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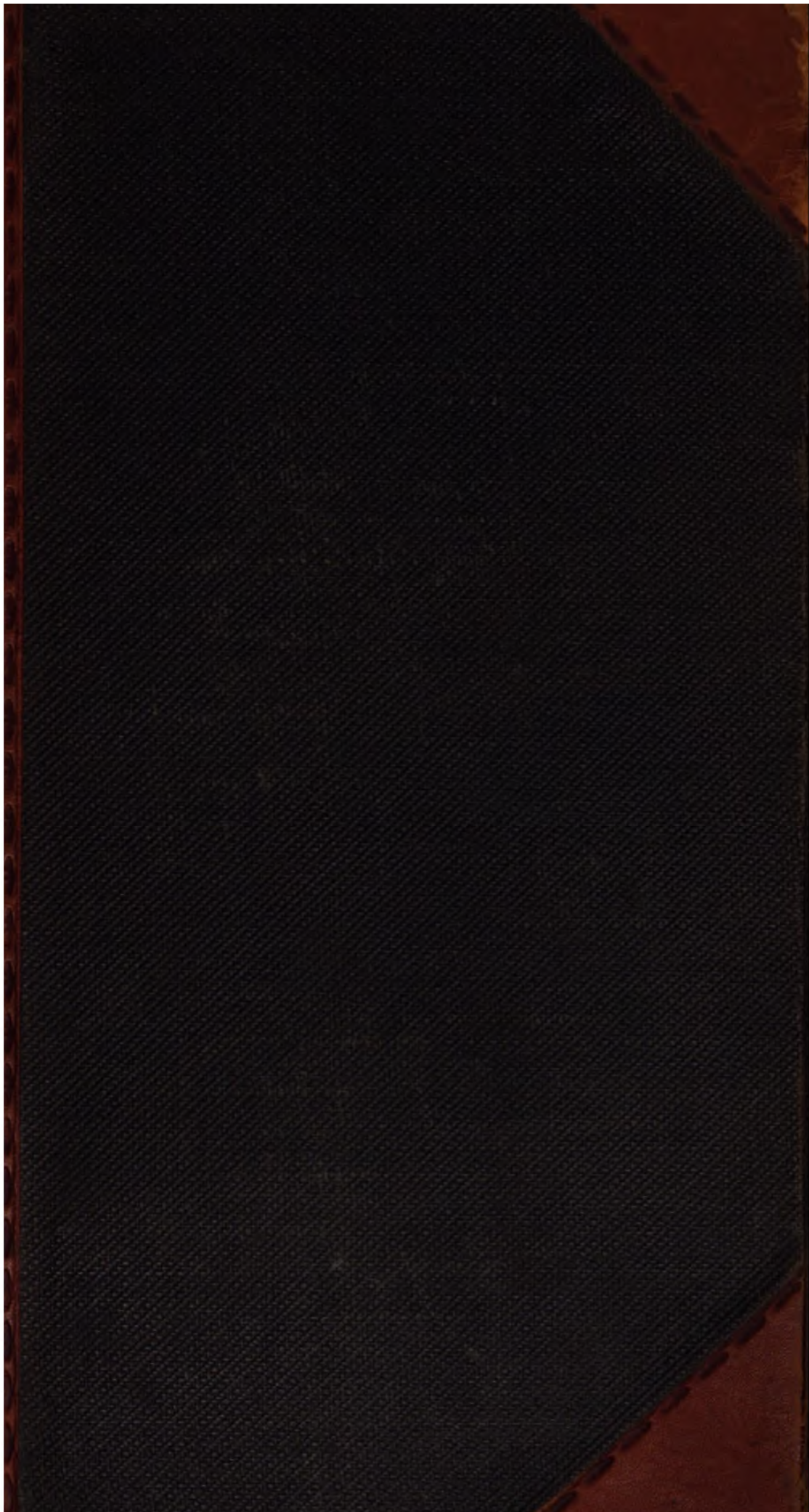
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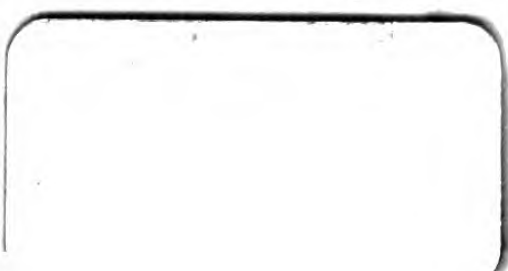
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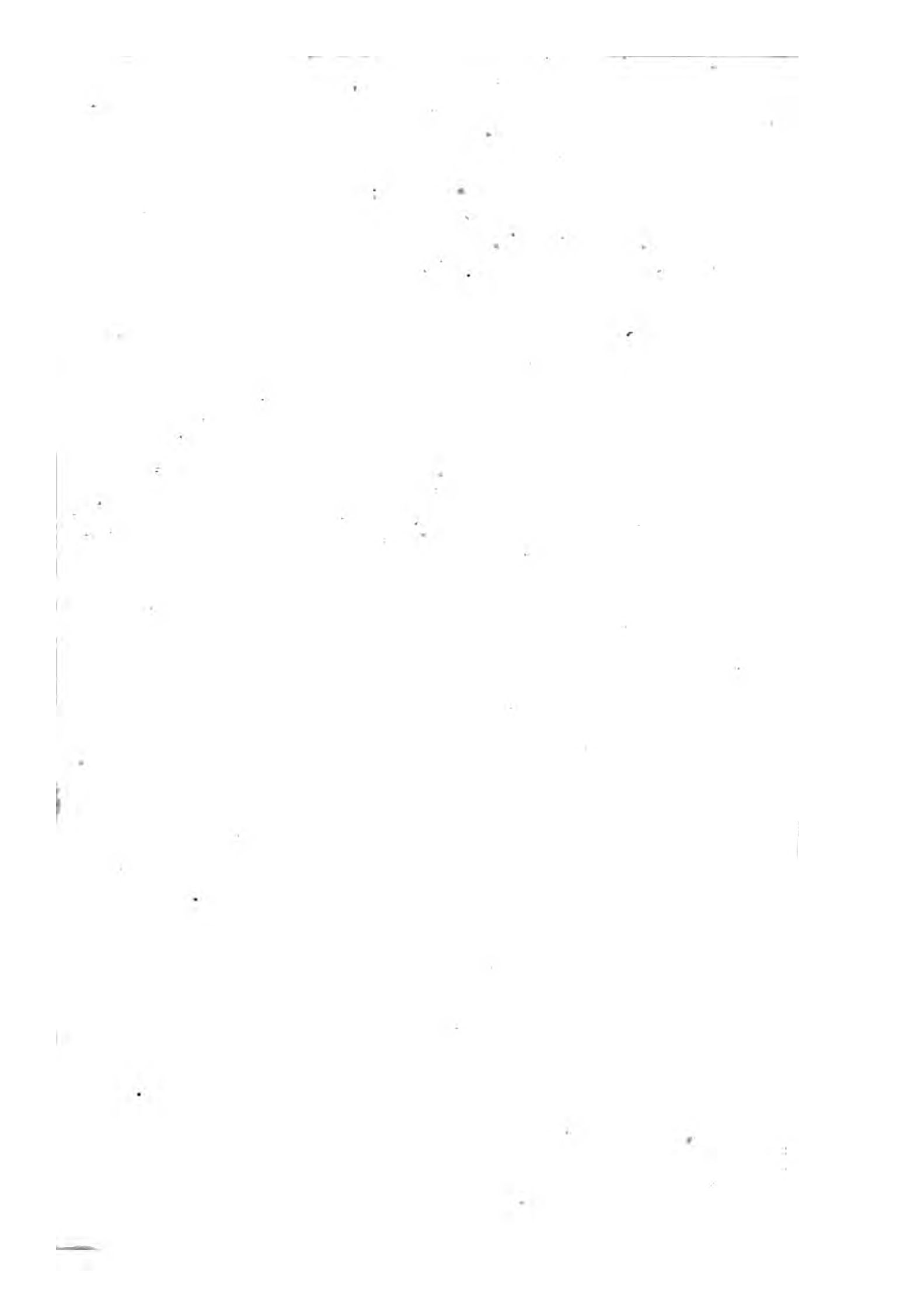






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THE  
**BRITISH ESSAYISTS;**

WITH

**PREFACES,**

**HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,**

BY

**A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.**

**VOL. XXXI.**

**LONDON:**



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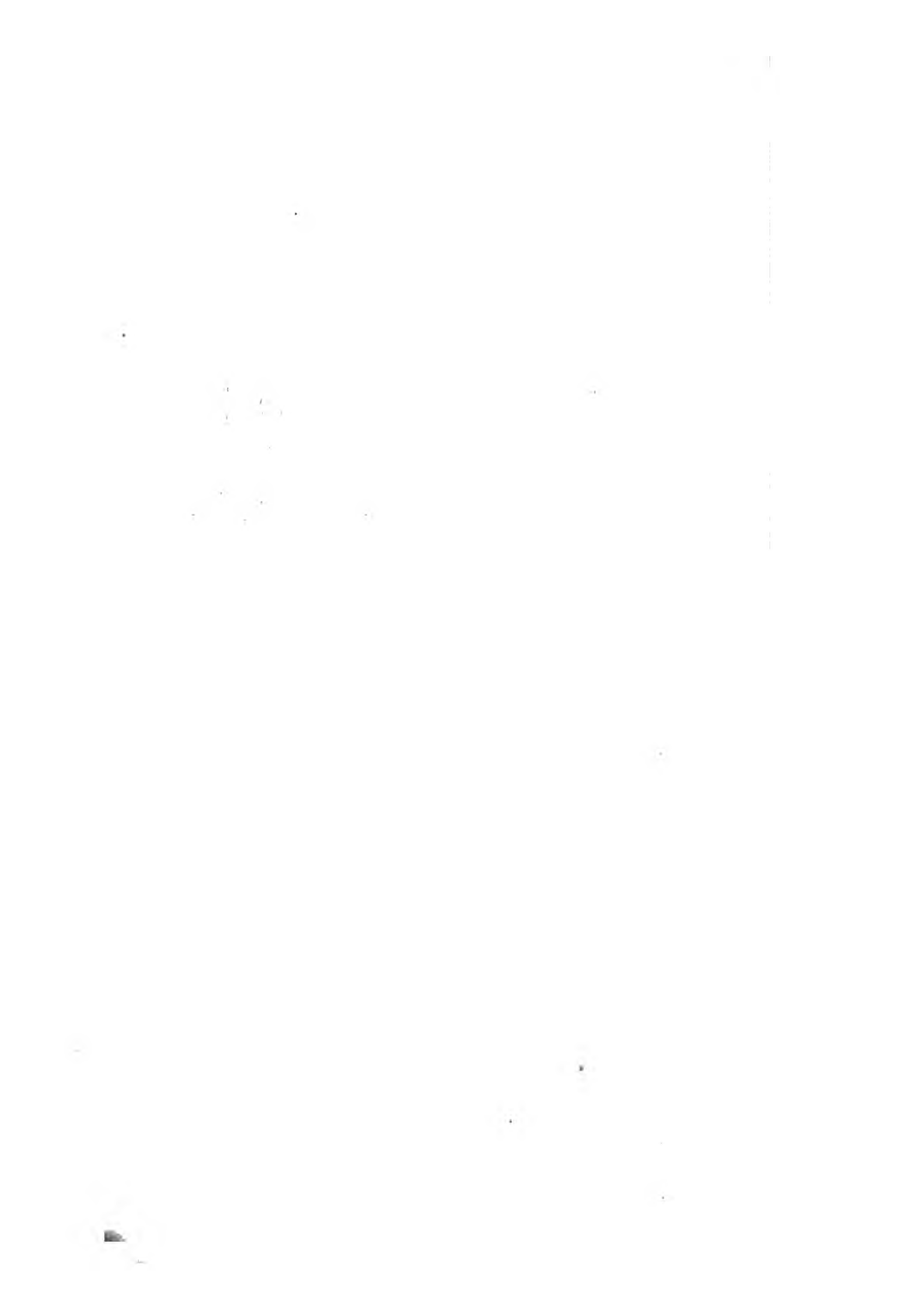
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# **LOUNGER.**



**No. 52—101.**





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THE  
LOUNGER.

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No. 52. SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1786.

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*On peut ebaucher un portrait en peu de mots ; mais le détailler  
exactement, c'est un ouvrage sans fin.*

MARIVAUX.

‘ Most women have no characters at all.’ So says a poet of great good sense, and of much observation on human character. I own, however, that I am not very willing to acknowledge the truth of the proposition. I admit that there is a certain sameness in the situation of our women, which is apt to give a similarity to their manner and turn of mind ; but I am persuaded there is a foundation of diversity in the characters of women as strong as in those of men, the features of the first, indeed, are more delicate, less strongly marked, and on that account more difficult to be distinguished ; but still the difference equally exists. In their faces, the features of men are stronger than those of women ; but the difference of one woman’s face from another is not therefore the less real. So it is, in my opinion, with their minds.

I have been lately more than ever disposed to deny the truth of Mr. Pope's observation, from an acquaintance with two ladies, who, in situations nearly alike, without that difference which vicissitudes of fortune, or uncommon incidents in life, might produce, are in character perfectly dissimilar. I never, indeed, knew two characters more pointedly different than those of Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Hambden. Mrs. Williams is a woman of plain good sense, and of great justness of conduct. She was early married to a man of good understanding, and in a respectable situation of life. He married her, because he wished for a wife who could be a useful as well as an agreeable companion to him, and would make a good mother to his children. She married him, because she thought him a worthy man, with whom she could be happy. Neither the husband nor the wife are remarkable for taste or refinement; but they have both such a stock of sense, as prevents their ever falling into any impropriety. Mrs. Williams conducts the affairs of her family with the greatest regularity and exactness; and she never feels herself above giving attention to any particular of domestic economy. The education of her sons she leaves almost entirely to her husband; that of the daughters she considers as peculiarly belonging to her. Believing the great truths, and attentive to the great doctrines, of religion, she never troubled herself with its intricacies; and following, in morality, the plain path of right, she never speculated on points of delicate embarrassment. To her daughters, in like manner, she never taught mystery in religion, nor casuistry in morals; but she instils into them the most obvious and useful principles in both. She allows them to mix in the world to a certain degree, and to associate with companions of their own age and rank; but she guards against every thing which might give them a



romantic turn. Having little imagination herself, she removes from her daughters every thing by which theirs might be warmed : novels that melt, and dramas that agitate, the mind, she is at pains to prevent their getting a taste for. Even a relish for music she seems to wish to discourage.

Mrs. Williams is in every thing candor itself. Indeed she never feels any thing which she would wish to conceal. Her good sense makes her always fix on her plan of conduct with firmness ; and, as she is not perplexed with any difficulties, nor encumbered with any doubts about its being right, she always takes the direct road to accomplish the end she has in view. Upon the whole, Mrs. Williams is more respectable than many who seem formed to command more respect, and happier than many who seem to have more avenues for happiness.

Mrs. Hamlden possesses a mind of a much superior order to that of Mrs. Williams. She is, indeed, one of the most accomplished women I ever knew. With an uncommon portion of acuteness and discernment, she possesses the highest degree of taste and refinement. Her conversation is ever animated and ever improving ; and a delicate sense of virtue, as well as a warmth of sensibility, which runs through every thing she says, creates an attachment to her, and gives to her discourse, to use an expression of Sir William Temple's, that raciness, without which, discourse as well as wine is insipid. Intimately acquainted with human nature, she possesses the quickest discernment and the truest knowledge of every character that comes within her observation ; and yet, from a native generosity of mind, she is ever willing to make allowance for the weaknesses or follies of others. With such accomplishments and so much worth, it is natural to suppose that Mrs. Hamlden will exhibit, in every part of her conduct,

a pattern of perfection ; and yet, from the very possession of those endowments, she seems to fail in those parts of conduct in which Mrs. Williams, with much inferior talents and accomplishments, appears to succeed. Mrs. Hambden's superior acuteness and penetration, far from enabling her to fix upon a certain, steady, uniform line of conduct, frequently produce only doubt, uncertainty, and hesitation. To which ever side she turns, she sees difficulties ; difficulties which her discernment enables her to perceive, and her imagination tends to magnify. When resolved, she is but half-resolved ; she begins to doubt that she has determined wrong ; thinks of varying her plan, and becomes more and more uncertain how to proceed. Even after she is completely fixed as to the object, she wavers as to the means of obtaining it, and obstacles are constantly starting up in her idea which she knows not how to surmount. This not only produces a vacillancy in her conduct, but at times gives her the appearance of a want of fairness ; she wishes to disguise her own perplexity to herself, and this leads her to assume somewhat of disguise to others. Uncertain of the justness or expediency of her own conduct, afraid of the light in which it may appear, she but half communicates resolutions of which she doubts the propriety, and half conceals intentions which she is afraid to fulfil.

Mrs. Hambden was left, not long after her marriage, a widow, with one son and one daughter, and, since her husband's death, her whole care has centred in these children. From her anxiety with regard to her son, she has taken the management of his education upon herself. From her eager wish to conduct him in the paths of virtue, and to secure him from the snares of vice, she has kept him almost constantly under her own eye ; she has prevented him

from going to a public school, and has hardly allowed him any companions. The boy is now about fifteen, with wonderful learning and knowledge for his years, and possessed of the finest and most amiable dispositions ; but, from his mode of education, he is awkward, timid, and perfectly ignorant of the world. With the world, however, he must soon mix ; and what change this may produce in his character is uncertain. It is much to be feared, that that very purity and refinement of mind, of which he is possessed, and which certainly has been preserved by his seclusion from the world, may produce very fatal consequences to him on his entrance into life. If he retains this extreme purity and refinement untainted, there is danger lest he become disgusted with and unfit for a world, many of the maxims and practices of which he will find very different from the lessons he has received from too fond a mother. But the danger is still greater that his purity and refinement may leave him ; being introduced into the world, not gradually, but all at once ; not being taught by degrees to struggle with and resist the corruptions around him, he may fall into the very opposite extreme from that in which he has been led, and desert, from the refinement and severity of virtue, to the grossness and licentiousness of vice. He will meet with vice in colours that often dazzle rather than shock inexperience like his, and his weakness may sometimes yield where his inclination may not be seduced. The boldness of confident folly may overthrow his wisest resolutions, and the laugh of shallow ridicule triumph over his best-founded principles.

Mrs. Hambden's daughter is at this moment the most amiable girl I ever knew. Here I am at a loss whether to find fault with the education her mother has given her or not. Mrs. Hambden's object has

been to bestow upon her every accomplishment which can adorn the female character: music and drawing, the French and Italian languages, she is mistress of; her reading is extensive, her taste exquisite, her judgement delicate; and yet, I confess, I am not less afraid than I am interested about this girl's fate. Her soul is too refined for the common, but useful and necessary departments of life; and that imagination which she has enlivened and cultivated, may be to her the source of infinite distress.—While her mother lives, even her support may not always protect her daughter, nor ensure that peace of mind, which feeling may betray or fancy mislead. But what a change in her situation must that parent's death produce! If she remains unmarried, I fear she will be little able to struggle with the harsh difficulties of a single state; for reading and refinement, far from enabling the female mind to grapple with its situation, have rather a tendency to soften and enfeeble it. Should she marry, and I am persuaded she never will, unless she finds a man whom she thinks worthy of her most ardent affection, in that state also she is not less exposed to unhappiness. Even supposing she should meet with a husband, and there are few such, every way worthy of her, it is to be feared that her extreme delicacy may give her many uneasinesses, and create an anxiety which it will not be easy to cure. If, from that ignorance of the characters of the men, to which every woman is exposed, she should be unlucky in her choice, her danger is dreadful.

But I have wandered somewhat from my purpose, which was to illustrate the difference between the two ladies in question; and to show, against the too decisive apophthegm of the poet, the possible discrimination of female character. Yet, in tracing



those different persons through the different plans of education for their children, I am not sure if I have not stumbled upon something intimately as well as usefully connected with my subject. If there are very distinguishing features in female as well as in male characters, it is for mothers to mark their features, to watch betimes their different propensities. Education can do much to confirm goodness, to correct depravity of temper and of disposition: and in characters more common than either of those extremes, education can give exertion to indolence, refinement to insensibility, strength to the weak, and support to the too susceptible mind; can call forth talents into usefulness, and bestow happiness upon virtue.

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No. 53. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1786.

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—*Minimâ contentos nocte Britannos.*      JUV. SAT. ii. 161.

IN a late paper, I laid before my readers a letter from a correspondent, subscribing himself Senex, on the little attention which is now a-days paid to the rights and jurisdiction of Time. Since the publication of that paper, I received the following application from a personage who claims my attention and regard, by desiring me to observe, that she is still older than Senex, and has had more opportunities of witnessing that corruption of modern manners, of which he so warmly complains.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ THE HUMBLE PETITION OF NIGHT.

“ SHOWETH,

“ THAT from the remotest antiquity your Petitioner was acknowledged and understood to have right to the undisturbed possession of silence and quiet, and, in company with her relation Darkness, was invested with the power of staying the works and labours of men, and of consigning them to the dominion of your Petitioner's ancient and approved ally Sleep. Sleep in his turn yielded them to the renewed power of Day, to whom was committed the charge of their active employments. That this regular distribution of time was agreeable to the laws of nature, and highly conducive to the interests of society and the welfare of individuals.

“ That, this notwithstanding, your Petitioner has to complain, that for a considerable time past, in civilised and polite nations, there have been many violent and unjust inroads made into that province which, in the order of nature, has been assigned her: That in the metropolis of the British empire, in particular, the distinguishing privileges above set forth, to which the Petitioner conceives herself well entitled, have been violently infringed, insomuch that the hours over which she and her associates above named ought to have had command and control, have been almost entirely appropriated to action, bustle, and disquiet, to the great disturbance of your said Petitioner and her friends beforementioned:

“ That certain persons, assuming to themselves the style and title of Men of Pleasure, had long since a license of acting in their several occupations



in despite of your Petitioner's exclusive privileges, herein before recited ; and being confederated with the powers of Wine, Play, and other disorderly associates, had made forcible entries into the territories of your Petitioner, and subjected her faithful vassals to much vexation and annoyance. But as those men of pleasure were in some sort acknowledged to be independent of Reason and Nature, from whom your Petitioner holds in fief, she was contented to pass over their enormities for the present ; being assured, from very great and respectable authority, that most of those persons would, at a future period, be particularly consigned to her power and dominion.

“ But of late your Petitioner has observed, with the greatest alarm, that persons of business, and even those from whose high sanction such irregular proceedings will be most apt to come into example and precedent, have made very unwarrantable encroachments on her most acknowledged and determinate boundaries. Such persons, in order to conceal the injuries done by them to your Petitioner, have added the crime of falsehood and forgery to their other offences ; and have marked their proceedings, as if carried on under the sanction of Day, with the Latin words, ‘ *Die Martis*,’—‘ *Die Jovis*,’—and so forth ; though it is an undoubted fact, and can be proved by the most indisputable authority, that these were transacted within the jurisdiction and precincts of your Petitioner. Some of the persons, indeed, chiefly and principally concerned in such transactions, were frequently observed to have in some sort allowed the authority of your Petitioner, by submitting to the control and dominion of Sleep, her well-known and faithful associate above mentioned.

“ That your Petitioner, amidst all those injuries which she suffered, had yet the consolation of think-

ing that they were chiefly confined to the city of London and liberties of Westminster; but that in the country, and the metropolis of this ancient kingdom of Scotland, her proper and just rights were more acknowledged and attended to; and that there, associations both of business and amusement generally preserved a certain degree of respect for her dominion, and did not wantonly and violently encroach upon her boundaries. But within these few years she has seen, with equal surprise and regret, a remarkable alteration in this matter: and that in particular the last mentioned persons, the partisans and followers of amusement in this city never begin their course of action till that period arrives, which, by the original charter of your Petitioner, was granted to her and her fellow-proprietors hereinbefore particularly enumerated.

“ That your Petitioner is not hardy enough to imagine, that she can prevail on those persons to relinquish the encroachments herein complained of. She is willing, therefore, for the sake of peace, to which she has always had a strong propensity, to give up such a portion of her territory and domain, as to accommodate them in their avocations and employments, provided she shall be ascertained in certain limits, to be henceforward observed without infringement; and she submits to you, on behalf of herself and her sister Day, the under-written propositions on the subject. They contain a new Table of Time, to be observed by the polite and fashionable classes only, reserving to the good folks in the country, and the lower orders of mankind, their ancient and accustomed reckoning.

“ It is proposed then,

“ 1st, That the year in Edinburgh shall commence from the 18th day of January, and shall end and determine the 18th of April. The lesser divi-

sions of time, called months and weeks, to be no-wise affected or affectable by such abridged computation of the year or season ; except that, among the higher ranks and orders of the people, for whom this new computation is intended, the space commonly known by the title of Honey Moon, shall be shortened in proportion to the comparative durations of this newly-computed year, and of that formerly established and observed.

“ 2d, That the day shall begin at the hour of two in what is now called the Afternoon, and end at six in what is vulgarly called the Morning ; the space between the latter hour and the former to appertain and belong to your Petitioner.

“ 3d, Day agrees to cede to your Petitioner the sun, and its various appendages ; your Petitioner, on her part, guarantees to her sister Day the moon, with all its properties and appurtenances whatsoever.

“ 4th, Day agrees, that notwithstanding the cession contained in the immediately preceding article, your Petitioner may continue her amnesty to all those little irregularities which were formerly covered by her shade, and which she may in this period now settled happen to witness ; because the fashionable circle, to which only this new kalendar applies, is above being ashamed of such practices, and can let the sun look on them without blushing.

“ 5th, During the period of this newly-settled year, which is too short to allow any interruption in its course, your Petitioner’s ally Rest gives up her ancient claim to every seventh day : on which seventh day, therefore, every fashionable employment, business, or diversion, may be carried on as usual ; any such ancient claim, law, or commandment, in anywise notwithstanding : Proviso, That such concession shall not bar people from sleeping in church on that day.

“ Your Petitioner humbly requests, That you will be pleased to take the premises into your consideration ; and, on behalf of her and her sister Day, accede to the proposals above set forth, as well as publish them for the consent and concurrence of the polite world in this part of the kingdom.

“ NIGHT.”

Z

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“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ THOUGH I hate writing, yet I am so very unhappy, that I am at last resolved to apply to you. Indeed I have no other means of relief ; for telling my distresses to any body that knows me, would be worse than death itself. I must give you all my history, or you can have no idea of my misfortunes. I was eldest daughter to a gentleman of 700*l.* a-year, who had four sons and two daughters. My sister and I were remarkably well educated ; besides being three years at a boarding-school, we had a governess at home who had once been in France, and who understood thorough-bass perfectly. We had an excellent drawing-master, and were nine years at the dancing-school. Though nobody of taste thought the youngest near so handsome as her sister, yet, good heavens ! only think how lucky she was !—married to a Baronet with a fine fortune and a charming place.—To be sure he is old and very ill-tempered, and she cries sometimes, and wishes she had never seen him ; but I know that must be all affectation ; for she has the loveliest carriage and the smartest liveries ever you saw ! But why should I think of her ? for it is just thinking of her that vexes me often ;—yet I once



despised her.—Well, Mr. LOUNGER, I was once happy myself, at least much happier than I am now. We lived in town always, except a month or two in the summer, and even then I did not tire so much as you would suppose; for we visited all our neighbours, and my brothers brought out their companions, and we had dances and parties of pleasure. But when winter came, how charming it was!—To be sure one had vexations now and then. To see other people better dressed, or have better partners, or more tonish matrons, is horrible; but then if one takes pains, and goes every where, they may soon be fashionable. Well, I went about constantly, and flirted, and danced, and played, and sung, and every mortal said I was so handsome, and so lively, and so accomplished, and so much the thing—Oh! why do people ever grow older?—Then, as for lovers, I had I don't know how many. All the smart men used to dance with me by turns, invite me to private balls, and tell me how much they adored me: and though they did not just ask me to marry them, yet I thought that question must follow; that there was no hurry, I might divert myself, and perhaps get a better husband than any I had seen yet. It is but fair to say I was not the least romantic. My mother warned me against that, and I had sense enough to be convinced, that if I got a fashionable man and a man of fortune, every thing else was nonsense. I made but one resolution; since my sister had married a baronet, I would have nothing lower, and perhaps insist upon a peer.—Good heavens! to think I have got nobody!—now, Mr. LOUNGER, read what follows, and pity me. For some years I was the most contented soul alive; but, alas, misfortunes at last began to come upon me. Silly baby-faced girls turned fashionable, and were taken notice of before me. Many of my companions were married,

and could talk of their house, and their servants, and their carriage :—the fine men turned ill-bred fools. In short, I grew every day less comfortable, when to add to all, my father died and left me just 1000*l*. Then began misery indeed. My eldest brother married ; the rest were dispersed ; my mother and I were forced to live alone ; we have no carriage, no country-house, no large parties ; was ever any creature so unfortunate ! I find myself more unhappy every day. Assemblies are detestable ; I may sit there two hours before any mortal asks me to dance ; and then some brute of a married man says, If I can do no better, he'll be happy to have the honour. The play-house is a degree more tolerable, though the horror of thinking who will hand one out, prevents one from being diverted. In company, I see every body more attended to than myself. At home I am miserable. What can I do ? People talk of friends ; one may get plenty of them :—but unless they are fashionable, what the better are you ? Besides, if one has no lovers to talk about, except to repeat scandal, and that one can always get, I don't see the use of them ; for my part I have tried a great many, but though we were always monstrously fond at first, we very soon tired of one another.

“ Now, Sir, if you have the least compassion, tell me what to do :—Is there any scheme on earth, by which I might be married ? To say the truth, I plot for every man I see, but my plots never succeed. If you could assist me, I would be the most grateful creature on earth. No matter who he is, if he is but genteel and decently rich. If I were married, I might soon make myself tonish, which is all I wish in the world. Never talk to me of giving up the rage for being so, or of settling my mind, and amusing myself with working and reading. I tell you they don't amuse me. I have worked purses, and

painted trimmings for hours, without being the least diverted. And as for reading, what can I read? History I know perfectly; for we read an hour with the governess every day; and as for novels, though I get all the new ones, and they are the only books I like, yet, after all, they are a provoking sort of reading: they always talk of youth and beauty and lovers; and the men now are so different from what they should be, or what these books represent them, I cannot bear it. Now do, Sir, take pity on me and help me; but pray convey the advice, so that nobody but myself may profit by it: for if the multitude in the same situation were all provided for, the world would grow intolerably good-natured, and I would have none to exult over. At present I cry bitterly whenever I hear of a good marriage; it would be divine to think that two hundred were doing so at mine.—Farewell, my dear Sir, forgive this trouble, and believe me your sincere friend, and, I hope soon, grateful servant,

“ JESSAMINA.”

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No. 54. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1786.

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*Ils ne tardent pas à obeir à cette maladie generale qui precipite toute la jeunesse de province vers l'abîme de corruption.*

TABLEAU DE PARIS.

To the historian and the antiquary it is matter of curious investigation, to trace the progress of expense and luxury through the different stages of increasing wealth and advancing refinement in a country, and to observe the war which for some time

is carried on between the restraining powers of grave and virtuous legislators, and the dissipated inclinations of a rich and luxurious people. In this contest, indeed, the inequality of the parties is easily discernible, and the effects of that inequality readily foreseen. The first sumptuary law that is passed is the signal of that growing opulence which is soon to overturn it; and the weak barriers of successive restraints and regulations are in vain opposed to a force which the progress of time and of manners daily renders more irresistible. Luxury, like a river, is harmless amidst the barren mountains where it first begins to rise; but in the fruitful valleys of its after-course, its size is enlarged, and its power increased in proportion to the mischief it may cause; and the mounds which were opposed to its encroachments, only serve to mark the desolation it has made. Great cities are the natural stages for luxury and dissipation of every sort. Against great cities, therefore, the lawgiver sometimes, as well as the moralist, has exerted his authority, and endeavoured to hinder people from crowding together, to waste their means, and to corrupt their principles, in that circle of extravagance, of vanity, and of vice, to which a town gives scope and encouragement. In Scotland, at a very early period, attempts were made to control this abuse, as it was thought, by law. More than three centuries ago, it was 'statute and ordained, That the Lords should dwell in their castles and manours, and expend the fruit of their lands in the countrie where their lands lay.' And King James I. of England, when transplanted into the richer soil of our sister kingdom, had not forgotten the wholesome restrictions of his ancestors. In his speech in the Star-chamber, anno 1616, he inveighs against the overgrown size of London, which he declares was become a nuisance to the whole kingdom. Af-



ter enumerating many pernicious consequences of which this was the cause, and ascribing the evil, in terms rather ungallant as well as coarse, to the influence of the ladies\*, he goes so far as to say, that he would have the new buildings pulled down, and the builders committed to prison.

In these days of liberty and enlarged ideas, the restraints of law, or the recommendations of royalty, are not employed to check abuses of that sort which do not violate the great bonds of society, or openly disturb the good order and government of the state. The law is contented to punish public crimes; private vices and private follies it leaves to the cognizance and the censure of the preacher and the moralist, or to the lighter correction of the satirist or the comedian. These reformers are of that milder class who are satisfied if they can circumscribe, though they do not extirpate, the mischief. Indeed, it is to be doubted if they desire to extirpate it; or whether they do not, like good sportsmen with foxes, only wish to run down part of the game, and leave a breed, for their own amusement, behind.

Of these hunters of folly and of dissipation, great cities have not failed to attract the notice, and awaken the censure. Rome, Paris, and London, have found Juvenals, Boileaus, and Johnsons, to attack them. But on this subject in general, I know nobody who has hit on a better idea for exposing them than the author of *Tristram Shandy*, who, in some passage of

\* 'One of the greatest causes of all gentlemen's desire, that have no calling or errand to dwell in London, is apparently the pride of the women; for if they be wives, then their husbands; and if they be maydes, then their fathers; must bring them up to London; because the new fashion is to be had no where but in London; and here, if they be unmarried, they marr their marriages; and if they be married, they lose their reputations, and rob their husband's purses.'

*Works of K. James, in folio, pp. 567, 568.*

that eccentric and witty performance, makes one of his personages propose, that judges should be appointed at the avenues of every metropolis, where each person, when he arrives from the country, should be obliged to give an account of the business which brings him to town. Unfortunately, he has only started, without pursuing the thought; and the imagination is left to suppose the general effect of the inquiry, without being led to any particular examination of individuals.

I was mentioning this the other day to a brother Lounger of mine, whom I have for some time remarked as the humourist of his circle in the coffee-house where we occasionally meet. He caught the idea immediately; and having smiled some moments to himself as if inwardly enjoying it, 'What a precious catalogue of fools,' said he, 'might one have had even here, if such an examination had taken place of those who resort to Edinburgh for the winter! But for this season I can in some degree supply the omission: you must know I am sworn brother, as Prince Hal says, to some of the most intelligent waiters at one or two of the hotels here in the neighbourhood; and these rascals, who are as smoky as the devil, entertain me now and then with an account of arrivals, as they call it, not only in their own houses, but in those around them; for they have all a hawk's eye for a post-chaise or a travelling coach, and mark those who go past as well as those who stop at their doors. I have actually taken down some memoranda of their intelligence; but I have not the pocket-book here at present: put me in mind and I will show it you to-morrow.'—I did not fail to require the fulfilment of the promise; and next day my acquaintance, being in a hurry, gave me the book home with me, from which I made some extracts, which I shall take the liberty of laying before my

readers, along with the notes which the gentleman seemed to have set down as a sort of common-place on the facts he had collected. They were entered under several leaves, on the first of which was this motto :

— They run,  
Some to undo, and some to be undone.

December 20. A coach with eight insides, besides two boys and their governor in the dilly, came to town for the education of their children—a large family; could not afford to keep them in the country; therefore taken a house in town at sixteen guineas a month, next door to Lady Rumpus.—The two eldest misses went straight to the milliner's over the way.—Mamma called for the assembly subscription-book.—Lady Rumpus had been so obliging as to set down her name; she added Miss Eliza's and Miss Sophia's:—'They must not,' she said, 'be foundered in their education.'—The two young ladies returned from Mrs. Robertson's with new hats on their heads, new bosoms, and new behinds in a band-box.—(Note. Verification of the cant vulgarism about a band-box.)—Miss Sophia tore her hat in getting in at the parlour door.

January 2. Another family with three tall young ladies—come to town for husbands,—'squired by a gentleman in a hunting uniform on a handsome bay gelding. The housekeeper, who came some time after, mounted on a pad behind one of the footmen, said the gentleman on the bay gelding was an admirer of the eldest of the three young ladies; that they hoped it would have been a match before now, but people were so shy in the country; they would get better acquainted in town. The young gentleman's valet bespoke a room for his master next door to his sweetheart's.

In the afternoon, two ladies in mourning, in an old-fashioned chariot, drove by a fat coachman in jack-boots, and attended by a plough-boy on a rat-tailed coach-horse. Humphrey called for a tankard of porter, and told all about the ladies in the kitchen. The young one, an heiress, who has lately buried her brother, and taken possession of his estate, and is come to town to learn how to make a figure. The elder, a widow, a relation, who has been with her young kinswoman ever since her brother's death; a wise lady, who is to teach her young friend fashion and sentiment. Their carriage was stopped on the street by a drove of cattle, and one of them gored the rat-tailed horse behind. The widow scolded, and asked if they knew whose chariot it was they incommoded.

(Note. A parallel between the widow and the grazier; but he came to town to sell his *own* cattle.)

January 3. Two young gentlemen and a pointer in a chaise and four, splashed to the eyes. The youngest called by his companion Sir John. Sir John pulled out his watch at the door—'Run it in an hour and seventeen minutes, damme.'—Gave the post boys a crown. His companion ordered their beds, and every thing in the house for supper. Sent the boot-ketch to Hart's for a pair of Spanish boots; to Bruce's for patent spurs, a bludgeon stick, a pair of buckles and a tobacco-box.—Called for a bottle of gin, a cariff of water, and a pack of cards, to take a hand at brag till supper-time.

(Note. The young fellow in scarlet is at present a Natural; his companion will turn him into a Maker.)

Same day. An elderly grave-looking gentleman, with a gray-haired servant in a plush-coat, and velvet



cap, riding after him, with a large portmanteau and a wax-cloth bag. An excise-officer, who was passing, talked of examining his baggage. John opened the portmanteau and bag, and showed him what was within. Nothing but parchments and papers relating to a law-suit about two roods of ground, which had lasted for six winter sessions, between him and his neighbour Dr. Testy.—A little squat man rode by him on a dun poney : John said this was his master's country-lawyer, who had been of the greatest use to him in his process, and who indeed scarce did any thing else but attend to this gentleman's affairs.

January 5. A jolly, red-faced, middle-aged, gentleman, with his servant in the chaise along with him, and a little medicine-chest, as he called it, with square bottles, and labels upon them written in Dutch. Came to town to consult about his gout ; but his man told the chambermaid, he always left the country when a club broke up in a little town near him, of which he was the oldest member. John said he wished the winter were fairly over, and they were got safe out of Edinburgh again ; because it was hard living in this town of ours. ' In the country, said John, ' we get drunk but once a day, and are generally in bed by eleven.'

January 6. In a return-chaise from the west—Richard III. and Hamlet Prince of Denmark.—Set down the Queen at the tap-room. Ophelia and her three children to come by the caravan.

Mem. to the waiter, who is an old acquaintance of Richard's, to send to the waggon for the parcels ; my legs and back to my own lodgings ; Falstaff's belly, and Bardolph's nose to Hallion's.

January 8. Passed a coach with ladies ; two maid-servants, and an old servant, in a chaise behind, the gentleman and his son on horseback. Mr. — from — shire, gone to his own house, No. 7.—

Send word to the poor widow who lost her husband last week. —

Here the journal stopped short, for that gentleman's good actions are not easily traced; but I could supply the blank, for No. 7. is the house of my excellent friend Benevolus. From the country, where he has encouraged industry, and diffused happiness all around him, he comes at this season, like the sun, to cheer and gladden the inhabitants of another hemisphere. He comes to town to find a new scene for his own virtues, and to show his children that world which is to profit by theirs. The society which he enjoys, and into which he introduces his family, is chiefly of that sort which is formed to instruct and to improve them. If sometimes of a gayer or more thoughtless kind, it is however always untainted by vice and undebased by folly; for there are no social moments, however much unbent or unrestrained, on which a wise and good man does not stamp somewhat of the purity and dignity of his own nature. At Benevolus's table, I have seen the the same guests behave with the most perfect propriety and good manners, who but a few doors from him held a conversation and deportment equally repugnant to both. Nor does his benignity hold out less encouragement to the worthy, than his good sense and virtue impose reverence on the unthinking. At his table, unassuming merit sits always at her ease, and conscious obligation feels perfect independence. Nobody ever cites his power or his rank, but to illustrate the nobleness of his mind; nor speaks of his wealth, but as the instrument of his benevolence.

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No. 55. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1786.

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“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ BUT indeed I have generally remarked, that people did so only because they could not do better.’ So says Colonel Caustic of the manners of certain individuals in his own days, who sometimes, as well as we, transgressed the bounds of strict decorum, and tried to make rudeness pass for raillery, or indecency for wit. I admit the fairness of his judgement in the cases there spoken of; and I heartily wish they were the only instances where we indulge our foibles under false pretences, and absurdly attempt to make a merit of our defects. But I am afraid there are few kinds of imposition which we are more given to practise on the world, and even on ourselves; and that too in particulars far more important than those so offensive to the Colonel, though in this I should regret to be understood as meaning that the latter are of little moment.

“ I find, Sir, I am personally too much interested in this subject to speak long of it in general terms. At the same time I have no intention, like some of your correspondents, to give you a history of myself. Suffice it to know, that though by birth a gentlewoman, and educated to prospects which I well remember were the envy of my young companions, I was long ago reduced, by the misfortunes of my family, to accept, and even to be thankful, for a very humble station; and have lived these many years as the attendant of a lady, who is indeed of the same blood with myself, but whom I now must needs call

my superior. It is with her, as a striking example of the self-deception mentioned that I mean to bring you and your readers acquainted; in hope, no doubt, at the same time to meet with some sympathy in my sufferings under her dominion.

“ Not that I would represent my patroness as without her share of merit neither; for good qualities she certainly has. But what has marred the whole fruit and harvest of them, this lady was born—with too strong feelings, to use her phrase for it,—or, to speak my own sense of the matter—with pretty violent passions. By proper means, employed at an early period of life, this vivacity of disposition might, at least to a certain degree, have been corrected. But while she was a child, her parents were too fond of her to chastise her faults, or perhaps to discern that she had any; and she lost these tutors before reaching the age when her behaviour to themselves might possibly have taught them the propriety of showing less indulgence. She had besides the misfortune, for such I must account it, of being reckoned, when she grew up, among the finest women of her time; a circumstance which did not much contribute to restrain the sallies of caprice, nor to engage her in the profitable but ungrateful labour of discovering her defects. Add to this, she was introduced to the world while yet a mere girl, and precisely at that æra of fashion, when owing I believe to certain novels then recently published, and in the very height of their popularity, the style of conversation was wholly sentimental; and the women universally vied one with another, in which they were imitated by some of the men, in making proof of the strength and the delicacy of their feeling.

“ Miss Nettletop was of the very frame and constitution to be caught with the prevailing malady. Fond of admiration to excess, and delighted with



the generous system that raised mere speculative sensibility, of which she had enough, to the very top of the list of virtues, she quickly distinguished herself among its declared votaries. The Gospels of Sentiment, if so I may call the books in question, were never out of her hands; she had their texts and phraseology at all times in her mouth; and thus by perpetual indulgence in one melting strain, having in time persuaded herself that she was in truth one of the tenderest and most refined of human beings, she gave herself up at last entirely to the direction of her feelings as instinctive guides, far surer and more infallible than observation or reflection.

“ Had her delusion stopped here it would have been comparatively innocent, and more properly the subject of ridicule than of serious complaint. But alas, Sir, what was a most unlucky oversight, in learning to think thus favourably of her own heart, and to entertain this so profound respect for her emotions, she omitted to take the necessary pains for distinguishing the different kinds of emotion one from another, nor separated with perfect justice the amiable from the disagreeable; but inadvertently, among the multitude of those that had the sufferings of her neighbour for their object, contracted a leaning also toward some few others, hidden under the former, I suppose, which tended purely to her own gratification.

“ The truth is, that Miss Nettle-top, perhaps without being conscious of it, had not been the less ready to enlist among the proselytes of sentiment, that she found, or thought she found, in their creed, the appearance of an apology for certain vivacities, which as already hinted, it would have cost her some trouble to get the better of; and even saw a specious pretence, in various instances,

for holding them out as so many perfections. No wonder she turned fond of a system in which she learned that the quickness of her temper was not a vice, as some would have her to believe, but at worst a pardonable or rather amiable weakness, naturally attendant, as some mote of weakness will ever attend all human excellence, on a heart so much more alive than that of other people; and which often disguised her anger or her spite under the more pleasing form of excessive delicacy—a delicacy more unfortunate for herself than for others, since it rendered this or t'other small foible in her acquaintance insufferable, and distressed her with circumstances of minute offence beyond the conception of vulgar and ordinary souls.

“ It was thus, Sir, that her eyes were early shut upon a part of her composition, which it much behoved her to guard against, and which is now the cause why, with several good qualities, and in spite of many good actions, she is the plague of all who live with her, and has hardly one real friend in the world. So long, indeed, as she was young and beautiful, and the world prospered with her, these were circumstances to keep her in good humour with herself, and to hinder the little feverish fits which she was subject to from changing into a settled habit. But Miss Nettletop has met with crosses in life, as who is there that passes through life without them? She was married to a Mr. Tempest, a man of large fortune, but dissolute manners. They lived but uncomfortably together, if the world may be believed, and he has now for some time resided apart from her, and abroad. She never had a child; and she was some years ago afflicted with a severe and tedious illness, which neither her health nor her looks are ever likely to recover. She is now, at any rate, of that time of life, when the

love of admiration becomes rather a troublesome companion to one's self, and ridiculous to others. In these circumstances, it is obvious how fast her irritable habit of mind must gain strength, and how fatal it must prove, both to her own peace, and to that of all within her walls. One half her time is spent in bemoaning her misfortunes. They are literally her business and her entertainment: she ruminates all day her dreadful fate; nor is there any thing that would more mortally offend her than an attempt to depreciate her miseries. Hence, Sir, she is quite over-run with melancholy, as she calls it; or rather, to call things by their right names, with discontent and chagrin! for her affliction, whatever she may think, is by no means of Viola's kind, that preys and consumes in silence; on the contrary, from her original cast of temper, her melancholy exerts itself full as much on those who are about her as on herself. She seems, indeed, convinced, that her unparalleled distresses should render her the object of universal interest, an expectation in which she is by no means always gratified, and that between these and her strength of feeling, which renders every thing a torture to her that is not pleasant, she has gained an unquestionable right to have her own way in all things and in all companies. The result of which is that, sore to the annoyance of all her dependants, and I am afraid not much to her own comfort, every whim and humour, and every suggestion of passion, are implicitly obeyed, under the name of sensibility.

