. An elevated and chaste style of oratory is not tricked out with cumbrous ornament, but recommends itself by its own natural beauty.

IN the course of these papers some pains have been taken to discountenance that false refinement to which the present age is tending, and towards which every age and nation inclines, at a certain period of its growth. But it is not enough to expose that mock sensibility of manners which has borne away the rewards of genuine feeling—of that feeling which is too dignified to be loquacious: there is also a mock sensibility in the *writings* of some men, that deserves all the ridicule which can be thrown upon it, as it falsifies the natural tones of virtue, and debauches our relish of the sublime in morals. I have before remarked the alliance which subsists between taste and morality; the truth is, that the one is rarely corrupted without some depravation of the other. He who ingrafts upon his stock of virtue solecisms in taste, and distorted ideas of elegance and beauty, however upright and pure his theory may be, will hardly escape continual absurdity in his practice and deportment. There is a decorum in truth, and in every thing in which truth is concerned, that demands

a certain severity of dress, and simplicity of ornament ; and virtue, methinks, has an honest sort of language in which she loves to express herself, and which, though by no means preclusive of elegance, disdains that gaudiness of phrase and imagery which may be necessary to meaner subjects.

Religion and virtue are not always assisted by their busiest friends ; and there is an officiousness in some of their advocates which disappoints their purposes, and brings no honour to the cause. Of this number are those who are for ever introducing their favourite themes, however little they harmonize with the subjects they are upon ; or, when their principal concern is with these sacred topics, are perpetually degrading them with low allusions and comparisons, and laying under contribution to them the whole of the natural world in a strain of symbolical enthusiasm. At the head of these raving philosophers, is the author of certain Meditations upon tombs and gardens ; one who could find a resemblance between religion and a radish, or draw the fire of devotion out of cucumbers ; to whom every thorn was the thorn of Glastonbury, and every bush contained a divinity ; who could make up the ten commandments into a nosegay for the bosom, and squeeze morality for a dozen pages out of a green gooseberry. I shall suppose this gentleman, after a visit to Covent-garden market, detailing, in a letter to a lady, the reflections which occurred to him on so moving an occasion.

“ MY DEAR MADAM,

“ AFTER following my melancholy march among the silent dead, and my gayer progress among the garden flowers, you will not refuse me your gentle society in a moral stroll through this

instructive scene. What a delicious confusion of tongues! One might imagine one's-self at the building of the Tower of Babel: but who can wonder, where there is so much to nourish, contemplation, and to prompt the tongue, that this most amiable part of the creation should exalt their tones, and give a loose to those laudable feelings which the objects before them inspire? What a rich and varied repast here offers itself to the thinking mind! In this view, the luxury of courts, and the appointments of princes, must yield up the palm to yon loaded jackass, that seems to smile significantly as he trots on with his vegetable burden. Approach, thou venerable beast! for in those symbolical baskets which grace your comely sides I read important lessons of life, and a vegetable kind of philosophy sprouts up in my view. Jog on, my gentle friend! and let it render your burden light, to reflect, that it is all instruction which you carry. In the mean time my thoughts shall ramble to the place whence you set out on your morning's progress, saluting the sun-rise with a bray of exultation. And why should not the kitchen-garden be as great a school of morality as the beds of the flaunting flowers, or the silent sepulchres of the dead? Or why should I injure the olitory, by seeming thus to doubt of its attractions? If the tomb and the grave present us with wholesome mementos of mortality and revival, may we not find as striking emblems of both, in those regions where what goes in a dead seed, comes out a living cabbage? Shall the vegetable tribes hide their diminished heads before the children of Flora, so long as the mouth shall maintain its due pre-eminence over the nose? so long, too, as the bean shall rival with its odours the choicest essences

of the parterre, while, on the other side, the most unrefined feeder would die of hunger amid the richest exuberance of jasmines and roses ?

“ But let me spare my eloquence—for either I am duped by the illusions of an enthusiastic fancy, or yon artichoke, with its hundred tongues, is raising itself on its stalk, to plead the cause of its esculent brethren:—and even the low-born and groveling potato might, on such an occasion, rise from its earthy habitation, and, in a strain of native Hibernian eloquence, confound the boldest orator in the courts of Flora. And which could we select, among all these various tribes, as better entitled to the honourable privilege of pleading for the rest ? For surely we shall not, like the worldling, measure desert by external standards ; we shall not appreciate the pulp of the potato by the humility of the situation in which it grows, or under-rate the qualities of this precious plant, because its retiring modesty renders it necessary to dig it from its courted obscurity. Rather shall this circumstance convince us, if we doubted it before, of its title to our respect. And why does it sequester its plain, I had almost said clumsy form, from the sight of man, but for the noblest purposes—*viz.* that when our summer friends of the garden have deserted us in our need, it may bring forth its stores in the winter adversity of our tables, and endure, for the gratification of our capricious appetites, sometimes the ordeal of the gridiron, sometimes the martyrdom of the faggot, and sometimes the lingering and cruel persecution of the salamander.