“ You will easily understand that it is among her domestics this frowardness of temper is most severely felt; I am sorry to add, I am myself the person that chiefly does penance under it. For, though I sit at table with the mistress of the house, and am

not called by my Christian name like the other servants, nor, indeed, receive like them any recompense for my services, I am, in truth, no other than a servant, and my peculiar department is understood to be that of keeping Mrs. Tempest quiet, or easy, as it is called, a task far harder than falls to the lot of any other of the household. I strive all I can to please her : but, alas, to what purpose, when I have hourly the mortification to find, that I shock and discompose some refined and sublimated feeling, which I have not the least conception of ! How to behave on these occasions I know not. For if I say nothing, I am sullen ; if I explain but ever so gently, my violence is intolerable ; and if I make acknowledgements, my submission is feigned ; which I find, to a person of sentiment, is of all things the most provoking.

“ I am afraid I grow tedious ; but it is some relief to speak of one’s hardships. The publication of them, if of no use to me, may possibly be a lesson to some others ; for I am afraid Mrs. Tempest may not be the only lady who gives the name of strong feelings to her strong passions, and lays claim to superior tenderness, on the ground of feeling more than common for herself. I remain, Sir, with all respect,

“ Yours, &c.

“ HANNAH WAITFORT.”

I have taken the first opportunity of publishing Mrs. Waitfort’s letter, as I sincerely compassionate the unhappiness of her situation. Nothing is so provoking as this refined ill-humour, which takes the merit of sensibility from selfishness, and feels for every distress but those which it might cure.

Sentiment and feeling, however, had their day, but are now almost quite out of fashion. Mrs.



Tempest may be told, that she might as well come to a modern assembly in the stiff brocade of her youthful birth-day balls, as put on, in these times, the affectation of sensibility for an ornament. Our fashionable ladies have brought up indifference with their gauzes and feathers ; both, in the words of my friend the milliner of Prince's-street, ' light easy wear, and fit for all seasons.'

But not equally fit for all conditions. The highest fashions must always properly belong to certain orders of the people. This ease and indifference, in their greatest extent, should only be worn by privileged persons. It might not be amiss, if, like the rouge of the French, they were put on by married women only, who may be supposed to bestow all their feelings at home ; or by ladies of very high rank, who, as travellers tell us of that calm that reigns on the summit of the Alps, have got into a superior region, undisturbed by the emotions of ordinary life. Something too might be claimed by beauty, to which coldness or indifference is perhaps a safe, and has long been an acknowledged, attendant. All things considered, I think the young lady who sat in one of the side boxes t'other evening, who was so immoderately diverted with the distresses of the tragedy, and preserved such an obstinate gravity during the drolleries of the farce, carried her no-feelings a little too far.

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No. 56. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1786.

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*Quæ virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo ;—  
Discite, non inter lances mensasque nitentes.*

HOR. SAT. ii. 2. 1.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ I TROUBLED you some time ago with a letter from the country ; now that I am come to town, I use the freedom to write to you again. I find the same difficulty in being happy, with every thing to make me so, here as there. When I tell this to my country-friends, they won't believe me. Lord ! to see how the Miss Homespuns looked when they came to take leave of me the morning we set out for Edinburgh ;—I had just put on my new riding-habit which my brother fetched me from London ; and my hat, with two green and three white feathers ; and Missy Jessy Homespun admired it so much ! and when I let her put it on, she looked in the glass, and said with a sigh, how charming it was !—I had a sad head-ach with it all morning, but I kept that to myself. ‘ And do, my dear,’ said she, ‘ write sometimes to us poor moping creatures in the country. But you won't have leisure to think of us ; you will be so happy, and so much amused.’ At that moment my brother's post coach rattled up to the door, and the poor Homespuns cried so when we parted ! To be sure, they thought that a town-life, with my brother's fortune to procure all its amusements, must be quite delightful.—Now, Sir, to let you know how I have found it.



“ I was content to be lugged about by my sister for the first week or two, as I knew that in a large town I should be like a fish out of water, as the saying is. But my sister-in-law was always putting me in mind of my ignorance : ‘ And you country-girls, —and we who have been in London,—and we who have been abroad.’—However, between ourselves, I don’t find that she knows quite so much as she would make me believe ; for it seems they can’t learn many things in the Indies ; and when she went out she knew as little as myself ; and as for London, she was only a fortnight there on her way home.

“ So we have got masters that come in to give us lessons in French, and music, and dancing. The two first I can submit to very well. I could always get my tongue readily enough about any thing ; and I could play pretty well on the virginals at home, though my master says my fingering is not what it should be. But the dancing is a terrible business. My sister-in-law and I are put into the stocks every morning to teach us the right position of our feet ; and all the steps I was praised for in the county are now good for nothing, as the cotillon step is the only thing fit for people of fashion ; and so we are twisted and twirled till my joints ache again ; and after all, we make, I believe, a very bad figure at it. Indeed I have not yet ventured to try my hand, my feet I mean, before any body. But my sister-in-law, who is always praised for every thing she does, would needs try her cotillon steps at the assembly ; and her partner Captain Coupée, a constant visitor at my brother’s, told her what an admirable dancer she was ; but in truth she was out of time every instant, and I heard the people tittering at her country fling as they called it. And so in the same manner, which I do not think is at all fair, Mr. LOUNGER, the captain one day at our

house swore she sung like an angel, drinking her health in a bumper of my brother's champagne; and yet as I walked behind him next morning in Prince's street, I overheard him saying to one of his companions, that Mushroom's dinners were damn'd good things, if it were not for the bore of the singing; and that the little Nabobina squalled like a pea-hen.

“But no doubt it is good manners to commend people to their faces, whatever one may say behind their backs. And I perceive they have got fashionable words for praising things, which it is one of my sister's lessons and mine to have at our tongue's ends, whether we think so or not. Such a thing, she tells me, as she has been taught by her great companion, Miss Gusto, must be charming, another ravishing—indeed, Mr. LOUNGER, that is the word—and a third divine. As for me, I have yet got no further than charming; I can only say ravishing in a whisper; and as for divine, I think there is something heathenish in it; though indeed I have been told, since I came here, that the Commandments were only meant for the country.

“Here, as before, *come il faut*, I can spell the words now that I am turned a French scholar, is still held out as a law to us. We have besides got another phrase, which is perpetually dinned into my ears by my sister-in-law, and that is the *Ton*. Such a person is a very good kind of a person, but such another is more the ton; such a lady is handsomer, more witty, more polite, and more good-humoured than another; but that other is much more the ton. I have often asked my sister, and even my French master, to explain the meaning of this word ton; but they told me there was no translation for it. I think, however, I have found it out to be a very convenient thing for some people. 'Tis like what my grandfather, who was a great ad-

mirer of John Knox, used to tell us of Popish indulgences ; folks who are the ton may do any thing they like, without being in the wrong ; and every thing that is the ton is right, let it be what it will.

Alas, Sir, if the ton would let poor people alone who don't wish for distinction, there would be the less to complain of : but the misfortune is, that one must be in the ton whether one's mind gives them to it or not, at least I am told so. We have a French *friseur*, whom our *Maitre d'hotel*, Sabot, recommended, who makes great use of this phrase. He screwed up my hair till I thought I should have fainted with the pain, and I did not sleep a wink all the night after, because he said that a hundred little curls were now become the ton. He recommended a shoemaker, who, he said, made for all the people of the ton, who pinched my toes till I could hardly walk across the room ; because little feet were the ton. My staymaker, another of the same set, brought me home a pair of stays that were but a few inches round at the waist ; and my maid and Sabot broke three laces before they could get them to meet : because small waists were the ton. I sat at two dinners without being able to eat a morsel ; because, I am ashamed to tell it, Sir, my stays would not hold a bit. However, I would submit to the ton no longer in that article ; and when I got home in the evening, I took out my scissors in a passion, and cut a great slash in the sides. I was resolved I would not be squeezed to death for all the tons in the world.

And moreover the ton is not satisfied with tearing the hair out of our heads, with pinching our feet, and squeezing the pit of our stomach, but we must have manners which, under favour, Sir, I think very odd, and which my grandmother, I was bred up at my grandmother's, would have whipped me

for, that she would, if I had ventured to show them when I was with her. I am told that none but a Ninny would look down in the sheepish way I do ; but that when I meet a gentleman in our walks, I must look as full at him as I can, to show my eyes ; and laugh, to show my teeth, all our family have white teeth ; and flourish my ratan to show my shapes. And though in a room I am to speak as low and mumbling as I can, to look as if I did not care whether I was heard or not ; yet in a public place, I am to talk as loud and as fast as possible, and call the men by their plain surnames, and tell all about our last night's parties, and a great many other things, Mr. LOUNGER, which I can't do for the heart of me ; but my sister-in-law comes on amazingly, as Miss Gusto says. But then she has been in India, and she was not brought up with my grandmother. I protest, though I would be ashamed to let Miss Gusto know it, that often, when I am wishing to practise some of her lessons, I think I see my grandmother with her bunch of keys at her apron-string, her amber-headed stick in one hand, and the Ladies' Calling in the other, looking at me from under her spectacles, with such a frown, Mr. LOUNGER ;—it frightens the ton quite out of my head.

After all, I am apt to believe, that the very great trouble, and the many inconveniences to which we put ourselves to attain this distinction of the ton are in a great measure labour in vain ; that our music, our dancing, and our good-breeding, will perhaps be out of fashion before we have come to any degree of perfection in all or any of these accomplishments ; for some of the fine ladies and fine gentlemen who visit us, say, that the ton here is no ton at all, for that the true and genuine ton, like the true and genuine Milk of Roses, is only to be found in London. Nay, some of the finest of



those fine ladies and gentlemen go a step further, and inform us, that the ton of London itself is mere twaddle, and that the only right ton is to be found in Paris. I hope in goodness, however, that my sister, if she is determined, as she sometimes hints, to chase the ton that length, will drop me by the way, or rather allow me to return again to the country. Old sparrows, the proverb says, Mr. Lounger, are ill to tame.—Not that I am old neither; but I believe I am not quite young enough to learn to be happy in the sort of life we lead here: and though I try all I can to think it a happy one, and am sure to say so in every place to which we go, yet I can't help often secretly wishing I were back again at my father's, where I should not be obliged to be happy whether I would or not.

“ Your afflicted, if I may venture to say so;  
“ humble servant,

“ MARJORY MUSHROOM.

“ P. S. La! what do you think, Mr. LOUNGER? they tell me we are to go to a masked ball. My sister-in-law is quite in raptures about it. ‘ Mr. Dunn,’ she says, ‘ is to open his whole Hotel, bedrooms and all, for the occasion; and she is to be a shepherdess, and Captain Coupée a shepherd; and they are to dance an *Allemande* together.’ And she wants me to be a Nun, or, as Captain Coupée advises, a Vestal Virgin; but I told them, I had no mind to be a Nun, or a Vestal Virgin neither, that I had not. But my sister says, it is only in sport; and Captain Coupée declares it will be the furthest in the world from making people Nuns or Vestals.—Well, I am half afraid, Mr. LOUNGER; and yet I think I shall go. Were my grandmother to lift up her head now?—I will think no more of her till the masked ball is over.”



No. 57. SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1786.

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*Fortunate Senex!*—

VIRG. ECL. i. 47.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ THERE is nothing in which mankind have differed more than in the representations they have given of human life. One class of men describes it as full of happiness and enjoyment, as a path covered with flowers ; another has presented us with descriptions which show nothing but disappointment and vexation, which represent life as a path strewed with thorns, as a vale of misery and tears. Truth perhaps lies somewhere in the middle between those two opinions ; men were not born only to be miserable ; and yet complete happiness is not the lot of any one on this side the grave. Life is a chequered thing, a building of Mosaic work, a road where flowers and thorns are both to be met with.

“ It has always, however, been my opinion, that as the giving amiable and fair pictures of life proceeds from a happier temperament of mind than the inclination to delineate those of a gloomy kind ; so the indulging of such views contributes much more to happiness and virtue than the opposite impressions of a darker and more dismal nature. To think well of, and have respect for, ourselves and the world around us, is one step to virtue and benevolence ; but this step cannot be gained by a person who has been taught to consider himself and every thing around him in a gloomy and an unfavourable light.

“ There is one period of life which authors have been at pains to picture differently, according as they have been accustomed to take favourable or unfavourable views of the world in general. Old age, that period at which all wish to arrive, and which it is the fate of few only to reach, has been described by one set of men, as of all situations the most comfortless and the most gloomy ; as the last stage of human infirmity and helplessness, from which nothing but death can relieve ; and the misery of which is enhanced by the dread of that very death, the only cure for all its woe. Another class of men has represented old age as one of the brightest periods of human life ; as that period in which we may be said to enjoy life twice, having not only present comforts to enjoy, but all those of a life already past to reflect on.—‘ *Fructus autem senectutis,*’ says Tully, ‘ *est ante partorum bonorum memoria et copia.*’

“ The person who now addresses you is in this latter period ; and though the case of one individual can be of little use in confirming a general opinion, yet I may perhaps be allowed to tell you, that I have never tasted more happiness than I have done for the last years of my life.

“ I entered upon the world with a small patrimony ; but, by close attention to my profession, I was soon rendered superior to the fear of poverty ; and have now retired from business with a fortune, though not large, yet fully adequate to all my wants, and which has been sufficient to rear a numerous family. My profession was such as led me to direct my labours to the immediate use and advantage of my fellow-creatures ; and I would not forfeit, for any consideration, the pleasure which, in my present advanced period of life, I receive from recalling to my mind the persons to whom I think my labours have been of some advantage.

“ I married early a lady whose views of life were similar to my own ; and though the first rapture of love was quickly over, it was succeeded by a calmer and less tumultuous affection, more happy on the whole, and which has increased with our increasing years. Our mutual habits, our mutual attachments, our fondness for our children, have made us for a long course of time more and more one, and every year rendered dearer that union so long ago formed. My eldest son is now cultivating that profession from which his father has retired. With what joy do I see his talents successful ! with what satisfaction do I perceive him improving those lessons I have given him ; and, with the most engaging modesty, advancing much further than his father’s genius entitled him to advance ! This is indeed living twice ! With great sincerity, and with hopes that they are prophetic of my situation, can I use those words of Morni, in the poems of Ossian : ‘ May the name of Morni be forgot among the people ; may it only be said, behold the father of Gaul !’

“ My youngest boy is less advanced, but of no less promising parts nor less amiable dispositions than his brother.

“ I have four daughters, and I cannot speak of them but with emotions of gratitude. They are obliged to me and to their excellent mother, for the education we have given them ; but how amply have they repaid that obligation ! My eldest daughter, now many years married, was before her marriage my companion, and the helpmate of her mother : we used then to call her our little housekeeper. Her own merit, the good education she received, and the inducement of having for a wife the daughter of such a mother as my Hortensia, contributed to make her the wife of a very respectable man : and Hortensia and I now, with enraptured hearts, see her

eldest child, our grand-daughter, holding the same station in her mother's family that her mother did in ours. After our eldest daughter's marriage, our second succeeded to her place, and she again, upon her marriage, was succeeded in her turn.—Our youngest, Maria, is the only one now left to us; and I think, I may say it without vanity, is in no respect inferior to any of the family. Her affection to me seems quickened in proportion to my advance in life; and if I feel any of the infirmities of age, they are much more than counterbalanced by her delicate attention: methinks I would not wish to be younger and stouter than I am, at the expense of losing the assistances of my dear Maria.

“ It is our custom every Saturday evening to have a general family-party. At tea I have all my grand-children round me; and the variety of gratifications I receive from this little society, it is impossible to describe. At supper, my son, my daughters, and their husbands are with us; and my wife and I, I can assure you, make no unrespectable figure, seated in our elbow-chairs. Had I any grievances to complain of through the week, which indeed I have not, this night would fully compensate them.

“ Amidst the amusements which this evening's party affords, I must mention one, the pleasure which we receive from the perusal of your LOUNGER. My wife gets it regularly delivered her every morning about nine: but no one is allowed then to read it. She herself carefully deposits it in her scrutoire, and it is not produced till after supper. It is then brought upon the table, and is read by my Maria, who does it all justice in the reading. I am sure it would give you much delight to hear the conversation it occasions; the remarks which are made, without affectation and with perfect candour, upon



the composition, the scenes it describes, the characters it represents, their similarity to other papers of the kind, and the like. Many things are said, which, I am persuaded, if collected together, would afford matter for a number of papers. One thing I shall mention, which came from Maria last Saturday. She observed, that there were many of the papers which introduced unmarried men and women, and she proposed that we should make up matches between them. This gave occasion to a good deal of pleasantry, most of which I have forgot; but I remember, that, among other marriages, it was proposed, that Captain N. should be married to Miss Caustic; though Maria, grasping my hand, the tear half starting in her eye, objected to it, because it would be wrong to deprive the colonel of his sister. With regard to your correspondent Hortensius, the youngest of my married daughters, looking at her husband with inexpressible good humour, said, that if she were not already tied, she believed she could have married him herself.

“ Another source of our entertainment in reading your papers, is a suspicion which I see prevails in the company, that some of its members are your correspondents, and have written in the LOUNGER. This suspicion gives birth to many a joke; and it is diverting to see upon whom the conjecture of having written this or that paper falls, and the different devices which are thought of to discover where the truth lies. Little do they imagine that their old father is at this moment employed as your correspondent.

“ But I must conclude; I am afraid ere this you will have thought that I have one quality of an old man about me, that of being a great talker. I shall only add, that if you think this account of a happy family worth your insertion, it will afford, on the evening of the Saturday on which it is published, a



good deal of entertainment to the family-party I have described.

“AURELIUS.”

I know not whether it be from vanity, or from some better motive, that I have given this letter to the public. I must own, that I have felt myself very sensibly gratified by the manner in which my papers are received in the family of Aurelius. It is to persons in the ordinary stations of life that the LOUNGER is addressed. The learned may perhaps think themselves above it; the vulgar, those who are employed in the servile offices of life, are below it. But as long as I can give one half-hour's amusement, mixed, perhaps, with a little instruction, to such a family as that of Aurelius, it shall neither be the indifference of the learned, nor the neglect of the multitude, which shall induce me to discontinue my labours.

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No. 58. SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1786.

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—*Inter sylvas Academi quærere verum.* HOR. EPIST. ii. 2. 45.

“TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“SIR,  
 “AMONG the various complaints, which I observe from your papers, your correspondents occasionally make to you, you may not, perhaps, have met with any more whimsical, or which at first sight will appear more unjust, than mine. I have, thank God,

very few evils, either real or imaginary, in my lot ; I am neither too rich nor too poor to be contented ; I am neither so dull as not to be pleased with a good thing, nor so refined as to be proud of finding faults in it ; I am neither nervous in my body, nor tremblingly alive in my mind ; one thing only plagues and vexes me, and plagues and vexes the whole family in which I live. The evil of which I complain, Mr. LOUNGER, is, I am told, one of the ‘ first of virtues’—the evil I complain of is Truth.

“ You must know I have a sister married to a very good and a very learned gentleman, in whose family, by his and his wife’s pressing invitation, I have lived ever since his marriage ; and for several years no set of people could be happier. But of late my brother-in-law has become a philosopher, and is perpetually hunting after Truth ; and a pretty chase she leads him ! His poring over books in quest of her would only weaken his own eyes, and break his own rest ; but his running after her wherever she is to be found, at all times, and in all companies, breaks the rest of every body around him. With my sister and me he has but little play for his humour. His wife indeed is of so gentle and complying a temper, that she never disputes his propositions, as he calls them. I am not quite so yielding ; and we have now and then little bouts at an argument : but with our guests and visitors he is constantly at it ; and I believe in my conscience he often chooses companies as your chess-players do, because they are nearly matches at their favourite game ; having observed that of late, since he took to this kind of sport, he generally invites those people oftenest who argue stoutest with him when they come. For these same truth-hunters, Mr. LOUNGER, seem, like true sportsmen, to find little pleasure in the chase when it is soon run down, or when there are no hazards in

the way. They like to leap hedges and ditches ; to scramble amidst briars and thorns ; to splash through mire and bog ; to be a terrible long while before they come to the end of their labour ; and at last, as I am told it often happens in the field, they sometimes find themselves just where they set out.

But, as the frogs in the fable say, ‘ This is sport to them but death to us.’—You cannot imagine what mischiefs and inconveniences it produces in our family. Before this disease of disputation took hold of him, Mr. Category was attentive to his affairs, kind to his friends, polite to his acquaintance, and one of the best husbands and fathers in the world ; but now he neglects his business, quarrels with his relations, is rude to every body about him, and minds his wife and children no more than if they were so many broomsticks. Indeed I begin to be of opinion, that my sister has lost a good deal of his affection, from that same meekness of spirit which I mentioned her to be possessed of ; and I think he likes me much better since I grew tired of yielding every point, as I used to do for peace-sake, and now and then wrangle a little with him.

“ It is not difficult to find an opportunity. Were it about important concerns alone, it would happen only now and then, and might be easily avoided or endured. But ’tis all one what the matter in dispute is, so it but affords a dispute. Every thing is fair game, to come back to the simile of the chase :—If we can’t start a hare, a mole or a mouse will serve our turn. ’Twas but yesterday at dinner we had half a dozen battles between him and an odd sort of an old man he has lately taken a great liking to, who, I am told, was a tutor at one of the universities, till he lost all employment from this same crazy humour of truth-hunting. The soup was not half helped round when a question arose as

to the Spartan broth. The fish introduced a dissertation about a mullet, I think it was at some great supper in Rome ; and the cloth was no sooner taken away than a violent altercation arose about the favourite liquors of the ancients. My hair-dresser happening to call in the afternoon, set them off upon the head-dress of Poppea ; and an old lady who drank tea with us, puzzling herself to trace the relation between our grandfathers, introduced an inquiry, which lasted till near supper-time, on the family of Sesostris.

“ Were he confined to those old out-of-the-way topics, though the matter might never be exhausted, the number of the disputants would at least be abridged, and we might find a quiet hour when there was no scholar in the house but himself. But he is as keen about ascertaining modern facts as those of ancient times. If he can get hold of any body who has travelled where few have travelled before, if it is but a lame seaman, whom he has found begging in the street, there is no end of his questions. Not that he always acquiesces in what they tell him ; on the contrary, he often disputes with them about things which they have seen, which he says cannot be true, because they are contrary to his philosophy ; but, on the other hand, he tells them many things which they might have seen in those far countries, which they are obliged to confess they never either saw or heard of. Truth, he says, is not easily discernible by common eyes : Truth, he says, according to the old proverb, lies at the bottom of a well. God forgive me, Mr. LOUNGER, I am sometimes tempted to wish he were there along with her.

“ Not but that I have an affection for him too, for he has many good qualities, and that makes me the more vexed at this strange humour he has got into, which, besides plaguing us all as it does, is often of



real prejudice to him and to his affairs. For he is not contented with this search after Truth in speculation only, but often carries it into practice in the ordinary concerns of life; and there, too, he always looks for her in some place where nobody ever thought of her being to be found. He was, I don't know whether fortunately or not, left a sufficiency by his father, to enable him to live without a profession; but during one half of the year, when we reside in the country, he is a very keen farmer, planter, and gardener. But his method of farming, planting, and gardening, is quite different from that of any body else, and, as he tells us, the only true one in the country. It happens, however, that he has scantier crops, less thriving trees, and worse-flavoured fruit than any body around us; but that don't signify, he maintains the contrary, and has the pleasure of finding a dispute with every body that visits his farm, his plantations, or his garden. Last season he spoiled a whole crop of grass by a new method of hay-making. He was positive that it was excellent hay notwithstanding, and much more nourishing than if it had been made after the usual method: but he could never persuade his horses to eat it.

“ He is rather more successful in making experiments of a similar kind on himself. He once took it into his head, having found, as he told us, the most incontestible evidence of its truth, that men could live very well without sleep; and actually went the length of disturbing the whole house for two nights together, by having himself pinched and buffeted about to keep him awake. On another occasion, he took nearly the same fancy with regard to food, and lived three or four days on a few boiled potatoes and some water-gruel. This, however, was got the better of, by the warm fumes of a venison pasty, which happens to be a favourite dish of his.



He insisted, however, on the superior healthfulness of the former diet; but owned that in this, as in many other things, the wrong way was the pleasantest.

“ This rage of experiment, as well as of inquiry, may lead to very serious consequences, if indulged as far as he sometimes gives us reason to think him inclined to do. He told us t’ other morning, he was not at all surprised at the ancient philosopher who leaped into *Ætna*, to be satisfied about the causes of its burning; and we have received intelligence, that he has actually been in treaty for a seat in a balloon to resolve some doubts he has entertained on the subject of that singular invention. Now Mr. LOUNGER, as, however troublesome his doubts are to his family, we by no means wish to have them cleared up quite so soon: it would be conferring a great favour on us all, if you, who are a philosopher like himself, would try to persuade Mr. Category to be contented to take things a little more on credit than he is at present disposed to do; particularly, that he would neither think of burning himself alive, nor breaking his neck, for the sake of coming at the truth all of a hurry, but submit, for the sake of his wife and children, to grope about a while longer in this world of errors. I am, &c.

“ MARY PLAIN.”

“ P. S. Pray don’t forget to put him in mind, that there will be no disputing in heaven.”

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No. 59. SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1786.

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ONE of the pleasures of which the idle are deprived, is that of relaxation from business. Those whom intricate and weighty affairs embarrass and fatigue, talk with envy of the leisure of the unemployed, of the bliss of retirement. But in their hours of occasional amusement, they know not the grievance of listless days, and months, and years of idleness : nor when they pant for rest from their labours, are they aware, that it is from labour alone that rest acquires its name, and derives its enjoyment.

When, in the course of my usual walk, I passed the other morning through the place where but a few days before I had met so many busy faces, and been jostled by so many hurried steps ; when I saw the court-doors shut, and heard no hum within ; I confess it struck me with a melancholy sort of feeling. But the first lawyer whom I encountered had a smile of satisfaction on his countenance, and congratulated himself on the suspension of those labours which last week he said had lain so heavy on him. ‘ You are free from that plague,’ said he, ‘ you have no session or term-time.’—‘ But you forget, my friend, that I have no vacation.’

I contrive, however, to get through the no-business of my life with tolerable satisfaction, and if at any time an hour hangs heavy on me, I do not carry my misfortune into the streets, but, like decent beggars, keep my distresses at home, and am relieved by the private contributions of the humane and the charitable.

It is not so with every one who labours under the afflicting hand of Time. When I had got a little further on my accustomed walk, I was caught in a shower, and took shelter in the house of an acquaintance in Prince's-street. As I passed the coffee-house and confectioner's shop, I was struck with compassion at the sight of the many vacant and melancholy faces which appeared at the doors and windows. It was but a little after mid-day, and consequently the gentlemen to whom these faces belonged had a great while to look forward to the hour when they could with propriety pull off their boots, and dress for the business of the table. The weather did not permit of their getting rid of this interval by a gallop, which is one of the happiest expedients for the purpose in the world, as it removes the head-ach of yesterday's dinner, gets through the time till the dinner of to-day, and gives an appetite for enjoying that meal when it comes. But my poor friends in Prince's-street had no hope of getting through the tedious interval in the society of their horses; they had before them the dismal prospect of spending three long hours in their own company, or in the company of their fellow-sufferers; and, after all, of sitting down to dinner with muddy heads and squeamish stomachs.

'*Mentem mortalia tangunt,*' says the Poet. The distresses incident to humanity are the great nourishers of moral speculation. The mortals of Prince's-street touched my mind, and I could not think, without a great degree of commiseration, of the difficulty they would find in passing the time till the arrival of that important era in the history of the day—the hour of dinner. The more I reflected, the more I was distressed on their account: for I suspect that it is not only when the morning is rainy, that our gentlemen of fashion find their time heavy. The languor and rest-

lessness which are so frequently to be observed united in their looks and behaviour, are too evident symptoms of this quotidian disorder, this malady of time, under which they have the misfortune to labour.

To say the truth, in spite of our complaints of the shortness of life, yet four-and-twenty hours returning every day are by far too much for persons who have no other object but amusement. It is almost impossible to continue longer in bed than eleven hours : few people are able to lie more than eight or nine. Here, then, upon the most moderate calculation, we have at least thirteen hours to be filled up every day, by people who have nothing to do but to be amused. Now, although a chase, a bottle of wine, a dance, and some other expedients, to which these gentlemen have recourse, may give occasional fillips to their spirits, yet it is not in man, not even in a man of fashion, to be both idle and comfortable for thirteen hours together, day after day.

There seems to be here an incongruity which is not observable any where else in the works of nature. All the other animals have their duration pretty well adjusted to the purposes for which they seem to have been intended, or to their capacity for filling up the time allotted to them with tolerable satisfaction. The gay fluttering tribe of butterflies, who have no other business under the sun but pleasure, do not live long enough to have any languid intervals, or fits of the vapours. Geese, on the other hand, are very long-lived : but then it is to be observed, that geese undertake the important and laborious task of rearing a family every season ; they have likewise many enterprising excursions to make both by land and water in search of their food ; and besides, they can fill up their leisure hours agreeably by means of two very fortunate circumstances, their power of commanding



sleep when they please, and their talent for conversation. By these means, geese, when they are saved from the hand of the poulterer, are able to go on to a respectable old age, without ever being at a loss how to kill the time.

But men of fashion are an anomaly in the creation. Indeed, to adjust matters, one of two things is necessary; either to abridge the duration of their life, or else to improve their means of enjoying it.

With regard to the first method of abridgment, I humbly conceive, that if from the time when our men of fashion break loose from their parents and preceptors, with the full command of money or credit, they were to sink quietly to rest in the course of nature at the end of a twelve-month, their life would be pretty nearly sufficient for all they have to do. They would not fail within that space to run round the whole circle of pleasure again and again, which is evidently what they consider as the chief end of man. At the same time, they would be seasonably delivered from the insipidity of pleasure, when it becomes too familiar, from the unhappy devices which they fall upon to diversify their amusements, and to saunter away a tedious lifetime. Many of our young men of fashion seem to be sensible of the justness of this observation; for they do what they can to get the better of their constitution, and to abridge their life to a duration more suitable to the use which they make of it.

In this attempt, however, they are not always sufficiently expeditious; and, at any rate, it is always extremely unpleasant; most men of fashion, like most other men, however disagreeable or useless they may find their lives, not choosing to die as long as they can easily avoid it. It would therefore be more acceptable, if it were possible to supply them with some means of passing more toler-



ably the thirteen or fourteen hours which they cannot lose in sleeping.

Here, to be sure, a moralist might assume a high tone of declamation, and call on those gentlemen to remember the duties which their country requires. He might tell them, that the eyes of mankind were directed to their conduct, and expected, from their station and fortune, examples of active and disinterested patriotism. He might tell them, that if they were unwilling to take a share in the legislature, or if the happy season of peace gave them no opportunity to display their martial talents and gallantry in the field, yet they could not be at a loss for occasions to display their activity and enterprise, by employing their wealth and influence to diffuse civilization and comfort, industry and good morals, among all ranks of their fellow-citizens. He might tell them, that from such occupations they would derive the most honourable, heartfelt, and lasting, pleasures, and be followed with the gratitude, the blessings of thousands. He might likewise entreat them to consider the opportunities which their riches and leisure afforded them of extending their researches into science, and encourage them with the prospect of utility and reputation united with the most interesting and endless amusement. He might also point out the delightful relaxation from their labours and solace to their cares which literature would afford them; he might tell them how much it would contribute at once to polish and elevate the character, and how admirably it would supersede those frivolous or pernicious entertainments in which they waste their hours.

But it would be cruel to harass the poor gentlemen with these school-declamations. The employments here pointed out require not only temporary exertions, but also continued industry, which we

can scarcely expect from them. All that can be attempted with any reasonable hope of success, is to find some occupations which are more innocent, but which require no greater labour than the bottle or the gaming-table, than low profligacy or treacherous intrigue.

Now, I have known several idle persons who contrived to amuse the vacant intervals between breakfast and dinner, and between dinner and supper, in a very inoffensive manner. According as the weather and season permitted, they employed all the first part of the day either in angling, shooting, hunting, or skating. When they could not go abroad with comfort, they always contrived work at home; such as weaving nets, plaiting lines, dressing fishing-flies, cleaning guns, looking after the horses, and playing on the fiddle. In this manner, with the help of the newspaper, dressing for dinner, and now and then a game at whist or backgammon for a trifle in the evening, I have known some persons of no great fortune, who spent their time in the country from year's end to year's end, without much extraordinary sleeping, without much extraordinary yawning, without much extraordinary drinking, without doing any harm, and even without thinking on the amusements of the town.

I should therefore imagine, that the men of fashion, considering the accurate attention which it is proper for them to pay to their dress, and the superior advantages which they enjoy from the amusements of the town, excursions to watering-places, and trips to the Continent, might contrive to occupy their time without hanging out their melancholy faces at coffee-house doors or confectioners' shops, without exposing their own fortunes to be pilfered, or trying to pilfer others at the

gaming-table, without weakening their constitutions, or injuring their fellow-creatures. It is true, their occupations would frequently be rather more insipid and less respectable than might be wished. But since by some unaccountable irregularity in nature, the lives of men of fashion, although they have so much less to do than other men, are prolonged to fifty or sixty years ; they might unquestionably contrive, by a succession of these little occupations, to pass through this long term far less uncomfortably, than by dividing their time between downright idleness, inemperance, and vice.

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No. 60. SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1786.

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“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ As far as I can judge of myself, I am a man well entitled to your protection. My mind has been so much employed in projecting schemes for the benefit of mankind, and especially of my fellow-subjects, that I have been totally indifferent to my own affairs. At present I am poor and studious, and yet content that a long life has not passed in altogether an useless manner. In the year one thousand seven hundred and forty-four, the year in which Dean Swift died, I had the honour to present to a great man a list, consisting of three hundred and nineteen new taxes, the greater part of which I perceive have been adopted. I have in manuscript a number of treatises, which might be a load to an ordinary-sized porter, written in a small character, on a variety of subjects, with abundance

of ease and spirit. Having a great part of my life reflected that only three great Epic Poems have appeared in six thousand years, I employed the whole force of my mind to collect into one focus the entire spirit of criticism, which has been, for twenty years past, dissipated and tossed from one great writer to another, without the desired success. Had I been prevailed on to publish this, it would have made a volume of five shillings; and I am inclined to think, that, with no other assistance, a man of moderate genius could have composed an epic poem with as much speed as a romance.

“Another performance of mine is an essay deducing the degeneracy of present manners from electricity and the feudal system. The one I consider as the first or primary, the other as the promoting and assisting, cause. From the latter proceeds the subordination of ranks, and from the former that inundation of feeling which was formerly confined to children, and fine ladies like children, but has now deluged the army, the navy, ministers of state, shoe-blacks, and footmen. My next discourse I call a scheme for reconciling all the sectaries in Great Britain.

“But I proceed to mention what at present employs all my thoughts, and what by your means I wish to announce to the public. My hopes of success are founded on the wonderful avidity with which mankind receive weekly and monthly miscellanies. These are generally good things, translated from the French, copied out of old authors, or altogether new and original, the production of modern writers. My plan is entirely new. I wish to be director in a work of this kind, more adapted than any thing that has yet been published for the improvement of the fair sex. On no account will I admit any but female subscribers—and, excepting in some of the departments wherein I must toil my-



self, I will admit of none but female writers; for I incline to have this work altogether perfect, classical, and feminine. I consider this as the winding up of a long life; and I shall certainly lie down in my grave in more peace, reflecting, that I have added to the republic of letters one half of the human species, whom our foolish prejudices have hitherto in a great measure excluded.

“ I will divide this work into several departments, keeping in mind, however, for whose use and reading it is only intended.

“ The first shall consist of Foreign Intelligence, and this I doubt not to manage to the satisfaction of my readers. For, having travelled in my youth, there is scarcely a court in Europe, wherein I cannot command a female correspondent to inform me of its gallantries and its fashions. This will greatly enlarge the sphere of female knowledge; and make scandal, like Cayenne pepper in a high-seasoned dish, harmless by spreading it. The slips of a Marchioness abroad will be as familiar as of an actress at home; and the dresses of Russia as much known as those of a birth-day.

This will be occasionally interspersed with books of travels and voyages, in which particular and minute attention will be paid to the marriage ceremonies of distant countries, that being the part of such books which I have generally observed to bear the strongest marks of perusal, when I have at any time had the honour of opening them in a lady's library.

“ My next department will consist of sketches and interesting anecdotes of private characters, with the tea-table conversations, and the fashions of the principal towns in Great Britain.

“ I will give names at full length; both to serve as a necessary check on the dissoluteness of manners,



and to preclude an improper application. To my tea-table dialogues I will add a dictionary of French phrases and words of the latest introduction, to assist those of my readers who have not as yet arrived at much perfection in that excellent part of education. But my great intention in this department is, to enable my fair readers to be in and out of the mode in all parts of Great Britain precisely at the same time. And although in my own private judgement I think I ought to publish my miscellany only once a month ; yet if, from humour or taste, or the quick succession of customs and modes, this is not thought sufficient to answer the various purposes of my work, I will at all times cheerfully submit to a reasonable number of my subscribers. That my publication may not be deficient in any embellishment or illustration which other works of the same kind furnish to their readers, plates will be given, from drawings by the best masters and mistresses, of the different articles of dress most approved in the fashionable world. As in books of architecture, there are elevations of fronts and back-fronts, sections of arches and abutments, designs for frizes, stucco-cornices, and pilasters ; so, in my miscellany, similar assistances will be given to the artists of the female figure, and the inventors of female decoration.

The third division of my intended miscellany will be a section for female essayists : and I hope to make a proper, spirited, and entertaining choice. I will occasionally admit little affecting histories, to animate the female world to virtuous and worthy deeds. Nor will it be less necessary for this laudable purpose, sometimes to record bad, as well as good actions, imprudences, and levities, as well as wise and discreet conduct. In this, I must own, I shall only have the merit of following the example set me by several of those works which are professedly

written for the instruction of the female world. And indeed, how can ladies be instructed in morals, unless they know every side of the question? or how be taught to avoid the snares and dangers of the world, unless they are let into the whole secret of their effects and operation?

“ A critical review of books will be my fourth. But here I have not the most distant thought of intermeddling with the property of some worthy men, whom I honour and esteem. Books of humour or of philosophy, belles lettres, and history, if they be not the production of one who is, or may become my subscriber, I will not criticise. God forbid that I should presume to think myself qualified to judge and decide concerning the merit of all sorts of books. I will confine my remarks to novels and plays, reserving to myself the liberty of dipping into the softest kind of poetry; and even in this I will endeavour to avoid two things wherein my fellow-labourers in this harvest have frequently erred. In this first place I will on no account give the character of a book, unless it has had the approbation of the public for a dozen years at least. Singular as this may appear to be, it was the practice of the best ancient critics. And besides abridging my own labour, it will much abridge that of others: for I myself, led to think favourably of a book by a fair character in an old review, have made a tedious and fruitless search for it in both public and private libraries. Secondly, for the most part I will give my opinion in the way of specimen and extract only. I reluctantly censure an association of men, who have so often, and so justly, deserved well of mankind; but at all times I must speak truth. And I am forced to say, that my brethren, in criticising various departments of literature, have written such

good sentences of their own, as frequently to lead both themselves and their readers quite away from the book they were giving an account of. This, to be sure, as Pope said of his own Pastorals, though it is not criticism, is something better; but but my modesty will not allow me to attempt it.

“As a little poetry is thought necessary in works of this kind, I shall reserve my fifth department for the productions of the female muse. In this article I am excessively nice and delicate. My ear is naturally good, and my understanding as yet undebauched. At the same time I must confess, that what we find in the multitude of miscellanies, which daily come abroad, is poetry highly seasoned and refined; and were I well assured of the sex of the authors, I would not hesitate to admit it into mine.—But, as this is doubtful, I shall only propose it as an excellent model to all my correspondents.

“My sixth and last department I intend to make the largest, and my endeavours shall not be wanting to make it the most useful. It is wholly to consist of freethinking. A thousand times have I been grieved to the soul, to think that that religion which emancipates the human mind from folly and prejudice, that religion which M. de Voltaire justly styles the mild, the benevolent, the unpersecuting, should in a great measure be confined to the most worthless of the human race, whose lives discredit their profession; of whom many, though they have not been persecuted for their opinions, have yet suffered for their crimes. Human laws, ever unmerciful, and I may add unjust, to punish those for their actions, who have deserved rewards for the benevolence and freedom of their thoughts! In the sincerity of my heart, I hope none of the fair sex will think rashly of my endeavours, since I wish to convert them to a new religion, merely that they may do honour to

it. Lest I should be suspected of vanity, which of all weaknesses I hate the most, I shall say nothing more than that I intend to give to each number an engraving of some woman who has distinguished, or who may distinguish, herself, either by her actions or her writings.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your humble servant,

“ PROJECTOR LITERARIUS.”

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No. 61. SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1786.

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In treating of the moral duties which apply to different relations of life, men of humanity and feeling have not forgotten to mention those which are due from masters to servants. Nothing, indeed, can be more natural than the attachment and regard to which the faithful services of our domestics are entitled; the connexion grows up, like all the other family-charities in early life, and is only extinguished by those corruptions which blunt the others, by pride, by folly, by dissipation, or by vice.

I hold it indeed as the sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it is insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependents seems to me one of the most comfortable circumstances in his lot. His situation with regard to either, forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may



now and then forget it amidst the bustle of public, or the hurry of active, life, will resume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effects on his happiness at every pause of ambition or of business.

In situations and with dispositions such as mine, there is perhaps less merit in feeling the benevolent attachment to which I allude, than in those of persons of more bustling lives and more dissipated attentions. To the LOUNGER, the home which receives him from the indifference of the circles in which he sometimes loiters his time, is naturally felt as a place of comfort and protection ; and an elderly man-servant, whom I think I govern quietly and gently, but who perhaps quietly and gently governs me, I naturally regard as a tried and valuable friend. Few people will perhaps perfectly understand the feeling I experience when I knock at my door, after any occasional absence, and hear the hurried step of Peter on the stairs ; when I see the glad face with which he receives me, and the look of honest joy with which he pats Cæsar, a Pomeranian dog who attends me in all my excursions, on the head, as if to mark his kind reception of him too ; when he tells me he knew my rap, makes his modest inquiries after my health, opens the door of my room which he has arranged for my reception, places my slippers before the fire, and draws my elbow-chair to its usual stand : I confess I sit down in it with a self-complacency which I am vain enough to think a bad man would be incapable of feeling.

It appears to me a very pernicious mistake, which I have sometimes seen parents guilty of in the education of their children, to encourage and incite in them a haughty and despotic behaviour to their servants ; to teach them an early conceit of the difference of their conditions ; to accustom them to consider the services of their attendants as perfectly com-



compensated by the wages they receive, and as unworthy of any return of kindness, attention, or complacency. Something of this kind must indeed necessarily happen in the great and fluctuating establishments of fashionable life; but I am sorry to see it of late gaining ground in the country of Scotland, where, from particular circumstances, the virtues and fidelity of a great man's household were wont to be conspicuous, and exertions of friendship and magnanimity in the cause of a master used to be cited among the traditional memorabilia of most old families.

When I was last autumn at my friend Colonel Caustic's in the country, I saw there, on a visit to Miss Caustic, a young gentleman and his sister, children of a neighbour of the Colonel's, with whose appearance and manner I was peculiarly pleased.— 'The history of their parents,' said my friend, 'is somewhat particular, and I love to tell it, as I do every thing that is to the honour of our nature. Man is so poor a thing taken in the gross, that, when I meet with an instance of nobleness in detail, I am fain to rest upon it long, and to recal it often; as, in coming hither over our barren hills, you would look with double delight on a spot of cultivation or of beauty.

'The father of those young folks, whose looks you were struck with, was a gentleman of considerable domains and extensive influence on the northern frontier of our country. In his youth he lived, as it was then more the fashion than it is now, at the seat of his ancestors, surrounded with Gothic grandeur, and compassed with feudal followers and dependents, all of whom could trace their connexion, at a period more or less remote, with the family of their chief. Every domestic in his house bore the family name, and looked on himself as in a certain degree partaking its dignity and sharing its fortunes. Of these,

one was in a particular manner the favourite of his master. Albert Bane—the surname, you know, is generally lost in a name descriptive of the individual—had been his companion from his infancy. Of an age so much more advanced as to enable him to be a sort of tutor to his youthful lord, Albert had already taught him the rural exercises and rural amusements, in which he himself was eminently skilful; he had attended him in the course of his education at home, of his travels abroad, and was still the constant companion of his excursions and the associate of his sports.

‘ On one of those latter occasions, a favourite dog of Albert’s, whom he had trained himself, and of whose qualities he was proud, happened to mar the sport which his master had expected, who, irritated at the disappointment, and having his gun ready cocked in his hand, fired at the animal, which, however, in the hurry of resentment, he missed. Albert, to whom Oscar was as a child, remonstrated against the rashness of the deed, in a manner rather too warm for his master, ruffled as he was with the accident, and conscious of his being in the wrong, to bear. In his passion he struck his faithful attendant; who suffered the indignity in silence, and retiring, rather in grief than in anger, left his native country that very night; and, when he reached the nearest town, enlisted with a recruiting party of a regiment then on foreign service. It was in the beginning of the war with France which broke out in 1744, rendered remarkable for the rebellion which the policy of the French court excited, in which some of the first families of the Highlands were unfortunately engaged. Among those who joined the standard of Charles, was the master of Albert.

‘ After the battle of Culloden, so fatal to that party, this gentleman, along with others who had

escaped the slaughter of the field, sheltered themselves from the rage of the unsparing soldiery among the distant recesses of their country. To him his native mountains afforded an asylum ; and thither he naturally fled for protection. Acquainted, in the pursuits of the chase, with every secret path and unworn track, he lived for a considerable time like the deer of his forest, close hid all day, and only venturing down at the fall of evening, to obtain from some of his cottagers, whose fidelity he could trust, a scanty and precarious support. I have often heard him, for he is one of my oldest acquaintances, describe the scene of his hiding-place at a later period, when he could recollect it in its sublimity, without its horror—‘ At times,’ said he, ‘ when I ventured to the edge of the wood, among some of those inaccessible crags which you remember a few miles from my house, I have heard, in the pauses of the breeze, which rolled solemn through the pines beneath me, the distant voices of the soldiers, shouting in answer to one another amidst their inhuman search. I have heard their shots re-echoed from cliff to cliff, and seen reflected from the deep still lake below, the gleam of those fires which consumed the cottages of my people. Sometimes shame and indignation well-nigh overcame my fear, and I have prepared to rush down the steep, unarmed as I was, and to die at once by the swords of my enemies ; but the instinctive love of life prevailed, and, starting as the roe bounded by me, I have again shrunk back to the shelter I had left.

‘ One day,’ continued he, ‘ the noise was nearer than usual ; and, at last from the cave in which I lay, I heard the parties immediately below so close upon me, that I could distinguish the words they spoke. After some time of horrible suspense, the voices grew weaker and more distant ; and at last I heard

them die away at the further end of the wood. I rose and stole to the mouth of the cave; when suddenly a dog met me, and gave that short quick bark by which they indicate their prey. Amidst the terror of the circumstance, I was yet master enough of myself to discover that the dog was Oscar; and I own to you I felt his appearance like the retribution of justice and of Heaven.—“Stand!” cried a threatening voice, and a soldier pressed through the thicket, with his bayonet charged.—It was Albert! Shame, confusion, and remorse, stopped my utterance, and I stood motionless before him. “My master!” said he, with the stifled voice of wonder and of fear, and threw himself at my feet. I had recovered my recollection. “You are revenged,” said I, “and I am your prisoner.”—“Revenged! Alas, you have judged too hardly of me; I have not had one happy day since that fatal one on which I left my master; but I have lived, I hope, to save him. The party to which I belong are passed; for I lingered behind them among those woods and rocks, which I remembered so well in happier days.—There is, however, no time to be lost. In a few hours this wood will blaze, though they do not suspect that it shelters you. Take my dress, which may help your escape, and I will endeavour to dispose of yours. On the coast, to the westward, we have learned there is a small party of your friends, which, by following the river’s track till dusk, and then striking over the shoulder of the hill, you may join without much danger of discovery.”—I felt the disgrace of owing so much to him I had injured, and remonstrated against exposing him to such imminent danger of its being known that he had favoured my escape, which, from the temper of his commander, I knew would be instant death. Albert, in an agony of fear and distress, besought me to think only of my



own safety.—“ Save us both,” said he ; “ for if you die, I cannot live. Perhaps we may meet again ; but whatever becomes of Albert, may the blessing of God be with his master !”

‘ Albert’s prayer was heard. His master, by the exercise of talents, which, though he had always possessed, adversity only taught him to use, acquired abroad a station of equal honour and emolument ; and when the proscriptions of party had ceased, returned home to his own country, where he found Albert advanced to the rank of a lieutenant in the army, to which his valour and merit had raised him, married to a lady by whom he had got some little fortune, and the father of an only daughter, for whom Nature had done much, and to whose native endowments it was the chief study and delight of her parents to add every thing that art could bestow. The gratitude of the chief was only equalled by the happiness of his follower, whose honest pride was not long after gratified by his daughter’s becoming the wife of that master whom his generous fidelity had saved. That master, by the clemency of more indulgent and liberal times, was again restored to the domain of his ancestors, and had the satisfaction of seeing the grandson of Albert enjoy the hereditary birthright of his race.’

I accompanied Colonel Caustic on a visit to this gentleman’s house, and was delighted to observe his grateful attention to his father-in-law, as well as the unassuming happiness of the good old man, conscious of the perfect reward which his former fidelity had met with. Nor did it escape my notice, that the sweet boy and girl, who had been our guests at the Colonel’s, had a favourite brown and white spaniel, whom they caressed much after dinner, whose name was Oscar.

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No. 62. SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1786.

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— *Absentem rusticus urbem*

*Tollis ad astra levis.*—

HOR. SAT. ii. 7. 28.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ THE indulgence which you showed to my correspondence when in town, emboldens me to hope for the same favourable reception of my letters from the country. Here, Mr. LOUNGER, I have much more time to write; but unfortunately I have much fewer subjects; and those, too, none of the most enlivening. I think there is a sort of fatality in it, that I am always in low spirits when I sit down to write to you. These constant easterly winds do affect one's nerves so!

“ I told you in my last, that my sister-in-law talked of going to London, and perhaps to the continent; and how unwilling I should be to accompany her. She is actually gone some weeks ago, and I was not asked to be of the party; but she has taken her favourite Miss Gusto, because she can talk French a little more glibly, having been bred at a London boarding-school; though my French master says it is execrable *patois*, and won't be understood by people of fashion. Well! I don't desire to detract from any body; but some people are singular in their favourites. But it don't signify; we can be very happy at home, though it was a little cross to leave Edinburgh just when one had got into the humour of it; and when one began to know people a little,

and people began to know one, which takes some time, you know, Mr. LOUNGER, especially with people who are not quite so forward as some people, who are greater favourites with some people than other people are.

“ You must know that our society in Edinburgh had latterly become much more agreeable to me, from our intimacy with Mrs. Rattle, who came lately from Spa, where she had gone for the recovery of her health, being vastly subject to low spirits whenever she remains long in this climate. Mrs. Rattle was pleased to take very particular notice of me, being delighted, she said, with a certain *naïveté*, of which I was possessed; though Mrs. Mushroom, who was jealous of her attention to me, said it was only because I was the best *hearer* of her acquaintance. Be that as it may, she was always remarkably civil and obliging to me; declared she looked upon me as her particular *protégé*; and that, except one or two gentlemen with whom she had been acquainted abroad, I was the only person to whom she gave the constant *entré* to her *boudoir*. I was invited to most of her parties, which made the town appear quite a different thing to me from what it did when I wrote to you last. Unfortunately these pleasant days did not last long; my dear Mrs. Rattle was suddenly taken ill soon after her husband's arrival in Edinburgh, for he did not come till some time after her, and was obliged to leave town without being able to see even me. My brother and Mrs. Mushroom, as I mentioned before, have set off for London with Miss Gusto; and so, Mr. LOUNGER, I am come back to the country again.

“ I had but a very disagreeable journey of it, though my maid, who was my sister-in-law's till she got a gentlewoman of Miss Gusto's recommending, and a very good sort of a young man, to whom my brother

has promised a church on an estate he has bought lately, took all possible care of me by the way. But the roads were miserably bad, and the post-chaises terribly jolting and uneasy.—Though we talk so much of improvements, there must certainly be a great change to the worse in that article; for I remember travelling part of that road once before, along with my mother, in the diligence, which we found a very comfortable easy sort of machine; and the roads were then remarkably smooth and well made. Nor is the accommodation at the inns less fallen off from what it was at that time.

“The weather has been dreadful since my arrival; and I have been perfectly starved with cold ever since I reached my father’s; yet they tell me it was still colder some weeks before; though I am sure it was not so with us in town. Except one night at the play, when it was a very thin house, most of the fashionable company having gone to the dancing dogs; and one other time when I waited a great while in the lobby of the assembly-room for my sister and another lady, who had dined at Mrs. Midnight’s, I don’t recollect having felt it disagreeably cold all the time I was in Edinburgh. On that last occasion I caught a little cold, which, however, has been infinitely worse since I removed to the country; though they say change of air is good for a cough, I have found mine much more troublesome here than in Edinburgh. Indeed, one cannot stir out of doors without wetting one’s feet; and I was t’ other day over the shoes in dirt going to see my brother’s Temple of Venus, which one of his improving advisers, Dr. —, planned for him last autumn. Yet the Doctor was at no small pains making a walk to it, which consumed, as he told us, Lord knows how many waggon loads of gravel; but unfortunately one of the twists led into a bog; for it is so artfully

twisted, that I have heard the Doctor say, the temple, which is scarce two hundred yards from the house as the crow flies, is a good half mile off by the serpentine. I am sure I thought it far enough when they would needs have me go and visit it. Besides one meets cattle in this field, and dogs in that; and they are certainly grown much worse-natured since I left the country.

“I am glad, however, to take a long walk, though it should be somewhat dirty and disagreeable, to pass off a while of the morning, afternoon they call it here, from one to three, as well as to get a little wearied, that I may be able to sleep when we go to bed by eleven. My cough plagues me so all the night long, and then I hear some of the out-o'-door servants getting up when I have scarce slept a wink. It was but this very morning they broke off one of the charmingest dreams!—Methought I was at the Masquerade, what a cross thing it was, Mr. LOUNGER, to give up the Masquerade! and there was my sister-in-law, and Captain Coupée, and Miss Gusto, and Lady Rumpus, and Mrs. Rattle, and goodness knows how many fine people besides; and a Highlander in his plaid and philabeg followed me up and down, and I was told it was a Duke in disguise; and methought I was just standing up to dance a Strathspey with him—when I was waked by one of our brutes in the stable-yard bawling out something about the first yoking with the brown mare. I could have cried, Mr. LOUNGER, when I thought that it was but a dream! and I had nobody whom I could even tell it to here; for neither my mother nor sisters know any thing about a masquerade, and they never saw Captain Coupée, nor Miss Gusto, nor Lady Rumpus, nor Mrs. Rattle.

“The Homespons, indeed, are very good girls, and they come to me as often as their father will let



them ; and we have long conversations about Edinburgh, and what I saw and heard there ; and they are so charmed with what I tell them, and so distracted to get thither ! We sometimes sit up talking of it two or three hours after all the rest of the family are quiet. My sister-in-law, to say truth, has not been unmindful of us since she has been gone, but has sent us down, among other things, a parcel of new books and magazines, which I now and then read to the Homespuns at those sittings-up of ours. I dare not lend them the reading of any, since their father took it into his head to burn one, for having a new *tête-à-tête* in it.

“ To be sure Mr. Homespun is a very odd sort of a man, and if it were not for Mrs. Homespun, there would be no bearing of him ; he is always railing at fine gentlemen, and fine ladies, and new fashions—he is certainly ten times more rude and disagreeable than he was before I went to town ; and he says, that since I came, I have infected his daughters with ridiculous small waists and large heads ; and yet their mother and they all agree how much better they look since I brought them their new stays and heads. The first day they walked over here to welcome me home, they looked so red and so blouzy, I thought I never saw two such frights in my life : I could hardly believe they were the same girls I had left but four months before ; and they were both astonished at my improvement in so short a time ; only the eldest thought, as she has confessed to me since, that my complexion was somewhat of the palest. Now, to tell you a secret, Mr. LOUNGER, I can mend that when I choose, though I never ventured to try but once, for diversion’s sake, that I rubbed a very little out of Mrs. Rattle’s French box on my cheeks, and every body observed how handsome I looked



that day, and what a sparkle my eyes had ; but I did not let any body know how they came by it.

“ Indeed, if there is any sin in’t, I am sure it is not worth the while here ; for there is nobody to see one needs care how one looks for. I used to be joked about our neighbour young Broadcast, who is reckoned one of the best matches in our neighbourhood, and my father brought him to see me the very day after my arrival. But he is grown so fat and so coarse since I left this, and talks and laughs so loud, and speaks of nothing but the value of land, and the laying out of farms ! I received him very coldly, and he has not come back since ; for my own part, I don’t care if he should never come back.

“ There is, however, some pleasure in dressing one’s self, to have the amusement of making the people stare and wonder as they do. It is very diverting to me to hear the observations of some of the good ladies our neighbours, when I put on some of my town things, on purpose to provoke them. La, what a head !—Good gracious what a neck ! and mercy upon us, what a bunch behind !—Sunday last, being the first opportunity for my appearing in public, I resolved to make a figure ; and so I went to church with my head as well curled as my maid and I could make it, my newest-fashioned hat, and a round hoop Mrs. Mushroom had just sent me from London. Would you think it, Mr. LOUNGER ? I had like to have been mobbed in the coming out ; and the people followed the carriage till it came to the church-way ford in our way home.

“ But this will only do now and then ; and, on the whole, I find my time hang very heavy on my hands ; though I try all I can to coax away a great part of the day too. As I am a person of some consequence since my late journey to town, they indulge me a

good deal in the disposal of my time, even though it sometimes runs a little cross to the regularity of theirs: only my father growls now and then; but we don't mind that much. I seldom rise till near eleven, and generally breakfast in bed. I read the newspapers my brother sends down, all except the politics. I stroll out, as I told you before, between one and three; then, if I dress, or perhaps alter the sit of my cap, or change my feathers before the glass, I am seldom ready till long past dinner-time: they put it back an hour ever since my brother came first home. In the evening I play the new minuets, teach my sisters cards, or we guess the riddles in the *Lady's Magazine*; and I think of the promenade in Prince's-street, and of Dunn's-rooms, and of being in Edinburgh next winter if I can.

“ I am told there is to be a ball in our county-town, when the Judges come this way on their circuit, in about a fortnight hence, which the Home-spuns talk of with great glee. And they tell me there is a set of players who are to perform there at that time, and the German Tumbler with his bear and dogs. But, for my part, I have very little inclination to go. After seeing Lamash, and Wilson, and Kipling; not to mention Wood's and Mrs. Crawford,—but above all, to think of the German Tumbler after Richer and Dubois; and his dogs, foorsooth, after the dear little dogs at the Black Bull!—oh! Mr. LOUNGER, as Macbeth says,

What a falling off is there!

“ It will be really compassionate in you to give us a paper now and then about what is going on in town. And do, Mr. LOUNGER, let there be plenty of characters in it. I have told the Homespuns the owners of all the characters in your paper, from the very

beginning without missing one. For, believe me, I am, dear Mr. LOUNGER, whether in town or country, your constant reader and admirer,

“ MARJORY MUSHROOM.”

“ Mushroom-Hall, April 1, 1786.”

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NO. 63. SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1786.

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*An is mihi liber, cui mulier imperat? cui leges imponit, præscribit, vetat quod videtur?*

CICERO.

“ TO THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ I AM a middle-aged gentleman, possessed of a moderate income, arising chiefly from the profits of an office, of which the emolument is more than sufficient to compensate the degree of labour with which the discharge of its duties is attended. About my forty-fifth year, I became tired of the bachelor-state; and taking the hint from some little twinges of the gout, I began to think it was full time for me to look out for an agreeable help-mate. The last of the juvenile tastes that forsakes a man, is his admiration of youth and beauty; and I own I was so far from being insensible to these attractions, that I felt myself sometimes tempted to play the fool, and marry for love. I had sense enough, however, to resist this inclination, and, in my choice of a wife, to sacrifice rapture and romance to the prospect of ease and comfort. I wedded the daughter of a country-gentleman of small fortune, a lady much about my own time of life, who bore the character of a discreet prudent woman, who was a stranger to fashionable folly and dissipa-

tion of every kind, and whose highest merit was that of an excellent housewife.

“ When I begin by telling you that I repent of my choice, you will naturally suppose, Mr. LOUNGER, a very common case, that I have been deceived in the idea I had formed of my wife’s character. Not at all, Sir ; I found it true to a tittle. She is a perfect paragon of prudence and discretion. Her moderation is exemplary in the highest degree ; and as to economy she is all that I expected and a great deal more too. You will ask, then, of what it is that I complain ? I shall lay my grievances before you without reserve.

“ A man, Sir, who, with no bad dispositions, and with some pretensions to common sense, has arrived at the age of five-and-forty, may be presumed to have formed for himself a plan of life, which he will not care hastily to relinquish, merely to gratify the caprices of another. I entered the matrimonial state with a firm resolution not to quarrel with my wife for trifles ; but really, Sir, the sacrifices daily exacted on my part, and the mortifications I have been forced to submit to, are at length become so numerous and so intolerable, that I must either come to a downright rupture, or be hooted at for a silly fellow by all my acquaintance.

“ Before I married, having, as I already informed you, a decent income, I thought myself entitled to many of those little indulgences to which a social disposition inclines a man who is possessed of the means of gratifying it. The necessary business in which my office engaged me occupying several hours of the day, it was my highest pleasure to pass the evenings with a few sensible friends, either at my own lodgings, at theirs, or in the tavern. I found myself likewise a very welcome guest in many respectable families, where, as the humour struck



me, I could go in at any hour, and take my part of a domestic meal without the formality of an invitation. I was a member, too, of a weekly club, which met on the Saturday evenings, most of them people of talents, and some of them not unknown in the world of letters. Here the entertainment was truly Attic. A single bottle was the modicum, which no man was allowed to exceed. Wit and humour flowed without reserve, where all were united by the bonds of intimacy, and learning lost her gravity over the enlivening glass. *O noctes cœnæque deûm!*

“ As my profession was a sedentary one, I kept, for the sake of exercise, a couple of good geldings, and at my leisure hours contrived frequently to indulge myself in a scamper of a dozen miles into the country. It was my pride to keep my horses in excellent order; and, when debarred by business from riding them, I consoled myself with a visit to the stable. Shooting was likewise a favourite amusement: and though I could not often indulge it, I had a brace of springing spaniels, and a couple of excellent pointers. In short, between my business and amusement, my time passed most delightfully; and I really believe I was one of the happiest bachelors in Great Britain.

“ Alas, Sir, how little do we know what is for our good! Like the poor gentleman who killed himself by taking physic when he was in health\*, I wanted to be happier than I was, and I have made myself miserable.

“ My wife’s ruling passion is the care of futurity. We had not been married above a month, before she found my system, which was to enjoy the present, was totally inconsistent with those provident plans

\* Mr. Easy alludes to the Italian epitaph, ‘ *Stava ben, ma per star meglio, sto qui.*’



she had formed in the view of a variety of future contingencies, which, if but barely possible, she looks upon as absolutely certain. The prospect of an increase to our family, though we have now lived five years together, without the smallest symptom of any such accident, has been the cause of a total revolution of our domestic economy, and a relinquishment, on my part, of all the comforts of my life. The God of Health, we are informed, was gratified by the sacrifice of a cock, but the God of Marriage, it would seem, is not so easily propitiated: for I have sacrificed to him my horses, my dogs, and even my friends, without the smallest prospect of securing his favour.

“ In accomplishing this economical reformation, my wife displayed no small address. Lord, Sir, what ways women have of working out their points! She began by giving me frequent hints of the necessity there was of cutting off all superfluous expenses; and frequently admonished me that it was better to save while our family was small, than to retrench when it grew larger. When she perceived that this argument had very little force, as indeed it grew every day weaker, and that there was nothing to be done by general admonition, she found it necessary to come to particulars. She endeavoured to convince me, that I was cheated in every article of my family-expenditure. It is a principle with her that all servants are thieves. When they offer themselves to be hired, if they demand what she thinks high wages, she cannot afford to pay at the rate of a duchess; if their demand is moderate, she is sure they must make it up by stealing. To prove their honesty, she lays temptations in their way, and watches in a corner to catch them in the fact. In the first six months after our marriage, we had five search-warrants in the house. My groom,

as honest a fellow as ever handled a curry-comb' was indicted for embezzling oats; and, though the sleek sides of my geldings gave strong testimony to his integrity, he was turned off at a day's warning. This I soon found was but a prelude to a more serious attack; and the battery was levelled at a quarter where I was but too vulnerable. I never went out to ride, but I found my poor spouse in tears at my return. She had an uncle, it seems, who broke his collar-bone by a fall from a horse. My pointers, stretched upon the hearth, were never beheld by her without uneasiness. They brought to mind a third cousin who lost a finger by the bursting of a fowling-piece; and she had a sad presentiment that my passion for sport might make her one day the most miserable of women. 'Sure, my dear,' she would say, 'you would not, for the sake of a trifling gratification to yourself, render your poor wife constantly unhappy! Yet I must be so while you keep those vicious horses and nasty curs.' What could I do, Sir? A man would not choose to pass for a barbarian.

"It was a more difficult task to wean me from those social enjoyments I mentioned, and to cure me of a dangerous appetite I had for the company of my friends. If I passed the evening in a tavern, I was sure to have a sermon against intemperance, a warning of the too sensible decay of my constitution, and a most moving complaint of the heaviness of those solitary hours which she spent in my absence. Those hours, indeed, she attempted sometimes to shorten by sending my servant to acquaint me that she had gone to bed indisposed. This device, however, after two or three repetitions, being smoked by my companions, I was forced to vindicate my honour before them, by kicking the messenger down stairs.

“Matters were yet worse with me, when I ventured to invite my old cronies to a friendly supper at my own house. In place of that ease and freedom which indicates a cordial reception, they found on my wife’s part a cold and stiff formality which repressed all social enjoyment ; and the nonsensical parade of a figure of empty show upon the table, which convinced them of the trouble their visit had occasioned. Under this impression, you may believe, there is no great danger of a debauch in my house. Indeed my wife commonly sits out the company. If it happens otherwise, we have a stated allowance of wine ; and if more is called for, it is so long in coming, that my friends take the hint, and wish me a good night.

“But, even were I more at liberty to indulge my social dispositions than I unfortunately find myself, there are other reasons, no less powerful, which would prevent me from inviting my friends to my house. My wife, Sir, is absolutely unfit for any kind of rational conversation. Bred from her infancy under an old maiden aunt, who had the management of her father’s household and country farm, she has no other ideas than what are accommodated to that station. Unluckily, her transplantation to town, by removing her from her calves, her pigs, and her poultry, has given her fewer opportunities of displaying the capital stock of her knowledge. She still finds, however, a tolerable variety of conversation, in the rise and fall of the markets, the qualities and prices of butcher-meat, the making of potatoe-starch, the comparative excellence of Leith and Kensington candles, and many other topics of equally amusing disquisition. Seriously, Sir, when alone, I can find refuge in my books ; but when with her in company, she never opens her mouth but I am in terror for what is to come out of it.

“ I should perhaps complain the less of being reduced to this state of involuntary domestication, if I saw any endeavours on her part to make my home somewhat comfortable to me. I am no epicure, Mr. LOUNGER ; but I own to you I like a good dinner, and have somehow got the reputation of being a pretty good judge of wines. In this last article I piqued myself on having a critical palate ; and this my friends knew so well, that I was generally consulted when their cellars needed a supply, and was sure to be summoned to give my opinion at the opening of a new hogshead or the piercing of a butt. You may believe I took care that my own small stock of liquors should not discredit my reputation ; and I have often, with some exultation, heard it remarked, that there was no such claret in Edinburgh as Bob Easy’s yellow seal.

“ Good claret, which I have long been accustomed to consider as a panacea for all disorders, my wife looks upon as little better than slow poison. She is convinced of its pernicious effects both on my purse and constitution, and recommends to me, for the sake of both, some brewed stuff of her own, which she dignifies with the name of wine, but which to me seems nothing but ill-fermented vinegar. She tells with much satisfaction, how she has passed her currant wine for Cape, and her gooseberry for Champagne ; but, for my part, I never taste them without feeling very disagreeable effects from it ; and I once drank half a bottle of her Champagne, which gave me a colic for a week.

“ In the article of victuals, I am doomed to yet greater mortification. Here, Sir, my wife’s frugality is displayed in a most remarkable manner. As every thing is to be bought when at the lowest price, she lays in during the summer all her stores for the winter. For six months we live upon salt provisions,



and the rest of the year on fly-blown lamb and stale mutton. If a joint is roasted the one day, it is served cold the next, and hashed on the day following. All poultry is contraband. Fish, unless salt herrings and dried ling, when got a bargain, I am never allowed to taste.

“ Thus mortified in my appetites, divorced as I am from my friends, having ‘lost all my mirth, and forgone all custom of my exercise,’ I am told that even my face and figure are totally changed; and, in place of the jolly careless air of a *bon vivant*, I have got the sneaking look and starved appearance of a poor wretch escaped from a spunging-house, and dreading a dun in every human being that accosts him.—That it should come to this!—But I am determined no longer to endure it. My wife shall read this letter in my presence: and, while she contemplates her own picture, I shall take my measures according to the effect it produces on her. If she takes it as she ought, ’tis well;—if not, and a rupture is the consequence, still better—I shall be my own man again.

“ I am, Sir, yours, &c.

“ ROBERT EASY.”

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No. 64. SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1786.

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“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ THAT distress finds some consolation from revealing its misfortune, is a trite observation, which



perhaps is in no instance more strongly felt, than where we have ourselves to blame for our calamities. There is something in making a confession, though but on paper, even if it should never be communicated to any one, which unloads the mind of a weight that bears it down in secret; and though it cannot pluck the thorn from memory, has certainly the effect of blunting its poignancy.—Suffer me then, Sir, to tell you, or to write as if I were telling you, how unhappy I am, and by what means I have become so.

“I was left by my father at the age of thirteen, the eldest of two daughters, under the charge of one of the best and most indulgent of mothers. Our circumstances were affluent, our society respectable, and our education, from its very commencement, had been attended to with care, and provided for with the utmost liberality. No instruction was neglected, no accomplishment unattended to. In attaining these my sister was not quite so fortunate as I. Born, as I have been often told, with uncommon quickness of parts, I found no difficulty in mastering the studies that were taught me, or in acquiring the embellishments it was wished I should acquire. My sister was often deficient in the one and awkward at the other. She possessed, however, a sound, plain understanding and an excellent temper. My superiority never excited envy in her, and I think never vanity in me. We loved one another most sincerely; and after some years had blunted the grief which my mother felt for her husband's death, there were, I believe, few happier families than ours.

“Though our affections were cordial, however, our dispositions were very different. My sister was contented to think as other people thought, and to feel as other people felt; she rarely ventured to speculate in opinion or to soar in fancy. I was often tempted to reject, if not to despise, the common

opinions of mankind, and to create to myself a warm, and, I am afraid, a visionary picture of happiness, arising from a highly refined sensibility. My mother was at pains to combat these enthusiastic ideas, and to represent the danger of indulging in them. From a desire, perhaps, of overcoming that tendency towards them which she perceived in me, her discourse, when we were alone, almost constantly turned on this subject. As she always allowed us the liberty of argument with her, I stood up in those conversations the warm defender of my own maxims, in contradiction to those prudent ones which she recommended. Hers, I am persuaded, admitted of better reasoning; but my cause gave greater room for eloquence. All my little talents were exerted in the contest: and I have often since thought that my mother had from nature a bent to my side of the question, which all her wisdom and experience had not been able to overcome; that though she constantly applauded the prudent system of my sister, she was in truth rather partial to mine, and vain of that ability with which I defended it. However that might be, I myself always rose from the dispute more and more convinced of the justness of my own opinions, and proud of that superiority which I thought they conferred on me.

“ We had not long attained a marriageable age, when we found ourselves surrounded with those whom the world terms admirers. Our mother’s benevolence and sweetness of temper inclined her to society, and we were too innocent for prudery; we had therefore a number of visitors of the other sex, many of whom were so particular in their attentions, that women who wished to boast of conquests, would have called them lovers. With us they did not always assume that title: my sister was too prudent, and I was too nice, easily to believe a man a lover.

“ Among those, however, were two gentlemen, whose attachment was declared to me in terms too strong to be misunderstood. Florio’s person was universally allowed to be handsome: many, of whom I was one, thought it elegant. With external accomplishments his education had furnished him; his manner was easy and unembarrassed: some called it assuming, I thought it natural. His conversation was full of the language of sensibility; in my idea it spoke a mind replete with sensibility itself. Other people sometimes suspected him of shallowness and affectation; I praised him for avoiding the pedantry of knowledge, and the rusticity of men proud of its acquirements.

“ Alcander was the only son of a particular friend of my mother’s, and therefore on a very intimate footing in our family. My mother, with whom he was a favorite, discovered in him a great fund of good sense and of useful knowledge. I was struck with the inelegance of his appearance and address, and the want of refinement in his sentiments and conversation. His goodness and candour were often the topics of my mother’s commendation; I remarked his want of discernment, and the coldness of his attachments and aversions. My mother often repeated her own eulogiums of Alcander, and the criticisms of the world on Florio: I always heard her with a determined opposition of sentiment, and therefore rose from the conversation more averse to the first and more attached to the latter. Alcander, after persisting for some time under a very marked disinclination to him, gave up the pursuit; but as he still continued his visits to the family, particularly during any occasional absence of mine, he transferred by degrees his affections to my sister. When he had ceased to be my lover, I was willing to be very much his friend: my mother had always shown her partiality in his favour; my sister was

won by his virtues, and after some time became his wife.

“ Florio’s suit to me was opposed by my mother with rather more vehemence than was natural to her. She often insisted on the infatuation, as she called it, of that deception which I was under with regard to him, a deception which she predicted I should one day be convinced of. Her opposition, however, though it overruled my conduct, never overcame my attachment: I would not be his without the consent of my mother; but my affection it was not in her power to shake. Her love for me overcame her resolution; and at last she gave, however unwillingly, my hand to Florio.

“ I was now the happiest of women. The scenes I had often pictured of conjugal tenderness and domestic happiness, I thought now realized in the possession of a man who, I had taught myself to believe, was to love me for ever, and was himself every thing I ought to love; and I often looked with a degree of pity on the situation of my sister, whose happiness, for she called it happiness, with Alcander, was of a kind so inferior to mine.

“ How long this lasted I cannot exactly say. I fear I began to be unhappy long before I would allow myself to believe it. I have often wept alone at the coldness and neglect of Florio, when, on meeting him, a few words of seeming tenderness and affection made me again reproach my doubts of his love, and think my own situation the most enviable of any. Alas! he at length drove me from this last stronghold in which my affection for him had entrenched itself. It is now three years since he has treated me in such a manner as to leave me no apology for his treatment. During the last, my mother’s death has deprived me of one of the few comforts I had left. From my mother I carefully concealed my distress;



but I believe in vain ; she lived to guess at my misery ; and I fear her sense of it added to the pressure of that disease which brought her to her grave.

“ After the loss of my husband’s love, it is little to talk of my disappointment in his talents and accomplishments. It was long, however, before I allowed myself to see defects which less penetration than I have been flattered with possessing, had long before discovered. My mother had often before our marriage expressed her surprise that one of my abilities should be so deceived, as not to see his inferiority : I believe it is by these abilities that the deception is aided. They are able to form a picture to which more ordinary minds are unequal ; and, in the weakness of their rash attachment, they find the likeness where they wish to find it.—

“ I was interrupted by my sister. Why are her looks so serene ? and why does she tell me, how much mine are altered ? I am too proud to allow a witness to my distresses ; and from her, of all woman-kind, I would conceal them. This dissimulation is due to my pride, perhaps to my duty ; yet if you knew, Sir, what it is to smile in public, to seem to be happy with such feelings as mine ;—to act contentment all day-long, and to retire at night to my lonely pillow with the anguish my heart has treasured up all the while !—But the subject overpowers me. Farewell.

“ CONSTANTIA.”

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No. 65. SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1786.

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*Malignitati falsa species libertatis inest.*

TAC.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ SOME time ago a female correspondent was obliged to enter a complaint with you against one of the virtues, and set forth the hardships which a family endures from the circumstances of its master's extreme cultivation of truth. I am sorry, Sir, to be obliged to enter a similar complaint against another of the virtues, of the same family with that of which the lady complains; and to relate to you the effects which I happened lately to witness from the extreme cultivation of freedom.

“ The word Freedom, Sir, till this late incident in my life, carried with it a sound at once so sacred and so animating, as I thought was entitled to my warmest love and veneration. Yet a young man, and full of the classic remembrances of Roman virtue, I connected with the love of liberty every thing that dignifies and humanizes man: and I heard the cautions of some of my elder and more experienced acquaintance with the secret triumph of a superior mind, whose vigour was unsubdued by age, whose honest warmth was unextinguished by interest or the world.

“ By one of those advisers I was lately carried on a visit to the house of a common relation of ours, with whose person, as he resided in a different part of the country, I was not at all acquainted; but whose character, having often heard him celebrated as a

warm partisan of liberty, I had long learned to revere; and I was happy to find that I should have now an opportunity of acquiring an intimate acquaintance with him, our visit being proposed to be as long as it was distant, and meant to last during the whole Easter holidays, according to their longest computation.

When we arrived at the house, and I was introduced to my cousin, I was somewhat disappointed with his aspect and manner, neither of which possessed a great deal of that dignity which, from an assertor of freedom, according to my classic notions of the character, I had taught myself to expect. I found Mr. Wilfull a thick squat figure, with an appearance of great strength and freshness for his age, with a person rather lusty, and somewhat of rubicundity in his face. His motions were more quick than graceful, his voice rough and strong, which last, however, I was inclined, on the first hearing it, to call firm and manly. These qualities I afterwards found employed to give force and emphasis to a variety of oaths, of which the gentleman was very profuse in the course of his conversation. He gave us a very cordial welcome, and insisted on our recruiting ourselves after our journey with a glass of his cordial waters, which I found so strong as to make my eyes water the first mouthful I swallowed; but Mr. Wilfull himself took off a bumper, without seeming to feel any such inconvenience.

“When dinner came, the ladies of the family appeared, who consisted of Mrs. Wilfull and two daughters, on whom our landlord bestowed a hearty scold for making us wait, as he said, a quarter of an hour for their damned hair-dressing. This reprimand the ladies bore with great submission. Mrs. Wilfull, indeed, made a silent sort of reply, by pulling out her watch, by which I saw it wanted

several minutes of four. But Mr. Wilfull swore another oath, that a woman's watch was like her judgement, very little to be depended on ; and desired her to take notice, that his watch was to be the only regulator in his house.

“ During the time of dinner, Mr. Wilfull made use of the same sort of freedom to criticise several dishes which were not quite dressed to his liking. On his lady making some attempts at explanation and apology, he told her he knew she must always have her own way, but that he could not help believing his own smell and taste : on some further remonstrance, though a very gentle one, he carried the liberty of his tongue a little further ; he swore at her, and cursed the cook.

“ The cloth had not been removed above a few minutes, when our landlord, by asking the ladies toasts one after another as fast as they could be drank, gave them a hint that he expected they should retire, and leave us to enjoy ‘ that liberty he loved.’ As the first fruits of which, the door was scarce shut behind them, when he began to give us some toasts which seemed to have been at his tongue's end all the time they staid, and waited there impatient for utterance till they should be gone. At the close of these moral sentiments, he gave us some political sentiments, for Mr. Wilfull is extremely sentimental, which tended to fix the creed of the company in patriotism, as the former set of healths had established their principles in point of virtue and morality. The first of these, ‘ Liberty and the Constitution,’ we were desired to drink, not in the ordinary glasses of the table, but in an old-fashioned rummer of a particular shape and magnitude, which had been in his family for several generations, and was marked with certain words and figures more emblematical of freedom than

of taste or politeness. This dose of wine it was absolutely incumbent on every guest to swallow at a draught; on somebody's venturing to remonstrate, that his making himself sick would tend neither to the increase of liberty, nor to the establishment of the constitution, his plea was immediately overruled in a very vociferous manner by our host, from whose decision I found there was no appeal. He contrived to furnish us with such a variety of bumper-toasts in favour of freedom, which none of us were at liberty to decline, that I was carried speechless to bed, as, I was afterwards told, were several other members of the company, and waked next morning with so violent a head-ach, that had I not been informed of Mr. Wilfull's being that day engaged at a county-meeting on some public measure, I believe I should have hardly been prevailed on to rise.

“When he took his departure after breakfast, which he did with some apologies, extremely unnecessary, for leaving us with his wife, I was very agreeably disappointed to find Mrs. Wilfull and the young ladies not at all so much given to silence as from their deportment on the preceding day I had been led to imagine them. I found the one had learned and the other inherited some of Mr. Wilfull's love of liberty, which they were exceedingly fond of exercising in the absence of that gentleman, and which showed itself in a very free discussion of his temper, disposition, and management of his family. In the course of this conversation, in which indeed I was a hearer only, I learned that Mr. Wilfull was perfectly the lord and master of his own house, in which he exercised the most dictatorial sway, no doubt according to the old Roman maxim, ‘*Ne quid detrimenti Respublica capiat,*’ for the pure good of the family. Of this, however, the family, as perhaps was sometimes the case with the state, were not quite so sensible as



they should have been. Mrs. Wilfull complained that her husband was a little particular in his temper.— The daughters talked more plainly, and said that papa was one of the strangest out-of-the-wayest men in the world; that he would not allow them education like other girls in town, because, he said, in a town they would learn nothing but French dances and French fashions, both which he hated, because the French were slaves. His son, it seems, he also kept at home with a tutor he had provided for him, who was but very little of a scholar; his scholarship, Mrs. Wilfull said, her husband did not much mind, as he had never found Greek or Latin of any use to himself; but that this young man was a favourite with him because of his staunch political principles, and being what he called a strong-headed fellow—but in what sense the word was applied Mr. Wilfull did not explain. She added, that neither her son or daughters had much opportunity of improvement from society, as political quarrels had estranged the principal families in the neighbourhood from their house.

“ In domestic matters, Mrs. Wilfull hinted the difficulties she frequently laboured under to keep things tolerably quiet. The servants, she said, were frequently leaving them at short warnings; and that they had several law-suits with discarded footmen about wages and board wages. Mr. Wilfull, she said, was in the main a very good sort of man; but it must be confessed he liked his own way in every thing and that he would not allow any body the liberty of giving him an answer.

“ From the parson of Mr. Wilfull’s parish, who happened to come in during this conversation, I learned that his patron’s tenants had all very short leases, as it was his principle, that a man’s estate was not his own, if a low fellow had the use of it for



twenty or thirty years. Afterwards, in the course of a walk with this same clergyman, I had an opportunity of seeing somewhat of the state and culture of Mr. Wilfull's estate. The barn-yards were but thinly stored, and the farm-houses but in indifferent repair. Several of the farms were in a state of open uncultivated wildness, with here a patch of broom, there a corner of furze, and now and then a ridge or two of rushes and thistles. A person of a sportive imagination might have traced an analogy between Mr. Wilfull's principles and the state of his grounds: Xerxes chained the Hellespont because he was accustomed to govern slaves: Mr. Wilfull, one might say, left the very soil at liberty, and neither constrained it by culture, nor fettered it by inclosures.

“ This state of his private property, however, my companion partly accounted for from Mr. Wilfull's attention having been for some time much occupied by some public and national concerns, in which his love of liberty had involved him. There was a little town in the neighbourhood of his estate, in which it seems he had, from patriotic motives, projected a thorough reformation. It was at present, according to the parson's account, in the hands of about a dozen people, who, Mr. Wilfull complained, had the entire disposal of it. He wished its government to be in the people at large; by which, however, the clergyman frankly confessed his patron meant, if possible, to get the management of it to himself.— Meantime he had taught the inhabitants, every soul of them, proper ideas of freedom and independence; in cultivating these indeed they had lost some others, which people who don't know the value of liberty might reckon as useful. There were formerly one or two thriving manufacturers in the town; but they had of late been driven out of it as hostile to its freedom. I asked the clergyman what branches they

now carried on there: 'Oh! now, Sir,' said he, 'they are all busy in making—reforms.'

“ In short, Mr. LOUNGER, for I am afraid of tiring you with my recital, I found from this day's information, as well as my own experience during another which I spent at Mr. Wilfull's, that this gentleman is so very fond of liberty, that he is inclined to monopolize it entirely to himself. Not caring either to suffer in silence or to quarrel with my kinsman by asserting my freedom, I contrived some apology for putting an end to my visit on the morning of the fourth day; and I confess was very happy to leave this champion for independence, to return to the government of an elderly aunt, who keeps house for me; who, though of old-fashioned Tory principles, is yet very fond of her nephew, very indulgent to the servants, and very hospitable to the neighbours; and who, though she does not trouble herself about the good of her country, feeds the best fowls, makes the best mince-pies, and brews the best ale in the world. I am, &c.

“ LIBERCULUS.”

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No. 66. SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1786.

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“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ No complaints are more commonly made, or more readily listened to, than those of genius neglected, of talents unrewarded, of merit overlooked. That

these complaints should often be made on slight pretences, may easily be accounted for from the effects of self-love and of conceit ; and that people should attend to them with indulgence will not be wondered at, when we reflect that we are naturally inclined to favour those whose circumstances do not awaken our envy, especially if they furnish us with the means of decrying others whose situation excites it.

“ But even where genius is actually found to languish in obscurity, or to pine in indigence, the world is not always to be blamed for its neglect. Genius is often too proud to ask favours which the world is too proud to offer ; or too bashful to display abilities which others are too busy to seek out. Besides that the splendid qualities of which it boasts are often less fitted for the province it has chosen than much more moderate abilities, it sometimes allows them to be mixed with failings, which render their possessor less easily made happy, and those around him less disposed to contribute to his happiness.— Temper, moderation, and humility, a toleration of folly, and an attention to trifles, are endowments necessary in the commerce with mankind : often as useful, and generally more attractive, than wisdom, learning, eloquence, or wit, when attended with arrogance, ill-nature, an ungracious manner, or a forbidding address.

“ It will likewise be considered, that, in general, those inferior minds, whom genius and talents are apt to despise, are much more easily made happy than those who occupy the rank above them. The measure of our desires is commonly enlarged in proportion to the comprehensiveness of our minds, and the catalogue of our evils frequently increased in proportion to the range of our imaginations. In many occurrences of life, genius and fancy discover evils which dulness and insensibility would escape, and

delicacy of feeling mar that pleasure which thoughtless vivacity would perfectly enjoy.

“ You gave, in one of your earlier papers, an account of two gentlemen, both fortunate in life, but very differently affected by their good fortune : one, who was above the enjoyment of any ordinary good; the other, on whom every attainment conferred happiness, who had no eye for deformity, and no feeling for uneasiness. Allow me to illustrate the same power of a constitutional difference of temper upon the opposite situation, from the example of two persons, whose characters some late incidents gave me a particular opportunity of tracing.

“ Tom Sanguine and Ned Prospect, like your friends Clitander and Eudocius, were school-fellows. Sanguine was the first boy in the school in point of learning, and very often its leader in every thing. The latter distinction it cost him many a black eye to maintain, as he generally had a battle with every lad who disputed his pre-eminence, or who objected to any project he had laid down for his companions. Sometimes he was thrown entirely out of his command, and would be whole days in a state of proscription from his fellows, attended only by one or two little boys, whom he either awed or bribed to continue of his party.

“ Prospect had a certain influence too, but it was acquired by different means. He had no pretensions to learning, and almost constantly neglected or failed in the tasks that were set him; yet he was a favourite with his masters, from a certain liveliness which looked like genius, and a certain attention to them which looked like application; and with the boys he was always ready to join any plan which the forward could devise or the bold could execute. He was in friendship with every one, and did not care with whom he was in friendship; of jealousy or



rivalship he was perfectly devoid, and often returned the assistance which Sanguine afforded him at their exercises, by conciliatory endeavours to accommodate differences between him and some of their companions. As for himself, he never remembered quarrels or resented affronts: disappointments of every kind he forgot; indeed, if a school allusion may be allowed, there was scarce a past tense in his ideas; they always looked to the future.

“When they rose into manhood and life, the two young gentlemen retained the same characteristic difference as when at school. Sanguine was soon remarked for his abilities, and easily flattered himself that every advancement would be open to them. He looked to the goal in business or ambition, without troubling himself to examine the ground between. Full of that pride and self-importance to which he thought his talents entitled him, he would not degrade them by an application to the ordinary means by which inferior men attain success. He would not stoop to solicit what he thought his merit gave him a right to expect: to conciliate the great, he called servility; to be obliged to his equals, he termed dependence. In argument, he was warm and dogmatical; in opposition, haughty and contemptuous; he was proud to show the fallacy of reputed wisdom, and sought for opportunities of treating folly with disdain. His inferiors he loved to awe into silence; and in company with those above him, he often retired into a proud indignant silence himself. To be easily pleased or amused, he thought the mark of a light and frivolous mind; and, as few people cared to be at the expense, he seldom received either pleasure or amusement. When he might have bestowed these on others, he often did not think it worth his while to bestow them. For his learning, his knowledge, or his wit, he demanded



such an audience as he rarely could find; and among men of middling capacity, of whom the bulk of society is formed, one half of Sanguine's acquaintance dreaded his talents, and the other half denied them. In his friendships he was warm and violent; but they were generally connections in which he was rather to give than to find support, rather to confer than to receive obligation.

“ With such a cast of mind and disposition, Sanguine, notwithstanding all his natural and all his acquired abilities, has succeeded very ill in life. Of those, and they were but few, by whom he was neither hated nor feared, scarce any one was interested to promote his success. There is always so much of selfishness in our exertions for others, as to claim a sort of property in the good we do them; and him who, like Sanguine, does not allow that claim, we seldom wish to oblige a second time. Nor were his genius and knowledge, great as they were allowed to be, better suited to the ordinary affairs of the world than those of a much lower order. He often despised that mediocrity which was a fitter instrument for his purpose than all his boasted excellence. He laboured to shine where he should have been contented to convince; to astonish and to dazzle where it ought to have been his object to persuade and to win.

“ The neglects of the world Sanguine resented more than he endeavoured to overcome; and having long lost all hopes of success in it, now employs the powers of his fancy and of his eloquence to degrade those dignities which he has failed to teach, and to depreciate those advantages he has been unable to attain. He saunters about in places of public resort, like the evil genius of the time, sickening at every prosperous, and enjoying every untoward, event; suffering without compassion, and unfortunate without the dignity which a good mind allows to misfortune.

“ Prospect, whose abilities did not promise much eminence in any of the learned professions, was bred a merchant. His master found him not very attentive to his business, but exceedingly serviceable to him and his family in every thing else. He frequently forgot to make the proper entries in the books ; but of the little commissions of his master’s wife and children he took particular care ; and once excused himself for a mistake with regard to a valuable cargo from the West Indies, by showing how much he had been occupied about a parroquet and a monkey for the young ladies. To himself he made a sort of apology for these neglects, from an idea, that in trade nothing was worth attending to but in the capital ; and talked with great fluency, and an appearance of information, on the plans he had formed for entering upon a large scale of commerce in London. To London accordingly he went ; but found there, that he was still distant from the immediate scene of the trade he had chiefly studied : and, after spending, in amusement rather than in dissipation, half the stock from which he was to have raised a princely fortune, he procured recommendations to a house in Jamaica, and embarked for that island with the full resolution of being as rich as Alderman Beckford before he returned. He failed of being as rich, but he was fully as happy ; and in the course of that happiness spent all the remainder of his patrimony. He afterwards visited several of the American provinces, without any increase of fortune or decrease of good-humour ; and at last returned home with no money in his purse, and but little information in his mind, but with that flow of animal spirits which no ill success could overcome, and that sort of buzzing idea of future good fortune, which the experience of disappointment has never been able to drive out of his head.

“ By the favour of a person of considerable interest, whom his officious civility had in some instance happened to oblige, he has obtained a small pension, on which he makes shift to live, and to get into very tolerable company, being admitted as a good-natured oddity, who never offends, and is never offended. He has now given up his plans for bettering his private fortune, except in so far as they are connected with the prosperity of his country, having turned his thoughts entirely to politics and to finance. I know not if it was an ill natured amusement which I received the other morning from seeing him attack his old acquaintance Sanguine in the coffee-house, and drive him from the fire-place to the window, from the window to the door, and from the door out into the street, with a paper of observations on Mr. Pitt’s plan for reducing the national debt. Sanguine was dumb with vexation and contempt, which Prospect, who was full of bustle and of enjoyment from this new-sprung scheme, very innocently construed into the silence of attention, and concluded his pursuit, by thrusting the paper into the other’s hand, telling him, that when next they met he should be glad to have his sentiments on the probability of the plan, and the justness of the calculations.

“ It would, I believe, Sir, considerably increase the stock of human happiness, if you could persuade men like Mr. Sanguine, that misanthropy, comfortless as it is, is yet more an indulgence than a virtue : that a war with the world is generally founded on injustice ; and that neither the yieldings of complacency, nor the sportfulness of good-humour, are inconsistent with the dignity of wisdom. I am, &c.

“ MODERATUS.”

No. 67. SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1786.

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*Studiumque immane loquendi.*

OID. MET. v. ult.

NOBODY will deny the superiority of the modern over the ancient world in almost all the arts and sciences. But perhaps that superiority is not more observable when we think of the articles of modern acquirement in detail, than when we consider the facility which the present times have introduced in the art of obtaining knowledge in general ; or, when that idea is applied to the young, the highly improved system of education which we have invented, so much simpler and more concise than that which the ignorance of our forefathers led them to adopt. Were it not beneath the dignity of the subject, one might apply to our present system of education, what some venders of little books of arithmetic, mathematics, and astronomy, have advertised of their performances—it is education ‘ made easy to the meanest capacities.’