“ Alas, poor potato ! Oh ! that a more eloquent tongue than mine were employed in singing thy praises, and asserting thy claims ! But I will leave

thee to that happy consciousness of deserving a reward, which, to the virtuous, ever constitutes that reward itself, and pursue my exquisite meanderings among the other sons and daughters of the spade, my eyes watering with gratitude, and my mouth with appetite, as I range through the delicious cohort of turnips, cabbages, kidney-beans, radishes, brown-cole—not forgetting thee, thou *sacred* artichoke of Jerusalem!—O how tumultuously mingle in my breast emotions of delight, at the lavishness with which the culinary stores are showered around, and of self-abasement at the reflection how little worthy am I of the most insignificant stick of horse-radish which at once garnishes and improves the titled loin that smokes upon my Sunday-board! like some fair one, at once beautiful and wise, that graces our dwelling while she meliorates our minds. And as I throw my glistening eye around, a sweet perplexity where to open the theme of wonder, forces adown my glowing cheek that tear which stood ripe for its fall. My heart roves from one topic of admiration to another; and, like the humble beast in the fable, my gratitude is in danger of starving, from inability to choose between the rival delicacies which solicit my preference.

“ O why will the fickle ones of this world devote themselves to the charms of variety, and pall their sensuality by the ceaseless repetition of vapid pleasures, while their garden gates stand open day and night, and invite them to scenes of inexhaustible profusion and incomparable delight!—scenes that might leave Methuselah, in the last year of his life, yet but beginning to investigate their beauties! In this we should do well to imitate, instead of destroying, the curious caterpillar, who is never content with wandering through the mazes of the cauliflower

—and the contemplative hog, who never manifests such genuine transport, as when an opportunity is yielded him of revelling with inquisitive snout in the territories of Vertumnus; while we jealously bar his researches, by inserting that envious ring in his nostrils which would far better become our own, when we intrude them into the concerns of our brethren.

“ Ah! how long might the eye rest unsated on the upright graces of those aspiring asparagus, that bristle up their vegetable spears, as if in defiance of the mightiest children of the garden! while yon crouching cabbages, that grow at their feet, seem to spread abroad their leafy arms, as if to acknowledge their prowess, and implore their mercy. Well may the end of the former be to lose their heads, the death of the valiant—and well may the latter be the constant emblem of the knights of the thimble, nine of whom are required, by the contemptuous arithmetic of the vulgar, to compose an individual man. Yet, as the bee can extract honey from the nettle, so can charity find good in the cabbage. Thus let us not scoff at the dastardliness of this production, without at the same time drawing a lesson of unanimity from the ways of this numerous family.

“ O Foxite and Pittite, Jacobin and Aristocrat, Atheist and Christian! blush ye all at your enmities and divisions, while ye see the Early-York, the Sugar-loaf, the Battersea, and the Scotch-kale, with all their hostilities of season, colour, form, and flavour, growing side by side, and each meekly tolerating the diversities of the other! Shall man and wife still pollute the annals of matrimony by divorces and separations, while the purple broccoli, and the snowy cauliflower, possess one bed? And shall history stain her page with the animosities of

the white and red rose, while the white and red cabbage are content to vegetate on the same soil, simmer in the same pot, and smoke upon the same table?

“ O philanthropic root! that, like some bountiful father of a family, not content with yielding us the fruit of its own sound heart, dedicates its posterity to our use, in that profusion of sprouts, which it supplies to us from its own parent stock! O how unlike the penurious pea, that obliges us to tear open its bowels for its globular treasures! while even for these we are indebted to our own industry, in supporting its sluggard tendrils, which else would sordidly creep and wither on the ground. So, many a profligate genius of this world would suffer his talents to moulder away in indolence, but for some solicitous friend, that, with salutary severity, forces them into exertion.

“ Not less harsh, nor less beneficial in its agency, the stimulating chamomile, that, like a rigid yet loving confessor, descends into the depths of our bosoms, and compels us to discharge their foul and peccant accumulations. And see too, where, in the hue of innocence, humbly shows its head the pious parsnip, that pays us its annual Lenten visit, and, by its significant insipidity, points out to us the tastelessness of worldly pleasures and pursuits! And what are those two that suddenly strike my sight, whose name shows them to be allied, while their shape and properties betoken irreconcilable contrariety? They are French and Windsor beans—O how pertinently so named! The former, in its spare form and scattered growth, aptly representing the meagre figures and disunited state of the people from whom they have their name,

while the mangled and massacred condition in which they are brought to our boards still more forcibly typifies the savage ferocity with which they have substituted the sword for the sceptre.