The ancient system for the acquisition of knowledge, was by listening to the instructions of the wise and experienced ; and in some of the old schools a probationary silence for a very long period was insisted on for that purpose. In those times, that might perhaps be suitable enough ; but now when life, according to some philosophers, is so much shortened, and there are so many more things to talk about, the ancient mode would surely be very preposterous. Indeed there is much reason to doubt if, even in ancient times, this method of listening was so much practised as has sometimes been represented. Pythagoras, it is presumed, like some philosophers of



our own days, chose to talk for all the rest of the company, and enjoined silence to his scholars, that he might have hearers ; but Socrates, who had been taught better breeding by his wife, let them have more than word about with him. Plutarch, indeed, another of their wise men, says, in a Treatise upon Education, that ‘ man has two powers, which give him the pre-eminence over all other animals—understanding and speech ; that the first is made to command, and the latter to obey ; that understanding or mind is superior to accident or fortune, that sickness or disease has no power over it, and that the wrinkles of age do not diminish its beauty ; that time, which conquers all things, has no effect on it, but, by a privilege peculiar to itself, it maintains its youth in old age.’ This Plutarch, however, was himself one of the most talkative fellows in the world, and delighted in story-telling beyond any man of his time ; and the description he has given us above, of understanding or intelligence, applies equally to the other faculty he meant to set it over, to wit, that of speech. We have every day examples to convince us, that neither loss of fortune, bad health, or old age, has any power over the tongue ; to it, indeed, the circumstance of its superior vigour, when old, applies so strikingly, that one would almost suppose an error in the text, and that there was here a mistake, which those Greeks had a hard word to express, but which signified, that one had put first what should have been last : on this supposition, what the author really meant to say is, that it is the business of the tongue to command, and the part of the understanding to obey.

Now this, when so corrected, is pretty nearly the modern idea, which is, that knowledge is to be acquired fully as much, or rather more, by speaking than by hearing ; and this rule, like other rules of education, is to be attended to from the earliest years.

Mothers, who, according to the ablest opinions on the head, are the best instructors of early youth, have particularly an excellent method of inculcating this doctrine on their pupils. As they grow up, those pupils are to be confirmed in the practice of it. When brought into company, they are to be particularly cautioned against that antique bashfulness which used to disqualify young people from this attainment; as far indeed as youth might be used by way of argument for silence, they are to forget altogether their being young, and to talk, with the authority of experience and the loquacity of age, in all places, public and private. Neither the Church nor the Play-house is to be excepted; and in public exhibitions of greater moment, if a young man, for example, happens to get into the House of Commons, and gives himself any trouble about what is going on there, it is wonderful how much he may learn merely by speaking, as the daily examples of orators, who get up without knowing any thing of what they are to talk about, evince.

There is one part of the course of modern education, which might at first view be supposed unfavourable to this mode of acquiring knowledge—and that is, the article of travelling; because it often happens, that, from a want of the languages of those countries through which he is to pass, a young traveller cannot speak so much as is proper for the purpose. But this may be almost entirely remedied in Paris, and other capitals of every foreign country, by conversing with English only, or with such of the natives as already understand a little of the English tongue, and are very willing to learn more of it, as friseurs, tailors, valets de place, &c. From such companions, one not only may obtain a very competent knowledge of the manners and customs of such foreign countries; but one has also a favourable op-

portunity of communicating to them the manners and customs of one's own, which can be done with much more freedom and truth to such hearers than to others. In this manner travel, instead of a hinderance, will be of very great use in promoting this new and improved mode of education ; it will promote speaking, and insure an audience, both while a young man remains abroad, and after he comes home : while abroad, he will speak of nothing but his own country, which will enable him to speak of nothing but foreign countries when he returns.

This general maxim, which I am here endeavouring to enforce, must, however, be understood to apply to people of a certain fortune only. With those in less favoured circumstances, hearing and receiving instruction are necessary, at least in particular situations and societies. In the company of the great or the rich, which they are at all times to seek after and frequent, they must listen with as unlimited assent, though not quite so rigid a silence, as the disciples of the philosopher we first mentioned ; but, when they leave this society, and get among their equals, they will then have the privilege of communicating what knowledge they have received, and are entitled to impose silence on their auditory, by the decisive authority of those great rich men, of whose school they are. This leads me to mention a method of acquiring knowledge, the most easy and compendious of any, which is by growing rich or great oneself ; a truth which I have seen many very wise and learned men confess, by the deference they paid to the opinions and information of one lately come to the possession of a fortune or a title, whom, before he attained that wealth or rank, they had been obliged to pronounce very ignorant and uninformed.

But as those who are poor may acquire knowledge

instantaneously by growing rich, so those who are rich may in some cases acquire knowledge very rapidly by growing poor. Adversity, says some ancient sage, is the greatest of all teachers; in some of her schools, however, people learn slowly, which was the old method; in others she communicates knowledge with astonishing rapidity, which is the new mode; as, for instance, at that modern seminary of instruction, the gaming-table. It is, indeed, surprising what universality of knowledge is there to be attained, as may be judged of from the manner in which many people in eminent stations, both civil and military, have acquitted themselves, who had acquired the qualifications necessary for such appointments at that fountain of knowledge alone.

Another method by which a young man may attain knowledge with very little trouble to himself, is by purchasing a commission in the army. There is something in the bare putting on of a cockade which inspires knowledge, or at least the confidence of it, which answers most purposes as well, and which gives the title to speak, so essential to this modern system of education. Unless the course of his studies be interrupted by actual service, which is not often the case, there are many opportunities of improvement for a soldier, of which, in a civil capacity, he would be entirely deprived. During one half of the year at country-quarters, he has the advantage of that solitude which so many philosophers and poets have panted after as the nurse of contemplation, as the mother of knowledge; the other half he can contrive, by a leave of absence, to spend in the edifying society of the capital. In the first case, he can avail himself of the science of the exciseman, the learning of the curate, and sometimes the knowledge of the squire; in the other he can resort to the sources of that multifarious information



which is to be found at the coffee-house, the tavern, the play-houses, and Ranelagh.

As for the female world, the same rule of obtaining knowledge or educating themselves, by talking, not listening, is equally expedient, and indeed seems more particularly adapted to the genius of the sex. In this they may, by a prudent choice of their society among the other sex, be much assisted; as they can easily find a pretty numerous class of well-bred young gentlemen, who will never introduce any subject, nor treat any subject already introduced, but in such a manner as does not at all require being listened to; so that every member of the party may with great ease, and without any material injury, speak at one and the same time.

But as I enumerated some very easy and speedy methods of the men's acquiring knowledge, so there is one way, as easy as any of those, by which the ladies may attain it—I mean by being married; which perhaps is the reason why some prudent and economical mothers defer all sorts of instruction till that period, except some particular pieces of knowledge, which may tend to procure their daughters that opportunity of immediate improvement. In a married state, a young lady has an increased advantage of that power of talking which I have mentioned as so essential to the cultivation of the mind. Besides the superior privileges of a matron to use her tongue, she has by marriage acquired a necessary assistant for a speaker; she has provided herself with a hearer in her husband.

THE LOUNGER has been favoured with two communications from female correspondents, which, contrary to his established custom, he thinks himself obliged to acknowledge.

Mrs. Invoice has told her story in a very natural

and forcible manner; and the wrongs of which she complains from the partner of her late husband, exhibit such an impudent abuse of public indulgence, as justly deserves every reprehension a pen so able as hers can inflict.—But her recital admits of so directly personal an allusion, as, notwithstanding all its merit, unavoidably precludes its insertion. Though the pictures which this work occasionally exhibits, to be of any value at all, must be true to nature, yet it were equally averse to the feelings of the author, and to the dignity of his paper, to make them the portraits of individuals.

The verses of Delia are written with ease and spirit; there is but one objection to their being inserted, their very high praise of the LOUNGER, which, though it were ingratitude in him not to acknowledge, it might be deemed vanity to publish.

V

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No. 68. SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1786.

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THAT 'Poet and Creator are the same,' is equally allowed in criticism as in etymology; and that without the powers of invention and imagination, nothing great or highly delightful in poetry can be achieved.

I have often thought that the same thing holds in some measure with regard to the reader as well as the writer of poetry. Without somewhat of a congenial imagination in the former, the works of the latter will afford a very inferior degree of pleasure. The mind of him who reads should be able to ima-

gine what the productive fancy of the poet creates and presents to his view ; to look on the world of fancy set before him with a native's eye, and to hear its language with a native's ear ; to acknowledge its manners, to feel its passions, and to trace, with somewhat of an instinctive glance, those characters with which the poet has peopled it.

If, in the perusal of any poet, this is required, Shakspeare, of all poets, seems to claim it the most. Of all poets, Shakspeare appears to have possessed a fancy the most prolific, an imagination the most luxuriantly fertile. In this particular he has been frequently compared to Homer, though those who have drawn the parallel have done it, I know not why, with a sort of distrust of their assertion. Did we not look at the Greek with that reverential awe which his antiquity impresses, I think we might venture to affirm, that in this respect the other is more than his equal. In invention of incident, in diversity of character, in assemblage of images, we can scarcely indeed conceive Homer to be surpassed ; but in the mere creation of fancy, I can discover nothing in the Iliad that equals the Tempest or the Macbeth of Shakspeare. The machinery of Homer is indeed stupendous ; but of that machinery the materials were known ; or though it should be allowed that he added something to the mythology he found, yet still the language and the manners of his deities are merely the language and the manners of men. Of Shakspeare, the machinery may be said to be produced as well as combined by himself. Some of the beings of whom it is composed, neither tradition nor romance afforded him ; and of those whom he borrowed thence, he invented the language and the manners ; language and manners peculiar to themselves, for which he could draw no analogy from mankind. Though formed by fancy, however,

his personages are true to nature, and a reader of that pregnant imagination which I have mentioned above, can immediately decide on the justness of his conceptions; as he who beholds the masterly expression of certain portraits, pronounces with confidence on their likeness, though unacquainted with the persons from whom they were drawn.

But it is not only in those untried regions of magic or of witchery that the creative power of Shakspeare has exerted itself. By a very singular felicity of invention, he has produced, in the beaten field of ordinary life, characters of such perfect originality, that we look on them with no less wonder, at his invention, than on those preternatural beings which 'are not of this earth;' and yet they speak a language so purely that of common society, that we have but to step abroad into the world to hear every expression of which it is composed. Of this sort is the character of Falstaff.

On the subject of this character I was lately discoursing with a friend, who is very much endowed with that critical imagination of which I have suggested the use in the beginning of this paper. The general import of his observations may form neither an useless nor unamusing field for speculation to my readers.

Though the character of Falstaff, said my friend, is of so striking a kind as to engross almost the whole attention of the audience, in the representation of the play in which it is first introduced, yet it was probably only a secondary and incidental object with Shakspeare in composing that play. He was writing a series of historical dramas, on the most remarkable events of the English history, from the time of King John downwards. When he arrived at the reign of Henry IV. the dissipated youth and extravagant pranks of the Prince of Wales could not fail



to excite his attention, as affording at once a source of moral reflection in the serious department, and a fund of infinite humour in the comic part, of the drama. In providing him with associates for his hours of folly and of riot, he probably borrowed, as was his custom, from some old play, interlude, or story, the names and incidents which he has used in the first part of Henry IV. Oldcastle, we know, was the name of a character in such a play, inserted there, it is probable, in those days of the church's omnipotence in every department of writing, in odium of Sir John Oldcastle, chief of the Lollards, though Shakspeare afterwards, in a Protestant reign, changed it to Falstaff. This leader of the gang which the wanton extravagance of the prince was to cherish and protect, it was necessary to endow with qualities sufficient to make the young Henry, in his society,

—' doff the world aside,  
And bid it pass.'

Shakspeare, therefore, has endowed him with infinite wit and humour, as well as an admirable degree of sagacity and acuteness in observing the characters of men ; but has joined those qualities with a grossness of mind, which his youthful master could not but see, nor seeing but despise. With talents less conspicuous Falstaff could not have attracted Henry ; with profligacy less gross and less contemptible, he would have attached him too much. Falstaff's was just ' that unyoked humour of idleness,' which the Prince could ' a while uphold,' and then cast off for ever. The audience to which this strange compound was to be exhibited were to be in the same predicament with the Prince, to laugh and to admire while they despised ; to feel the power of his humour, the attraction of his wit, the justice of his reflections,

while their contempt and their hatred attended the lowness of his manners, the grossness of his pleasures, and the unworthiness of his vice.

Falstaff is truly and literally *ex Epicuri grege porcus*, placed here within the pale of this world to fatten at his leisure, neither disturbed by feeling nor restrained by virtue. He is not, however, positively much a villain, though he never starts aside in the pursuit of interest or of pleasure, when knavery comes in his way. We feel contempt, therefore, and not indignation at his crimes, which rather promotes than hinders our enjoying the ridicule of the situation, and the admirable wit with which he expresses himself in it. As a man of this world, he is endowed with the most superior degree of good sense and discernment of character; his conceptions, equally acute and just, he delivers with the expression of a clear and vigorous understanding; and we see that he thinks like a wise man, even when he is not at the pains to talk wisely.

Perhaps, indeed, there is no quality more conspicuous throughout the writings of Shakspeare, than that of good sense, that intuitive sagacity with which he looks on the manners, the characters, and the pursuits, of mankind. The bursts of passion, the strokes of nature, the sublimity of his terrors, and the wonderful creation of his fancy, are those excellences which strike spectators the most, and are therefore most commonly enlarged on; but to an attentive peruser of his writings, his acute perception and accurate discernment of ordinary character and conduct, that skill, if I may so express it, with which he delineates the plan of common life, will, I think, appear no less striking, and perhaps rather more wonderful; more wonderful, because we cannot so easily conceive that power of genius by which it tells us what actually exists, though it has never

seen it, than that by which it creates what never existed. This power, when we read the works, and consider the situation, of Shakspeare, we shall allow him in a most extraordinary degree. The delineation of manners found in the Greek tragedians is excellent and just: but it consists chiefly of those general maxims which the wisdom of the schools might inculcate, which a borrowed experience might teach. That of Shakspeare marks the knowledge of intimacy with mankind. It reaches the elevation of the great, and penetrates the obscurity of the low; detects the cunning, and overtakes the bold; in short, presents that abstract of life in all its modes, and indeed in every time, which every one without experience must believe, and every one with experience must know to be true.

With this sagacity and penetration into the characters and motives of mankind, which himself possessed, Shakspeare has invested Falstaff in a remarkable degree; he never utters it, however, out of character, or at a season where it might better be spared. Indeed his good sense is rather in his thoughts than in his speech; for so we may call those soliloquies in which he generally utters it. He knew what coin was most current with those he dealt with, and fashioned his discourse according to the disposition of his hearers; and he sometimes lends himself to the ridicule of his companions when he has a chance of getting any interest on the loan.

But we oftener laugh with than at him; for his humour is infinite, and his wit admirable. This quality, however, still partakes in him of that Epicurean grossness which I have remarked to be the ruling characteristic of his disposition. He has neither the vanity of a wit, nor the singularity of a humourist, but indulges both talents, like any other natural propensity, without exertion of mind or warmth of

enjoyment. A late excellent actor, whose loss the stage will long regret, used to represent the character of Falstaff in a manner different from what had been uniformly adopted from the time of Quin downwards. He exchanged the comic gravity of the old school, for those bursts of laughter in which sympathetic audiences have so often accompanied him. From accompanying him it was indeed impossible to refrain; yet, though the execution was masterly, I cannot agree in that idea of the character. He who laughs, is a man of feeling in merriment. Falstaff was of a very different constitution. He turned wit, as he says he did 'disease, into commodity.'—'Oh! it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders.'

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No. 69. SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1786.

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CONTINUATION OF THE REMARKS ON THE CHARACTER OF FALSTAFF.

To a man of pleasure of such a constitution as Falstaff, temper and good humour were necessarily consequent. We find him, therefore, but once, I think, angry, and then not provoked beyond measure. He conducts himself with equal moderation towards others; his wit lightens, but does not burn; and he is not more inoffensive when the joker, than unoffended when joked upon: 'I am not only witty myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.' In the evenness of his humour he bears himself thus, to use his own expression, and takes in the points of all assailants without being hurt. The language



of contempt, of rebuke, or of conviction, neither puts him out of liking with himself or with others. None of his passions rise beyond this control of reason, of self-interest, or of indulgence.

Queen Elizabeth, with a curiosity natural to a woman, desired Shakspeare to exhibit Falstaff as a lover : he obeyed her, and wrote the *Merry Wives of Windsor* ; but Falstaff's love is only factor for his interest, and he wishes to make his mistresses ' his Exchequer, his East and West Indies, to both of which he will trade.'

Though I will not go so far as a paradoxical critic has done, and ascribe valour to Falstaff : yet if his cowardice is fairly examined, it will be found to be not so much a weakness as a principle. In his very cowardice there is much of the sagacity I have remarked in him ; he has the sense of danger, but not the discomposure of fear. His presence of mind saves him from the sword of Douglas, where the danger was real : but he shows no sort of dread of the sheriff's visit, when he knew the Prince's company would probably bear him out : when Bardolph runs in frightened, and tells, that the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door. ' Out, you rogue ;' answers he, ' play out the play ; I have much to say in behalf of that Falstaff.' Falstaff's cowardice is only proportionate to the danger ; and so would every wise man's be, did not other feelings make him valiant.

Such feelings, it is the very characteristic of Falstaff to want. The dread of disgrace, the sense of honour, and the love of fame, he neither feels, nor pretends to feel :

Like the fat weed  
That roots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf,  
he is contented to repose on that earthy corner of  
sensual indulgence in which his fate has placed him,

and enjoys the pleasures of the moment, without once regarding those finer objects of delight which the children of fancy and of feeling so warmly pursue.

The greatest refinement of morals, as well as of minds, is produced by the culture and exercise of the imagination, which derives, or is taught to derive, its objects of pursuit, and its motives of action, not from the senses merely, but from future considerations which fancy anticipates and realizes. Of this either as the prompter, or the restraint of conduct, Falstaff is utterly devoid; yet his imagination is wonderfully quick and creative in the pictures of humour and the associations of wit. But the 'pregnancy of his wit,' according to his own phrase, 'is made a tapster;' and his fancy, how vivid soever, still subjects itself to the grossness of those sensual conceptions which are familiar to his mind. We are astonished at that art by which Shakspeare leads the powers of genius, imagination, and wisdom, into captivity to this son of the earth; 'tis as if, transported into the enchanted island in the *Tempest*, we saw the rebellion of Caliban successful, and the airy spirits of Prospero ministering to the brutality of his slave.

Hence, perhaps, may be derived great part of that infinite amusement which succeeding audiences have always found from the representation of Falstaff. We have not only the enjoyment of those combinations, and of that contrast, to which philosophers have ascribed the pleasure we derive from wit in general, but we have that singular combination and contrast, which the gross, the sensual, and the brutish mind of Falstaff exhibits, when joined and compared with that admirable power of invention, of wit, and of humour, which his conversation perpetually displays.

In the immortal work of Cervantes, we find a character with a remarkable mixture of wisdom and absurdity, which in one page excites our highest

ridicule, and in the next is entitled to our highest respect. Don Quixote, like Falstaff, is endowed with excellent discernment, sagacity, and genius ; but his good sense holds fief of his diseased imagination, of his over-ruling madness for the achievements of knight-errantry, for heroic valour and heroic love. The ridicule in the character of Don Quixote consists in raising low and vulgar incidents, through the medium of his disordered fancy, to a rank of importance, dignity, and solemnity, to which in their nature they are the most opposite that can be imagined. With Falstaff it is nearly the reverse ; the ridicule is produced by subjecting wisdom, honour, and other the most grave and dignified principles, to the control of grossness, buffoonery, and folly. 'Tis like the pastime of a family-masquerade, where laughter is equally excited by dressing clowns as gentlemen, or gentlemen as clowns. In Falstaff, the heroic attributes of our nature are made to wear the garb of meanness and absurdity. In Don Quixote, the common and the servile are clothed in the dresses of the dignified and the majestic ; while, to heighten the ridicule, Sancho, in the half-deceived simplicity, and half-discerning shrewdness of his character, is every now and then employed to pull off the mask.

If you would not think me whimsical in the parallel, continued my friend, I should say that Shakspeare has drawn, in one of his immediately subsequent plays, a tragic character very much resembling the comic one of Falstaff, I mean that of Richard III. Both are men of the world, both possess that sagacity and understanding which is fitted for its purposes, both despise those refined feelings, those motives of delicacy, those restraints of virtue, which might obstruct the course they have marked out for themselves. The hypocrisy of both costs them nothing,

and they never feel that detection of it to themselves which rankles in the consciences of less determined hypocrites. Both use the weaknesses of others, as skilful players at a game do the ignorance of their opponents ; they enjoy the advantage, not only without self-reproach, but with the pride of superiority. Richard, indeed, aspires to the crown of England because Richard is wicked and ambitious : Falstaff is contented with a thousand pounds of Justice Shallow's ; because he is only luxurious and dissipated. Richard courts Lady Ann and the Princess Elizabeth for his purposes : Falstaff makes love to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page for his. Richard is witty like Falstaff, and talks of his own figure with the same sarcastic indifference. Indeed, so much does Richard, in the higher walk of villany, resemble Falstaff in the lower region of roguery and dissipation, that it were not difficult to show in the dialogue of the two characters, however dissimilar in situation, many passages and expressions in a style of remarkable resemblance.

Of feeling and even of passion, both characters are very little susceptible : as Falstaff is the knave and the sensualist, so Richard is the villain of principle. Shakspeare has drawn one of passion in the person of Macbeth. Macbeth produces horror, fear, and sometimes pity ; Richard detestation and abhorrence only. The first he has led amidst the gloom of sublimity, has shown agitated by various and wavering emotions. He is sometimes more sanguinary than Richard, because he is not insensible of the weakness or the passion of revenge ; whereas the cruelty of Richard is only proportionate to the object of his ambition, as the cowardice of Falstaff is proportionate to the object of his fear ; but the bloody and revengeful Macbeth is yet susceptible of compassion and subject to remorse. In contemplating Macbeth, we often regret the perversion of his



nature ; and even when the justice of Heaven overtakes him, we almost forget our hatred at his enormities, in our pity for his misfortunes. Richard, Shakspeare has placed amidst the tangled paths of party and ambition, has represented cunning and fierce from his birth, untouched by the sense of humanity ; hardly subject to remorse, and never to contrition ; and his fall produces that unmixed and perfect satisfaction which we feel at the death of some savage beast that had desolated the country from instinctive fierceness and natural malignity.

The weird-sisters, the gigantic deities of northern mythology, are fit agents to form Macbeth. Richard is the production of those worldly and creeping demons, who slide upon the earth their instruments of mischief to embroil and plague mankind. Falstaff is the work of Circe, and her swinish associates, who, in some favoured hour of revelry and riot, moulded this compound of gross debauchery, acute discernment, admirable invention, and nimble wit, and sent him for a consort to England's madcap prince ; to stamp currency on idleness and vice, and to wave the flag of folly and dissipation over the seats of gravity, of wisdom, and of virtue.

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No. 70. SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1786.

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“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,  
 “ AFTER a residence of many years in the southern part of this island, business concurring with the natural desire one has of revisiting one's native country, induced me to make a journey to Scotland in the

beginning of last autumn. As I travelled on horseback with a single servant attending me, I was tempted frequently to strike out of the common road, for the purpose of enjoying some of those romantic scenes with which the northern counties of England abound. One evening about sunset, after traversing a part of the country of great beauty, but of a wild and uncultivated aspect, I entered suddenly a narrow valley, where every thing wore the appearance of high cultivation ; and, in the judicious blending of ornament with utility, it was easy to perceive that industry had been guided by the hand of taste.

“ While I rode at leisure down a steep and winding path, indulging that pleasing species of reverie to which a scene of this kind naturally gives rise, a small column of smoke ascending from a thick tuft of trees at the bottom, gave notice of a habitation ; and, on turning the corner of a hedged inclosure, a low mansion broke suddenly upon my view, having in front about an acre of open ground, of which the greatest part was laid out as a kitchen-garden and shrubbery. A level grass-plot surrounded the house, which was separated from the garden by a white rail. The house itself was of one story, extending, in a lengthened front, with two small wings, at either end of which a fruit tree was trained around the window. A green garden-chair was placed on each side of the door.

“ While surveying with much pleasure this little elegant retreat, I passed upon the road a ruddy-coloured, middle-aged man, in a plain country dress, whose face it immediately occurred to me, I had somewhere before seen. Uncertain, however, whether there might be any thing more than one of those accidental resemblances which we every day meet with, though I perceived that he at the same time viewed me with some attention, I passed on. Meeting afterwards with some labourers returning from work, I inquired

the name of the proprietor of the little villa I had been contemplating, and was informed it was a Mr. Saintfort. The name struck me. I recollected to have known at college a Will. Saintfort, a young man of some fortune, of a lively turn, and quick parts, but in the greatest degree thoughtless and extravagant. I remembered to have since heard that he had married a fashionable wife, whose disposition was much akin to his own; and that he had in a very few years spent his whole fortune. 'Can this,' said I to myself, 'be my old companion? Sure I thought I knew his face, and he too recollected mine. It must be so: yet how this metamorphosis?' Occupied with these thoughts, I had slackened my pace, and was surprised to find myself once more joined by the gentleman I had before passed. 'If I mistake not,' said he, 'your name is D——.' —'Yes, and yours Saintfort.' —'The same. How unexpected this meeting!' — After much mutual gratulation, 'Come,' said he, 'you go no further this night: nor, with my will, for some days. You must take a bed with your old friend, and see how Farmer Saintfort lives.'

"Entreaty was needless; for I was delighted with the rencounter; and I followed my friend, who led the way, to the stables, and assisted himself in putting up my horses. He then conducted me into the house, which within corresponded entirely with its external appearance. In a little hall through which we entered, were some angling rods and fowling-pieces, with a weed-hook and garden-rake. In the parlour stood a piano-forte, on which lay a violin and some music; and in a corner of the room, which was shelved for the purpose, were ranged a few books of husbandry and ornamental gardening, some volumes of English poetry. Hutcheson's Moral Philosophy, Horace, and a few of the other Latin classics.

“ An old servant now made his appearance, and received orders to acquaint his mistress to prepare the stranger’s bed-room, and to get ready an early supper. In the interval we sauntered out into the fields, and passed the time in ordinary chit-chat about our old companions, till we were summoned to supper by a comely boy of twelve years of age, who, with a girl three years younger, were my friend’s only children. Mr. Saintfort introduced me to his wife by the title of an old and valued acquaintance ; and I found in that lady the most perfect politeness and affability, joined to that easy gracefulness of manner which distinguishes those who have moved in a superior walk of life. Our supper was plain but delicious ; an excellent pullet, milk in a variety of forms, and fresh vegetables ; our conversation interesting, animated, and good-humoured. In my life I never spent a more delightful evening. After Mrs. Sainfort had retired, like Eve, ‘on hospitable thoughts intent,’ ‘ There,’ said Saintfort, ‘ there, Mr. D——, is one of the first, the best of women. You knew me formerly ; and I have marked the natural surprise you showed at finding me in this situation. You shall have my story ; for, to an old friend and companion, simple as it is, it cannot fail to be interesting.’

‘ My father’s death, which happened a few years after I entered to the university, made me, as you may remember, the envy of many of our common acquaintance, as it was generally supposed I had succeeded to a fortune of 2000*l.* a year. I had before this contracted many habits of extravagance ; and the dissipation into which I now plunged, joined to an indolence of temper not uncommon at that period of life, prevented me for a considerable time from discovering that the free rents of my estate did not exceed one half of the income I was supposed to possess. Even after that



discovery, the relish I had acquired for every species of fashionable dissipation, and the absurd vanity of supporting the appearance of a man of fortune, led me to continue my expenses, after I had become convinced that they were leading me to my ruin.

‘ My vanity was not a little flattered by the attention shown me by the ladies, who, it was easy to be perceived, regarded me as a young fellow, of whom there was some honour of making a conquest. Lucinda N—— was at that time the ornament of the politest circles in town. What her figure was in those days, you may guess from what you see it is at present. With every attraction of face and person, endowed with every fashionable accomplishment, and possessing a very handsome independent fortune, she had numberless admirers. It was no mean triumph, when I perceived that this little despot, who exercised upon others all the capricious sovereignty of a coquette, maintained with me so opposite a manner as to convince me of her decided affection. I availed myself of the discovery, which gratified equally my pride and my passion, for I really loved her ; and in my marriage with Lucinda, whose temper and taste were apparently much resembling my own, I flattered myself with the continued enjoyment of those fashionable pleasures, which I had now extended the means of procuring.

‘ When I look back to the first four years of my married state, it is like the confused remembrance of some tumultuous dream. In that perpetual dissipation in which we were now involved, and to which the gay and lively temper of my wife rather prompted than imposed any restraint, I did not perceive that her fortune, considerable as it was, was totally insufficient to repair the waste I had already made in my own. At length I was awakened from my lethargy by a refusal of my banker to make further advances without additional securities ; and when I applied for

that purpose to a friend, he frankly told me that I was generally considered as a ruined man.

‘ Instead of being overpowered by this intelligence, it brought me to my senses;—like those violent applications, which, by pain itself, put a stop to the delirium of a fever. I saw the folly of concealment, and the inhumanity of allowing my wife to learn our situation from any tongue but my own. But to make this terrible avowal, occasioned a conflict of mind, such as it is impossible for me to describe. I passed two sleepless nights, without finding courage to unbosom myself; and Lucinda’s anxious inquiries at length led to the discovery. The shock was severe, and for a moment she gave way to the natural feelings of a woman. It was but for a moment;—when, as if animated by a new soul, and inspired with a fortitude of mind which astonished me, ‘ Come, my dear Will,’ said she, clasping me to her bosom, ‘ we have both been fools; it is fit that we should pay the price of our folly; but let us thence learn to be wise. Thank God we are blest with health, and with each other’s affection; and there is yet much of life before us.’——‘ But what,’ said I, ‘ is to be done?’——‘ To be done,’ said she:—‘ Justice, in the first place. Let us learn with accuracy the full extent of our debts, and the means we have to discharge them.’

‘ It was a struggle yet more severe, to declare my situation to the world; and suffering under a feeling of false shame, I would have meanly wasted the time in useless procrastination: but the noble spirit of my Lucinda combated this unmanly weakness. It was no surprise to the world to learn with certainty what had long been expected. In a little time the amount of our debts and effects was ascertained with precision; and, setting apart a small proportion of my wife’s fortune, which was secured to her by law, the

rest, together with mine, fell short of the payment of our debts by 2000*l.* sterling. Having, however, made a fair surrender of all that was my own, I compounded with my creditors, and received their discharge.

‘ It remained to determine what was to be our plan of life for the future. An old domestic of my father’s had been for several years settled in the north of England, where he rented this farm from the Earl of ——. Hither we proposed to retire for a few months, till we should arrange our future schemes. I was struck with the wild and romantic scenery of this beautiful dale; and, harassed as I had been with care and anxiety, my spirits were soothed for some time by the quiet and solitude of the country. I own to you, my friend, that this composure of mind was not permanent. The man of the world cannot at once assume the manners and taste of a recluse. The change was too violent, from the tumult of my former life, to the dead calm in which I now passed my time. After some weeks’ acquaintance had worn off the edge of novelty, I no longer saw the same beauties in the fields, the woods, the rocks, that had at first engaged me. The manners of the country people offended by their vulgarity; and in the society of a few of the neighbouring gentry I found nothing to amuse a cultivated mind or engage a lively imagination. I looked back with regret to the splendour and bustle of my former life; and impossible as it was for me to indulge in the same gratifications, I would gladly have returned to town; and would, perhaps, have performed the same humiliating part I have seen exhibited by the decayed minions of fashion, spendthrifts like myself, who haunt, like ghosts, the places of public resort, content to be the spectators of those scenes where they have formerly figured as the most brilliant actors. My Lucinda saw with anxiety this increasing dis-

gust, and her good sense directed to its proper remedy. 'We grow tired,' said she, 'of this life of inactivity. We languish for want of an object to occupy us. I have been meditating a small experiment; and if you approve, we shall put it in execution. What if we should for a while become farmers ourselves? You are surprised at the proposal, but let me explain my meaning. Suppose our good landlord should transfer to us the remainder of his lease; that he should have the charge of management, with a suitable recompense, while the chance of profit, and the risk of loss, should be ours. I know he will agree to it, for I have sounded him on the subject. The laborious part, the business of agriculture, shall be his, while we occupy ourselves in decorating this little spot, with a thousand embellishments, which Nature points out, and which your good taste could easily execute. Remember, it is only an experiment. Our bargain must be conditional. If we tire of it, we can when we please drop the scheme, and pursue any other we choose to adopt.' To be short, Sir, I was pleased with the idea; our plan was soon arranged, and I became what you now see me, Farmer Saintfort.

'I set to work with alacrity in the business of improvement; and, proceeding on the principle of uniting beauty with utility, I had, in the space of a few months, accomplished the outlines of that plan which I have been continually occupied since that time in finishing in detail. In this employment, in which the mind has much more share than is generally imagined, I found a source of pleasure infinitely beyond my expectation. Every day added to the beauties of my little paradise; and I had the satisfaction of finding that those operations which the motive of ornament had first suggested, were frequently of the most substantial benefit. The beautiful variety



of the ground was obscured by an undistinguished mass of brush-wood. I enlarged the extent of my arable ground, by opening fields to the sun, which had lain hid under a matting of furze and brambles. In the formation of a fish-pond, I have drained an unwholesome fen, and converted a quagmire into a luxuriant meadow. At the end of the first year, my tutor in husbandry gave me hopes that the succeeding crop would double the returns which the farm had ever afforded under his management ; and the event justified his prediction. How delightful, my dear friend, was it for me to perceive that the taste of my Lucinda seemed equally adapted with my own to our new mode of life ! Far from inheriting that instability of mind with which her sex is generally reproached, her ardour was unabated, and every thought was centered in the cares of her household and the education of her children. Completely engaged in these domestic duties, while I superintended the labours of the fields and garden, we had no other anxiety than what tended to give a zest to our enjoyments. In place of feeling time lie heavy on our hands, we rose with the sun, and found the day too short for its occupations.

‘ We had now learned, by experience, how very moderate an income is sufficient to purchase all the real comforts of life. At the conclusion of the third year, on summing up our accounts, we found a clear saving of 400*l*. This sum we might, perhaps, without any breach of what the world terms honesty, have considered as our own. But, thank God! slaves as we had been to the world, we had better notions of moral rectitude. It was unfit that we should accumulate for ourselves, while there existed a single person that could say, we had done him wrong. We set apart this sum as the beginning of a fund for the payment of that equitable claim which yet remained

to our creditors; and it is now some years since we could boast of having faithfully discharged the last farthing of our debts. The pleasure attendant on this reflection you may conceive, but I cannot describe. How poor in comparison to it, are the selfish gratifications of vanity, the mean indulgence of pampered appetites, and all the train of luxurious enjoyments, when bought at the expense of conscience!

‘ Since my residence here, I have more than once made a visit to town on an errand of business. I there see the same scenes as formerly; and others intoxicated, like myself, with the same giddy pleasures. To me the magical delusion is at an end; and I wonder where lay the charm which once had such a power of fascination. But one species of pleasure I have enjoyed from these visits, which I cannot omit to mention; the affectionate welcome I have received from the most respectable of my old acquaintance. I read from their countenances their approbation of my conduct; and, in their kindness mingled with respect, I have a reward valuable in proportion to the worth of those who bestow it. Nor is the pleasure less which I derive from the regard and esteem of my honest neighbours in the country. Of their characters I had formed a very unfair estimate, when seen through the medium of my own distempered mind; and in their society my Lucinda and I enjoy, if not the refined pleasures of polished intercourse, the more valuable qualities of sincerity, probity, and good sense.

‘ Such, Sir, for these fourteen years past, has been my manner of life; nor do I believe I shall ever exchange it for another. The term of my lease has, within that period, been renewed in my own name, and that of my son. If a more active life should be his choice, he is free to pursue it. I should be content with the reflection of having bestowed on him

a better patrimony than I myself enjoyed,—a mind uncorrupted by the prospect of hereditary affluence, and a constitution tempered to the virtuous habits of industry and sobriety.’

“ Here Mr. Saintfort made an end of his story. I have given it as nearly as I could in his own words; and judging it to afford an example not unworthy to be recorded, I transmit it in that view to the author of a work which bids fair to pass down to posterity.

“ I am, SIR, yours,

“ J. D.”

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No. 71. SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1786.

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*Quærite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam.*

OID. MET. vi. 184.

THERE is no complaint more common than that which is made against the pride of wealth. The claim of superiority which rests upon a circumstance so adventitious as that of suddenly-acquired riches, is universally decried as the insolent pretension of mean and illiberal minds, and is resisted with a greater degree of scorn and indignation, than perhaps any other encroachment of vanity or self-importance.

Yet one might observe in those who are loudest in the censure of this weakness, a certain shame of being poor, which in a great measure justifies the pride of being rich. One may trace this in their affectation of indifference to all those pleasures and conveniences which riches procure, and in the eulogium they often make, in despite of their own real feelings, of the opposite circumstances. When they are at pains to declare how much better the plain dish and home-brewed liquor suits their taste than the high-seasoned ragout and the high-priced wine, what is it

but disguising their inability to procure the luxury under the pretence of their preferring its opposite? Poverty, in this case, flies from her own honourable tattered colours, to join the fresh and flaunting standard of wealth; she allows the power of those very external circumstances by which wealth lays claim to a superiority. The dignity of her station should be supported on other grounds: the little value of those external circumstances in which wealth has the advantage, when compared with the virtues and qualities which money cannot buy, when set in competition with that native purity and elevation of mind, which, in the acquisition of wealth, we frequently forfeit, and, in its possession, we frequently destroy.

Both in those who possess riches, and in those who want them, false pretension often defeats itself. It would often be for the honour of wealth if he could lay down his insolence, and for the happiness of poverty if she could smooth her scorn. True benevolence and delicacy would teach both their proper duties, and preserve those cordial charities of life, which, in different stations and in different circumstances, promote alike the comfort of individuals and the general advantage of society.

But it is only over minds of a higher order that external circumstances do not possess a power to push them from that equilibrium in which virtue and happiness reside. Ordinary men will equally feel the inflation of prosperity, and the harshness of a less favourable situation; will in the one case incur the contempt and derision of the world, and in the other experience the grating of a ruffled spirit. Moderation and wisdom would teach the one to procure respect, and the other to attain good humour.

I remember some years ago,—it was during the last war, and it is of no importance that I have for-



got the exact date,—being invited to dine at the house of Mr. Draper, one of the most considerable merchants in this country. Mr. Draper, twenty years ago, was not worth a shilling : but, by a course of industry and great intelligence in his profession, he is reported since that time to have realized a very great fortune.

The principal part of our company, I found, upon entering the house, consisted of Sir William Roberts, his Lady, and children. Sir William is a country gentleman, the representative of a very old and respectable family, whose ancestors were once in possession of a great estate ; but, partly from a want of economy in some of its proprietors, and partly from the change in manners and the mode of living, it is now dwindled down to an inconsiderable amount. Sir William, however, still feels strongly the pride of ancient family, and is apt to be hurt by the rise of those new men who are but of yesterday, and yet overtop him in wealth.

When I entered the drawing-room the company were pretty generally assembled. Sir William's manner attracted my notice, and I found in it the most finished complaisance and attention. There was a degree of politeness which carried in its appearance the utmost respect and condescension to Mr. Draper and his family ; at the same time there was a formal distance which was calculated to prevent them from using any familiarity with him ; and, instead of showing that Sir William really felt high reverence for the company, contained evident marks of his considering himself as much above them. We stoop, as well as rise, with difficulty ; 'tis only on even ground that we carry ourselves easily.

Draper's manner was very different. Without being in the least moved by Sir William's formal obeisance, he went on in his usual way, giving a dis-

play of the richness of his house and furniture. I had not been long in the company when he took occasion to observe, that he never knew the times so bad as now, and never was money scarcer. This very morning, continued he, I was applied to for payment of a bond for 10,000*l.* against next Whitsun-term ; but instead of waiting for the term, I gave orders that the money should be paid immediately. Sir William looked and was silent.

At this time there came into the room a son of Mr. Draper's, a boy about ten years of age. The boy was at the public school of the city ; and that very day, agreeably to a pretty general custom, the scholars had been making a present or offering, as it is called, in money, to their masters. It is the practice, in such cases, for children of rich parents to vie with one another who shall give the greatest present ; and the vanity of the parents is generally as much interested on the occasion as that of the sons. ' Papa,' says young Draper, ' I was King at school to-day, having given the highest offering.' Sir William said nothing ; but his son, a lively little fellow, about the same age, and in the same class with Mr. Draper's son, sprang forward and gave him a blow in the face, which set him a-crying. This incident produced some confusion, but the company was at length composed.

Dinner was now served up. It consisted of two magnificent courses, and a dessert ; and Mr. Draper frequently observed, that part of the dishes came from his little farm in the West Indies. Sir William eat but of one dish, observing, that he always found his health and his appetite best when he dined plainly.

After dinner a great variety of wines were set upon the table. Sir William instead of drinking the high-priced French and Hungarian wines, tasted nothing but a little port and water ; repeating his

former observation, that as he eat, so he regulated his drinking, for his stomach's sake.

In a little time one of the servants brought in Mr. Draper's letters. Mr. Draper looked them over, and then began to talk of politics. He said he had got a variety of important intelligence in the despatches he had received, and talked with the confidence of a rich man, whose credit in point of information was as unimpeachable as in point of wealth. He mentioned, in particular, information which that day's post had brought him, of the destination of a certain secret expedition then going on, and that he knew well the troops were about that time making good their landing at the appointed place. Sir William had, just the day before, received a letter from a cousin of his, the second in command on that expedition, telling him that the troops were not yet sailed, and that their object was still unknown. Sir William said nothing of this, but allowed Mr. Draper to plume himself on his superior information; only I, who knew the circumstance, observed a smile on the Baronet's face, of which I could translate all the conscious superiority.

My attention was now turned to the younger members of the two families. I observed Mr. Draper's eldest son, a good-looking lad of four-and-twenty, paying very particular attention to the eldest Miss Roberts, next whom he happened to be seated. This attention was not unobserved by the parents. Mr. Draper, with all his attachment to wealth, was not without the ambition of connecting his children with ancient blood; and an alliance with the family of the Robertses, who had long been at the head of the county, and had frequently represented it in parliament, would not have been disagreeable to him. As the Drapers had hitherto triumphed in their wealth, so now the Robertses began to triumph in

their ancestry. Mr. Draper observed, that his was as yet but a young family, and said something of the high respect he had for the family of Sir William Roberts; how happy it made him that his present company had eat a bit of mutton with him, and what satisfaction it would give him to cultivate a closer friendship and connection with them. He therefore proposed that the company should drink a bumper to their better acquaintance; and insisted that Sir William should give up his port and water, and drink the bumper in Burgundy.—Upon this Miss Roberts drew off her chair as far as she could from young Mr. Draper: Lady Roberts bridled up—Mrs. Draper bridled up in return—Sir William drank off the bumper of Burgundy.

To break through the awkward silence which this had occasioned, I suggested that one of the young ladies should give us a song; which proposal was acquiesced in. Miss Draper sung an Italian air, which she had learned of a celebrated master. Her father took occasion to tell the price of his lessons.

‘It is now your turn,’ said he to Miss Roberts. ‘She never sings,’ said her father, somewhat sternly.

His daughter blushed and was silent. Soon after the ladies withdrew. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in Sir William’s drinking his port and water, and in Mr. Draper and the greatest part of his company getting flustered in Burgundy and claret. When at last, upon a message from Lady Roberts, Sir William joined her and his children in the lobby, and went off in the family-coach drawn by four horses, which had been employed in that service for fifteen years, and were driven by postillions with rich but old-fashioned liveries.



No. 72. SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1786.

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— *Sors ista Senectæ*  
*Debita.*— VIRG. ÆN. XI. 865.

IN every man's lot there are certain incidents, either regarding himself or those with whom he is closely connected, which, like mile-stones on a road, mark the journey of life, and call our attention both to that portion of it which we have already passed, and to that which it is probable we have still to go. The death or the marriage of a friend, his departure for a distant country, or his return from it, not only attract our notice to such events themselves, but naturally recal to our memories, and anticipate to our imaginations, a chain of other events connected with, or dependent upon, them. Those little prominent parts of life stop the even and unheeded course of our ordinary thoughts; and, like him who has gained a height in his walk, we not only look on the objects which lie before us, but naturally turn to compare them with those we have left behind.

Though my days, as my readers may have gathered from the accounts I have formerly given, pass with as much uniformity as those of most men; yet there are now and then occurrences in them which give room for this variety of reflection. Some such lately crossed me in the way; and I came home, after a solitary walk, disposed to moralize on the general tenor of life, to look into some of the articles of which it consists, and to sum up their value and their use. When Peter let me in, methought he looked older than he used to do. I opened my memoran-

dum-book for 1775.—I can turn over the leaves between that time and this, said I to myself, in a moment—thus!—and, casting my eye on the blank paper that remained, began to meditate on the decline of life, on the enjoyments, the comforts, the cares, and the sorrows, of age.

Of domestic comforts, I could not help reflecting how much celibacy deprives us; how many pleasures are derived from a family, when that family is happy in itself, is dutiful, affectionate, good-humoured, virtuous. I cannot easily account for the omission of Cicero, who, in his treatise '*De Senectute*,' enumerates the various enjoyments of old age, without once mentioning those which arise from the possession of worthy and promising children. Perhaps the Roman manners and customs were not very much calculated to promote this: they who could adopt the children of others, were not likely to be so exclusively attached to their own, or to feel from that attachment a very high degree of pleasure; or it may be, the father of Marcus felt something on the subject of children, of which he was willing to spare himself the recollection. But though a bachelor myself, I look with equal veneration and complacency on the domestic blessings of a good old man, surrounded by a virtuous and flourishing race, in whom he lives over the best days of his youth, and from whose happiness he draws so much matter for his own. 'Tis at that advanced period of life that most of the enjoyments of a bachelor begin to leave him, that he feels the solitariness of his situation, linked to no surrounding objects, but those from which the debility or the seriousness of age must necessarily divorce him. The club, the coffee-house, and the tavern, will make but a few short inquiries after his absence, and weakness or disease may imprison him to his home, without their much feeling the want of his company,

or any of their members soothing his uneasiness with theirs. The endearing society, the tender attentions of a man's own children, give to his very wants and weakness a sort of enjoyment, when those wants are supplied, and that weakness aided, by the hands he loves.

Though the celibacy of the female sex is still more reproached, and is thought more comfortless than that of ours, yet I confess it seems to me to possess several advantages of which the other is deprived. An old maid has been more accustomed to home and to solitude than an old bachelor, and can employ herself in many little female occupations which render her more independent of society for the disposal of her time and the amusement of her mind. The comparatively unimportant employments of the female world, which require neither much vigour of body, nor much exertion of soul, occupy her hours and her attention, and prevent that impatience of idleness or of inactivity, which so often preys on men who have been formerly busy or active. The negative and gentler virtues which characterize female worth, suit themselves more easily to the languid and suffering state of age or infirmity, than those active and spirit-stirring qualities which frequently constitute the excellence of the male character. There are, no doubt, some females to whom this will not apply; to whom age must be more terrible than to any other being, because it deprives them of more. She whose only endowment was beauty, must tremble at the approach of those wrinkles which spoil her of her all; she to whom youthful amusements and gaieties were the whole of life, must dread more than death that period when they can be no longer enjoyed.

It need scarce be suggested, that, to lessen the evils, and increase the comforts, of age in either sex,

the surest means are to be found in the cultivation and improvement of the mind in youth: to have something as it were, in bank, on which to subsist the mind when the sources of external supply are cut off; to allow it some room for its natural activity when external employments have ceased; to preserve that energy of soul without which life is not only useless but burdensome. The former exercise of the imagination creates numberless pleasures, and its former soundness prevents numberless evils, to an old man. In proportion to the excellence of those objects over which it has formerly ranged, the review of age will be delighted or dreary, will call up elegant or gross, comfortable or distressing, elevating or humiliating, remembrances.

When I say, that of this better-cultivated old age the remembrances will be more delightful, I do not mean that they will be always more gay. Of melancholy remembrances this state will naturally be more susceptible than those in which memory has less store, and active employment tends more to dissipate thought. But who would exchange melancholy remembrances for the apathy of him who thinks only of the present? Who would exchange, for unfeeling contentment, that creative memory which peoples the present time with past joys, past friendships, past love, though the recollection carries sadness along with it? The most melancholy of all reflections which an old man can make, when he looks around him, and misses the companions of his youth, the associates of his active days, and exclaims, in the natural language of Petrarch, *Ed Io pur vivo!*—even in this, to one of a good and pious mind, there is a certain elevation above the world, that sheds, so to speak, a beam of heavenly light upon the darkness around him.

A late correspondent, under the signature of



Atticus, pleases and interests me much, by a natural, though it is not a new description of the various occupations and feelings of his old age. After mentioning the chequered nature of his past life, on the dark side of which he places the loss of an excellent wife and several promising children, 'the memory of those dear objects,' says he, 'and the soothing hope that we shall soon meet again, is now the source of extreme pleasure to me. In my retired walks in the country, I am never alone; those dear shades are my constant companions.' Shenstone, with a felicity which perhaps our language could not have afforded him, has expressed this feeling in eight or nine words, to the force and tenderness of which I believe no other words could add. 'Tis in the inscription on Miss Dolman's urn, *Heu quanto minùs est cum reliquis versari quàm tui meminisse!*

In recollecting those whom time has swept from our remembrance, there are some characters whom, though we less respected, and, reasonably speaking, must less regret, we yet cannot help remembering with a feeling, if not so tender, perhaps fully as sympathetic, as the loss of much more dignified personages might produce.—'Alas, poor Yorick!'—Even in what I have passed of life, I recall at this moment the jests, the sallies, the thoughtless gaiety, of several such characters, with whom one cannot easily connect an idea so serious as that of death, whom I still wonder at not meeting in the accustomed haunts of their amusement, and cannot, without violence to my imagination, think of as gone for ever.

The regrets of the old for such companions may be the easier allowed, from the circumstance of their time of life preventing them from the acquisition of any such again. But though nothing less becomes

an old man than the levity of youthful society and youthful amusements, yet to keep up such an interest in them as may preserve to himself the complacency of the young, and a certain enjoyment of their happiness, is one of the great ingredients of a happy old age. I smiled one day at seeing my friend Colonel Caustic busied in fitting up a fishing-rod for a school-boy, the son of a neighbouring gentleman, who wished to go an-angling on the stream that runs through the grounds. 'You think me very foolishly employed,' said the Colonel; 'but do not blame me, till your philosophy can show a happier face of its making than my friend Billy's there.'

Some old men forget that they are old, and some that they ever were young; the first are ridiculous in the imitation, the latter peevish in the restraint of youthful gaiety. This is, generally, the effect neither of good-nature in the one, nor of wisdom in the other; but results, in the first, from a foolish vanity, and from an incapacity of those better employments and pleasures which suit their age; in the latter, from a splenetic regret of their incapacity for those employments and pleasures which suit it not.

Very different from this peevish intolerance of youth, is that sort of gentle dissatisfaction with the present time, which some of the best tempered old men are inclined to show. As a young man, I never complained of this partiality which my seniors discovered for their own times, or the injustice they sometimes did to the present. 'Tis on the warmest and worthiest hearts that the impression of the former age remains the deepest. The *Prisci conscius ævi*, is one whom his coevals loved, and whom his juniors, whom he sometimes under-rates, should regard; as he who is warmest in the cause of his absent friend, is the man whose friendship we should be most solicitous

to gain. Perhaps it may be accounted a sort of proof of my approaching the period of partiality for the past, when I observe, that the present race of young men seem not likely ever to recall their younger days with the enthusiasm which some of my older acquaintance express for theirs. That indifference which modern fashion teaches her votaries will have nothing hereafter to remember with delight or to record with partiality. 'What audience,' said the same excellent friend whom I above quoted, 'What audience will they find in the nineteenth century, for their eulogium of the size of buckles, the height of capes, or the fashion of boots, in the year 1785?'

Of the foibles of age, avarice has long been cited as the most unreasonable and preposterous; yet, I think, it is much less to be wondered at, though not less to be blamed, than the declamation of moralists has generally supposed. When excluded from the pleasures which the use of money might procure, we substitute, if I may be allowed the expression, the archetype of enjoyment for enjoyment itself, and prize wealth as the end, when it has ceased to be the means. Old men are niggard of their money as they are profuse of their talk, because the possession of wealth is one of those pleasures in which they can equal younger men; as daws and starlings can pilfer and hoard, who are destitute of plumage and of song.

But there are uses of wealth which some worthy and wise old men discover, that might supply this want of object for its appropriation. To bestow it in the purposes of beneficence, is one of the ways of spending money for which a man is never too old; or if some are so unhappy as to have outlived the relish of this, it is only where they have been at little pains to keep up in their minds those better feelings, which prompt and reward good deeds. That pleasure

which Colonel Caustic mentioned, of making happy faces, is a sort of fine art, which some people never attain, and others easily lose.

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No. 73. SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1786.

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AMIDST the various branches of the Fine Arts in which ancient Greece excelled, there seems to be none in which her pre-eminence stands more undisputed than that of Sculpture. In Music she was far distant from any perfection ; and indeed it is in modern times only that this art has received its highest improvements. In Painting, too, whatever we may be told of the high admiration in which a Zeuxis and an Apelles were held by their countrymen, yet there is very good reason to believe that the moderns have far exceeded the ancients. In Poetry, though we shall not presume to say that other nations have gone beyond the Greeks ; yet surely it must be allowed that the Roman poets, as well as those of modern times, approach so near the Grecian models, as to suffer very little from the comparison. But in sculpture the Greeks stand confessedly unrivalled, as having attained the summit of perfection. All the productions, not only of modern, but even of Roman sculpture, are acknowledged to be inferior to those perfect and finished models which Greece produced. In short, however much the partisans of modern times may be inclined to dispute the palm with the ancients in others of the Fine Arts, yet in that of sculpture all seem to concur in confessing



the superiority of the Grecian artists. And I think their arriving at such excellence in this art may be accounted for from very obvious and satisfactory causes.

Sculpture or statuary is one of the imitative arts which mankind would very early practise: and accordingly there are few, even of the most uncultivated nations, among whom we do not find some rude attempts to form images in wood or in stone, if not in metal. To represent, with any correctness and accuracy, a solid figure upon a plain surface would not so readily occur, as the idea of forming the resemblance of a man, or any other animal, in stone or marble. Painting, therefore, is of later invention than statuary; and being an art of much greater difficulty, would consequently be much slower of coming to any considerable degree of perfection.— To acquire the art of properly distributing light and shade, so as to make the several figures stand out from the canvas; to possess the power of animating those figures with the most natural and glowing colours; to throw them into groups of a pleasing form; to preserve that perfect proportion of size and distance which perspective demands; are those excellences of painting which it has required the efforts and the experience of many successive ages to attain. To form a finished statue is neither so complex nor so difficult an art. To be able, by means of the chisel, to bring the rude block of marble to present the exact resemblance of the most graceful human form, is no doubt a surprising and beautiful effort of industry and genius; and it would require a considerable time before such an art could attain perfection; but that perfection being obviously much more easily attainable than any excellence in painting, so it would necessarily be much sooner acquired. As more readily to be acquired, it would

naturally be more generally practised ; and this circumstance again would, in its turn, accelerate the progress of the art.

The athletic exercises of the Greeks, joined to the natural beauty of the human form, for which their country and climate were distinguished furnished ready models for sculpture. To painting they afforded much less assistance. The mere muscular exertions of the body are favourite objects of imitation for the statuary, and from the successful copy he acquires the very highest degree of renown. Painting draws its best subjects from other sources ; from the combination of figures, from the features of emotion, from the eye of passion. Groupes in sculpture, if we except works in relief, which are much less distinct and striking than pictures, are perhaps too near nature to be pleasing. It is certainly true, as a most ingenious and excellent philosopher has observed, that we are not pleased with imitation when she presses too close upon reality : a coloured statue is offensive ; and the wax-work figures of Mrs. Wright, which she dresses in the habits of the times, and places in various attitudes in different parts of the room, excite surprise indeed, but never produce delight. Sculpture, therefore, thus confined to single figures, seems little less inferior to painting, than was the ode recited by one person at the feast of Bacchus, to the perfect drama of Sophocles and Euripides.

When statuary reached its highest excellence in Greece, the art of painting had made but a slender progress. The admiration of the works which their painters produced, seems to have proceeded more from a sense of the great difficulty of the art, and from surprise at the effects it produced, than from the pictures truly meriting the high praises we find bestowed upon them. To the eye of taste, the work

of the statuary was the more complete and finished production ; the art was accordingly more generally cultivated ; and by the authors of antiquity the statues of Greece are more frequently mentioned than their paintings, are spoken of, and dwelt upon, in such terms as sufficiently show them to have been considered as the superior and more admirable exertions of the taste and genius of that elegant people.

If we admit these circumstances to account for the very high degree of perfection which Grecian sculpture attained, it will not be very difficult to explain why they have never been surpassed, and why the art itself has ever since declined. When any art has received a very high, or perhaps its utmost degree of perfection, this circumstance of itself necessarily destroys that noble emulation which alone can stimulate to excellence. Conscious of being unable to surpass the great models which he sees, the artist is discouraged from making attempts. The posts of honour are already occupied ; superior praise and glory are not to be reached ; and the ardour of the artist is checked by perceiving that he cannot exceed, and that after all his efforts he will not be able perhaps to equal, the productions of those masters who have already the advantage of an established reputation.

It is for these reasons, as has been justly observed, that when the arts and sciences come to perfection in any state, they from that moment naturally and necessarily decline ; and if this be the case, then surely the more perfect degree of excellence any art has attained, the more certain must be its after decay. We may indeed carry the observation somewhat further, and affirm, that if the art has arrived at the highest degree of perfection of which it is capable in any age, or in any situation, that art will not only naturally decline amongst the people where it so flourished, but that this circumstance will prevent its

ever being again brought to any considerable pitch of improvement amongst any other people, while the first perfect models remain. The excellence of Homer, whatever might be its effects on his own countrymen, did not repress the genius of Virgil or of Lucretius ; nor did the reputation of these great poets of antiquity check the ardour of Tasso or of Milton. But the difference of language, the infinite choice of subjects, and the variety of powers which poetry can employ, prevent the eminence of a poet in one country from having much effect in damping the efforts of the poets in another. With regard to sculpture, however, the case is widely different. No diversity of subjects, no variety of powers to exert, no difference in the mode of expressing his conceptions, fall to the share of a statuary. A correct representation of the exterior human form, marked perhaps with some of the stronger expressions of the countenance, the choosing a graceful or a striking figure, the throwing it into a pleasing or an interesting attitude, and the finishing the whole production with the most nice and exquisite workmanship, constitute the utmost limits of the sculptor's art. When the highest excellence in these, therefore, has been attained, and while those perfect models remain, they must ever after repress emulation in the art, and crush all the efforts of genius.

Together with this general cause, there is another which has very much contributed to the decline of the art of sculpture in modern times, and that is, the great improvements, and the extraordinary pitch of excellence which painting attained soon after the revival of arts and letters in Europe. This had naturally the effect of directing the attention of all ingenious artists to cultivate the art of painting, where glory and praise were sure to be acquired, rather than to statuary where no laurels were to be won.



The models of ancient statuary held the place of nature to the study and imitation of the great artists of that time: but imitative ingenuity and ambition had no room in working on marble, after marbles already perfect. To translate them, if I may be allowed the expression, into painting, was an object that gave emulation scope; and in fact it happened that the chisel of the Greeks was the great guide of the Roman pencil. Not only the novelty of the art of painting, in consequence of the improvements it had received, but also the greater field which it afforded for the exertions of genius, contributed to render it the great object of attention. The more perfect representation it exhibited of the human form by the aid of colouring, the variety of figures which it admitted of being introduced, and the opportunity it presented of interesting and engaging the passions of the beholder, were all circumstances which naturally concurred to make it be held the more favoured and estimable display of an artist's power.

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No. 74. SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1786.

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It is a well-known consolation to distress, to be told of the like infelicity which others endure. Perhaps, therefore, my late correspondent Mr. Easy may not be displeased to read the following letters, which will show him, if the relations of my correspondents are to be relied on, that matches of love, as well as

of prudence may have their disadvantages; that a wife's affection, as well as her economy, may imprison a man's person, may exclude him from his best society, and abridge his most innocent amusements.

“ TO THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

It was my misfortune to lose my father in a few months after I came into the world. He was a gentleman of family in the county of —, where he possessed a moderate fortune, and had married my mother not much above a year before his death. When she was thus deprived of her husband, she had not finished her twentieth year, and possessed an uncommon share of beauty, heightened and improved by every graceful accomplishment. Warmly attached to my father, she found no relief from her sorrows, as I have often heard her say, but in those cares and in that attention which it was necessary to pay to me in my infancy. As I grew up, I became the sole object of my mother's solicitude, and she transferred to me all the affection which she had borne to my father. I was not ungrateful for all this kindness; and in my mother I found not only a parent whom I respected, but a friend whom I loved; one to whom I was accustomed to unbosom myself with perfect freedom and confidence. Except a few years, which on account of my education we passed in town, we resided chiefly at the family-seat in the country. As we saw but few company, much of our time was spent in reading, which indeed came to be our favourite amusement. My mother's taste in books coincided entirely with mine. Though we sometimes read a little history, yet novels were our favourite amusement; and though my mother possessed taste enough to admire the elegance of a Robertson, and the sim-

plicity of a Hume, yet we read such authors as a sort of task, from which we returned with pleasure to the delightful page of a Richardson or Riccoboni. In this charming solitude, my days glided sweetly along, and I never formed a wish to quit the society of my beloved mother, or to change the condition of my life. Before I had finished my eighteenth year, proposals of marriage had been made to me by several gentlemen of rank and condition. As it had ever been the avowed principle of my mother, that in that important particular a woman ought to be left at perfect freedom, she upon every such occasion declined to give any opinion, telling me, that as the happiness of my life was to depend upon the choice I should make, I had only to consult the dictates and feelings of my heart. Thus left by the tenderness of my mother to the freedom of my own will, I found no difficulty in giving an answer to my suitors. Respectable as they might be, they could not bear a comparison with those characters which I had been accustomed to love and to admire in my favorite authors; and it had long been my fixed opinion, that without a certain hallowed sympathy of soul, a sacred union of hearts, there was a degree not of indelicacy only, but of criminality, in forming the nuptial bond.

“ One day as my mother and I were upon our way to pay a visit at the house of a lady in the neighbourhood, our road led us along the side of a river, whose high banks, covered with wood, formed a most romantic and delightful scene. While we were admiring the beauties of it, some accident scared our horses on the very brink of a steep precipice; and in all likelihood the consequence would have proved fatal, had not a gentleman at that instant come to our assistance, and rescued us at the hazard of his own life. Charmed with the spirit of our

deliverer, I had now time to examine him with a little more attention. In the bloom of youth, he possessed one of the finest forms I ever beheld, with a countenance animated and interesting in the highest degree. Perhaps the little adventure which introduced him to us, disposed me to view him at that moment with a partial eye. Little accustomed as I was to conceal the emotions of my mind, he must have been blind indeed if he did not perceive that I was pleased at finding that he was going to the same house where my mother and I intended to pay a visit. If the first appearance of the stranger pleased me, his address and manner and conversation charmed me still more. In a word, Sir, I found in him all the graces of a Lovelace, all the virtues and accomplishments of a Grandison, all the sentiments and tenderness of a Lord Ossory. Sir W. Denham, for that was his name, appeared to me the most amiable man I had ever seen. I need not trouble you with a recital of the progress of our acquaintance. Suffice it to say that he made a complete conquest of my heart, and that I consented to give him my hand.

“Immediately after our marriage we went to his family-seat in the country. There the tenderness and the attachment of my husband seemed daily to increase. He lived but to gratify my wishes, and I fondly fancied myself the happiest of woman kind. Alas, Sir, what a cruel thing it is to have known felicity, and then to be plunged in wretchedness! I, Sir, am now as miserable as once I was happy. Not to keep you in suspense, I have lost the affections of my husband. Of this I have hourly the most mortifying and the most unequivocal proofs. The first symptom I discovered of an alteration in his sentiments, was the pleasure I found he took in other society, and in amusements of which I could not par-



take. When his country-neighbours come to visit him, he will sit a whole evening over his bottle with them, while I languish alone, neglected and forlorn. Nay, Sir, before we were many months married, he had the barbarity to leave me for a whole fortnight, which he spent in the Highlands, on a shooting party, as he called it. Not only does he prefer those frivolous amusements to me, but he even abandons my society, on a pretence that the management of his affairs requires it. At this moment he is at an estate he has in a distant county, where he says he will be detained by business for several weeks. What is business or affairs to me, who would with pleasure have descended from a throne to make him happy!

“ I am persuaded, Sir, you will enter into my distress, and feel the justice of my complaints. As my husband is a constant reader of your paper, I hope that the picture of my situation may strike him, and lead him to alter a conduct which I own I am unable longer to endure. Yours, &c.

“ LOUISA DENHAM.”

I had hardly done reading this letter, when I received the following :

“ SIR,

“ AT the age of twenty-two, I succeeded to a paternal estate of 2000*l*. Soon after the death of my father, to whom I was indebted for an excellent education, I set out on my travels ; and, after making the grand tour, I returned to my native country at the age of twenty-six, and found myself possessed of a fortune more than sufficient for my wishes, with a sound constitution, a disposition to enjoy all the pleasures of society, and a heart susceptible of friendship and attachment. Soon after my return, a fortunate accident introduced me to the acquaintance

of Miss Louisa M——. Although accustomed to see and to admire beauty, yet I could not help being forcibly struck with that of Miss M——. Beauty, however, though it may dazzle for a moment, seldom makes a lasting impression on one who had seen so much of the world as I had. But there was something at once interesting in the looks and engaging in the manners of Louisa, that attracted me with an irresistible charm. Even her artless simplicity, and her ignorance of the world, rather pleased from its novelty; accustomed to the *coteriés* of Paris, and the society of women whose conversation, ideas, and manners differed little from that of the men with whom they lived, I was charmed with the *naïvetè* of Louisa. In her observations there was a remarkable delicacy and justness of thought, often, it is true, accompanied with a degree of romantic wildness and enthusiasm, which, so far from displeasing, served rather to throw an additional charm around her.

“ I soon found that I was not indifferent to Miss M——; and having paid my addresses to her, was honoured with her hand. For some time after our marriage, I was completely happy; and would have continued so, were it not for one single weakness in my Louisa, which has occasioned much uneasiness to us both, and will, I fear, if not corrected, imbitter all our future days. 'Tis of such a sort, Mr. LOUNGER, that I have no term by which to blame it; I can only describe it by instances. When I went home after my marriage, my neighbours naturally came to pay their compliments on the occasion. Although I sometimes would rather have dispensed with their presence, which I could not help feeling as an interruption to that happiness which I experienced in the conversation of my Louisa; yet common civility required that I should receive them with politeness. One day Sir George Hearty, an old

friend of my father's and ever warmly attached to the interest of our family, came to dine with me. As I knew that Sir George liked his bottle, I, though naturally averse to any approach to excess in the way of drinking, could not help indulging the good old man in a glass extraordinary. When we rose from table, I found my wife in her apartment dissolved in tears. Astonished and affected to the last degree, I inquired the cause with all the impatience of the most anxious solicitude. At length she, with a look of melancholy that distressed me to the soul, said that she found no happiness in any society but mine; and that if I loved like her, I could find no pleasure but in her's.

“Not long after, I received a letter from the son of an English nobleman, with whom I had been educated at school and at college, and with whom I had ever after lived in habits of the strictest friendship, putting me in mind of an engagement I had come under when last in London, to show him some parts of the Highlands in Scotland, and to pass some time with him there in grouse-shooting. I immediately made the necessary preparations for this excursion, and not doubting that my wife would be happy to show every mark of attention to the chosen friend of my youth, I wrote to him to hasten his journey to Scotland. When he arrived, it was with pain that I observed that my Louisa, so far from participating the joy I felt at the sight of my friend, seemed to sink in spirits in proportion as I was overjoyed on the occasion.

“I left her in a situation which distressed me at the time, and the reflection of which damped all the joy I should otherwise have found in the society of my friend. I shortened our excursion, although I saw it rather disappointed him, in order to get home as soon as possible. Instead of being received by my

Louisa with that pleasure which I experienced in seeing her after this short absence, I found her still oppressed with that melancholy in which I had left her. It is needless, Sir, to detain you with a detail of further particulars. In a word, I find that my wife considers my partaking in any amusement, joining in any society, or engaging in the most necessary and essential business, as a mark of want of attachment and affection to her. That romantic turn of mind, which at first charmed me so much, and which her natural good sense has not enabled her to restrain within due bounds, leads her to see every object through a medium very remote from the occurrences of ordinary life. As she is a reader of *THE LOUNGER*, I beg you will favour us with a paper on the danger of encouraging this engaging sort of delusion, so apt to captivate a young and a virtuous mind, but which I find, from fatal experience, leads to much misery and distress.

“ Yours, &c.

“ W. DENHAM.”

It might be supposed, that the *LOUNGER*, who has somehow been led to confess himself a bachelor, would not be much dissatisfied at receiving, in such letters as the above and Mr. Easy's, a sort of testimony of the inconveniences of marriage. He must, however, declare, that they afford him no kind of satisfaction; nor indeed do the complaints of those correspondents induce him to think at all unfavourably of that state in which they have found the embarrassments they describe. Want of judgment in our choice, or ridiculously sanguine expectations from what we possess, will, in every article of life, produce disappointment and chagrin; and the situation from which the greatest felicity may be drawn, must necessarily be that from which most uneasiness may spring. But the relations of



misfortunes are generally exaggerated. From Mrs. Easy I have received a letter, denying more than half of her husband's assertion. My correspondent, Alcander's relation on the other side of the question, meets with perfect credit from me. I myself know several couples as happy as his Euphanor and Almeria; it is probably owing to the truth of its recital, that his letter seems to me not so well calculated for the entertainment of my readers, as those which perhaps borrow a little from fiction, to furnish out their distresses. The epistles of to-day, in particular, I have taken the liberty to read to some of the most creditable of my married acquaintance, who are unanimous in declaring the distress of which they complain to be perfectly out of nature.

E V

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No. 75. SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1786.

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*E' troppo barbara quella legge, che vuol disporre del cuor delle donne a costo della loro rovina.*

GOLDONI.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,  
 “ You will perhaps be surprized at receiving a letter from this place; but if you possess that benevolence which from your writings one is led to ascribe to you, the unfortunate from any quarter may claim some of your notice. My story, I believe, will not be without its use; and if you knew that sort of melancholy indulgence which I feel in ad-

dressing a letter to my native country!—But I will not give way to feeling; I mean simply to relate; and situated as I am, banished from the world, and lost to myself, I can tell my story,—I think I can,—as that of a third person, in which, though I may be interested, I will yet be impartial.

“ My father possessed a small patrimonial estate in the county of —, and married, in early life, a lady whose birth was much above her fortune, and who unluckily retained all the pride of the first, though it but ill suited the circumstances of the latter. The consequences were such as might naturally be looked for. My father was involved in an expensive style of life, which, in a few years, obliged him to sell his estate for the payment of his debts. He did not live to feel the distresses to which he might have been reduced; and after his death my mother took up her residence in a country-town, where the pittance that remained from the reversion of my father's effects, assisted by a small pension from government, which a distant relation of my mother's procured for us, enabled her to educate me on that sober plan which necessity had now taught her to adopt.

“ Our situation, however, still allowed her to mix something of the genteel in my education; and the place in which we lived was inhabited by several families, who, like us, had retired from more public and expensive life, and still retained somewhat of that polish which former intercourse with the fashionable world had conferred. At the age of seventeen, therefore, I was, I believe, tolerably accomplished; and though I knew nothing of high life, nor indeed wished to know it, yet I possessed a degree of refinement and breeding rather above what the circumstances of my mother might have been expected to allow.

“ Of my beauty, I was, like others girls, somewhat vain ; but my mother was proud to an extreme degree. She looked upon it as a gift by which my fortune and hers were to be made, and consequently spared no possible pains to set it off to advantage. Its importance and its power were often inculcated on me ; and my ambition was daily inflamed by the recital of the wealth and station which other girls had acquired by marriages to which their beauty alone had entitled them. I think I heard those instances with more indifference than my mother wished I should : and could not easily be brought to consider all happiness as centered in riches or in rank, to which her wishes and hopes were constantly pointed.

“ These hopes, however, accident put it in her power to accomplish. At the house of one of the genteelest of our acquaintance, who had two daughters nearly of my age, we met with Mr. M——, a gentleman whom the lady of the house introduced particularly to us, as a man of great fortune and singular worth. Mr. M—— was past the meridian of life ; he had the look and air of a man who had seen the world, and talked on most subjects with a degree of shrewd, and often sarcastic, observation, which met with much applause from the older part of the company, but which was not at all calculated to please the younger. The enthusiasm of attachment, of feeling, and of virtue, which our reading sometimes induced us to mention, he ridiculed as existing only in the dreams of poetry, or the fanciful heroes of romance ; but which sense or experience neither look to find in others, nor ventured to indulge in ourselves. In short, my companions and I hated and feared him ; and neither our aversion nor our fear was at all removed by the lectures of our mothers on his good sense and agreeable manners,

“ These lectures were at last bestowed with particular emphasis on me, and, after a day or two’s preamble of general commendations, he was formally proposed to me by my mother, as a husband. He himself, though he made his court chiefly to her, was now pretty sedulous in his attentions to me ; and made many speeches to my beauty, and protestations of his love, which I heard with little emotion, but which my mother, and her friend, whose guests we were, represented as the genuine expressions of the most sincere and ardent attachment. Of love, I had formed such ideas as girls of my age generally do ; and though I had no particular preference for any one else, I did not hesitate in refusing him, for whom I had hitherto conceived nothing but disgust. My refusal increased the ardour of my lover in his suit : to me he talked in common-place language of the anguish it caused him ; to my mother he spoke in the language of the world, and increased his offers in point of settlement to an exorbitant degree. Her influence was proportionally exerted. She persuaded, implored, and was angry. The luxury and happiness of that state which I might acquire were warmly painted ; the folly, the impiety, of depriving myself and her of so comfortable an establishment, was strongly held forth ; the good qualities and generosity of Mr. M — were expatiated on ; those ideas which I ventured to plead as reasons for my rejection were ridiculed and exploded. — At my time of life, unused to resistance, fond of my mother, and accustomed to be guided by her ; perhaps, too, somewhat dazzled with the prospect of the situation which this marriage would open to me ; it is not surprising that my first resolutions were overcome. I became the wife of Mr. M —.

“ For some time the happiness they had promised seemed to attend me. My husband was warm,



if not tender, in his attachment ; my wishes for myself were not only indulged, but prompted ; and his kindness to my mother and my friends was unbounded. I was grateful to Mr. M—— ; I regarded, I esteemed, I wished to love him. On the birth of a son, which happened about a year after our marriage, he redoubled his assiduities about me. I was more happy, more grateful ; I looked on my boy, his father caressed him ; and then it was that I loved Mr. M—— indeed.

“ This happiness, however, it was not my good fortune long to enjoy. Some projects of political ambition, in which Mr. M—— was engaged, called him from those domestic enjoyments which seemed for a while to have interested him, into a more public life. We took up our residence in the capital, and Mr. M—— introduced me to what is called the best company. Of his own society I soon came to enjoy but little. His attachment for me began visibly to decay, and by degrees he lost altogether the attentions which for a while outlived it. Sul- len and silent when we were alone, and either neglectful or contemptuous when we had company, he treated me as one whom it would have degraded him to love or to respect ; whom it was scarce worth while to hate or to despise. I was considered as merely a part of his establishment ; and it was my duty to do the honours of his table, as it was that of his butler to attend to his side-board, or of his groom to take care of his horses. Like them, too, I was to minister to his vanity, by the splendor of my appearance ; I was to show that beauty, of which he was master, in company and at public places, and was to carry the trappings with which he had adorned it, to be envied by the poor and admired by the wealthy. While my affection for him continued, I sometimes remonstrated against this. His answers were first

indifferent, and then peevish. Young, giddy, and fond of amusement, I at last began to enjoy the part he assigned me, and entered warmly into that round of dissipation, which for a while I had passed through without relish, and often with self-reproach. My son, who had been my tie to home, he took from me, to place him in the family of a former tutor of his own, who now kept a French academy; and I never had a second child. My society was made up of the gay and the thoughtless; women who like me, had no duty to perform, no laudable exertion to make, but who, in the bustle of idleness, were to lose all thought, and, in the forms of the world, all honest attachment.

“ For a considerable time, however, a sense of right which I had imbibed in my infancy, rose up occasionally to imbitter my pleasures, and to make me ashamed of the part I was acting. Whenever Mr. M—— took the trouble of perceiving this, it served him but as a subject for ridicule. The restraints of religion, or nice morality, he was at pains to represent as the effect of fanaticism and pedantry; and when I seemed surprised or shocked at the principles he held forth, he threw in a sneer at my former situation, and hinted that but for him I had been still the awkward ignorant thing he found me.

“ Yet this man expected that I should be virtuous, as that word is used by the world: that I should guard that honour which was his, while every other principle of my own rectitude was extinguished.— For a long time it was so. My horror at that degree of depravity was not to be overcome, even amidst the levity, to call it no worse, of manners which I saw continually around me, and which, as far as it was a mark of fashion, he seemed to wish me to participate. Still in the possession of youth and beauty, I did not escape solicitations; but I repelled

them with a degree of resentment which I often heard the very man whose honour it guarded treat as affectation in any woman who should pretend it. He would frequently repeat from the letters of Lord Chesterfield, that a declaration of love to a woman was always to be ventured, because, even though it was rejected, she would accept of it as a compliment to her attractions. I had soon opportunities of knowing that Mr. M—— was as loose in his practice as in his principles. His infidelities, indeed, he was not at much pains to conceal; and while I continued to upbraid him, was at almost as little pains to excuse.

“ In such circumstances, was it to be wondered at if my virtue was not always proof against the attacks to which it was exposed? With a husband unequal in years, lost to my affection, as I was cast from his, and treating me as one from whom no love or duty was to be expected; a husband whose principles were corrupt, whose conversation was loose, whose infidelity gave a sort of justice to mine; surrounded at the same time by young men whose persons were attractive, whose manners were engaging, whose obsequious attentions were contrasted with my husband's neglect, and whose pretended adoration and respect were opposed to his rudeness and contempt—Was it wonderful, that thus situated, exposed to temptation, and unguarded by principle, I should forget first the restraints of prudence, and then the obligations of virtue?

“ Resigned as I now am to my situation, I can look on it as a kind interposition of Providence, that detection soon followed my first deviations from virtue, before I had lost the feelings of shame and contrition, before I had wandered an irrecoverable distance from duty, from principle, from religion. Here, in this place of banishment which the mercy

of my husband allotted me, I have met with some benevolent guides, who have led me to the only sources of comfort for misery and remorse like mine; who have given me a station in which, amidst the obloquy of the world, amidst the humiliation of repentance, I can still in some degree respect myself; who have taught me to cultivate my mind, to improve its powers, to regulate its principles; who have led me to a juster value of this life, to a sincere hope of the next.

“Humbled, and I trust improved, by affliction, I will not indulge either vindication or resentment; the injuries I have done my husband I am willing to expiate, as, alas! he knows I do, by penitence and by suffering; yet, for his own sake, and for the warning of others, let me ask him, If for these injuries to him, and sufferings to me, he never imputes any blame to himself? I am told he is loud in his charges of my ingratitude and perfidy. I again repeat, that I will not offer to apologize for my weakness or my crimes. But it would be more dignified in him, as well as more just, were he to forget rather than to reproach the woman whose person he bought, whose affections he despised, whose innocence he corrupted,—whose ruin he has caused!

“Avignon, May, 1786.”

“SOPHIA M——.”

V



No. 76. SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1786.

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THIS day's Paper I devote to Correspondents. The first of the following letters I was particularly desirous to insert soon, as its subject is of that transient kind which might suffer from delay. In dress, as well as in character, there is often, in these times of change, 'the Cynthia of the minute.'

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ I UNDERSTAND that gentlemen who formerly held the same sort of office which you now exercise among us, were in use to appoint certain deputies, to whom they committed particular departments. As you, Sir, seem now to be so well established in yours, that you may possibly think of following their example, I make bold to solicit an appointment, or, failing of that, your patronage at least to an undertaking, of which this town seems to stand much in need, and for which I flatter myself I am tolerably well qualified.

“ One of your extensive observations, Mr. LOUNGER, must have remarked how defective we are in point of general or early information in dress, and how long it is before we accommodate ourselves universally to that perfect standard which the metropolis of England affords. We are often miserably in the rear of the fashion; and, except one or two favoured ladies, who have been accidentally

in London, the bulk of our fine women don't get into the mode till it is quite upon the wane among our southern neighbours. The Ostrich head did not make its appearance here till half a season after it had been worn in London. The other end of the ostrich was still later of reaching us. That was indeed partly owing to an accident: the first set, as it is a bulky article, was coming down by sea in a ship that was wrecked, and a friend of mine, who had the merit of the first commission, lost considerably in bottomry on the vessel. At this very moment I see pass my door a great many Brimstone ribands, though it is two months since my letters from London inform me they were quite out there. As long ago as the Commemoration, there were none but celestials present, not a single Brimstone in the Abbey.

“ This inconvenience, Sir, might easily be remedied by a speedier communication of intelligence between the capitals of England and of Scotland, more especially if a public appointment were made of some person from whom such intelligence could here be obtained, and who should be answerable for its authenticity. 'Tis for this office, Mr. LOUNGER, I venture to propose myself. I have been at a good deal of pains, Sir, to establish such a correspondence at London, and even at Paris, as I trust will enable me to supply myself, not only with intelligence, but with models of every article of dress, as soon as it grows into confirmed fashion; and I will take care to exhibit at certain stated seasons a set of *poupées*, which I flatter myself will convey from my shop-window a perfect idea of the reigning dress and undress of the fashionable world. At present, the little figures which are stationed there, are looked on merely as toys for children; but I hereby give notice that, with your leave, Mr. LOUN-

GER, I shall, on the first day of the ensuing race-week, convert them to a more dignified as well as a more useful purpose; that they will then represent, on one side of my window, a set of fashionably dressed gentlemen, and on the other, a party of fashionably dressed ladies.

“ There never, I imagine, Sir, was a period when such a standard was of so much importance in this country. The proportion of the value of dress to that of the wearer, particularly in the fair-sex, is wonderfully increased of late years in Edinburgh. Of the first I think I am a tolerably good judge, and can estimate, I believe, within a few shillings, supposing the underworks to be of the ordinary materials, the value of any lady’s apparel. Of the value of the lady herself I do not pretend to be a judge : in some instances within my little experience, I have observed the estimate to differ considerably at two different periods, as it happened to be made by the lover or the husband ; at the first, they bore a premium, as we say in business; at the latter, there was rather a discount. But taking things at an average, I am told, our mothers and grandmothers were as precious in themselves as our wives and daughters. But as for their covering, there is, in all ranks, a great increase of cost, even in my time : for though the old points and brocades came high at first, they went through generations, like an entailed estate : our dress has much the advantage in variety as in elegance; it does not outlast a lady’s fancy. ’Twas but t’other morning I sold some of my bloom of roses to the wife of a grocer of my acquaintance, who looked at some of my toys from beneath a bonnet that must have stood her in a couple of guineas at the least; yet were she to be set up to auction—but I wish to avoid all personal reflections, Mr. LOUNGER.

“ You, Sir, who understand such subjects, might, perhaps, wish to correct the disproportion between apparel and station, between the gaudiness of dress and the age and character of the wearer : I only pretend to regulate it according to the mode, or perhaps a little according to the complexion. In both I see the greatest mistakes at present. There is a lamentable neglect among us of all propriety in that matter. We are ill-informed even of the names of the articles we wear. People come to years of discretion scarce know the difference between a plain hat and a Lunardi ; and I have heard a lady, who I was told had a very good education, mistake a Parachute for a Fitzherbert.

“ Besides the knowledge of dress in the abstract, Mr. LOUNGER, there is another branch of instruction, which lies, if I may presume to say so, in the middle between your province and mine, that is, the art of making the most of one’s self in one’s dress, after one has got it on. I believe, Sir, I can find an assistant who will undertake this department ; who can teach the ladies the smart toss suitable to the new-fashioned turned-up hat, the languish of eye that is to be practised under the curtain of the Lunardi, and the hoydenish roll that becomes the Laitiere ; and in the same way, who will show the gentlemen the lolling air that suits the open waistcoat and slender switch, and the fierce one that accords with the knotted neckcloth and short thick bludgeon. In the mean time, however, I shall content myself with exhibiting my figures in a quiet state : if I meet with suitable encouragement, I may, with my friend’s assistance, turn them into *automata*, and teach them to go through their exercise after the most approved method.—I have the honour to be, with great re-



spect, your most obedient and most humble servant,

“ W. JENKIN.”

“ Brown Square, Edinburgh, July 6, 1786.”

I own I was a little surprised at the style of Mr. Jenkin's letter, till, turning over the leaf, I found a postscript, in which, after urging a plea of favour on account of the late imposition of the perfumery-tax which was to take place the very day his letter is dated, he candidly acknowledges that the substance only of the letter is his own, but that his proposal was put into shape by a neighbour and customer of his. I am perfectly satisfied of the usefulness of his plan; and, as far as I may assume any jurisdiction in the matter, am extremely willing to invest him with the appointment in question, provided the gentleman who wrote his letter continues to act as his secretary.

As to his proposal of teaching young ladies and gentlemen the exercise of dress, I shall take time to consider of it. At present, I am rather inclined to believe it unnecessary. I think he does my countrymen and countrywomen injustice in supposing them to require instruction in that particular. On some late field-days or rather field-evenings, at which I happened to be present, I have seen some of them go through their evolutions in a very masterly and mistressly manner.

The second letter was left at my Editor's, as the shop-boy informed Mr. Creech, by a short round-faced gentleman, who seemed, when he gave it in, to be very much out of humour.

## “ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ I CAN’T help complaining to you of a grievance which I do not remember to have seen taken notice of, at least not exactly in the way it affects me, in any treatise on conversation.

“ Here in the coffee-house I frequent, and you, for aught I know, may have often witnessed the thing in your proper person, is one Mr. Glib, who is the greatest questioner I ever met with in the whole course of my life. This, however, though plague enough of itself, is but half the injury of which we have to complain from him. Mr. Glib, Sir, not content with the question, always takes the answer upon him likewise; so that it is impossible to get in a word. I shall illustrate my meaning by giving you, *verbatim*, his conversation this morning. He came in, wiping his forehead, and, as I hoped, out of breath; but he was scarcely seated when he began as usual: ‘ Mercy on us! how hot it is! Boy, fetch me a glass of port and water. Dr. Phlogiston, did you observe what the thermometer stood at this morning? Mine was at 76 in the shade.—Well, this has cleared my throat of the dust a little —What a dust there is in the New Town! Gentlemen, were any of you in Prince’s Street since breakfast? I went to call on a friend who lives at the further side of the square, and I had like to have been smother’d.—Sir John, how were you entertained at the play last night? Mrs. Pope’s playing was admirable. Were not you amazed at the thinness of the house? But fashion, not taste, rules every thing. Give the women but a crowd within, and a squeeze at the door, and they don’t care a pin for the excellence of

the entertainment.—Captain Paragraph, how long is it since the post came in? I got my paper about an hour ago.—When is it thought Parliament will rise? I have a letter that says the 12th.—Mr. M'Blubber, you are a Highlander, what is your opinion of those encouragements to the fishery? I have no great notion of building towns; find the birds, say I, and they will find nests for themselves.—Mr. Rupee, you have been in India, what do you say to this impeachment? I am inclined to think it will come to nothing.—Pray what is the exact definition of a bulse? I understand it to be a package for diamonds, as a rouleau is for guineas.—Ha! is not that Mr. Hazard walking yonder, who came yesterday from London? Yes it is, I know him by his gait.—Sir, is my cane any where near you? Oh! yes, I left it in the corner of the box.—Boy, how much did I owe the house since yesterday? Eighteen-pence. Here it is.'

“ Now, Mr. LOUNGER, you must be satisfied what an aggravated offence this way of talking of Mr. Glib's is, against other people who wish to have some share in the conversation. The most unconscionable querists, if they keep within their own department, are contented with half the talk of the company: Mr. Glib cuts it in two, and very modestly helps himself to both pieces. When he has set the fancy agog, and one's tongue is just ready to give it vent, pop he comes between one and the game he has started, and takes the word out of one's mouth. Do write a few lines, Sir, to let Mr. Glib know how unreasonable and how ridiculous his behaviour is; 'tis as if one should play at shuttlecock alone, or take a game at piquet, one's right-hand against one's left, or sit down with three dead men at whist.—I should never have done, were I to say all I think of its absurdity.

“ I am a married man, Mr. LOUNGER, and have a wife and three grown-up daughters at home. I am a pretty constant frequenter of the coffee-house, where I go to have the pleasure of a little conversation; but if Mr. Glib is to come there every morning as he does at present, never to have done asking questions, and never to allow any body but himself to answer them, I may just as well stay at home.

“ Yours, &c.

“ GABRIEL GOSSIP.”

Before I stir further in this matter, Mr. Gossip will be kind enough to inform me whether it would satisfy him, if Mr. Glib were allowed to ask questions, and he, Mr. Gossip, to answer them, for all the rest of the coffee-house.

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No. 77. SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1786.

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*Species virtutibus similes.*

TAC.

BESIDES the great incitements to depravity or ill-conduct which passion and interest hold forth, there are other temptations to vice, other apologies for the want of virtue, which, as they less shock the ingenuous feelings of our nature, are perhaps fully as dangerous as motives which apparently are of a much more powerful kind. We are often led astray by habits, which in single actions seemed unimportant or venial; we are seduced by opinions, to which



a sort of plausible fallacy gives the show of reason. Sometimes, we hide our errors and our weakness under the veil of virtue, and ascribe to ourselves the merit of good qualities, from circumstances, which, if justly considered, should cover us with blame. At other times, we are contented to wear the livery, though we are not in the service, of virtue, and pride ourselves on speaking her language, though we do not conform our actions to her precepts.

I happened lately to spend a day in company with a gentleman whose appearance prepossessed me much in his favour, and whose conversation and deportment did not less conciliate my good opinion. There was a certain delicacy in his remarks, which bespoke an uncommon elegance of mind ; a warmth in his sentiments, which seemed to flow from a high principle of disinterestedness and generosity. After he was gone, I could not help expressing myself very warmly in his commendation, in which the friend, at whose house we were, did not join in so cordial a manner as I expected. When I pressed him a little on that score, he told me that Woodfort, so the gentleman was called, had long been a subject of his speculation on human character and conduct. ‘ Woodfort,’ said he, ‘ in manner and conversation, is always the elegant and interesting man you saw him. Nay, he possesses I believe, in reality, those feelings which he knows so well how to express. I have frequently found him weeping at the perusal of a tender novel, and have seen him struggling to keep down the emotions of his heart at the representation of a tragedy. You saw how his eye kindled at the recital of a benevolent or a generous deed, and at that moment I am persuaded that Woodfort was benevolent, was generous. Yet, in real life, for I have had the best opportunities of knowing it, Woodfort’s feeling and

generosity unaccountably forsake him. Scarcely ever has he been known to relieve the distresses he is so willing to pity, or to exercise the generosity he is so ready to applaud. The tenants on his estate are squeezed for rents higher than their farms can afford ; his debtors are harassed for payments, in circumstances which might often plead for mitigation or delay. Nay, I know some of his pretty near relations, for relief of whose necessities I have applied with success to others, after having in vain solicited Woodfort's assistance to relieve them.'

I confess I did not thank my friend for thus undeceiving me, and felt something painful in being obliged to retract an opinion which it had afforded me so much pleasure to form. But afterwards, when I had time to recover from this little shock to my feelings, which my friend's information had given, I began, like him, to speculate on this seeming contrariety of character ; and, though that of Woodfort may perhaps appear singular, I am afraid that, in a certain degree, there are not wanting many instances of a similar kind ; and that, if we look around us with observation, we shall frequently discover men who appear to feel, nay who really feel, much tenderness at the tale of woe, and much applause at the recitals of generosity, who yet, in real conduct and in active life, seldom discover either much generosity or much sensibility.

To account in some measure for this appearance, it may be observed, that when a representation is given of fictitious distress, it is done in such a manner, and with such circumstances accompanying it, as have the most powerful tendency to affect the heart. In a tragedy, where the object is to move, or in a novel, where the author means to produce the sensation of, pity, every circumstance which can produce that effect is collected, and every thing which

can diminish it is carefully removed. Thus a representation is given of characters and situations, which, though not unnatural, seldom exist; the detached parts may frequently be seen; but all the incidents united together, attended with those circumstances in which they are held out, and accompanied with none of a different or discordant sort, are seldom beheld in real life. The mind, therefore, may be affected with a fictitious story, or a tale of woe, when it will not be affected with a real event occurring in common life; because that real event cannot be perceived in all those strong colours, and mingled with all those attracting circumstances, with which a romantic story may be wrought up. Some circumstances may occur which will diminish our interest in the persons who really suffer, while there may be others wanting which would increase our sympathy with their situation. Thus Woodfort may be exceedingly moved by a well-written novel, founded on the oppression of the rich and powerful over the poor and humble; yet, in the case of his own tenants, he may not be affected with their hardships. He may persuade himself, it was their own indolence which produced their distress; he may quote instances of landlords who had bettered the condition of their tenants by raising their rents; and set up ideas of public improvement against the feelings of private compassion.

It may be observed further, that when a fictitious story of distress is told, or when a melancholy event happens, which has no connection with ourselves, there is no interfering interest or inclination of our own to diminish our pity or our sensibility. The mind is led to give the sensations that are excited their full sway, and to indulge in them to their utmost extent. Observers upon human nature have frequently remarked, that the contemplation of ob-

jects of distress gives a melancholy pleasure to the mind. Persons of sensibility are well acquainted with this pleasure; and, when a story of distress is set before them, they feel much enjoyment from indulging in it. The mind in this situation dwells and feeds upon its object, and every tender emotion is called forth. But when a real event happens in life, with which we ourselves may be in some respect connected, instead of dwelling upon it, or nourishing the feeling of distress which it produces, we may endeavour to avoid it, and to shut it out from our thoughts, because its indulgence may interfere with some other favourite feeling or inclination. Woodfort, though affected with the representation of distress, produced by poverty or want in those with whom he had no connexion, was not affected with that of his own relations, probably because it hurt his mind to think that he had relations who were poor; and he therefore thrust the subject from his thoughts, as people shun those scenes in which they once delighted, if they recall misfortune or record disgrace.