“ Turn your eye from the painful picture, to contemplate its like in name, as its antagonist in nature, the Windsor bean—and admire, with me, how appositely the fair rotund form of its contents represents the honest British plumpness of the gracious potentate whose residence has furnished its title—while the clustering manner in which they hang from their luxuriant branches adumbrates the numerousness and concord of his royal offspring. But see where on this side spires the Coss, and on that spreads the brown Dutch, lettuces—plants that instruct us by their very nothingness! Those very leaves, that in the natural state are considered but as provender for the swine, O how sweetly, how gratefully do they salute the palate, when aided by the delicious provocatives of the cruet-stand!

“ Let us hence collect the emptiness, and unserviceableness of man in his natural state, and the high things of which he is capable, when heightened by the precious sauce of education. And let the mystic artichoke, which once more arrests my attention, read us a lecture on human life: may I not be indulged in the pleasing, even the fanciful supposition, that the leaves with which it is so munificently arrayed, may have been designed as emblems of the years through which we pass in our human pilgrimage, which, as each is exhausted, gradually unfold to us the choke of mortal miseries—those miseries, like that choke, covered over with a flimsy coating of comfort, which, moreover, we

ever burn our fingers in endeavouring to obtain, till, at length arrived at the bottom, or death, our difficulties are at an end, and our sweets begin?

“ But what ambiguous root is here, whose flavour contradicts to our palates the report made by its form to our eyes?—The turnip-radish! O let it warn us against the wily foe, that cheats our credulous eyes with the smooth turnip of tenderness, while inwardly he bites us with the sharp radish of rancour. Nor let yon hypocritical onion less admonish us of the insidious wretch, that can force tears from our eyes at one moment, and at the next annoy us with the foul breath of defamation; and, to render his machinations still more fatal, can lay us asleep while they are working. And see too, how those callous cucumbers, though ripened and fostered beneath the genial glass of protection, shall return the benefactions of their patron with coldness at least, if not with bitterness.

“ And as at the moral uses of these vegetable riches, so let us admire at the contrivance which has accommodated each with its appropriate form and structure, which it could not exchange but with disadvantage. How should we smile to see the cumbrous cauliflower hanging, like an infant with a dropsied head, from the slim spires of the asparagus! or the diminutive pea, which we now behold so artfully emboxed in its commodious mansion, loosely scattered like the potato beneath the earth, while the hours of the impatient cook would pass in the tedious toil of separating the little balls from the clods amidst which they would be lost! and, in return, the rugged and hardy potato, transplanted from its subterraneous abode into the slender and silken shell which we now see so aptly tenanted by the miniature globes of the pea! What

room should we find for extolling the artifice of creation, if the artichoke, of which we have already admired the progressive conformation, should exhibit its parts in an inverted series? if the moist and marrowy bottom were taken from its needful asylum in the inmost recesses of the plant, and laid bare to the beating hail and blowing blasts, while the tough and sturdy leaves should be translated from their present characteristical exposure, to an useless security within? In all these cases, would not the transposition equally offend the eye of a spectator, and the interests of each individual product?

“ Thus rich, thus copious, does the page of horticulture appear, even in the feeble epitome of it which is here exhibited. Ah! would we but study it as it deserves! would we but resort as eagerly to its more refined and symbolical, as we do to its grosser though not more substantial advantages, we should find it speak a language of reason and religion, that would set all the subtleties of logic and all the systems of ethics at defiance. With such a clue to guide us through the labyrinths of life, no process would occur in the cultivation of our beds, which would not give a lesson to our consciences, while it provided a meal for our tables. We should not then water a plant, without dropping, at least from our mind's eyes, the fostering tears of transport over our growing virtues, or of repentance over our transgressions. We should not rake the stones or root the weeds from our foul ground, without at the same time raking out the foul passions with which our hearts are choked and over-run—or roll the gravel of our walks, without advertising at the same time to the rising turbulence of our desires, which need to be pressed down by the roller

of reflection. Above all, we should not fail to impress on our hearts the fragility and transitoriness of all sublunary things, when we consider how soon the luxuries of the garden fade away, and elude the most confident hopes of hunger.

“ O let the ambitious man learn to despise the ladder on which he stands, while he considers that yon towering artichoke shall shortly wither on its stem, or be scalded in the pot! O let the lover withdraw his adoration from Chloë’s eyes, when he sees the blushing apple of love droop and shrivel in the odious embraces of time, and the amorous pea torn from its darling stick, and sacrificed to the voracity of man! O let the epicure renounce his delicacies, while he reflects that, like yon cauliflower, he shall soon administer to the gluttony of the worm! and the fop his essences, while he faints at the fumes from those corrupted beans, so late the pride of vegetable fragrance!—In a word, let all the hunters after worldly delights resign their ardour for them, as they contemplate that period when kings and cabbages, popes and peas, sages and sallads, beauties and broccoli, artichokes and archbishops, lords and leeks, princes and parsnips, tyrants and turnips, cucumbers and conquerors, shall lie in one promiscuous heap of sapless putrefaction!”

I do seriously apprehend that these false models have been so successful in corrupting the taste of the public, that it may be necessary to apprise some few of my readers, that what they have been reading is really not sublime.

END OF VOL. XXXVI.