It must also be remarked, that the indulgence in that sensibility which arises from the contemplation of objects of distress, is apt to produce and to flatter a conscious vanity in the mind of the person who gives way to such indulgence. This vanity turns and rests upon itself, and, without leading to action, it fosters a selfish and contracted approbation of our own feelings, which is caught hold of, and serves as a kind of substitute in place of the consciousness of real goodness.

It ought likewise to be attended to, that the sensations which arise from the indulgence in representations or tales of distress with which we ourselves are unconnected, require no sort of exertion; the mind reposes quietly upon the contemplation of the



object, without being called forth to action ; but when the distress of others occurs in real life, if we are to relieve it, some exertion is necessary, and some action of our own must be performed. Now, a man may take pleasure in the passive feelings of sensibility, if that expression may be used, when he will avoid every thing which requires active exertion. Hence the mind may be open to the feelings of compassion and tenderness, may take delight in indulging them, and by that means acquire great acuteness of sensibility, when it may harden and shut itself against every object, where the giving way to the feelings which such object produces requires real activity and exertion.

To this it may be proper to add, that the very indulgence in the passive feelings of sensibility has a tendency to produce indolence, langour, and feebleness, and to unfit the mind for any thing which requires active and firm exertion. While the mind contemplates distress, it is acted upon, and never acts ; and by indulging in this contemplation, it becomes more and more unfit for action ; the passive feeling of compassion may increase, but the power requisite to relieve will diminish. On the other hand, a man who has not the same degree of sensibility, or the same disposition to indulge in the contemplation of objects of distress, may, by the possession of a firmer mind and greater habits of activity, perform many more benevolent and generous actions. The more the passive habit of compassion is indulged without the active\*, the weaker will the disposition to activity become : but on the other hand, though by the exertion of the active habit, the passive may be diminished ; yet, by a frequent repetition of benevolent acts, the mind will become more and more disposed to repeat them, and will

\* See Butler's ' Analogy.'

find the performance more and more easy. He whose nervous sensibility could not bear the sight of a wound, would, in such a case, be incapable, were he otherwise qualified, to assist in its cure; while a person of less delicate feelings, and who is less affected with the sore, will be both more able and more willing to lend his aid in giving relief.

If the above observations be well founded, may we not conclude, that there is often much danger, in the education of children, of softening their minds too much, of rendering them too susceptible to general representations of distress, and of affecting them too frequently and too deeply by fictitious tales of woe? The mind thus affected, may be insensible to the proper impression, when the influence of romantic deception is removed, and when real objects of distress, unattended with the colours in which novelists and poets exhibit them, are placed before it. Accustomed to be affected with objects only that are removed from ourselves, and where there can be no competition with our own interests, we may be unmoved when our own interests or other inclinations interfere. In use to indulge solely in feeling, and gratified with the consciousness of that feeling, we may shrink from the labour of active benevolence, and find, in the experience of real life, that the very habit of indulging in the contemplation of distress, though it may add to our natural sensibility, yet, by fatiguing and exhausting the mind, will give it a feebleness, and a languor, which is inconsistent with every vigorous and every proper exertion. While therefore a certain degree of sensibility ought to be cultivated, we ought at the same time to be upon our guard not to push it too far; and habits of action ought carefully to be intermixed with our habits of contemplation. We ought ever to have impressed on our minds the

sentiments of one of the most illustrious men that ever lived; of a man who united the most sublime views of contemplation with the most splendid exertions of activity, in the greatest theatre that history has exhibited to our view; of Marcus Aur. Antoninus, that ‘neither virtue nor vice consists in passive sentiment, but in action;’ οὐδὲ ἡ ἀρετὴ καὶ κακία ἐν παύσει, ἀλλὰ ἐνεργείᾳ.

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No. 78. SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1786.

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“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ ONE of your earliest correspondents gave us an account of a worthy Baronet, a relation of his, who spent all his life intending to do many things, without ever having actually done any thing. Though this may not be an useful, it seems to me a very harmless, way of passing one’s days. I am the wife, Sir, of quite another kind of gentleman. My husband, Mr. Bustle, always does things first, and then thinks of them afterwards.

“ One of the most important concerns of his life, I must own to you, he conducted in this manner, and I was his accomplice. We married on three days’ acquaintance at the house of a relation of his, where we happened to meet on a visit. We have, however, been a very decently happy couple, and have a family of very fine children. Mr. Bustle indeed does not depend very much on us for the happiness of his life, and he has no time for conferring much happiness or bestowing much attention on us.

He is of so active a spirit, so busy, so constantly employed, that pleasures of a domestic or a quiet kind do not enter at all into his plan of life.

“His father was a careful, economical man, and left him in a very comfortable situation, with a large estate, a set of thriving tenants, a good house, a well-laid-out farm, and a well-stocked garden. When we went home, we had nothing to do, as the saying is, but to draw in our chairs and sit down. But sitting, however much at his ease, was not my husband’s way. He soon made a great deal of business, though he had found none. It was discovered that the principal apartments of our house were too low : so it was unroofed, to have some feet added to its height, and a new lead-covered platform put a-top, to command a view of a particular turn of the river that runs through the grounds. This kept us two winters in one of our tenant’s houses, in which too, all the time we were in it, something or other was a-doing : so that the carpenter’s hammer was heard every hour of the day. We had scarce got back to our own house again, when it was found that the water came through our lead-covered platform : so he had the pleasure of having that changed into a cupola, with a roof of a different construction, for the view of the river was still to be preserved. But next year, my husband discovered that a plantation was necessary on a particular knoll ; so the view of the river we had paid so much for, was shut out by a clump. The garden was the next subject of amendment, in which an excellent fruit-wall was pulled down to have it rebuilt on a new plan ; by which new plan we have got a very beautiful wall, and trees admirably well dressed, but unfortunately we have lost all our fruit. The same thing happened by our acquisition of a new pigeon-house, which, notwithstanding the well-known superstition of its



boding the death of the wife, my husband ventured to build. Luckily I survive the omen; but we have scarcely had a pigeon-pie since. In point of ornamental alteration, the same variety has taken place: We had first a smooth green lawn, though at the expense of cutting down some of the finest timber in the country; we then got a serpentine shrubbery, which within these two years had been dug up, to make room for a field with dropping trees, fenced by a ha-ha!

“While he was beautifying his house and grounds, Mr. Bustle was not inattentive to the improvement of his estate. After getting a new survey made of it by a very fine gentleman who came from your town in a post-chaise and four, he sat down one morning with the plan before him, a scale, and a pair of compasses in his hand, and that gentleman at his elbow; and while I was pouring out their tea, they raised the rents of it two hundred per cent., as Mr. Quadrant was pleased to express himself. Presently all our former tenants were turned out of their farms, except a few young men whom the late Mr. Bustle, for what reason I know not, had marked in his rent-roll with a +, and a new set put into possession, who, as Mr. Quadrant said, knew the capabilities of ground. Then there was such a pulling down of walls to make little fields large, and a planting of hedges to make large fields little; every thing, in short, was turned topsy-turvy; but what won't people do to get rich? Mr. Quadrant's calculations, however, have not answered with all the exactness we expected. The estate, indeed, as our old steward told me, was considerably increased in its rent; ‘but a-well-a-day, My Lady,’ said he, ‘it nets nothing.’ So Mr. Bustle was obliged to alter that plan, after he had tried it for several years. He has got some of the old tenants back again; but a con-

siderable part of his estate he has reserved in his own hands, of which he says he will treble the produce by turning it into a sheep-walk. During this period, likewise, he has made several attempts to discover coal; and about three years ago narrowly missed being worth 10,000*l.* a year by the unexpected failure of a lead-mine. These are Mr. Bustle's serious occupations; his amusements are no less various, and he is equally ardent in his pursuit of them. He is a hunter, a shooter, and an angler; breaks his own horses, trains his own dogs, and is reckoned the most expert cocker within a hundred miles of us.

“ To do him justice, however, he is by no means selfish, either in his business or his pleasures. If any of his neighbours have an estate to be sold, a farm to be let, a garden to be laid out, a house to be built, a horse to be broke, or a pointer to be made; Mr. Bustle will ride half-a-dozen miles at any time to give them his assistance and advice.

“ Unfortunately, his own family are almost the only persons of whom he does not busy himself in the management and superintendance. To our two daughters I have endeavoured to give some little education at home; for my husband was always so occupied, either with his own affairs or the affairs of other people, that though I often pressed him to send them to some place where they could acquire the accomplishments suitable to their sex and rank in life, he always delayed the measure till somehow or other the opportunity was lost. As for our three boys, they have cost me many an uneasy moment. They were sent to an academy in Yorkshire, to grass, as my husband phrased it, at first, with a long plan for their education afterwards; but at grass they continued till within these few months, when they returned home perfect colts indeed, with abundance

of health and strength to be sure, but without a word of language that could be understood, in their mouths, or a single idea worth the having, in their heads. They had acquired, it is true, some knowledge, of which their father has made considerable use since their return, and with which he appears so well pleased as to have little thoughts of sending them any where else. I have heard him declare with much exultation, that he would back them at riding a horse, trolling for a pike, or trimming a cock, against any three boys of their age in the kingdom.

“ He finds the more occasion for their assistance as deputies in matters of this kind, as of late he has betaken himself chiefly to the business of the public, having taken a very strong inclination to promote the good of his country. The death of a gentleman who had been long in the commission of the peace, has thrown the business of that department chiefly on Mr. Bustle, who now does little else but study law-cases, convene meetings about highways, turn-pikes, bridges, and game licences, and ride all over the county, dispensing justice, redressing wrongs, removing nuisances, and punishing delinquents. In this the activity and eagerness of his nature has sometimes, I am afraid, in the practice of his office, got the better of the knowledge he had stored up on the theory of it. Besides receiving several incendiary letters, which he did not value a rush, and even I should have had the courage to despise, there are two or three actions of assault and false imprisonment raised against him, for acts done in the course of keeping the peace of the country. Indeed his plans for keeping the peace have turned out, like some others formed with the best intention in the world, exactly the reverse of what he expected from them, the country having been in perpetual war ever since he began putting them in execution.

There have been such bickerings amongst the gentlemen about widening of roads, removing of dunghills, pulling down cottages, and punishing of vagrants, that one half of the neighbours are scarce in speaking terms with the other. Some of them, who are enemies to the patriotic measures of Mr. Bustle, have, I understand, privately stirred up and supported those law-suits in which his public spirit has involved him. These I cannot help being uneasy about, as of very serious consequence to his fortune and family; but he himself seems not to regret them in the least. He assures me, he shall carry them all with costs, and talks rather with satisfaction of going to town to assist in their management. If you should happen to meet with him, Mr. LOUNGER, I should be happy for my part, if you could teach him somewhat of your love of ease and indolence. I have many reasons for wishing to forego all the reputation he will acquire by his activity, for a little peace and quiet. There is a saying of his father's, which I have heard the same old steward I mentioned before repeat very often, but Mr. Bustle would never pay any regard to it: 'When things are well as they are, he's a fool who tries how they may be.'

“ I am, &c.

“ BARBARA BUSTLE.”

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No. 79. SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1786.

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“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ MY father was a country-clergyman, a man of worth and probity, and who had the reputation both of learning and abilities. Being his eldest child, and, as he, perhaps partially, thought, of no unpromising capacity, it was his pleasure to instruct me in various branches of knowledge, to which he judged my understanding was equal, and to cultivate my taste by an early acquaintance with the best authors in our own language. Preposterous acquisitions, Mr. LOUNGER, for persons in my station of life!—He died about three years ago, leaving my mother and four children, with no other fund for their maintenance than that slender pension which in this country is provided for the widows and children of the clergy. There were indeed 150 sermons of my father's composition, together with many other manuscripts relating to church-history and antiquities; from all which my mother for some time had formed to herself many golden expectations; but on offering them for sale to a bookseller, he refused to give more than five pounds for the whole parcel, and she rather chose to retain them in her own hands.

“ To relieve her of part of the burden of her family, a gentleman, who was a distant relation of my father's, was kind enough to take charge of the education of one of my brothers; and as I was now seventeen, and, besides the less useful acquisitions I have mentioned, was moderately skilled in most of

the ordinary accomplishments of my sex, it cost some deliberation, whether I should look out for the place of a lady's waiting-maid, or aspire to the more honourable occupation of a mantua-maker. While my plan was yet undetermined, the same gentleman who had taken my brother under his protection, wrote to my mother, informing her, that an elderly lady of rank, with whom he had the honour of being acquainted, was in search of a young person, to reside with her as a companion rather than as a servant; and that he had no doubt, if that establishment were agreeable to me, it would be in his power to procure it for me. He represented My Lady Bidmore, the lady in question, as a mighty good sort of woman; and though he owned she had some particular whims, he doubted not that I could easily accommodate myself to them, as they did not proceed from any fault of temper, but a singularity of taste, which a lady of great fortune might easily be excused for indulging herself in. In short, Sir, my mother and I judged this opportunity not to be neglected; and within a few days, our good friend acquainting us that he had arranged every thing for my reception, I set off for town in the stage-coach, to wait on my Lady Bidmore in the capacity of her gentlewoman or humble friend.

“ It is proper, Sir, to inform you, that this lady owed her birth to a decayed tradesman of this metropolis, and her education to a charity-school. At the age of eighteen she had gone to reside with a relation in London, where it was her good fortune to engage the affections of an eminent pawn-broker; with him she lived thirty years; and being left a widow, with a fortune, as was said, of 20,000*l.* she soon after received the addresses of Sir Humphrey Bidmore, knight, alderman and grocer then in the 70th year of his age. After a year and a half, Sir

Humphrey dying without children, her Ladyship lost a very affectionate husband, but gained an addition of 15,000*l.* to her fortune. On her marriage with the knight, she had sold the good-will of her shop and warehouse; a transaction that, now she was a second time a widow, she never ceased to repine at; and she has often been heard to regret, that since her dear Sir Humphrey was to die, it was a thousand pities he did not do it a twelvemonth sooner. As it was, however, to no purpose to reflect on what could not be amended, and as her title of Ladyship was indeed an obstacle to her resuming a profession for which both genius and inclination had eminently qualified her, she made up her mind to her change of situation, and determined to pass the remainder of her days with ease and dignity in her native country.

“ To this lady’s house I repaired immediately on my arrival in town. If it is not always right to suffer ourselves to be influenced by first impressions, it must be allowed that we often find the features of a character pretty strongly delineated on its outside. I was no sooner announced, than her Ladyship, who happened to be standing, seated herself, with great gravity, in her arm-chair; and, beckoning me to approach, began to survey me with one of those searching looks which I suppose the famous Justice Fielding, bating that he was blind, would have employed to scan the countenance of a young thief. My face happened luckily to give no offence; her next attention was bestowed on my dress, every article of which she not only examined with her eyes, but her fingers, feeling the stuff of my gown, and holding my apron between her and the light, to observe the quality of the gauze and the texture of the lace. ‘ Is this suit your own, child; or have you borrowed it for the occasion?’—‘ My own,

Ma'am.'—' So much the worse. Why, this is a lace at twelve shillings the yard: was there ever such extravagance! But perhaps you had it cheap at an old clothes shop. Tell the truth, child; for I abominate liars.' I began now to see a little into her character, and resolved to take no offence. In fact she had guessed the real history of the apron, which I had bought that morning in my way to her Ladyship's house; and I owned it was so, and that I had it at a third of the value. ' Why, that's right again, child. I like you the better for that:—'tis a good thing to be sharp at a bargain. Such penny-worths as I have had in my day!—and now that I can't bustle so well as I once could, a body like you may be useful.—Was you ever at a sale,—a rousing you call it in this country?'—' No, Madam; I came to town only last night.'—' Why then you shall go with me to a sale to-morrow. Let me see,' taking out a little memorandum book,—' Tuesday, Lady Fanstick's: tea and table china.—Wednesday, Mrs. Griskin's: kitchen-furniture.—Thursday, Mr. Gimcrack's: antiquities, books, and pictures: I don't understand them things.—Friday, Mrs. Thrifty's: bed and table-linen, feather-beds and blankets, damask in the web, eider-down quilts, chintz curtains, and chair-slips: ay, there will be some rare bargains: every thing of the best sort, I warrant it. Poor Thrifty! she went to the devil through pure economy.—Saturday, the elegant furniture of a gentleman just going abroad. A mere bite of Vamp the auctioneer's—his own old trumpery.'—Thus she went on; and I found her Ladyship had made a regular entry in her books, for ten successive days, of every sale there was to be in town.—' Why sure, Madam,' said I, ' your Ladyship does not mean to attend all the sales you mentioned?'—' Yes, I do mean it, and as many



more every week, if I can find them.—How else do you think I could pass my time? Tell me now what was your favourite occupation. How did you spend your time in the country?—‘Time, Madam, never lay heavy on my hands. I assisted my mother in the care of her family, and at my leisure hours amused myself with reading and writing.’——‘Why that’s right:—so you shall do here. You shall help me in the family-matters; and for reading and writing, you shall read all the newspapers, and write down the advertisements of all sales. But come,’ said she, ‘I must show you what is to be your household occupation.’

“Her Ladyship then conducted me through her house; and here I beheld a museum of a new and most extraordinary nature. Her Ladyship occupied a large old house, every room of which was so completely filled with furniture, that it was impossible to find one’s way from one end to the other, without winding through a labyrinth of chests of drawers, commodes, cabinets, and boxes, which occupied the whole floors, walls, and even windows. Yet in this apparent confusion there was much order and regularity; for each room had its distinct class of articles, to which it was exclusively appropriated. But the two apartments which her Ladyship considered as the most valuable of her museum, and which she never suffered to be entered but in her own presence, were her china-room and wardrobe. In the former were piles of plates and dishes, and pyramids of cups and saucers, reaching from the floor to the ceiling. In one quarter was a rampart of tureens and soup-dishes, in another an embattlement of punch-bowls, caudle-cups, and porringers. The dark blue of Nankeen was contrasted with the ancient red of Japan, the production of Dresden was opposed to the manufacture of Seves, and the mock Saxon of Derby

to the mock Indian of Staffordshire. In the ornamental porcelain, the eye was completely lost in a chaos of pagodas, wagging-headed mandareens, and bonzes, red lions, golden dogs, and fiery dragons. In the other apartment, the wardrobe, was reposit-ed every article of female apparel that had been in use during the last sixty years. To attempt an enumeration is utterly impossible ; for, in the two years I have been with her ladyship, I have not yet learnt half the names of these wonderful accoutrements. As the most exact order was observed in arranging the different articles of dress, it might even have amused you, Mr. LOUNGER, as a philosopher, to have marked the various fluctuations of fashion in the habits of our whimsical sex, and the fantastical coverings in which we have chosen, at different periods, to disguise our natural shapes. Here, Sir, you might observe the gradual progress of the hoop, both in its increase and wane, the alternate elevation and depression of the stays, the stages of gradation from the stiff jacket and farthingale to the sack, and from the *negligée* to the *polonaise* ; the regular succession of laced hoods, caps, mobs, French night-caps, and Robin Grays ; the progress of bonnets from the quaker to the Shepherdess and Kitty Fisher, and thence to the Werter, the Lunardi, and Parachute.

“ Her Ladyship was now pleased to inform me of those services she expected from me as her attendant and companion ; and, lest I should scruple at the severity or menial nature of any of my tasks, she took care to inform me, that I was to be but an assistant to herself in every one of them. They consisted in cleaning and sweeping out the several apartments, airing the feather beds, and blankets, turning and ranging the suits of linen ; pinching, plaiting, and folding the different articles in the

wardrobe; washing, dusting, and blowing, the china: rubbing and polishing, with bees-wax, the chairs, tables, and cabinet-work, and scouring the kitchen-furniture. In these two last departments, however, we were to have the additional aid of the cook and chambermaid.

“ Early next morning, her Ladyship always rises at five o'clock, I entered upon office; and being furnished with an apron and stomacher of blue flannel, went to work upon the tables and chairs; and in this I acquitted myself so much to her Ladyship's satisfaction, that she declared me a good clever girl; and added, that she had seldom seen a better hand at a rubber and hard-brush. At eight we had tea and buttered toast, her Ladyship mixing a table-spoonful of brandy in every cup, which she said was good against wind in the stomach: and after breakfast she walked out, leaning on my arm, to the before-mentioned auction of china at Lady Fanstick's.

“ Here, Sir, I had an opportunity of observing the importance of her Ladyship's character, who no sooner made her appearance, than the auctioneer, laying down a lot which he was just going to knock off, called out for a chair to Lady Bidmore, and courteously making a sign to the company to give way, beckoned to her Ladyship to take her seat at his right hand. Then handing to her the lot, which he called a round tureen, he desired her Ladyship to observe the strength and solidity of the manufacture, and the beauty of the colouring. After a short examination, and ringing it to try if it was without a flaw, she returned it into the auctioneer's hands declaring it a piece of true Dragon. Hereupon two or three additional bidders stepped into the field; and the lot, which was a few minutes before going at ten shillings, sold for twenty-five. Her Ladyship was now consulted on every article that was exposed,

either by handing it down for her inspection, or by turning it to the side whence she could have a proper view of it; and her opinion was sometimes given in a few decisive words, and sometimes expressed by a significant nod or wink to the auctioneer. These decisions were generally indeed much more to his satisfaction than that of the rest of the company, many of whom cursed her Ladyship for enhancing their bargains; and one gentleman, with more plainness than politeness, swore he believed there was roguery in the business, and that the old pawnbroker was either selling her own goods, or had poundage on every article in the sale. These reflections her Ladyship, from being quite accustomed to them, heard with the utmost indifference; and she bought herself many of the capital lots. She returned home in great spirits; and we spent the afternoon in disposing to advantage her new purchases, which occasioned some alteration of arrangement in the china-room, and gave us sufficient occupation for the greatest part of the evening. Such is the history of the first day I passed in her Ladyship's service; and so uniform is the tenor of her life, that the history of one day is as good as that of a thousand.

“Hitherto, Sir, I have informed you of nothing in her Ladyship's character or mode of living to which a person in my dependent circumstances might not have endeavoured, even cheerfully, to accommodate herself. Nor am I sure that what I have yet to inform you of will be sufficient to justify me in the opinion of all your readers for the resolution I have taken of quitting her Ladyship's service; at a time too when I stand so high in her favour, that she has repeatedly declared she could not live without me. Be that as it may, I owe it



in justice to myself to inform you of the cause of my dissatisfaction with my present situation.

“ I had very early observed in her Ladyship’s disposition, that selfishness we often remark in low minds ; a sensibility limited to their own pains and pleasures, with a total unconcern for those of others. It was, however, only by degrees I came to discover to what lengths this principle was capable of extending. I am now disposed to believe there are persons whose nature partakes not in the smallest degree of the humane or benevolent affections.

“ In the course of my attendance on her Ladyship at those sales which she daily frequents, I have occasionally witnessed scenes which none but the most obdurate natures could have beheld with unconcern. An auction of the effects of a private person is frequently the most melancholy of spectacles. It is the signal of the dissolution of a family, the breaking up of all the tenderest ties of human nature ; and it often happens, that in those scenes poverty is superadded to calamity. I attended her Ladyship one day lately to a sale in the house of Mr. —, who, about a month before, had lost a most amiable wife, the mother of five children. He had been unfortunate in business, and losing with this event all resolution to struggle with the world, he had determined to retire with his family to a distant part of the country. Amidst the confusion of the house, there was one room in which the children were kept, under the care of a maid-servant. Lady Bidmore, prying in the spirit of a harpy into every corner, entered this room, having in her hand a small dressing-box, which she had just bought. A beautiful boy, of four years of age, ran up to her, and endeavoured to seize the box :—‘ That’s my mamma’s,’ said he ; ‘ you shall not carry it away ; ’tis my own

mamma's.' — 'Mamma, my dear,' whispered the maid, 'has no use for it,'—'Hold you peace, little Mr. Prateapace,' cried my Lady Bidmore, 'tis my box now, and I have paid pretty well for it. Nurse, young master must have a whipping, to teach him better manners.'

"Her Ladyship has many poor relations; among the rest two sisters, who have numerous families. One of these is a widow, whom having once accommodated with the loan of ten pounds, which she was unable to repay, this circumstance furnishes, at present, an excuse for allowing her and her family to starve. The other having the misfortune to be married to a spendthrift and a drunkard, it would be an unworthy use of her Ladyship's money to supply his extravagance and debaucheries. Thus, while in my Lady's repositories I have counted the complete furnishings of twenty beds, her two sisters have scarce a blanket to cover them; and while there are, to my knowledge, in one single chest, thirty pieces of uncut nankeen, there are six of her nephews at this moment running the streets without breeches. These, however, are her Ladyship's heirs, unless supplanted by some favourite like myself. For she has repeatedly assured me, I shall find a proof of the strength of her affection in her will.—Silly girl that I am, to forego those brilliant expectations! yet such is the misfortune of some feelings with which I believe I was born, and some principles which have been strengthened in me by an erroneous system of education.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"ALICE HEARTLY."

No. 80. SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1786.

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*Dic mihi cras istud, Posthume, quando venit?*

MART. v. 59.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ I FLATTER myself you will not think me unworthy of your correspondence. Most of the members of my family have taken the liberty of communicating the particulars of their situation, or of praying redress of their grievances from the authors of periodical works of the time; and a certain dark-complexioned relation of mine has had a petition to yourself laid before the public in your 53d number. I think, Mr. LOUNGER, I may say without much arrogance, I am not less deserving of your favour than her. She, I know, pretends to have sometimes assisted you in your labours; but it is to me you look for their reward.

“ Of that relation, Mr. LOUNGER, since I have mentioned her, I may first complain. She was naturally of a serious and rather melancholy cast; but of late a fashionable life has quite altered her disposition. She has become intolerably light-headed, gay, as her friends call it, and allows her affairs to get into the greatest confusion and disorder; all of which it falls upon me to re-establish and put to rights again. Her gaiety, when carried the ridiculous length to which in town she fre-

quently pushes it, is the occasion of much sadness to me; her festivity gives me many a head-ache; her extravagance has frequently threatened me with a jail; and her impertinence brought me in danger of my life.

“I am, generally speaking, indeed, the most unfortunate person in the world, in regard to my predecessors. They got a thousand things upon trust, which they have left me to answer for. With all ranks and conditions of men, I am constantly the scape-goat for every thing that is amiss, the bail for all misdemeanours, the security in all obligations. My burdens are now become so intolerable, that I am resolved, through your channel, if you will allow me, to rid myself of them at once, and to take out a commission of bankruptcy in the LOUNGER. What sort of division my circumstances will allow, you will please signify to the principal classes of my creditors in your next paper.

“Tell such of them as may look for me at Court, that I do not hold myself bound for above one shilling in the pound of the promises and notes of hand of my ancestors. With some people in place there, I have pretty long accounts to settle; but to these I know they do not pay much attention, for a very good reason indeed,—that the balance is generally against them.

“Let that class who frequent courts of law know, that I will not pretend to clear above a tenth part of the encumbrances that are there laid upon me. In all the courts, I must leave the other nine parts to be settled by my successors. In chancery, I don't know whether my great-great-grand-son will be able to discharge them.

“Be so kind as acquaint the projectors of various denominations, who are so deep in my books, that I cannot answer above one in a thousand of the draughts they will probably make upon me. Nay,



I will frankly tell them, that it is likely they may lose more than even the money they were made to advance for me. But, as most of them expected usurious interest, their losses do not touch me very nearly.

“ I must inform those lovers who have trusted me, that they are of all my creditors the most likely to be offended with me. They are indeed in a very singular situation with regard to the securities of mine in their possession. If they receive payment, it is a hundred to one but they will be undone by it.

“ My bonds to beauties must suffer a very great discount. They are, indeed, of such a nature, that prescription soon bars them; and most of them are so conceived, that coverture or marriage in the obligee renders them absolutely void.

“ Authors will be often disappointed in the claims they pretend to have upon me. I never receive a fiftieth part of the books that modern writers desire their booksellers to send me. In order, however, to conciliate your favour, Sir, I will give you my promise, though it is but fair to confess that I sometimes forget my promises, that the LOUNGER shall make one of my library.

“ Your most obedient servant,

“ TO-MORROW.”

I have lately received several letters on the subject of the stage; and, among others, one signed Nerva, censuring in very strong terms that boisterous and noisy kind of applause which, in the midst of the most affecting passages of a tragedy, the bulk of a British audience are disposed to indulge in. It seems to have been written during the time of Mrs. Pope's late performance in our theatre, whose tones of pity and of tenderness, my correspondent complains, were often interrupted or rendered inaudible by the drumming of sticks and the clapping of

hands in the pit and gallery. He was the more struck with the impropriety, he says, from his being accompanied by a gentleman, a native of Italy, though enough a proficient in our language to understand the play. He describes 'the surprize and horror of the susceptible Albani,' so it seems the stranger is called, accustomed as he had been to the decorum of the Italian stage, to find, instead of silence and involuntary tears, the roar and riot with which our audience received the most pathetic speeches of one of the best of our tragedies.

'On Sunday,' continues my correspondent, 'Albani and I went to church. The plainness of the edifice, and the simplicity of our worship, struck him much : yet he was pleased with the decency which prevailed, and charmed with the discourse.'—'I am surprised,' said he, as we walked home, 'that so elegant a preacher is not a greater favourite with the public.'—'You are mistaken,' I replied; 'he has long been their favourite.'—'Nay,' said he, 'do not tell me so; you saw they did not give him a single mark of applause during the whole discourse, nor even at the end.'—I laughed, Mr. LOUNGER. so perhaps will you; but I believe you will find it difficult to assign any good reason, why silence, attention, and tears, which are thought ample approbation in the one place, should be held insufficient in the other; or why that boisterous applause which is thought so honourable in the theatre, should be thought a disgrace to merit in the pulpit or at the bar.

I cannot, however, perfectly agree with my correspondent in this last observation. At the bar, indeed, the clapping of hands, and the beating the floor with people's sticks, might do well enough; but at the bar it is a rule, never to make a noise for nothing. In the church, not to mention the inde-

gency of the thing, disturbances of that kind are perfectly averse to the purpose for which many grave and good Christians go thither.

In the playhouse, besides the prescriptive right which the audience have now acquired to this sort of freedom, I think that part of the house by which it is commonly exercised have much to plead in its defence. The boxes frequently contrive to drown the noise of the stage, and it is but fair that the pit and gallery should in their turn drown the noise of the boxes.

My correspondent seems to allow of this sort of applause at the representation of comedy, or at least of farce; and indeed I am inclined to think, that in some of our late farces, a very moral use may be made of it, as the less that is heard of them by the boxes the better. The cudgels of the audience, of the barbarity of which Nerva complains so warmly, cannot be better employed, except perhaps they could be applied to recompense the merit of the author, instead of the talents of the actors. Moral writers on the subject of the stage used to vent their reproaches against the comic authors of the last age, who mixt so much indecency with their wit. The censure does not exactly apply to the *petite* piece writers of our days; for they keep strictly to the unity of composition, and mix no wit with their indecency. I fairly confess, that I have been obliged to abate somewhat of the severity of my former opinion with regard to the wicked wits of the old school, and am content to go back to Wycherly and Congreve, having always thought with my friend Colonel Caustic, that if one must sin, it is better to sin like a gentleman. Besides, a very dull or a very innocent person may possibly miss the allusion of a free speech, when it is covered with the veil of wit or of irony. But the good things of our modern farce-mongers

have nothing of disguise about them ; the dishes they are pleased to serve up to us are not garlicked ragouts, but ragouts of garlic. I was much pleased with the answer which I heard a plain country-gentleman give to another in the pit some weeks ago, who observed to him, that the farce was droll and laughable enough, but that there was a good deal of *double entendre* in it. ' I don't know what you may think double,' said he, in reply ; ' but in my mind, it was as plain single *entendre* as ever I heard in my life.'

## V



No. 81. SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1786.



THE love of fame, ' that last infirmity of noble minds,' though it may sometimes expose its votaries to a certain degree of blame or of ridicule, is, in the main, an useful passion. In the present age, I have often thought, that instead of being restrained, a love of fame and of glory ought to be encouraged, as an incitement to virtue and to virtuous actions. From various causes which I mean not at present to investigate, this passion seems to have lost its usual force : it has almost ceased to be a motive of action ; and its place seems now to be supplied by a sordid love of gain, by which men of every rank and of every station appear to be actuated. In the camp, as upon 'Change, profit and loss is the great object of attention. When a young soldier sets out on an expedition against the enemies of his country, he does not now talk so much of the honour and reputation he is to acquire, as of the profit he expects to reap from his conquests. Accordingly, we have seen gallant officers metamorphosed into skil-



ful merchants, who, though they had spirit enough to expose themselves to 'the cannon's mouth,' were very much disposed to seek something there more solid than 'the bubble Reputation'.

The Roman triumph, which to us wears so barbarous an appearance, was intended to excite this love of glory; and, if we may judge from consequences, it was a wise and useful institution. In our own country, it rarely happens that distinguished military merit is allowed to pass unnoticed and unrewarded. There is something indeed so dazzling in the glory of a hero, that, when not restrained by motives of jealousy or of envy, we are apt rather to heighten than to detract from it. If, therefore, it be true that our fleets and armies have of late made a less distinguished figure than in former times, it certainly cannot be attributed to any want of public honour or public applause.

But there is a species of meritless brilliant, though not perhaps less useful or less praise-worthy, which often is disregarded by the world, and in general entitles its possessor to little attention while alive, and to little fame after his death. There is a sort of military spirit and honour which is sometimes opposed to the same qualities in a civil sense; and a young man, when he puts on his uniform, often thinks himself exempted from the obligation of certain duties which he allows to be commendable enough in the sons of peace. A want of attention to his own interest or the interest of those connected with him, a degree of dissipation and extravagance equally hurtful to both, are held as venial offences in a soldier, whose business is to march and to fight, but who is not bound to think or to feel. Yet true nobleness of mind is every where the same, and may be equally shown in the honourable dealings of private life, as in the most splendid exertions of spirit

or of valour. As the historian of character and manners, in which light a periodical author, to be of any use at all, must be considered, I am happy when I have an opportunity of recording any example of that more humble merit which other annalists have no room to celebrate. In this view, I was much pleased with an anecdote I was told t'other day, of General W——, one of Queen Anne's generals. It is not, however, as a soldier, although he possessed great professional merit, that I wish to introduce General W—— to my readers.

Mr. W—— obtained an ensigncy in the army when rather more advanced in life than most of the captains of the present times, who make so fine a figure upon all occasions, in their green, red, and white feathers, and whose heads at every assembly rival those of our most fashionable ladies. From the time Mr. W—— joined his regiment, he was distinguished for an unwearied attention to the duties of his station. When he appeared in public or upon duty, his dress and deportment were always decent and proper. Of his manner of life in private, even his brother-officers were for some time ignorant. He did not mess with them, and he partook of none of their expensive pleasures and amusements. At length it was discovered, that he fared worse, and lived on less, than any private soldier in the regiment. The good sense and the known spirit of Mr. W—— preserved him from the ridicule and contempt with which this discovery might otherwise have been attended. His merit as an officer meanwhile recommended Mr. W—— to the notice of his superiors; he was promoted from time to time; but no promotion ever made any alteration on his mode of life. After serving with distinguished reputation under King William, Mr. W—— went to Flanders in the beginning of the Duke of Marl-

borough's campaigns, in the course of which he was promoted to the rank of general, and obtained the command of a regiment. Although his income was now great, he still lived with the utmost parsimony : and even those who esteemed him the most, were obliged to allow that his love of money, which they considered as a sort of disease, exceeded all bounds. His enemies, however, were forced to acknowledge, that in all his transactions he was perfectly honourable, and that his love of money never led him to commit injustice.

In one of the last years of the war, General W—— and his regiment went into winter-quarters at Ghent. About the middle of winter his officers were astonished at receiving an invitation to dine with their colonel for the first time. Most of the principal officers in the garrison received with equal surprise a similar invitation. Upon the day appointed they went to the general's house, where they were received with a kindly cheerful welcome, proceeding from a mind at ease, and satisfied with itself, more engaging to the feelings of our guests than the most finished politeness. After an elegant dinner, wines of every kind were placed upon the table ; and, as the general knew that some of his guests did not dislike their glass, he pushed the bottle briskly about. The company were more and more astonished ; at length some of them took the liberty to express what all of them felt. ' I do not wonder at your surprise,' said General W——, ' and in justice to myself I must take this occasion to explain a conduct which hitherto must have appeared extraordinary to all of you. You must know, then, that I was bred a linen-draper in London. Early in life I set up business, which for some time I carried on with success, and to a considerable extent. At length, by various misfortunes, I was obliged to stop

payment. I called my creditors together, and laid my affairs before them ; and though they lost very considerably, they were so satisfied with my conduct, that they immediately gave me a full discharge, and some of them even urged me to engage in business anew. But I was so disheartened with my former ill success, that I could not think of hazarding myself in the same situation again. At length I resolved to go into the army, and by the interest of one of those creditors who was satisfied of the fairness of my conduct, and who pitied my misfortune, obtained an ensigncy. But though my creditors were satisfied, I was far from being so. The idea that they had suffered by me dwelt upon my mind, and I felt that I could enjoy nothing while my debts remained unpaid. Happily I have at length accomplished that object. The last packet from England brought me a full acquittance from my creditors of all I owed them, principal and interest. Till now I possessed nothing which in justice I could call my own. Hitherto you have seen me act as a rigid steward for others ; now I must entreat that my friends will assist me to enjoy an income far beyond my wants.'

I believe my readers will agree with me in thinking that the conduct of General W—— was truly noble. Of men's actions in public life it is often difficult to form a just estimate. The statesman may be applauded for measures which are not his own, and a general or an admiral may be indebted for all his fame to a lucky accident, which 'without his stir' has crowned him with victory unmerited and unexpected. But General W——'s merit was all his own, and ought to be rated the higher for this reason, that it was not of that splendid kind which figures most in the imagination of mankind.

To excite to virtue, by exhibiting pictures of



excellence and worth, is certainly the pleasantest, if not the best and most effectual mode of instruction. To cite opposite examples in our own time, by way of contrast to this instance in the reign of Queen Anne, would be an ungrateful task. I may mention, however, in order to take off the idea of that distinction which some men have arrogated to themselves, from a contempt of the obligations of justice, that the pre-eminence which rank or high life formerly used to claim in that respect, is now in a great measure lost. Now-a-days there are tradesmen who dissipate their own money, and waste that with which others have intrusted them, with all the *sang froid* of the best-bred people of fashion; and we may meet with more than one man of spirit behind a counter, who can cock his hat in the face of his creditors, as valiantly as if there was a cockade or a feather in it.

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No. 82. SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1786.

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*Je n'arme contre lui que le fruit de son crime.* CREBILLON.

THE effects of moral instruction and precept on the mind have been rated very highly by some grave and worthy men, while by others the experience of their inefficacy, in regulating the conduct of the hearer or reader, has been cited as an indisputable proof of their unimportance. Among those, say they, on whom Moral Eloquence has employed all her powers, who have been tutored by the wisest and most virtuous teachers, and have had the advice and direction of the ablest and most persuasive guides, how few are there whose future conduct

has answered to the instruction they received, or the maxims which were so often repeated to them. Natural disposition or acquired habits regulate the tenor of our lives; and neither the sermon that persuades, nor the relation that moves, has any permanent effect on the actions of him who listens or who weeps.

Yet, though examples of their efficacy are not very frequent, it does not altogether follow that the discourse or the story are useless and vain. Stronger motives will no doubt overpower weaker ones, and those which constantly assail will prevail over others which seldom occur. Passion therefore will sometimes be obeyed when reason is forgot, and corrupt society will at length overcome the best early impressions. But the effects of that reason, or of those impressions, we are not always in condition to estimate fairly. The examples of their failure are easily known and certain of being observed; the instances of such as have been preserved from surrounding contagion by their influence, are traced with difficulty, and strike us less when they are traced.

Formal precepts and hypothetical cautions are indeed frequently offered to youth and inexperience, in a manner so ungracious as neither to command their attention nor conciliate their liking. He who says I am to instruct and to warn, with a face of instruction or admonition, prepares his audience for hearing what the young and the lively always avoid as tiresome, or fear as unpleasant. A more willing and a deeper impression will be made, when the observation arises without being prompted, when the understanding is addressed through the feelings. It was this which struck me so forcibly in the story of Father Nicholas. I never felt so strongly the evils of dissipation, nor ever was so ashamed of the shame of being virtuous.

It was at a small town in Brittany, in which there was a convent of Benedictines, where particular circumstances had induced me to take up my residence for a few weeks. They had some pictures which strangers used to visit. I went with a party whose purpose was to look at them : mine in such places is rather to look at men. If in the world we behold the shifting scene which prompts observation, we see in such secluded societies a sort of still life, which nourishes thought, which gives subject for meditation. I confess, however, I have often been disappointed; I have seen a group of faces under their cowls, on which speculation could build nothing; mere common-place countenances, which might have equally well belonged to a corporation of bakers or butchers. Most of those in the convent I now visited were of that kind : one, however, was of a very superior order; that of a monk, who kneeled at a distance from the altar, near a Gothic window, through the painted panes of which a gleamy light touched his forehead, and threw a dark Rembrandt shade on the hollow of a large, black, melancholy eye. It was impossible not to take notice of him.

He looked up, involuntarily no doubt, to a picture of our Saviour bearing his cross; the similarity of the attitude, and the quiet resignation of the two countenances, formed a resemblance that could not but strike every one. 'It is Father Nicholas,' whispered our conductor, 'who is of all the brotherhood the most rigid to himself, and the kindest to other men. To the distressed, to the sick, and to the dying, he is always ready to administer assistance and consolation. Nobody ever told him a misfortune in which he did not take an interest, or requested good offices which he refused to grant; yet the austerity and mortifications of his own life are beyond the strictest rules of his order; and it is only from what

he does for others that one supposes him to feel any touch of humanity.' The subject seemed to make our informer eloquent. I was young, curious, enthusiastic; it sunk into my heart, and I could not rest till I was made acquainted with Father Nicholas. Whether from the power of the introduction I procured, from his own benevolence, or from my deportment, the good man looked on me with the complacency of a parent. 'It is not usual,' said he, 'my son, for people at your age to solicit acquaintance like mine. To you the world is in its prime; why should you anticipate its decay? Gaiety and cheerfulness spring up around you; why should you seek out the abodes of melancholy and of woe? Yet, though dead to the pleasures, I am not insensible to the charities, of life. I feel your kindness, and wish for an opportunity to requite it.'——He perceived my turn for letters, and showed me some curious MSS. and some scarce books, which belonged to their convent: these were not the communications I sought; accident gave me an opportunity of obtaining the knowledge I valued more, the knowledge of Father Nicholas, the story of his sorrows, the cause of his austerities.

One evening when I entered his cell, after knocking at the door without being heard, I perceived him kneeling before a crucifix, to which was affixed a small picture, which I took to be that of the blessed Virgin. I stood behind him, uncertain whether I should wait the close of his devotional exercise, or retire unperceived as I came. His face was covered with his hand, and I heard his stifled groans. A mixture of compassion and of curiosity fixed me to my place. He took his hands from his eyes with a quickened movement, as if a pang had forced them thence: he laid hold of the picture, which he kissed twice, pressed it to his bosom, and then,



gazing on it earnestly, burst into tears. After a few moments, he clasped his hands together, threw a look up to Heaven, and muttering some words which I could not hear, drew a deep sigh, which seemed to close the account of his sorrows for the time, and rising from his knees discovered me. I was ashamed of my situation, and stammered out some apology for any unintentional interruption of his devotions.—‘ Alas !’ said he, ‘ be not deceived ; these are not the tears of devotion ; not the meltings of piety, but the wringings of remorse. Perhaps, young man, it may stead thee to be told the story of my sufferings and of my sins : ingenuous as thy nature seems, it may be exposed to temptations like mine ; it may be the victim of laudable feelings perverted, of virtue betrayed, of false honour and mistaken shame.

‘ My name is St. Hubert ; my family ancient and respectable, though its domains, from various untoward events, had been contracted much within their former extent. I lost my father before I knew the misfortune of losing him ; and the indulgence of my mother, who continued a widow, made up, in the estimation of a young man, for any want of that protection or of guidance which another parent might have afforded. After having passed with applause through the ordinary studies which the capital of our province allowed an opportunity of acquiring, my mother sent me to Paris, along with the son of a neighbouring family, who, though of less honourable descent, was much richer than ours. Young Delaserre, that was my companion’s name, was intended for the army ; me, from particular circumstances which promised success in that line, my mother and her friends had destined for the long robe, and had agreed for the purchase of a charge for me when I should be qualified for it. Delaserre

had a sovereign contempt for any profession but that of arms, and took every opportunity of inspiring me with the same sentiments. In the capital, I had this prejudice every day more and more confirmed. The *fierté* of every man who had served, the insolent superiority he claimed over his fellow-citizens, dazzled my ambition and awed my bashfulness. From nature I had that extreme sensibility of shame, which could not stand against the ridicule even of much inferior men. Ignorance would often confound me in matters of which I was perfectly well informed, from his superior effrontery; and the best established principles of my mind would sometimes yield to the impudence of assuming sophistry or of unblushing vice. To the profession which my relations had marked out for me, attention, diligence, and sober manners were naturally attached; having once set down that profession as humiliating, I concluded its attendant qualities to be equally dishonourable. I was ashamed of virtues to which I was naturally inclined, a bully in vices which I hated and despised. Delasserre enjoyed my apostasy from innocence as a victory he had gained. At school, he was much my inferior, and I attained every mark of distinction to which he had aspired in vain. In Paris, he triumphed in his turn: his superior wealth enabled him to command the appearances of superior dignity and show; the cockade in his hat inspired a confidence which my situation did not allow; and, bold as he was in dissipation and debauchery, he led me as an inferior whom he had taught the art of living, whom he had first trained to independence and to manhood. My mother's ill-judging kindness supplied me with the means of those pleasures which my companions induced me to share, if pleasures they might be called, which I often partook with uneasiness and reflected on with

remorse. Sometimes, though but too seldom, I was as much a hypocrite on the other side; I was self-denied, beneficent, and virtuous by stealth; while the time and money which I had so employed, I boasted to my companions of having spent in debauchery, in riot, and in vice.

‘The habits of life, however, into which I had been led, began by degrees to blunt my natural feelings of rectitude, and to take from vice the restraints of conscience. But the dangerous connection I had formed was broken off by the accident of Delasserre’s receiving orders to join his regiment, then quartered at Dunkirk. At his desire, I gave him the convoy as far as to a relation’s house in Picardy, where he was to spend a day or two in his way. ‘I will introduce you,’ said he in a tone of pleasantry, ‘because you will be a favourite; my cousin Santonges is as sober and precise as you were when I first found you.’ The good man, whom he thus characterized, possessed indeed all those virtues of which the ridicule of Delasserre had sometimes made me ashamed, but which it had never made me entirely cease to revere. In his family, I regained the station which, in our dissipated society at Paris, I had lost. His example encouraged and his precepts fortified my natural disposition to goodness; but his daughter, Emilia de Santonges, was a more interesting assistant to it. After my experience of the few of her sex with whom we were acquainted in town, the native beauty, the unaffected manners of Emilia, were infinitely attractive. Delasserre, however, found them insipid and tiresome. He left his kinsman’s the third morning after his arrival, promising, as soon as his regiment should be reviewed, to meet me in Paris. Except in Paris, said he, we exist merely, but do not live. I found it very different. I lived but in the presence of Emilia de

Santonges. But why should I recall those days of purest felicity, or think of what my Emilia was! for not long after she was mine. In the winter they came to Paris, on account of her father's health, which was then rapidly on the decline. I tended him with that assiduity which was due to his friendship, which the company of Emilia made more an indulgence than a duty. Our cares and the skill of his physicians were fruitless. He died, and left his daughter to my friendship. It was then that I first dared to hope for her love; that over the grave of her father I mingled my tears with Emilia's, and tremblingly ventured to ask, if she thought me worthy of comforting her sorrows? Emilia was too innocent for disguise, too honest for affectation. She gave her hand to my virtues, for I then was virtuous, to reward at the same time, and to confirm them. We retired to Santonges, where we enjoyed as much felicity as perhaps the lot of humanity will allow. My Emilia's merits were equal to her happiness; and I may say without vanity, since it is now my shame, that the since wretched St. Hubert was then thought to deserve the blessings he enjoyed.'

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No. 83. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1786.

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CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF FATHER  
NICHOLAS.

'In this state of peaceful felicity we had lived something more than a year, when my Emilia found herself with child. On that occasion, my anxiety was



such as a husband who dotes upon his wife may be supposed to feel. In consequence of that anxiety, I proposed our removing for some weeks to Paris, where she might have abler assistance than our province could afford in those moments of danger which she soon expected. To this she objected with earnestness, from a variety of motives; but most of my neighbours applauded my resolution; and one, who was the nephew of a farmer-general, and had purchased the estate on which his father had been a tenant, told me the danger from their country-accoucheurs was such, that nobody who could afford to go to Paris would think of trusting them. I was a little tender on the reproach of poverty, and absolutely determined for the journey. To induce my wife's consent, I had another pretext, being left executor to a friend who had died in Paris, and had effects remaining there. Emilia at last consented, and we removed to town accordingly.

'For some time I scarce ever left our hotel: it was the same at which Emilia and her father had lodged when he came to Paris to die and leave her to my love. The recollection of those scenes, tender and interesting as they were, spread a sort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual society, by which the company of any third person could scarcely be brooked. My wife had some of those sad presages which women of her sensibility often feel in the condition she was then in. All my attention and solicitude were excited to combat her fears. 'I shall not live,' she would say, 'to revisit Santonges: but my Henry will think of me there: in those woods in which we have so often walked, by that brook to the fall of which we have listened together, and felt in silence what language, at least what mine, my love, could not speak.'—The good father was overpowered by the tenderness of the

images that rushed upon his mind, and tears for a moment choked his utterance. After a short space, he began with a voice faltering and weak.

—‘ Pardon the emotion that stopped my recital. You pity me, but it is not always that my tears are of so gentle a kind ; the images her speech recalled softened my feelings into sorrow ; but I am not worthy of them. Hear the confession of my remorse.

‘ The anxiety of my Emilia was at last dissipated by her safe delivery of a boy ; and on this object of a new kind of tenderness we gazed with inexpressible delight. Emilia suckled the infant herself, as well from the idea of duty and of pleasure in tending it, as from the difficulty of finding in Paris a nurse to be trusted. We proposed returning to the country as soon as the re-establishment of her strength would permit : meantime, during her hours of rest, I generally went out to finish the business which the trust of my deceased friend had devolved upon me.

‘ In passing through the Tuilleries, in one of those walks I met my old companion Delaserre. He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I scarce expected from my knowledge of his disposition, or the length of time for which our correspondence had been broken off. He had heard, he said, accidentally of my being in town, but had sought me for several days in vain. In truth he was of all men one whom I was the most afraid of meeting. I had heard in the country of his unbounded dissipation and extravagance ; and there were some stories to his prejudice which were only not believed from an unwillingness to believe them in people whom the corruptions of the world have not familiarized to baseness : yet I found he still possessed a kind of superiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuse, by forcing myself to think him less unworthy than

he was reported. After a variety of inquiries, and expressing his cordial satisfaction at the present happiness I enjoyed, he pressed me to spend that evening with him so earnestly, that, though I had made it a sort of rule to be at home, I was ashamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed.

Our company consisted only of Delaserre himself and two other officers, one a good deal older than any of us, who had the cross of St. Louis, and the rank of colonel, whom I thought the most agreeable man I had ever met with. The unwillingness with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different sort of party where I was going, made me feel the present one doubly pleasant. My spirits, which were rather low when I went in, from that constraint I was prepared for, rose in proportion to the pleasantries around me, and the perfect ease in which I found myself with this old officer, who had information, wit, sentiment, every thing I valued most, and every thing I least expected in a society selected by Delaserre. It was late before we parted; and at parting I received, not without pleasure, an invitation from the colonel to sup with him the evening after.

The company at his house I found enlivened by his sister, and a friend of hers, a widow, who though not a perfect beauty, had a countenance that impressed one much more in her favour than mere beauty could. When silent, there was a certain softness in it infinitely bewitching; and when it was lightened up by the expression which her conversation gave, it was equally attractive. We happened to be placed next each other. Unused as I was to the little gallantries of fashionable life, I rather wished than hoped to make myself agreeable to her. She seemed, however, interested in my attentions

and conversation, and in hers I found myself flattered at the same time and delighted. We played, against the inclination of this lady and me, and we won rather more than I wished. Had I been as rich as Delasserre, I should have objected to the deepness of the stakes: but we were the only persons of the company that seemed uneasy at our success, and we parted with the most cordial good-humour. Madame de Trenville, that was the widow's name, smiling to the colonel, asked him to take his revenge at her house, and said, with an air of equal modesty and frankness, that as I had been the partner of her success, she hoped for the honour of my company, to take the chance of sharing a less favourable fortune.

‘ At first my wife had expressed her satisfaction at my finding amusement in society, to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my absence grew very frequent, as indeed I was almost every day at Madame de Trenville's, though her words continued the same, she could not help expressing by her countenance her dissatisfaction at my absence. I perceived this at first with tenderness only, and next evening excused myself from keeping my engagement. But I found my wife's company not what it used to be: thoughtful, but afraid to trust one another with our thoughts, Emilia showed her uneasiness in her looks, and I covered mine but ill with an assumed gaiety of appearance.

‘ The day following, Delasserre called, and saw Emilia for the first time. He rallied me gently for breaking my last night's appointment, and told me of another which he had made for me, which my wife insisted on my keeping. Her cousin applauded her conduct, and joked on the good government of wives. Before I went out in the evening, I came to wish Emilia good night. I thought I perceived a tear on her cheek, and would have staid, but for



the shame of not going. The company perceived my want of gaiety, and Delaserre was merry on the occasion. Even my friend the colonel threw in a little raillery on the subject of marriage. 'Twas the first time I felt somewhat awkward at being the only married man of the party.

'We played deeper, and sat later, than formerly : but I was to show myself not afraid of my wife, and objected to neither. I lost considerably, and returned home mortified and chagrined. I saw Emilia next morning, whose spirits were not high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct, and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did so.—Delaserre came to take me to his house to dinner. He observed as he went, that Emilia looked ill. 'Going to the country will re-establish her,' said I.—'Do you leave Paris?' said he.—'In a few days.'—'Had I such motives for remaining in it as you have,——' 'What motives?'—'The attachment of such friends ; but friendship is a cold word : the attachment of such a woman as De Trenville.' I know not how I looked, but he pressed the subject no further ; perhaps I was less offended than I ought to have been.

'We went to that lady's house after dinner. She was dressed most elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had seen her. The party was more numerous than usual, and there was more vivacity in it. The conversation turned on my intention of leaving Paris ; the ridicule of country manners, of country opinions, of the insipidity of country enjoyments, was kept up with infinite spirit by Delaserre and most of the younger members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth, and sometimes looked at me as if the subject was too serious for her to be merry on. I was half ashamed and half sorry that I was going

to the country : less uneasy than vain at the preference that was shown me.

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No. 84. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1786.

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CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF FATHER  
NICHOLAS.

‘ I WAS a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and fell upon an expedient to screen myself from a discovery that might have saved me. I contrived to deceive my wife, and to conceal my visits to Madame de Trenville’s, under the pretence of some perplexing incidents that had arisen in the management of those affairs with which I was intrusted. Her mind was too pure for suspicion or for jealousy. It was easy even for a novice in falsehood, like me, to deceive her. But I had an able assistant in Delaserre, who now resumed the ascendancy over me he had formerly possessed, but with an attraction more powerful, from the infatuated attachment which my vanity and weakness, as much as her art and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville.

‘ It happened that just at this time a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of her’s in the neighbourhood of Santonges. He had been bred a miniature-painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who doted on her little boy, proposed to him to draw his picture in the innocent

attitude of his sleep. The young painter was pleased with the idea, provided she would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the sake of surprising me with the picture when it should be finished. That she might have a better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia would often hear, with a sort of satisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my absence.

‘ She knew not what, during that absence, was my employment. The slave of vice and of profusion, I was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the most artful and worthless of women, and losing the fortune that should have supported my child and her’s, to a set of cheats and villains. Such was the snare that Delasserre and his associates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generosity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe, that she was every way the victim of her affection for me. My first great losses at play she pretended to reimburse from her own private fortune, and then threw herself upon my honour, for relief from those distresses into which I had brought her. After having exhausted all the money I possessed, and all my credit could command, I would have stopped short of ruin; but when I thought of returning to disgrace and poverty to the place I had left respected and happy, I had not resolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in desperation, mortgaged the remains of my estate, and staked the produce to recover what I had lost, or to lose myself. The event was such as might have been expected.

‘ After the dizzy horror of my situation had left me power to think; I hurried to Madame de Trenville’s. She gave me such a reception as suited one

who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falsehood, and of that ruin to which she had been employed to lead me, flashed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which she received with the coolness of hardened vice, of experienced seduction. I rushed from her house, I knew not whither. My steps involuntarily led me home. At my own door I stopped, as if it had been death to enter. When I had shrunk back some paces, I turned again ; twice did I attempt to knock ; and could not ; my heart throbbed with unspeakable horror, and my knees smote each other. It was night, and the street was dark and silent around me. I threw myself down before the door, and wished some ruffian's hand to ease me of life and thought together. At last the recollection of Emilia, and of my infant boy, crossed my disordered mind, and a gush of tenderness burst from my eye. I rose and knocked at the door. When I was let in, I went up softly to my wife's chamber. She was asleep, with a night-lamp burning by her, her child sleeping on her bosom, and its little hand grasping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked ! She smiled through her sleep, and seemed to dream of happiness. My brain began to madden again ; and, as the misery to which she must awake crossed my imagination, the horrible idea arose within me,—I shudder yet to tell it,—to murder them as they lay, and next myself!—I stretched my hand towards my wife's throat!—The infant unclasped its little fingers and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle pressure wrung my heart ; its softness returned : I burst into tears ; but I could not stay to tell her of our ruin. I rushed out of the room, and gaining an obscure hotel in a distant part of the town, wrote a few distracted lines, acquainting her of my folly and of my crimes ; that



I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence should wipe out my offences, and my industry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that Heaven which she had never offended. Having sent this, I left Paris on the instant, and had walked several miles from town before it was light. At sun-rise a stage-coach overtook me. 'Twas going on the road to Brest. I entered it without arranging any future plan, and sat in sullen and gloomy silence, in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with several other passengers, regardless of food and incapable of rest. But the second day I found my strength fail, and when we stopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the passage of the inn. I was put to bed, it seems, and lay for more than a week in the stupefaction of a low fever.

' A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened to be in the inn, attended me with the greatest care and humanity; and when I began to recover, the good old man ministered to my soul, as he had done to my body, that assistance and consolation he easily discovered it to need. By his tender assiduities I was now so far recruited as to be able to breathe the fresh air at the window of a little parlour. As I sat there one morning, the same stage-coach in which I had arrived, stopped at the door of the inn, when I saw alight out of it the young painter who had been recommended to us at Paris. The sight overpowered my weakness, and I fell lifeless from my seat. The incident brought several people into the room, and amongst others the young man himself. When they had restored me to sense, I had recollection enough to desire him to remain with me alone. It

was some time before he recognised me ; when he did, with horror in his aspect, after much hesitation and the most solemn entreaty from me, he told me the dreadful sequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more. The shock, which my letter gave, the state of weakness she was then in had not strength to support. The effects were a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant perished with her. In the interval of reason preceding her death, she called him to her bed-side ; gave him the picture he had drawn ; and with her last breath charged him, if he could find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveness to me. He put it into my hand. I know not how I survived. Perhaps it was owing to the outworn state in which my disease had left me. My heart was too weak to burst ; and there was a sort of palsy on my mind that seemed insensible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before saved me from death, I was placed here, where, except one melancholy journey to that spot where they had laid my Emilia and her boy, I have ever since remained. My story is unknown, and they wonder at the severity of that life by which I endeavour to atone for my offences. But it is not by suffering alone that Heaven is reconciled ; I endeavour, by works of charity and beneficence, to make my being not hateful in its sight. Blessed be God ! I have attained the consolation I wished. Already, on my wasting days a beam of mercy sheds its celestial light. The visions of this flinty couch are changed to mildness. 'Twas but last night my Emilia beckoned me in smiles ; this little cherub was with her !—His voice ceased,—he looked on the picture, then towards heaven ; and a faint glow crossed the paleness of his cheek. I stood awe-struck at the sight. The bell for Vespers tolled—he took my hand—I kissed his, and my tears began to drop

on it.—‘ My son,’ said he, ‘ to feelings like yours it may not be displeasing to recall my story :—if the world allure thee, if vice ensnare with its pleasures, or abash with its ridicule, think of Father Nicholas—be virtuous, and be happy.’

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No. 85. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1786.

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*Non adeo inhumano ingenio sum, Chærea,  
Neque tam imperita, ut, quid amor valeat, nesciam.*

TER. EUN. V. 2. 41.

‘ WHY,’ says one of my correspondents, who writes in a fair Italian hand, and subscribes herself Imoinda, ‘ Why have you so little of love in the LOUNGER ?’ I answer because there is so little of it in the world. ‘ Love,’ says an author, who is probably of Imoinda’s acquaintance, ‘ Love, the passion most natural to the sensibility of youth, has lost the plaintive dignity he once possessed, for the unmeaning simper of a dangling coxcomb ; and the only serious concern, that of a dowry, is settled even among the beardless leaders of the dancing school\*.’ It is undoubtedly true, that our young men now-a-days begin very early to see the propriety of mingling in love affairs the *utile dulci* ; which may be translated, that they think fully as much of the fortune as of the lady.

\* Man of Feeling.

The present age, amidst all its acquirements and all its polish, has lost a good deal of that spirit of gallantry and delicate respect for the ladies, which former times possessed. If we trace the history of their power, from the days of chivalry and romance down to the present less heroic times, we shall find it gradually declining, till now that there is little more than a mere sovereignty of form, but scarce any thing of the empire of sentiment remaining.

The prevailing rage for play, which is almost the only amusement, if it may not rather be called a business, which interests the fashionable world, has perhaps, of all circumstances, the most direct and powerful tendency to level the supremacy of the sex, and to stifle the feelings of respectful and delicate affection. Besides that the passions it excites are of that ungentle kind which 'scare the little loves,' there is, at a whist or a faro-table, a sort of business and money-transaction with the ladies, which necessarily abates the prerogative of sex, and abolishes that humble homage which they were wont to claim, which we were flattered to pay.

In the intercourse of ordinary life, the late founder of a school of politeness recommended a certain indifference or *nonchalance* of manner, as the characteristic of a well-bred man. The system has since his time flourished and prevailed in a most extensive degree, and, like all other systems that war on nature, has been carried a good deal further by the disciples, than it is probable their masters intended, 'Nous avons changé tout cela,' says the Mock Doctor of Moliere, when his patient's father ventured to suppose that the heart lay on the left side of the body. The fine gentleman of Lord Chesterfield has made a change still greater; the heart is struck out of his anatomy altogether.

Nor is it only in the resorts of fashionable, or of



dissipated life, that Love has lost its votaries. In the walk of letters, in the haunts of meditation; the studies of modern times tend also to exclude his power. The modern discoveries in natural history, and in the mechanical arts; the researches into the various properties of matter, which the chemist and the naturalist have pushed to so extraordinary a length, however useful to the purposes of life, are unfavourable to that enthusiasm which formed the lover and the poet. The 'shadowy tribes of mind' are much less cultivated than formerly. Fancy and imagination give place to sober reason and to certain truth; and the young man who in the academic shades was wont to dream majestic things, and to weave the myrtle-garland for his mistress, now watches the progress of experiment, or unravels the maze of demonstration. Poetry is almost extinguished among us: and its decline may not unfairly be supposed to hold an equal pace with that of love, and to proceed from causes of a similar kind.

Of all the 'pensive cares of life,' none have a greater tendency to purify and exalt the mind, than those of a delicate and virtuous love. The inspiration of its melancholy soars above the grossness of vice and the meanness of worldly and low-thoughted care. Its tender distresses humanize and soften the heart: and the hope or the pride of its more fortunate state is the strongest incentive to great and noble achievements.

I have been led into this train of reflection, from the perusal of an elegant little poem, with which I was lately favoured by an unknown correspondent. My readers, I am persuaded, will hold themselves indebted to me for its insertion. The muse of later times, like a beauty in the days of her decay, has been in use to trick herself out in artificial orna-

ments, to load her language with epithet, and to twist her expression with inversions. The verses of my correspondent are free from that defect ; he breathes the artless sentiments of ingenuous love, and clothes them in a suitable simplicity of language.

Z

ODE TO A LADY GOING ABROAD.

I.

FAR, far from me my Delia goes,  
And all my pray'rs, my tears, are vain ;  
Nor shall I know one hour's repose,  
Till Delia bless these eyes again.

Companion of the wretched come,  
Fair Hope ! and dwell with me awhile ;  
Thy heavenly presence gilds the gloom,  
While happier scenes in prospect smile.

Oh ! who can tell what time may do ?  
How all my sorrows yet may end ?  
Can she reject a love so true ?  
Can Delia e'er forsake her friend ?

Unkind and rude the thorn is seen,  
No sign of future sweetness shows ;  
But time calls forth its lovely green,  
And spreads the blushes of the rose.

Then come fair Hope, and whisper peace,  
And keep the happy scenes in view ;  
When all these cares and fears shall cease,  
And Delia bless a love so true.

II.

Hope, sweet deceiver, still believed,  
In mercy sent to soothe our care,  
Oh ! tell me, am I now deceived,  
And wilt thou leave me to despair ?

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Then hear, ye Powers, my earnest prayer,  
 This pang unutterable save ;  
 Let me not live to know despair,  
 But give me quiet in the grave !

Why should I live to hate the light,  
 Be with myself at constant strife,  
 And drag about, in nature's spite,  
 An useless, joyless, load of life ?

But far from her all ills remove,  
 Your favourite care let Delia be,  
 Long blest in friendship, blest in love,  
 And may she never think on me.

### III.

But if, to prove my love sincere,  
 The Fates awhile this trial doom ;  
 Then aid me, Hope, my woes to bear,  
 Nor leave me till my Delia come ;

Till Delia come, no more to part,  
 And all these cares and fears remove,  
 Oh ! come, relieve this widow'd heart,  
 Oh ! quickly come, my pride, my love !

My Delia, come ! whose looks beguile,  
 Whose smile can charm my cares away ;—  
 Oh ! come with that enchanting smile,  
 And brighten up life's wintry day !

Oh ! come, and make me full amends  
 For all my cares, my fears, my pain ;  
 Delia, restore me to my friends,  
 Restore me to myself again !

No. 86. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER, 23, 1786.

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I HAPPENED to spend some days lately in the country, at the house of a gentleman distinguished in the republic of letters, and whose conversation is at all times in the highest degree instructive and entertaining. On my road home from his house, my whole thoughts were taken up with the agreeable entertainment I had received from his company; and I was employed in treasuring up in my mind the many useful observations that had fallen from him. When I arrived in town, the first person I met with was my old acquaintance *Symposius*. *Symposius* is what is called a good bottle-companion; that is, one who thinks none, talks little, and drinks a great deal. He is much in company, and good company too; because he keeps his seat quietly, has a steady hand at decanting a bottle, never forgets where the toast stands, never interrupts a story except by filling a bumper, can make punch, brew negus, and season a devil. With this combination of qualities, *Symposius* is oftener seen at good dinners than any man in town; and, were it not for the liquor he consumes, would be as harmless as e'er a bottle-slider at the table. At some house of my acquaintance, he had heard of my country-excursion, and where I had passed my time: 'You are a happy man,' said he, 'in possessing an intimacy and friendship so valuable as that of Mr. ——. I was once accidentally at his house: he had the finest batch of wine of any man in the country; I never drank such Old Hock in my life.'

I could not help smiling at *Symposius*'s idea of a valuable friendship; and yet, when I considered the



matter a little more closely, I began to think that in most men the same disposition might be traced, to value others according to the standard of themselves; to form their opinions and their attachments from circumstances as partial, though not so ridiculous, as the friendship of Symposius for the cellar of Mr. —.

I had not long parted with Symposius when I met with my old college companion Dr. Syntax. He was, when I knew him first, a tutor at one of the universities, which he left on the death of a relation in India, who bequeathed him a considerable annuity for life. When at the university, he was remarkable for his skill in the Latin language, and still considers the knowledge of that tongue as the only thing which can conduct a man to eminence. I remember to have had some conversation with him about a gentleman, who, in his younger years, was one of Syntax's pupils. This gentleman had been bred to the bar; and, after having figured in his profession, he became a member of the legislature, and was considered as one of the ablest speakers in the house in which he sat. 'Yes,' said my learned friend, 'I always knew the lad would do well. When he was under my care, he wrote Latin verses faster than any boy I ever knew, and composed the best discourse I ever read upon Patavinity.' I took care not to let Syntax know that the first thing his pupil did, was to endeavour to forget almost all he had learned from his master, and that to this he principally ascribed his success in life.

But it is not only amongst men of learning that this narrowness of opinion is to be met with. It is to be found in all professions and in every situation. Ditticus is a man of fortune, and indeed he has this merit, that it has been principally made by himself. To men whose wealth is of their own acquirement,

it naturally appears of the highest value, as the Israelites worshipped the golden image they had made. Ditticus supposes, that the possession of wealth constitutes the great happiness of life. In this perhaps, however false the supposition, Ditticus is not singular; but he carries the matter a good deal further, and thinks that wealth confers not only every blessing, but every talent and accomplishment. He thinks meanly of the sense, the learning, or the taste, of any man who walks on foot, a little better of one who rides a-horse-back, but his idea of supreme excellence is confined to the person who lolls in his coach and six. When you see Ditticus with a stranger, you may judge of the weight of his purse from the degree of complaisance and attention which Ditticus pays to his opinions. Ditticus would not for the world be thought to be intimate with a poor man; and avoids as much as possible being seen with persons suspected of poverty; and, if he should be so unlucky as to encounter with any of them, he takes care to show, by his behaviour, in what repute he holds their abilities and understanding. If he has a rich man at his table, he sends him a larger slice of his mutton than to any other person, as if his stomach were proportionally capacious as his purse; if he is engaged in a party at cards, he chooses the wealthiest man of the set for his partner, as if riches could give skill in the game. I dined t' other day with Ditticus, when, upon his telling me a story that appeared not a little improbable, I expressed some difficulty to give entire credit to it; Ditticus, with great earnestness, assured me it was most certainly true; for he had heard it from a gentleman of 3000*l.* a-year.

The character of Valens is very different from that of Ditticus, but he is guided by principles equally absurd. Valens has the good fortune to be possessed

of a hale, robust, constitution. Valens is not only sensible of the advantage arising from this circumstance, but prizes it so highly as to think it communicates every other advantage ; and that the want of it is connected with every thing that is mean and unworthy. Valens never sees a man with broad shoulders, brawny legs, or an open chest, but he looks upon him with respect, and wishes to become his friend ; while he starts back with horror from, and avoids, as he would do a thing contaminated, a man who has the appearance of a weak and sickly constitution. In short, good health with Valens is like the crust of loaf-bread, which Peter told his brothers was the staff of life, in which was contained the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard. As Valens is a man of some education, he has formed a theory, in order to justify his conduct and principles. If you attempt to reason with him, he will tell you, that health must be the foundation, not only of good morals, but of every thing else that is valuable ; that without a robust constitution, no man can possess firmness and intrepidity of mind, or give that application and attention which is requisite for the purposes of life ; that it is health alone which can give cheerfulness, and its attendants, good-will and benevolence to others ; that without health a man becomes peevish, chagrined, morose, and discontented, displeased with himself, and unfriendly to all the rest of mankind. When he has a mind to be more diffuse, as he is a man of some humour, he will tell you, that John Knox could never have brought about the Reformation, had he not been a man of a strong make and a firm constitution : that Marlborough would never have been able to stem the power of France, had he not been of that figure of body which gives strength and vigour to the mind ;

that Cicero's long neck produced that feebleness of soul, which threw such a cloud over his other qualities; and that had not Alexander the Great been a man of small stature, he would not only have conquered the world, but have been able to hand down the empire he had won undivided to his successors.

The character of Pallidus forms an exact counterpart to that of Valens. Pallidus inherited from nature a feeble constitution; and the effeminate education which he received from his doting parents, who had no other child, did not tend to correct or to strengthen it. As Pallidus's state of health is very different from that of Valens, so he has formed a system directly opposite. Pallidus is constantly telling you, and he is uneasy if you do not believe him, that it is only men of delicate constitutions who can be susceptible of the delicacies of virtuous feeling; that men who are robust and hardy, acquire a ferociousness and a hardness of mind which destroys all the finer principles of the soul. Pallidus is at times eloquent upon the subject; he will run you over a long list of names of men who have been confessedly allowed to be possessed of the finest genius; and concludes with assuring you, it was the extreme delicacy of their health, that gave birth to their exquisite sensibility of mind, which exerted itself in those displays of imagination and of science which have rendered them immortal. Pallidus is exceedingly fond of the society of the ladies, and courts their company, but he was never known to be attached to a woman remarkable for the goodness of her constitution, who was able to bear fatigue, or to share those exercises which require bodily strength. Pallidus has ever in his mouth that remark of Dean Swift's, 'That he never knew a woman who was good for any thing, that had a constant flow of health and good spirits.' Nay, Pallidus carries the



matter so far, that he cannot endure to see a female eat with an appetite; and would no more allow his sister or his niece to associate with a woman of a good stomach, than with one of a tainted reputation.

In all these characters, I perceived, upon a little reflection, the same leading propensity to bring the happiness, the excellence, or the defects, of others to our own standard; and I am persuaded, were we narrowly to examine those around us, we should find among the busy, the idle, the ambitious, or the dissipated, the same colouring of objects, according to their own prevailing taste or humour; and that, though the examples might not sound so ludicrously, the principle would still be found the same, would still, in the eye of a philosopher, be the Old Hock of Symposius.

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No. 87. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1786.

*Sed in longum tamen ævum  
Manserunt, hodieque manent vestigia ruris.*

HOR. EPIST. ii. 1. 159.

THAT there is Nobody in town, is the observation of every person one has met for several weeks past, and though the word Nobody, like its fellow-vocable Everybody, has a great latitude of signification, and in this instance means upwards of threescore thousand people, yet undoubtedly, in a certain rank of life, one finds, at this season, a very great blank in one's accustomed society. He whom circumstances oblige to remain in town, feels a sort of imprisonment from which his more fortunate acquaintance have escaped to purer air, to fresher breezes, and a clearer sky.

He sees, with a very melancholy aspect, the close window-shutters of deserted houses, the rusted knockers, and mossy pavement of unfrequented squares, and the few distant scattered figures of empty walks; while he fancies, in the country, the joyousness of the reapers, and the shout of the sportsman enlivening the fields; and, within doors, the hours made jocund by the festivity of assembled friends, the frolic, the dance, and the song.

Though the prevailing incidents of my latter part of life have fixed it almost constantly to a town, yet nobody is more enthusiastically fond of the country than I: and, amidst all my banishment from it, I have contrived still to preserve a relish for its pleasures and an enjoyment of its sports, which few who visit it so seldom are able to retain. I can still weave an angling-line, or dress a fly, am at least a hit-and-miss man a-shooting, and have not forgotten the tune of a View Holla, or the encouraging Hark forward! to a cautious hound. But though these are a set of capacities which mark one's denizenship to the country, and which therefore I am proud to retain, yet I confess I am more delighted with its quieter and less turbulent pleasures. There is a sort of moral use of the country, which every man who has not lost the rural sentiment will feel; a certain purity of mind and imagination which its scenes inspire, a simplicity, a colouring of nature on the objects around us, which correct the artifice and interestedness of the world. There is in the country a pensive vacancy, if the expression may be allowed me, of mind, which stills the violence of passion and the tumult of desire. One can hardly dream on the bank of some nameless brook without making a better and a wiser man. I early took the liberty of boasting to my readers, that, as a LOUNGER, I had learned to be idle without guilt, and indolent without

indifference. In the country, methinks, I find this disposition congenial to the place; the air which breathes around me, like that which touches the Æolian harp, steals on my soul a tender but varied tone of feeling, that lulls while it elevates, that soothes while it inspires. Not a blade that whistles in the breeze, not a weed that spreads its speckled leaves to the sun, but may add something to the ideas of him who can lounge with all his mind open about him.

I am not sure, if, in the regret which I feel for my absence from the country, I do not rate its enjoyments higher, and paint its landscapes in more glowing colours, than the reality might afford. I have long cultivated a talent very fortunate for a man of my disposition, that of travelling in my easy chair, of transporting myself, without stirring from my parlour, to distant places and to absent friends, of drawing scenes in my mind's eye, and of peopling them with the groups of fancy, or the society of remembrance. When I have sometimes lately felt the dreariness of the town, deserted by my acquaintance; when I have returned from the coffee-house where the boxes were unoccupied, and strolled out from my accustomed walk, which even the lame beggar had left; I was fain to shut myself up in my room, order a dish of my best tea, for there is a sort of melancholy which disposes one to make much of oneself, and, calling up the powers of memory and imagination, leave the solitary town for a solitude more interesting, which my younger days enjoyed in the country, which I think, and if I am wrong I do not wish to be undeceived, was the most Elysian spot in the world.

'Twas at an old lady's, a relation and god-mother of mine, where a particular incident occasioned my being left during the vacation of two successive sea-

sons. Her house was formed out of the remains of an old Gothic castle, of which one tower was still almost entire; it was tenanted by kindly daws and swallows. Beneath, in a modernized part of the building, resided the mistress of the mansion. The house was skirted with a few majestic elms and beeches, and the stumps of several others showed that they had once been more numerous. To the west, a clump of firs covered a rugged rocky dell, where the rocks claimed a prescriptive seignory. Through this a dashing rivulet forced its way, which afterwards grew quiet in its progress; and, gurgling gently through a piece of downy meadow-ground, crossed the bottom of the garden, where a little rustic paling inclosing a washing-green, and a wicker seat fronting the south, was placed for the accommodation of the old lady, whose lesser tour, when her fields did not require a visit, used to terminate in this spot. Here, too, were ranged the hives for her bees, whose hum, in a still warm sunshine, soothed the good old lady's indolence, while their proverbial industry was sometimes quoted for the instruction of her washers. The brook ran brawling through some underwood on the outside of the garden, and soon after formed a little cascade, which fell into the river that winded through a valley in front of the house. When hay-making or harvest was going on, my god-mother took her long stick in her hand, and overlooked the labours of the mowers or reapers; though I believe there was little thrift in the superintendency, as the visit generally cost her a draught of beer or a dram, to encourage their diligence.

Within doors she had so able an assistant, that her labour was little. In that department an old manservant was her minister, the father of my Peter, who serves me not the less faithfully that we have gathered nuts together in my god-mother's hazel-bank.



This old butler, I call him by his title of honour, though in truth he had many subordinate offices, had originally enlisted with her husband, who went into the army a youth, though he afterwards married and became a country gentleman, had been his servant abroad, and attended him during his last illness at home. His best hat, which he wore a-Sundays, with a scarlet waistcoat of his master's, had still a cockade in it.

Her husband's books were in a room at the top of a screw stair-case, which had scarce been opened since his death; but her own library for Sabbath or rainy days, was ranged in a little book-press in the parlour. It consisted, as far as I can remember, of several volumes of sermons, a Concordance, Thomas à Kempis, Antoninus's Meditations, the works of the author of the Whole Duty of Man, and a translation of Boethius, the original editions of the Spectator and Guardian, Cowley's Poems, Dryden's Works, (of which I had lost a volume soon after I came about her house,) Baker's Chronicle, Burnet's History of his own Times, Lamb's Royal Cookery, Abercromby's Scots Warriors, and Nisbet's Heraldry.

The subject of the last-mentioned book was my god-mother's strong ground; and she could disentangle a point of genealogy beyond any body I ever knew. She had an excellent memory for anecdote; and her stories, though sometimes long, were never tiresome; for she had been a woman of great beauty and accomplishment in her youth, and had kept such company as made the drama of her stories respectable and interesting. She spoke frequently of such of her own family as she remembered when a child, but scarcely ever of those she had lost, though one could see she thought of them often. She had buried a beloved husband and four children. Her

youngest, Edward, 'her beautiful, her brave,' fell in Flanders, and was not entombed with his ancestors. His picture, done when a child, an artless red and white portrait, smelling at a nosegay, but very like withal, hung at her bedside, and his sword and gorget were crossed under it. When she spoke of a soldier, it was in a style above her usual simplicity; there was a sort of swell in her language, which sometimes a tear, for her age had not lost the privilege of tears, made still more eloquent. She kept her sorrows, like the devotions that solaced them, sacred to herself. They threw nothing of gloom over her deportment; a gentle shade only, like the fleckered clouds of summer, that increase, not diminish, the benignity of the season.

She had few neighbours, and still fewer visitors; but her reception of such as did visit her was cordial in the extreme. She pressed a little too much, perhaps; but there was so much heart and goodwill in her importunity, as made her good things seem better than those of any other table. Nor was her attention confined only to the good fare of her guests, though it might have flattered her vanity more than that of most exhibitors of good dinners, because the cookery was generally directed by herself. Their servants lived as well in her hall, and their horses in her stable. She looked after the airing of their sheets, and saw their fires mended if the night was cold. Her old butler, who rose betimes, would never suffer any body to mount his horse fasting.

The parson of the parish was her guest every Sunday, and said prayers in the evening. To say truth, he was no great genius, nor much a scholar. I believe my god-mother knew rather more of divinity than he did; but she received from him information of another sort; he told her who were the poor, the sick, the dying of the parish, and she had some assistance, some comfort, for them all.

I could draw the old lady at this moment!—dressed in gray, with a clean white hood nicely plaited, for she was somewhat finical about the neatness of her person, sitting in her straight-backed elbow-chair, which stood in a large window scooped out of the thickness of the ancient wall. The middle panes of the window were of painted glass, the story of Joseph and his brethren. On the outside waved a honey suckle-tree, which often threw its shade across her book, or her work; but she would not allow it to be cut down. ‘It has stood there many a day,’ said she, ‘and we old inhabitants should bear with one another.’ Methinks I see her thus seated, her spectacles on, but raised a little on her brow for a pause of explanation, their shagreen-case laid between the leaves of a silver-clasped family-bible. On one side, her bell and snuff-box; on the other, her knitting apparatus in a blue damask bag. Between her and the fire an old Spanish pointer, that had formerly been her son Edward’s, teased, but not teased out of his gravity, by a little terrier of mine.—All this is before me, and I am a hundred miles from town, its inhabitants, and its business. In town I may have seen such a figure; but the country scenery around, like the tasteful frame of an excellent picture, gives it a heightening, a relief, which it would lose in any other situation.

Some of my readers, perhaps, will look with little relish on the portrait. I know it is an egotism in me to talk of its value; but over this dish of tea, and in such a temper of mind, one is given to egotism. It will be only adding another to say, that when I recall the rural scene of the good old lady’s abode, her simple, her innocent, her useful, employments, the afflictions she sustained in this world, the comforts she drew from another, I feel a serenity of soul, a benignity of affections, which I am sure confer happiness, and I think must promote virtue.

Z

No. 88. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1786.

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“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ IN a late Paper you have given to the public, you presented us with the character of a gentleman possessed of sensibility and delicacy of feelings, but destitute of virtuous exertion. Allow me to introduce to your readers the character of another, considerably different, the view of which may not perhaps be altogether without its use, and may make some addition to the number of original portraits you have given to the public.

“ Dormer is a man who is not only free from vice, but who is possessed of a considerable regard for virtue; and yet, when his character comes to be considered attentively, it will be found defective in many very important respects. Dormer's great object is the public good, and to this he dedicates his whole time and labour.

“ Part of the year he lives in the country; and when there, he is constantly occupied in contriving schemes for the advancement of agriculture and the improvement of manufactures. He has written a number of little treatises upon those subjects, and his house is constantly filled with those pamphleteers and projectors, who, like him, talk of nothing but the good of their country. At county-meetings he never fails to attend, and there he constantly supports or opposes some scheme, as beneficial or pernicious to the public good. When any plan is proposed, which, by theoretical deduction,



it can be shown may possibly be attended with some general advantage, but which will certainly be very hurtful to some individuals, Dormer is sure to give it his warmest approbation and support. His constant maxim is, that the interest of individuals should never be put in competition with that of the public. From a steady adherence to this maxim, he thinks nothing of demolishing houses, rooting out inclosures, or dispossessing tenants. I have known him, for the purpose of widening a highway only a few feet, pull down a house by which a widow and a numerous family of children were turned out to the open air.

“ The same love of public utility attends Dormer when he comes to town. He views with admiration the public works which are going on, and visits with great satisfaction the different improvements. He talks with apparent philanthropy of the rapid progress this country is making, and blesses himself for having lived at a period of so great advancement.

“ He says, it ever shall be his object to contribute as much as a poor individual can to every thing which is of national importance. Actuated by such motives, he is a good subject to government ; and one of his favourite tenets is, that the powers that are should be implicitly submitted to. To every magistrate, and every person in public office, he pays the most passive obedience ; and when once a law is enacted, he is for enforcing it without mitigation, though it should produce the ruin of the most innocent individuals. At a circuit, he constantly waits upon the Judges, values himself on the respect and attention he pays them ; and on all occasions is for inflicting rigorous punishments on the persons convicted of crimes, without paying regard to any alleviating circumstances in their case.

“ I do not wish to find fault with these, or at least

with all these particulars in Dormer; nor do I mean to say, that he is not sincere, or that his conduct does not proceed from a real concern for the good of the public. But when I allow this, I allow him all he is entitled to, That he has a regard for the public interest. — This is the whole merit of his character.

“ But are there not private virtues, are there not private interests and attachments, that are as important, as necessary, to constitute a virtuous character, as a regard for the public interest? And ought general considerations of utility to supersede the attention to every thing else? In the conduct of Dormer they certainly do.

“ His love for the public is such, that he pays no attention to his family; the public engrosses him to such a degree, that he has no time for private friendship, or for the exercise of private virtues. His wife and daughters are unattended to at home; and his son, an excellent young man, is despised by him, because he does not like public meetings, and does not choose to bustle for the good of his country. No one can tell of any charitable deed performed by Dormer; of any person in distress relieved by his generosity. To give this relief would be contrary to his principles, as he holds charity and generosity to be bastard virtues; he says, that if there were no charity there would be no idleness.

“ By unavoidable misfortunes in trade, a cousin of his, of the fairest and best character, was reduced in his circumstances. Dormer was applied to for his name to a subscription for this gentleman's relief and that of his family; but he refused; said he thought it wrong to try to keep them in a genteel style; that the lowest station in society is the most useful; and that, in his opinion, the sons should be bred mechanics, and the daughters put out to service.

“ I have already said, that I do not mean to deny that Dormer is sincere in what he professes, in having the real good of the public at heart ; but yet this admission which I have made must be taken with some allowance. His regard for the public, the concern which he takes in projects of advancement in agriculture, manufactures, and public works, does not so much proceed from a feeling of the happiness which this advancement will produce, as from a love of theory, of what is calculated to promote that theory, from a fondness for order, and for every thing conspiring to one great and general end. Were his views directed by a concern for the happiness produced by his plans, he would, in some cases, allow the comfort of individuals to enter into his regards.

“ A very ingenious philosopher, who possesses a singular power of illustration, joined to an uncommon depth of thinking, in speaking of the reason why utility pleases, has remarked, ‘ That the fitness, the happy contrivance, of any production of art, is often more valued than the very end for which it was intended ; and that the exact adjustment of the means for attaining any conveniency or pleasure, is frequently more regarded than that very conveniency or pleasure, in the attainment of which, their whole merit would seem to consist.

‘ When a person,’ continues this author, ‘ comes into his chamber, and finds the chairs all standing in the middle of the room, he is angry with his servant ; and rather than see them continue in that disorder, perhaps takes the trouble himself to set them all in their places, with their backs to the wall. The whole propriety of this new situation arises from its superior conveniency in leaving the floor free and disengaged. To attain this conveniency, he voluntarily puts himself to more trouble than all he could

have suffered from the want of it, since nothing was more easy than to have set himself down upon one of them, which is probably what he does when his labour is over. What he wanted, therefore, it seems, was not so much this conveniency, as that arrangement of things which promotes it; yet it is this conveniency which ultimately recommends that arrangement, and bestows upon it the whole of its propriety and beauty.

‘ A watch, in the same manner, that falls behind above two minutes in a day, is despised by one curious in watches. He sells it perhaps for a couple of guineas, and purchases another at fifty, which will not lose above a minute in a fortnight. The sole use of watches, however, is to tell us what o’clock it is, and to hinder us from breaking any engagement, or suffering any other inconveniency, by our ignorance in that particular point. But the person so nice with regard to this machine, will not always be found either more scrupulously punctual than other men, or more anxiously concerned upon any other account to know precisely what time of day it is. What interests him is, not so much the attainment of this piece of knowledge, as the perfection of the machine which serves to attain it.’

“ The same author afterwards observes, that it is a similar principle which frequently serves to recommend those institutions that tend to promote the public welfare.

“ Something of this kind may afford the key to Dormer’s character. In all his schemes, in all his projects, it is not so much the end which he has in view, as the mode of producing that end. For this he sacrifices the happiness of individuals; nay, the aggregate happiness of a whole society does not fill or interest his mind so much, as the fitness of



the measure by which, after many hardships and oppressions, that object may be produced.

“ I am, &c.

“ T. L.”

If the account which is given by my correspondent of Dormer's character be a just one, and I am persuaded by my own observation that it is not out of nature, several useful lessons may be learned from it. We may be taught the danger of suffering attention to one part of our conduct to swallow up our regard for every other ; we may perceive the hazard of allowing notions of public utility to extinguish private virtues. These last are indeed indispensably necessary to constitute the perfection of any character, and to all of us, except a very few, are the only virtues within our reach.

It may be told those men, who, like Dormer, arrogate to themselves the praise of public spirit, and look down with contempt on the humbler virtue of such as are occupied in the private concerns of life, that they are not quite so remote from selfishness as they would sometimes have the world to believe. The theories of Dormer are as much his children, as that son and daughter, whom perhaps he will call it virtue to disregard, in his violent attention to the good of his country ; and when he canvasses with success at county-meetings for the family of his projects, he feels as much selfish satisfaction, and much more selfish vanity, than if he obtained a pension for his wife, or an appointment for his unfortunate relation. From Dormer's, and other such ostentatious characters, we may learn, that there may be often much pretension to virtue, and even some virtuous conduct, without much humanity, or much virtuous feeling.

P

No. 89. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1786.

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“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ I READ with infinite satisfaction your 87th number on the pleasures of the country, and the moral use of that ‘ rural sentiment,’ the effects of which you know so well how to paint. But thus it is that brilliant fiction ever delights us ; while you were describing in town, I was witnessing in the country. I have just returned from an excursion into a distant county, ‘ a hundred miles from town, its inhabitants and its business.’ ’Twas at the house of Mr. L——, a relation and intimate acquaintance of mine, where I have been pressingly invited these several years past, to spend a month or two of the autumn ; to leave the thick air and unwholesome streets, the bustle, cares, and dissipation, of the town, for the pure breeze, the healthful walk, the quiet, the peacefulness, and sobriety, of the country. I had often heard of my friend L——’s charming place, his excellent house, his every thing, in short, that great wealth, for he is a man of a very large estate, could bestow, and taste, for every body talked of his and Mrs. L——’s taste, could adorn. I pictured his groves, his lawns, and his water-falls with somewhat of that enthusiasm for country-scenery which you seem to feel ; and I thought of his daughters, two elegant girls, whom I had just seen for a few minutes in their way from London, as the wood-nymphs of the scene. All this ‘ rural

sentiment' I set out with; and the sight of my friend's country-seat and beautiful grounds, which I reached on the third evening, did not belie it. How it has improved by my stay there, you shall judge by a short sketch of the country-life people lead at L—— Hall.

“ The party there, which my relation had told me was to be a select one, and which made him doubly urgent in his desire to have me there this autumn, consisted of an elderly dowager of rank and fortune, and her two unmarried daughters; a member of parliament, and his brother a clergyman from England; and two young officers of family, companions of Mr. L——'s eldest son, who has been about a year in the army. These, with your humble servant, in addition to Mr. L——'s own family, made up the standing establishment of the house. There were besides, every day, numerous occasional visitors from the neighbourhood; Mr. L—— representing the county in parliament, and receiving the instructions of his constituents at this time of the year only.

“ The night of my arrival I took the liberty of retiring before the rest of the company, being a good deal fatigued with my journey. Next morning, however, I got up betimes to enjoy the beauties of the season, and of the calm clear landscape around me. But when I would have gone out, I found the house-door locked. After various unsuccessful attempts to discover the retreat of the servants, I met a ragged little fellow, who told me he was boy to the porter's man, and the only creature beside myself stirring in the house; for that Mr. L——'s gentleman had given a supper to the servants who had lately arrived from town, and they had all sat up at cards till five in the morning. By the interest of this young friend, I at last procured

the key, and was let out. I strolled the way of the stable, of which I found the entry much easier than the exit from the house, the door being left very conveniently open. The horses from town had not been quite so well entertained as the servants; for they were standing with empty mangers, and the dirt of the day before hardened on their skins. But this was not much to be wondered at, as a pack of cards certainly affords a much pleasanter occupation than a curry-comb.

“ Having rubbed down a favourite pony, which I had brought to the country for an occasional ride, and locked the stable-door, I turned down a little path that led to the shrubbery; but I was afraid to enter any of the walks, as it was notified, by very legible inscriptions, that there were men-traps and steel-guns for the reception of intruders. I was forced therefore to restrict myself to a walk amidst the dust of the high-road till ten, when, on my return to the house, I found no less dust within doors, and was obliged to take refuge in my bed-room till the breakfasting parlour was put in order. By one of the servants, whom, from his surly look, I supposed to be a loser of the preceding night, I was informed, that breakfast for some of the company would be ready by eleven.

“ At eleven, I found some of the company assembled accordingly. The Dowager did not appear, nor Mrs. L—— herself, but had chocolate in their different apartments; it seems, they could not be made up, as one of the young ladies expressed it, so early; their daughters seemed to have been made up in haste; for they came down in rumpled night-caps, and their hair in a brown paste upon their shoulders. The young gentlemen joined us with the second tea-pot; their heads were in disorder too, but of a different kind; they had drank, as they



told us, three bowls of gin-toddy after the rest of the company had gone to bed. The master of the house entered the room when breakfast was nearly over; he asked pardon of his brother senator and the clergyman for being so late; but he had been detained, he said, looking over his farm; for he is a great improver of the value as well as the beauty of his estate, 'Did you ride or walk, Sir?' said I.—Mr. L—— smiled. 'I walked only to the easy chair in my library; I always view my farm upon paper: Mr. Capability, my governor in these matters, drives through it in his phaëton, and lays down every thing so accurately that I have no occasion to go near it.'

"Breakfast ended about one. The young gentlemen talked of going out a-shooting; but the weather was such as to scare any but hardy sportsmen; so they agreed to play billiards and cards within doors, in which they were joined by all the senior gentlemen except myself. I proposed to take myself to the library; but I found an unwillingness in our host to let me take down any of the books which were so elegantly bound and gilt, and ranged in such beautiful order, that it seemed contrary to the etiquette of the house to remove any of them from the shelves; but there was a particular selection in the parlour which the company was at liberty to peruse: it was made up of Hoyle's Games, the List of the Army, two Almanacks, the Royal Register, a file of the Morning Herald, Boswell's Tour, the Fashionable Magazine, the Trial of the Brighton Tailor, and an odd volume of the last collection of Farces.

"Mrs. L——, and her friend the Dowager, made their appearance about two. As I was neither of the billiard nor the whist party, and had finished my studies in the parlour, they did me the honour to

admit me of their conversazione. It consisted chiefly of a dissertation on some damask and chintz furniture Mrs. L—— had lately bespoke from the metropolis, and a dispute about the age of a sulky set of china she had bought last winter, at a sale of Lord Squanderfield's. In one of the pauses of the debate, the day having cleared up beautifully, I ventured to ask the two ladies, if they ever walked in the country. The Dowager said she never walked on account of her corns; Mrs. L—— told me, she had not walked since she caught a sore throat in one of the cold evenings of the year 1782.

“ The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the young ladies, with half a score of packing boxes, just received by a ship from London. These changed the current of the discourse to the subject of dress, to caps, feathers, hats, and riding-habits. The military men now joined us, and made a very valuable addition to this board of inquiry, by their commentaries on walking-boots, riding-slippers, clubs, buckles, and buttons. We had, not long after, an opportunity of judging of the practice as well as theory of those branches of the fine arts. Dinner was half cold, waiting for the Dowager's eldest daughter and the Major. They had spent about two hours at their toilets: yet the hurry of the Major appeared, by his man having forgot to put in the false straps to his buckles; and of the young lady, from one cheek being at least half a shade redder than the other. The ladies went to tea at nine o'clock, and we joined them at eleven, after having discussed the prices of different sets of burghs at one end of the table, and the qualities of several race-horses and game-cocks at the other.

“ Such, Sir, is the detail of one day at the rural retirement of my friend Mr. L——, which may

serve for the history of most of those I spent there. We had, however, our Sabbath-day's employment, and our Sabbath-day's guest, as well as your god-mother. The first Sunday after my arrival being a rainy one, Mrs. L——, and most of our party accompanying her, went to the parish church. The English clergyman would not consent to so wicked a thing as going to a Presbyterian place of worship, and therefore staid at home, to look over a party at piquet in the Dowager's dressing-room between her and his brother. I went with the church-going people for that one time, but shall never do so profane a thing again. The young folks nodded and laughed all the time of the service, and during the sermon drew back their chairs from the front of the gallery, eat nuts, and pelted the shells. The Major only was more seriously employed, in drawing caricatures of the congregation below, for which, it must be confessed, some of them afforded no unfavourable subjects.

“ The parson of the parish, like your old lady's, was always a Sunday visitor at L—— Hall. He had been tutor to the heir and his second brother, and had the honour of inspiring them both with a most sovereign contempt and detestation of learning. He, too, like your god-mother's clergyman, communicated information ; to the ladies he related the little scandalous anecdotes of the parish, and gave his former pupils intelligence of several coveys of partridges. Himself afforded them game within-doors, being what is commonly called a butt to the unfledged arrows of the young gentlemen's wit. To their father he was extremely useful in drawing corks, and putting him in mind where the toast stood. In short, he seemed a favourite with all the branches of the family. As to religion, it fared with that as with the literature he had been employed to

instil into his pupils; he contrived to make all the house think it a very ridiculous thing.

“ About a fortnight after I went to L—— Hall, the arrival of an elderly baronet from town, an old club-companion of Mr. L——’s, added one other rural idea to the stock we were already in possession of; I mean that of eating, in which our new guest Sir William Harrico, was a remarkable adept. Every morning at breakfast we had a dissertation on dinner, the bill of fare being brought up for the revisal of Sir William. He taught us a new way of dressing mushrooms, oversaw the composition of the grouse-soup in person, and gave the venison a reprieve to a certain distant day, when it should acquire the exact proper *fumet* for the palate of a connoisseur.

“ Such, Mr. LOUNGER, is the train of ‘ rural sentiment’ which I have cultivated during my autumn abode at L—— Hall. I think I might, without leaving town, have acquired the receipt for the mushroom ragout, and have eat stinking venison there as easily as in the country. I could have played cards or billiards at noon-day with as much satisfaction in a crowded street, as in view of Mr. L——’s woods and mountains. The warehouse in Prince’s Street might have afforded me information as to chintz and damask chair-covers; and your ingenious correspondent, Mr. Jenkin, could have shown me a model of the newest-fashioned buckle on the foot of some of his little scarlet beaux, or of a rouged cheek on one of the miniature ladies of his window. In short I am inclined to believe, that folly, affectation, ignorance, and irreligion, might have been met with in town, notwithstanding the labours of the LOUNGER: that I might have saved myself three days’ journey, the expense of a post-chaise, and a six weeks’ loss of time; and, what was



perhaps more material than all the rest, I might have preserved that happy enthusiasm for country-pleasures which you seem still to enjoy, and which, in the less-informed days of my youth, I also was fortunate enough to possess.

“ I am, &c.

“ URBANUS.”

V

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No. 90. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1786.

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“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ THOUGH, from my rank in life, being a tradesman’s daughter, left an orphan at six years old, I had little title to know any thing about sensibility or feeling ; yet, having been very kindly taken into a family, where there were several young ladies who were great readers, I had opportunities of hearing a good deal about these things. By the same young ladies I was made acquainted with your paper, and it was a favourite employment of mine to read the LOUNGER to them every Saturday morning. In one of the numbers published some time ago, we met with Mrs. Alice Heartly’s account of an old lady with whom she lives ; and from the experience of our own feelings, could not help pitying the connexion with one so destitute of all tender sentiment as my Lady Bidmore. I had soon after occasion to congratulate myself on a very different sort of establishment, having been recommended by my young patronesses to a lady, who used frequently

to visit at their house, whom we all knew, indeed it was her pride, she used to say, to acknowledge her weakness on that side, to be a perfect pattern, or, according to her own phrase, a perfect martyr of the most acute and delicate sensibility. At our house, I saw her once in the greatest distress imaginable, from the accidental drowning of a fly in the cream-pot; and got great credit with her myself, for my tenderness about a goldfinch belonging to one of our young ladies, which I had taught to perch upon my shoulders, and pick little crumbs out of my mouth. I shall never forget Mrs. Sensitive's crying out, 'Oh! how I envy her the sweet little creature's kisses!' It made me blush to hear her speak so; for I had never thought of kisses in the matter.

"That little circumstance, however, procured me her favour so much, that, on being told of my situation, she begged I might, as she was kind enough to express it, be placed under her protection. As I had heard so much of her tender-heartedness and her feeling; as she was very rich, having been left a widow, with the disposal of her husband's whole fortune; as she had nobody but herself in family, so that it promised to be an easy place; all these things made me very happy to accept of her offer; and I agreed to go home to her house immediately, her last attendant having left her somewhat suddenly. I heard indeed the very morning after I went thither, that her servants did not use to stay long with her, which gave me some little uneasiness; but she took occasion to inform me, that it was entirely owing to their cruelty and want of feeling, having turned them all off for some neglect or ill usage of her little family as she called it. This little family, of which I had never heard before, consists of a number of birds and beasts, which it is the great pleasure of Mrs. Sensitive's life to keep and to fondle,

and on which she is constantly exercising her sensibilities, as she says. My chief employment is to assist her in the care of them.

“ The waiting on this family of Mrs. Sensitive’s is not so easy a task as I at first flattered myself it would have been. We have three lap-dogs, four cats, some of the ladies of which are almost always lying-in, a monkey, a flying squirrel, two parrots, a parroquet, a Virginia nightingale, a jack-daw, an owl, besides half a hundred smaller birds, bullfinches, canaries, linnets, and white sparrows. We have a dormouse in a box, a set of guinea-pigs in the garret, and a tame otter in the cellar; besides out-pensioners of pigeons and crows at our windows, and mice that come from a hole in the parlour wainscoting to visit us at breakfast and dinner time. All these I am obliged to tend and watch with the utmost care and assiduity; not only to take care that their food and their drink be in plenty and good order; not only to wash the lap-dogs, and to comb the cats, to play on the bird-organ for the instruction of the canaries and gold-finches, and to speak to the parrots and jack-daw for theirs; but I must accommodate myself, as my mistress says, to the feelings of the sweet creatures; I must contribute to their amusement, and keep them in good spirits; I must scratch the heads of the parrots; I must laugh to the monkey, and play at cork-balls with the kittens. Mrs. Sensitive says she can understand their looks and their language from sympathy; and that she is sure it must delight every susceptible mind to have thus an opportunity of extending the sphere of its sensibilities.

“ She sometimes takes an opportunity of extending something else with poor me. You can hardly suppose what a passion she gets into, if any thing about this family of hers is neglected; and when she

chooses to be angry, and speak her mind to me a little loud or so, her favourites, I suppose from sympathy too, join in the remonstrance, and make such a concert!—What between the lap-dogs, the parrots, the jack-daw, and the monkey, there is such a barking, squalling, cawing, and chattering!—Mrs. Sensitive's ears are not so easily hurt as her feelings.

“ But the misfortune is, Mr. LOUNGER, that her feelings are only made for brute creatures, and don't extend to us poor Christians of the family. She has no pity on us, no sympathy in the world for our distresses. She keeps a chambermaid and a boy besides myself; and I assure you it does not fare near so well with us as it does with the lap-dogs and the monkey. Nay, I have heard an old milk-woman say, who has been long about the family, that Mr. Sensitive himself was not treated altogether so kindly as some of his lady's four-footed favourites. He was, it seems, a good-natured man, and not much given to complain. The old woman says, she never heard of his finding fault with any thing, but once, that Mrs. Sensitive insisted on taking into bed a Bologna grayhound, because she said it could not sleep a-nights, from the coldness of the climate in this country. Yet she often talks of her dear, dear Mr. Sensitive, and weeps when she talks of him; and she has got a fine tomb-stone raised over his grave, with an epitaph full of disconsolates, and inconsolables, and what not. To say truth, that is one way even for a human creature to get into her good graces; for I never heard her mention any of her dead friends without a great deal of kindness and tender regrets; but we are none of us willing to purchase her favour at that rate.

“ As for the living, they have the misfortune never to be to her liking. Ordinary objects of charity we are ordered never to suffer to come near her; she



says she cannot bear to hear their lamentable stories, for that they tear her poor feelings in pieces. Besides, she has discovered, that most of them really deserve no compassion, and many sensible worthy people of her acquaintance have cautioned her against giving way to her sensibility in that way: because in such cases, the compassion of individuals is hurtful to society. There are several poor relations of her husband's, who, if it had not been for a settlement he made in her favour a short time before his death, would have had, I am told, by law, the greatest part of his fortune, to whom she never gave a shilling in her life. One little boy, her husband's godson, she consented to take into the house; but she turned him out of doors in less than a week, because of a blow he gave to Fidele, who was stealing his bread and butter.

“ Some of the other members of the family are almost tempted to steal bread and butter too. Mrs. Sensitive is an economist, though she spends a great deal of money on these nasty dogs and monkeys, and contrives to pinch it off us, both back and belly, as the saying is. The chambermaid has given her warning already on this score; and the boy says, he will only stay till he is a little bigger. As for me, she is pleased to say, that I am of an order of beings superior to the others; and she sometimes condescends to reason with me. She would persuade me, Sir, that it is a sin to eat the flesh of any bird or beast, and talks much of a set of philosophers, who went naked, I think, who believed that people were turned into beasts and birds; and that, therefore, we might chance to eat our father or mother in the shape of a goose or a turkey. And she says, how delighted she would be in the company of those naked philosophers, and how much their doctrines agree with her fine feelings; and then she coaxes me, and

says, that I have fine feelings too : but, indeed, I have no such feelings belonging to me ; and I know her greens and water don't agree with my feelings at all, but quite to the contrary, that there is such a grumbling about me.—And as for people being changed into birds and beasts, I think it is heathenish, and downright against the Bible : and yet it is diverting enough sometimes to hear her fancies about it ; and I can't help having my fancies too : as t'other morning, when the great horned owl sat at table by her, on the chair which she has often told me her dear, dear Mr. Sensitive used to occupy, and the poor creature looked so grave, and sat as silent as mum-chance ;—but then she was so kind to the owl ! I don't know what her squirrel was changed from, but it is always getting into some odd corner or other. 'Twas but yesterday I got a sad scold for offering to squeeze it when it had crept, Lord knows how far, up my petticoats ; and my mistress was in such a flurry, for fear I should have hurt it ! She lets it skip all about her without ever starting or wincing, for all her feelings are so fine. But these fine feelings are not like the feelings of any other body ; and I wish to get into the service of some person who has them of a coarser kind, that would be a little more useful. If Mrs. Heartly, therefore, continues in her resolution of quitting Lady Bidmore's on account of that old lady's want of feeling, I would be much obliged to you to recommend me to the place. I think I can bear a pretty good hand at a rubber and hard brush ; and as for keeping the furniture clean, it would be perfect pastime only, in comparison of my morning's cleaning out Mrs. Sensitive's living collection. I hope Lady Bidmore, from her education, has never heard any thing of the naked philosophers ; and if any other set have taught her that people are changed into Commodores,

chests of drawers, or bedsteads, it signifies very little, as we shall take exceeding good care of them, and the belief will have no effect on our dinners or suppers. I am, &c.

“BARBARA HEARTLESS.”

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No. 91. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1786.

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It is the observation of an elegant author,\* ‘That there is a sublime and tender melancholy, almost the universal attendant of genius, which is too apt to degenerate into gloom and disgust with the world.’ I have frequently had occasion to mark the justice of this observation: and it is with much regret that I have sometimes seen men of taste and delicacy of feeling, have a tendency to indulge in habits of gloom, despondency, and disrelish of the world. There is a certain standard of virtue and propriety, which a man of delicacy is apt to form in his own mind, but which, in the common events of the world, is rarely to be met with; there are certain ideas of elevated and sublime happiness which a man of a highly cultivated mind has a disposition to indulge, which it is hardly possible can be realised. When, therefore, a person of this disposition comes abroad into the world, when he meets with folly where he expected wisdom, falsehood in the room of honour, coarseness instead of delicacy, and selfish-

\* Dr. Gregory,

ness and insensibility where he had formed high ideas of generosity and refinement, he is apt to fall under the dominion of a melancholy, and to see the world in a gloomy point of view. Such a man, if he is not at pains to guard against it, runs some risk of contracting a degree of habitual disgust at mankind, and becoming misanthropical to a certain extent.

It will not, however, be that species of misanthropy which takes delight in the miseries of mankind; on the contrary, it will be a feeling of disgust arising from disappointed benevolence, mingled with pity and compassion for the follies and weaknesses of men. I doubt much if there exists in the world a complete misanthrope, in the darkest sense of that word—a person who takes pleasure in the wretchedness of others. If there does, it is impossible to conceive sufficient detestation at such a character. But the misanthropy of which I speak is of a much softer kind, and borders nearly on the highest degree of philanthropy. It seems indeed to be the child of philanthropy, and to proceed from too much sensibility, hurt by disappointment in the benevolent and amiable feelings.

It is a common and a just remark, that where a strong friendship has subsisted, if that friendship is once broken by the fault of either party, it is difficult to prevent a certain degree of hatred and disgust from taking place. The more susceptible the two persons were of the strong attachments of friendship, the more warmly and the more closely they were once united, so much the more difficult does it become to bring about a re-union or reconciliation. The sanguine and romantic opinions they had formed of one another's worth, and the disappointment which both or either of them feel from the behaviour of the other, inflicts a wound which rankles in the soul, and prevents all future confi-



dence. The same conduct in another person not so dear, with whom there was not so close an union, would have been passed over, and made little impression; the former distant and cold acquaintance would have gone on as usual, and forgiveness would easily have taken place.

Somewhat similar to the situation of a person who has been disappointed in the conduct of one from whom he expected much happiness and much friendship, is that of him who, having conceived warm and elevated notions of the world, has been disappointed in all these better expectations. The world, with its pursuits, will appear in an unfavourable light; he will be apt to quit its society, and to indulge in solitude his gloomy reflections. His dislike of the world, however, will be of a calm and gentle kind; it will rather be pity than hatred; though he may think ill of the species, he will be kind to individuals; he may dislike man, but will assist John or James.

Shakspeare, from whose writings much knowledge of the human heart is to be acquired, has presented us, in several of his characters, with a history of that melancholy and misanthropy I have described above.

Of the character of Hamlet, one of my predecessors\* has given a delineation which appears to me to be a just one. Naturally of the most amiable and virtuous disposition, and endued with the most exquisite sensibility, he is unfortunate; and his misfortunes proceed from the crimes of those with whom he was the most nearly connected, for whom he had the strongest feelings of natural affection. From these circumstances he is hurt in his soul's tenderest part; he is unhinged in his principles of action, falls

\* Mirror, Nos. 99, 100.

into melancholy, and conceives disgust at the world: yet, amidst all his disgust and the misanthropy which he at times discovers, we constantly perceive that goodness and benevolence are the prevailing features of his character; amidst all the gloom of his melancholy, and the agitation in which his calamities involve him, there are occasional outbreakings of a mind richly endowed by nature, and cultivated by education. Had Hamlet possessed less sensibility, had he not been so easily hurt by the calamities of life, by the crimes of the persons with whom he was connected, he would have preserved more equanimity, he would not have been the prey of dark desponding melancholy; the world and all its uses would not have appeared to him 'stale, flat, and unprofitable; an unweeded garden that grows to seed, possessed merely by things rank and gross in nature.'

In the play of 'As you like it,' there is brought upon the stage a personage of a more fixed and systematic melancholy than that of Hamlet. Hamlet's melancholy and disgust with the world is occasioned by the particular nature of the misfortunes he meets with. But in Jaques we see a settled and confirmed melancholy, not proceeding from any misfortune peculiar to himself, but arising from a general feeling of the vanity of the world, and the folly of those engaged in its pursuits. His melancholy is therefore more settled than that of Hamlet, and is in truth more deeply rooted. He takes no share in the enjoyments of life, but abandons society, and lives in solitude. Hamlet, wounded to the heart by the misfortunes which befall him, and irritated by the crimes of others, feels more poignantly at the time. The feelings of Jaques are more general, and, therefore, the more calm, but from that very cause are deeper and more fixed. It is to be observed, however, that the melancholy and misanthropy of Jaques,

like that of Hamlet, proceeds from excess of tenderness, from too much sensibility to the evils of the world, and the faults of mankind. His moralizing on the poor sequestered stag, is a most beautiful illustration of his tenderness, and of his nice perception and sorrow for the follies and vices of men;—as his comparison of the world to a stage affords a highly-finished picture of the estimation in which he holds human life.

In Timon of Athens, we are presented with a character in many respects different from that of Hamlet or Jaques. Here we have misanthropy of a much darker hue. Soured with disappointment; fallen from the height of prosperity into the lowest state of adversity; deceived by flattering friends; forsaken by the buzzing attendants on wealth and greatness, Timon conceives disgust at the world and its enjoyments; and that disgust produces hatred and aversion at mankind. Yet even here it is observable, that, with all Timon's misanthropy, there is a great mixture of original goodness and benevolence. At his first outset in life, he was unsuspecting, and wished to contribute to the happiness of all around him. 'Being free himself, he thought all others so.' Disappointed in the opinion he had formed of the world, and shocked with the ingratitude he met with; 'brought low,' as he is said to be, 'by his own heart, undone by goodness,' he becomes a prey to deep gloom and misanthropy; but, with all his misanthropy, he preserves a sense of honour and of right.

It is to be admitted, however, that as Timon's is a character much inferior to, and much less amiable than that of Hamlet or of Jaques, so his misanthropy is of a much blacker and more savage nature. Hamlet's misanthropy arises from a deep sense of the guilt of others;—Jaques's from a general impression

of the follies and weaknesses of the world;—Timon's is produced by a selfish sense of the ingratitude of others to himself. His disgust at the world, therefore, is not mixed with the same gentleness and amiable tenderness which are displayed by the other two; and he possesses as much misanthropy of the blackest sort as it is possible for human nature to arrive at. Shakspeare, indeed, holds him forth as a person altogether bereft of reason. He seems to have thought, that such a degree of misanthropy as Timon is described to be possessed of, was inconsistent with the use of that faculty.

In the criticism on Hamlet which I before quoted, it is observed, that, amidst all his melancholy and gloom, there is a great deal of gaiety and playfulness in his deportment. The remark is certainly just, and it may be extended to the other characters of Shakspeare above taken notice of. Notwithstanding the settled dejection of Jaques, he is described as possessing an uncommon degree of humour. He himself tells us, 'he is often wrapped in a most humorous sadness.'—The account which he gives of the motley fool he met with in the forest, and the description of the seven ages of human life, are lively instances of this strong feature in his character.

Even Timon, black as his melancholy appears, is not without a humour in his sadness. The joke put by him on his worthless friends, in inviting them to dinner when he had none to give them, the conversation between him and Apemantus, and the last scene with the Poet and Painter, are sufficient confirmations of this remark.

The disposition in all these characters to a certain degree of jocular and sportiveness, is far from being unnatural. On the contrary, I am disposed to think that something of this kind takes place in every



person who is under the influence of melancholy. There is no doubt that the mind may be so much overwhelmed, as to be incapable of relishing any degree of sportiveness or of gaiety; but when the first paroxysms of grief are over, when the violent effects of overwhelming distress, which cannot long continue, have subsided, and when the mind has assumed a tone perhaps equally distressing, but more lasting and calm, and even more thoughtful, there is no time when the effect of a joke will be more easily perceived or better understood.

This may perhaps be accounted for by a few observations on the state of the mind in such circumstances, with which I shall conclude the present paper.

A person under the influence of melancholy, or indeed of any passion whatever, must frequently become a spectator of his own mind\*; must often be led to view his own feelings in the light in which they will appear to others. Viewing them in this light, and in the situation of persons not under the same prejudice, they may appear to him very differently from what is his own habitual impression; and in this situation he may entertain somewhat of a disposition to smile at himself, and to admit of a joke even at his own expense. The gentleness of Hamlet's spirit made him anxious to accommodate himself, and bring down his own feelings to a level with those of the persons around him; and therefore, on all occasions, even in the deepest melancholy, he engages in pleasantries of conversation; he even ventures to joke with Horatio on his mother's marriage, which was the great cause of all his sorrow.

If, as some philosophers have maintained, ridicule arises from contrast, there is no situation, provided

\* See Theory of Moral Sentiments.

we are capable of perceiving ridicule at all, in which the ridiculous will appear in a stronger point of view, than when the mind is under the dominion of melancholy. The very situation must heighten the contrast. The circumstances of Cromwell and his associate bedaubing one another's faces with ink, while they were in the act of signing the warrant for the death of the King; or that of Lord Lovat with the suds on his beard kissing Hogarth, who had come to steal a drawing of him, the day before his execution, would have been childish at any other time.

When a person is in a melancholy frame of mind, such a melancholy as leads him to view the world and all its pursuits in a gloomy point of view, this is apt to produce a sort of elevation above the world, and an indifference about every thing that is going on in it. The great and the low, the rich and the poor, the busy and the idle, are all seen with equal unconcern, as passing through a few years to that period, when all their projects will be buried in the grave.

Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho,  
 Nil interest, an pauper, et infimâ  
 De gente, sub dio moreris,  
 Victima nil miserantis Orci.

Omnes eodem cogimur. — HOR. CAR. ii. 3. 21.

Such a person may feel some gratification in letting himself down from the melancholy eminence from which he views human life; and, considering all its occupations as frivolous alike, it will rather flatter than hurt his pride, to join in the trifling jest or idle merriment.

He who is under the pressure of grief, under the influence of sorrow, occasioned by some calamity, may at times feel a sort of gratification in escaping from his own mind and from the dominion of his

melancholy. To use the words of an author who has a peculiar talent at expressing the nice feelings of the human heart: 'there is a certain kind of trifling, in which a mind not much at ease can sometimes indulge itself. One feels an escape, as it were, from the heart, and is fain to take up with lighter company. It is like the theft of a truant boy, who goes to play for a few minutes, while his master is asleep, and throws the chiding for his task upon futurity.'

Such a disposition of mind, however, with all that interest which it excites in us, with all the privileges it may claim, and all the pleasantries it may at times enjoy, is nevertheless deeply to be regretted in others, and anxiously to be avoided in ourselves. I must the more earnestly warn my readers against the indulgence of this sort of melancholy disposition, because, in its first stages, there is something gratifying, something which flatters and captivates: but if allowed to grow into a habit, it unhinges every better faculty of the mind; it destroys the usefulness, and blasts the enjoyment, of life.

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No. 92. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1786.

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“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ A CORRESPONDENT of yours has described the uneasiness he feels from a wife of a romantic turn of mind. It is my misfortune to be yoked to a hus-

band who would have pleased that lady to a T, but who is a perpetual distress to me ; who teases me from morning to night with what he calls sentiment ; and talks for ever of something which he terms fineness of mind.

“ I am the daughter of a gentleman of moderate fortune in the south of Scotland, who, early in life, married a lady who brought him no fortune indeed, but soon enriched him with four sons and five daughters, of whom I am the eldest. By the assistance of a great man, whose interest in the county my father had espoused, my brothers were soon shipped off to India, and some other far-off places, to shift for themselves, and push their fortune as they best could. It was more difficult to dispose of us. My mother proposed to breed some of us to business, to put us in a way, as she said, of earning an honest livelihood for ourselves. The pride of my father could not submit to this proposition, and he thought it better that we should starve like gentlewomen descended from an ancient family.

“ We were accordingly kept at home in the old and crazy mansion-house, where we received such an education as my mother, assisted by our parish-minister, who happened to be a relation of hers, could give us. As to my father, he was so much occupied in managing his farm, and in labouring to make the two ends of the year meet, that he had little leisure to bestow any attention upon us. If at any time he addressed himself to me and my sisters, it was to check any thing that appeared to him like extravagance in our dress, to recommend economy and attention to household affairs, and to praise those happy times when men were not scared from marriage by the extravagance of wives ; and when, of course, every daughter of a respectable family was sure of a good husband as soon as she was brought from the nursery.



“A continual flow of animal spirits, and a cheerful disposition, enabled me to support this life without feeling much uneasiness, or much desire to change my situation. When I had entered my twentieth year, a female relation of my father’s, who resides chiefly in town, honoured us with a visit. She was pleased to express much satisfaction with my looks and appearance, blamed my father for not sending me to town: and said, that were I once properly introduced into the world, I might be certain of a good marriage. These observations were accompanied with a warm invitation to pass the next winter at her house, where she told my father it would cost him nothing but a mere trifle for my clothes, and that he might think himself very happy to be able to dispose of a daughter at so easy a rate.

“These arguments at length prevailed, and it was agreed that I should attend my cousin to town. I will fairly own, Sir, that I felt a certain degree of uneasiness at the thoughts of being exposed, as it were, to sale, and condemned to give my hand to the highest bidder. My parents, it was plain, sent me to town with no other view than that I might find a husband there; and when I took leave of them, I could easily see they laid their account that I was not to return without one.

“These reflections were soon lost amidst the gaiety and hurry of a town life; I enjoyed its pleasures and amusements without thinking of consequences; and would have forgotten the object of my journey, had not my prudent kinswoman recalled my attention to it from time to time, and inculcated, in terms sufficiently strong, the absolute necessity of changing my state.

“Mean while the season passed away; and though I met with a sufficient degree of attention at all public places, and though my cousin spared no pains to

set me off to the best advantage, nothing like a serious proposal of marriage ever was made.

“Such was the natural lightness of my spirit, and easiness of my disposition, that without much difficulty I reconciled myself to the idea of returning to my father’s; and nothing gave me any disquietude, but the thoughts of continuing a burden on him. But the solicitude of my cousin, who had in a manner undertaken to dispose of me, increased daily, and afforded me, I must confess, rather amusement than uneasiness. When she saw me led out to dance by a younger brother, she could not conceal her chagrin: and from her manner and conversation, a person unacquainted with her motive might have been led to think, that there was something baneful in the touch of a man who did not possess a certain fortune.

“While matters wore this unpromising aspect, and the period fixed for my return to the country approached, we went with a party to the theatre, to see the celebrated Mrs. Siddons play in the tragedy of *The Gamester*. The distress of Mrs. Beverley soon engaged my attention so completely, that it was some time before I observed, that, by an accidental change of places in the box, a gentleman somewhat advanced in life, and whom I had never seen before, was placed by me. He seemed deeply affected by the play: and, after it was over, addressed to me some observations on the piece and the performers. He appeared to be pleased with a remark or two which I happened to make on the play, praised the feeling I had shown during its representation, and then entered more deeply into the subject of plays and of feelings. I cannot say that I understood all he said; but either he did not perceive my ignorance, or kindly wished to instruct me; and so continued talking till it was time to retire.

“When we got home, my cousin observed, that I

had been well placed that evening. ‘Mr. Edwards,’ said she, ‘is not one of those young, giddy, extravagant, fops, whom one generally meets with at public places. He has lately succeeded to a large fortune by the death of an elder brother, and the world says he is looking out for a wife. He is just the sort of man I should wish for you, and I have engaged him to dinner on Monday next: so I desire you may be at home.’

“The imagination of my good kinswoman dwelt constantly on Mr. Edwards, whom she seemed to consider as my last stake, and many a good advice I received as to my conduct and behaviour on this important Monday. ‘Mr. Edwards,’ said she, ‘is a sedate, sensible, man: you must not therefore talk at random, and laugh, as you sometimes do. You must, above all, be attentive to him, and do not engage in any idle talk with the rest of the company.’ When the day came, my cousin attended my toilet in person; and, had I been going to a birth-day ball, could not have bestowed more pains than she did in dressing me out in the manner that appeared to her most likely to make an impression on the devoted Mr. Edwards.

“You may well believe that I was much entertained with this anxiety to please a person I had seen but once, and who I could not suppose had ever bestowed one thought on me. When the company assembled, I found that, in the selection she had made, my cousin had done me ample justice. The females were either old, or uncommonly plain in their appearance. By some manœuvre I was placed next to Mr. Edwards at dinner; but there, the ridicule of my own situation, added to my natural flow of spirits, and forgetting all the prudent advices I had received, I yielded without reserve to the disposition of the moment, and was highly amused with the looks I from time to time received from the head

of the table, which, though unobserved by the rest of the company, were to me sufficiently intelligible.

“ My artless unpremeditated manner was, however, more successful than my cousin expected, or I could foresee. Mr. Edwards repeated his visits, and after some time offered me his hand in the most respectful and delicate manner. In marrying Mr. Edwards I did no violence to my own inclinations. Though I cannot say that I loved him, I esteemed his character; I was grateful for the distinctions with which he had honoured me, and I was firmly determined to discharge all the duties of a wife.

“ Soon after our marriage, he carried me on an excursion to England; and as he wished, he said, to enjoy my conversation without interruption, we travelled alone. For the first day or two, I endeavoured to amuse him as I best could, by talking of the face of the country, the towns through which we passed, the gentlemen's seats we saw, and such like common topics. One day, however, he at once struck me dumb, by asking whether I was most pleased with Marivaux or Riccoboni? I was at length obliged to confess, that I did not know the meaning of his question. ‘ Gracious Heavens!’ exclaimed he, ‘ have you never, Matilda,’ for so he always calls me, though I have told him a thousand times that I was christened Martha, ‘ perused the delightful pages of these celebrated authors?’ In a word, Sir, had I told him that I had never read the Scripture, he could not have testified more astonishment.

“ Our jaunt was shortened, and we hurried into the country, that I might, without interruption, apply myself to the study of the French language, without which my husband plainly insinuated, that I could never be a companion for a rational creature. To this I had no objection; and I resolved, by assiduous application, to make up for the deficiencies in my



education. But this will not satisfy my husband, and I now plainly perceive, that were I as accomplished as any of my sex, it would not mend the matter one bit. If I happen to be in good humour when he is in a grave fit, which, to say the truth, he frequently is, he ascribes it to want of attachment, and tells me, that if I felt that sympathy of soul in which true happiness consists, I could not behave in that manner. If I receive my friends and neighbours with common attention, he says that if I loved like him, I could not dedicate so much of my time to the gratification of others. If I quit him to look after my household concerns, he talks of vulgar cares and unfeeling solitudes; though, at the same time, with all his sentiment and refinement, he is by no means indifferent to the pleasures of the table; and it was but yesterday that he was out of humour the whole day, because the mutton was over-roasted, and the cook had put too much garlick into an omelet.

“ Under favour, Sir, I have been sometimes led to suspect, that the unhappiness of my husband proceeds from a certain degree of selfishness, which he has not been at pains to restrain within due bounds. I would willingly, however do every thing in my power to remove his uneasiness, but find myself altogether at a loss how to act. His distresses are so various, and often of so peculiar a nature, that when I exert myself the most to please him, I frequently give him the greatest pain. In this hard situation, I at length resolved to apply to you for advice and assistance; which will much oblige,

“ Your constant reader,

“ MARTHA EDWARDS.”

All this comes of not marrying a younger man. Had Miss Martha, or Matilda, since her husband will have it so, wedded one of the young gentlemen of the present mode, she would have found him perfectly indifferent as to what feelings she possessed, or what authors she read; but he would probably have asked some preliminary questions about her fortune, which Mr. Edwards seems to have overlooked. As to the niceties of the table, that is a feeling common to both schools, in which the new indeed rather surpasses the old: that study therefore I would recommend to Mrs. Edwards. The codes of 'sentiment and fineness of mind' are so voluminous, that I know not how to desire her to undergo a course of them; but it will not be difficult for her to make herself mistress of Hannah Glasse.

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No. 93. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1786.

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*Fortunatus et ille, Deos qui novit agrestes.* VIRG. GEORG. ii. 493.

ONE of the great pleasures of a periodical Essayist arises from that sort of friendly and cordial intercourse which his publication sometimes procures him with worthy and respectable characters. The receipt of the following letter has added to the list of my acquaintance a gentleman whose person indeed I am ignorant of, but whose sentiments I respect, whose sorrows I revere, and whose feel-

ings I am persuaded many of my readers, even in these days, which he holds not very susceptible of such emotions, will warmly participate.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ I, AS well as your correspondent Urbanus, was very much pleased with your late paper on the moral use of the country, and the portrait of the excellent lady it contained. I am an old man, Sir, but, thank God, with all my faculties and feelings entire and alive about me; and your description recalled to my memory some worthy characters with which my youth was acquainted, and which I am inclined to believe, I should find it a little difficult, were I even disposed to look out for them, to supply now. At my time of life, friends are a treasure which the fortunate may have preserved, but the most fortunate can hardly acquire; and, if I am not mistaken in my opinion of the present race, there are not many friendships among them which I would be solicitous to acquire, or they will be likely to preserve. It is not of their little irregularities or imprudences I complain; I know these must always be expected and pardoned in the young; and there are few of us old people who can recollect our youthful days without having some things of that sort to blush for. No Mr. LOUNGER, it is their prudence, their wisdom, their foresight, their policy, I find fault with. They put on the livery of the world so early, and have so few of the weaknesses of feeling or of fancy! to this cause I impute the want of that rural sentiment which your correspondent Urbanus seems to suppose is banished only from the country-retreats of town-dissipation, from the abodes of fashionable

and frivolous people, who carry all the follies and pleasures of a city into scenes destined for rural simplicity and rural enjoyments. But in truth, Sir, the people of the country themselves, who never knew fashionable life, or city-dissipation, have now exchanged the simple-hearted pleasures which in my younger days were common amongst them, for ideas of a much more selfish and interested sort. Most of my young acquaintance there, and I spend at least eight months of the year in the country, are really arrived at that prudent way of estimating things which we used to be diverted with in Hudibras :

For what's the value of a thing,  
But as much money as 'twill bring?

Their ambition, their love, their friendship, all have this tendency, and their no-ambition, their no-love, their no-friendship, or, in one word, their indifference about every object from which some worldly advantage is not to be drawn, is equally observable on the other hand. On such a disposition, Mr. LOUNGER, what impression is to be made by rural objects or rural scenery? The visions which these paint to fancy, or the tender ties they have on remembrance, cannot find room in an imagination or a heart made callous by selfish and interested indifference. 'Tis with regret rather than resentment that I perceive this sort of turn so prevalent among the young people of my acquaintance, or those with whom I am connected. I have now, alas! no child of my own in whom I can either lament such a failing, or be proud of the want of it.

I think myself happy, Sir, that, even at my advanced period of life, I am still susceptible of such impressions as those which your 87th number imputes to rural contemplation. At this season,



above all others, methinks they are to be enjoyed. Now in this fading time of the year, when the flush of vegetation, and the glow of maturity is past, when the fields put on a sober, or rather saddened appearance, I look on the well-known scenery around my country-dwelling, as I would on a friend fallen from the pride of prosperity to a more humble and a more interesting situation. The withering grass that whistles on the unsheltered bank; the fallen leaves strewed over the woodland path; the silence of the almost naked copse, which not long ago rung with the music of the birds; the flocking of their little tribes that seem mute with the 'dread of ills to come'; the querulous call of the partridge in the bare brown field, and the soft low song of the red-breast from the household shed; this pensive landscape, with these plaintive accompaniments, dimmed by a gray October sky, which we look on with the thoughts of its shortened and still shortening light: all this presses on my bosom a certain still and gentle melancholy, which I would not part with for all the pleasure that mirth could give, for all the luxury that wealth could buy.

"You say, truly, in one of your late papers, that poetry is almost extinguished among us: it is one of my old-fashioned propensities to be fond of poetry, to be delighted with its descriptions, to be affected by its sentiments. I find in genuine poetry a sort of opening to the feelings of my mind, to which my own expression could not give vent; I see, in its descriptions, a picture more lively and better composed than my own less distinct and less vivid ideas of the objects around me could furnish. It is with such impressions that I read the following lines of Thomson's Autumn, introductive of the solemn and beautiful apostrophe to philosophic melancholy:

But see the fading many-coloured woods,  
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round  
 Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage dusk and dun,  
 Of every hue, from wan-declining green  
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,  
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,  
 And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm  
 Fleeces unbounded ether ; whose least wave  
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn  
 The gentle current ; while, illumined wide,  
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,  
 And, thro' their lucid veil, his soften'd force  
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time  
 For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,  
 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,  
 And soar above this little scene of things !  
 To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet,  
 To sooth the throbbing passions into peace,  
 And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

“ About this time three years, Sir, I had the misfortune to lose a daughter, the last survivor of my family, whom her mother, dying at her birth, left a legacy to my tenderness, who closed a life of the most exemplary goodness, of the most tender filial duty, of the warmest benevolence, of the most exalted piety, by a very gradual but not unperceived decay. When I think on the returning season of this calamity, when I see the last fading flowers of autumn, which my Harriet used to gather with a kind of sympathetic sadness, and hear the small chirping note of the flocking linnets, which she used to make me observe as the elegy of the year! when I have drawn her picture in the midst of this rural scenery, and then reflect on her many virtues and accomplishments, on her early and unceasing attentions to myself, her gentle and winning manners to every one around her; when I remember her resignation during the progress of her disorder, her unshaken and sublime piety in its latest

stages; when these recollections fill my mind, in conjunction with the drooping images of the season, and the sense of my own waning period of life; I feel a mixture of sadness and of composure, of humility and of elevation of spirit, which I think, Sir, a man would ill exchange for any degree of unfeeling prudence, or of worldly wisdom and indifference.

“The attachment to rural objects is like that family-affection which a warm and uncorrupted mind preserves for its relations and early acquaintance. In a town, the lively partiality and predilection for these relations and friends, is weakened or lost in the general intercourse of the multitude around us. In a town, external objects are so common, so unappropriated to ourselves, and are so liable to change and to decay, that we cannot feel any close or permanent connection with them. In the country we remember them unchanged for a long space of time, and for that space known and frequented by scarce any but ourselves. ‘Methinks I should hate,’—says a young lady, the child of fiction, yet drawn with many features like that excellent girl I lost,—‘methinks I should hate to have been born in a town. When I say my native brook, or my native hill, I talk of friends, of whom the remembrance warms my heart.’ When the memory of persons we dearly loved is connected with the view of those objects, they have then a double link to the soul. It were tender enough for me to view some ancient trees that form my common evening-walk, did I only remember what I was when I first sported under their shade, and what I am when I rest under it now; but it is doubly tender, when I think of those with whom I have walked there; of her whom, but a few summers ago, I saw beneath those beeches, smiling in health, and beauty, and happiness, her present days lighted up with inno-

cence and mirth, and her future drawn in the flattering colours of fancy and of hope.

“ But I know not why I should trouble you with this recital of the situation and feelings of an individual, or indeed why I should have written to you at all, except that I caught a sort of congenial spirit from your 87th number, and was led by the letter of Urbanus to compare your description of a personage in former times, with those whose sentiments I sometimes hear in the present days. I am not sure that these have gained in point of substance what they have lost in point of imagination. Power, and wealth, and luxury, are relative terms; and if address, and prudence, and policy, can only acquire us our share, we shall not account ourselves more powerful, more rich, or more luxurious, than when in the little we possessed we were still equal to those around us. But if we have narrowed the sources of internal comfort and internal enjoyment, if we have debased the powers or corrupted the purity of the mind, if we have blunted the sympathy or contracted the affections of the heart, we have lost some of that treasure which was absolutely our own, and derived not its value from comparative estimation. Above all, if we have allowed the prudence or the interests of this world to shut out from our souls the view or the hopes of a better, we have quenched that light which would have cheered the darkness of affliction, and the evening of old age, which at this moment, Mr. LOUNGER, for, like an old man, I must come back to myself, I feel restoring me my virtuous friends, my loved relations, my dearest child!

“ I am, &c.

“ ADRASTUS.”



No. 94. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1786.

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*Vos bene consilium et datis, et dato  
Gaudetis.*— HOR. CAR. iii. 4, 41.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ THOUGH you, and other writers of your sort, are constantly recommending benevolence and social affection, as not only the most laudable, but as the happiest dispositions of mind; yet I confess I am inclined to doubt at least one-half of the proposition. The care we take of our neighbours is oftener praised than rewarded, and sometimes it has the misfortune to meet neither with approbation nor recompense. That I have some reason to say so, Mr. LOUNGER, I fancy you will be inclined to allow, when I tell you how it has fared with myself.

“ I was, from my earliest years, disposed to think more of other people’s advantage than of my own. When at school, I was the great prompter both of study and of amusement, though I was nowise remarkable for excelling in the one or enjoying the other. I showed the first boys of our class the easiest way of getting their lessons and performing their exercises; but I seldom could be at the trouble to get or to perform my own. I laid excellent plans for new games, truant expeditions, and little plots of mischief; but, being of a weakly constitution, and of not a very resolute mind, I seldom was an actor in the amusement or the adventure: as I

had, however, a sort of vanity, which was flattered by the imputation of the advice, I was often flogged for tricks I had not played, and idle diversions in which I had not partaken. I was generally pitched on as a sort of ambassador when a play-day was to be asked, or a boy begged off; because I liked to put myself forward, and was readier with my tongue than my hand. But in this office I was very ill rewarded for my trouble; I was sometimes whipped in place of him whose pardon I had the assurance to ask, and often left out of the party whose play I had been so lucky as to obtain.

“ These disappointments, however, did not damp the natural ardor of my disposition to serve my friends. Genius, it has been observed, rather grows upon control; my genius was that of giving advice, and it seemed rather to increase than to abate as I grew up into life. I chose a profession which was very well calculated for indulging this propensity, that of a physician, and went through a regular course of education to qualify myself for a degree; which, however, I failed of obtaining at the university in which I studied, having incurred the displeasure of the professors, from being the promoter, as they said, of certain cabals among the students, which disturbed the peace of the community. For obtaining that honorary distinction, I was obliged to go to a foreign university, where, from a want of the language, I was prevented from giving so much good advice as I should otherwise have been inclined to bestow.

“ When I returned to my native country, I was resolved to make up for this unprofitable interval of silence, by a liberal use of my talent for advising. But I don't know how it happened, except from that disposition which genius has rather to voluntary than to expected exertion, I had not half the plea-

sure in giving advice as a physician, that I felt in offering my counsel in any other case of doubt or of difficulty. It might, perhaps, be owing to this that I was little consulted; and in some houses into which I got access as a doctor, it was alleged that I raised such a ferment by my non-medical advice, as all my sedatives were unable to allay. On my skill as a physician I bore attacks without much emotion; but, conscious of the purity of my intentions, I was surprised to hear my conduct as a man arraigned; astonished, when an adviser like myself cautioned me against intermeddling with other people's affairs; told me, that nothing was so hurtful to one's self as the telling people disagreeable truths; and that if I was not on my guard, I would soon be shunned as a busy-body and an incendiary, who set every family into which he was admitted by the ears.

“In consequence of the caution offered me by this teller of agreeable truths, I was determined, notwithstanding my natural philanthropy, to withhold the counsel of which I saw most of my neighbours stand so much in need, when an incident happened that put me a good deal in spirits with myself, and in favour with the world. An uncle died, and left me heir to a considerable sum which he possessed in the funds. By his death, I found myself to have acquired a great deal of wisdom and persuasion, as well as money; and, while that money lasted, seldom met with a man or a woman who did not find my advice perfectly prudent and useful. It was indeed frequently given in a way exactly the reverse of what my profession, which I now followed only for my amusement, should have taught me. The fee commonly accompanied the prescription in the form of a loan, a present, a subscription, or some such genteel denomination; and I had among my patients

persons of very great consideration, and of the most eminent talents. I scarce remember any who obstinately and bluntly refused my advice, except one author, whom I earnestly advised to suppress a dedication he showed me to a small volume of poems, with which he was about to favour the public. This was a matter, too, in which I thought I had the best title to offer my opinion, as the book was to be dedicated to myself, and I had set down my name for one hundred copies.

“ In the disposal of the riches with which this unexpected death of my relation had endowed me, I was equally benevolent and disinterested as in the other parts of my conduct. The effects of this were, as in other cases, more beneficial to my friends than to myself: by that hospitality with which I repaid the gratitude of those whose measures I prompted or advised; by the facility with which I entered into money engagements, in aid of those measures; by becoming a sharer in several projects, of which I had the chief management and direction, and in which, therefore, I generally had the honour of making the first and largest advances; and by laying out money according to the advice of some of the ablest men in that department; for after I grew rich I had got advisers too; by all of these means, Mr. LOUNGER, in the course of ten or twelve years I found my uncle’s inheritance almost entirely exhausted, and I was left in the decline of life with no other provision than a very small annuity, which the wreck of it enabled me to purchase.

“ I was, however, always of a sanguine, thoughtless, disposition, and not easily put out of temper with the circumstances in which fortune had placed me. My annuity, small as it was, enabled me to keep up a decent appearance: and my degree gave me a convenient, and, in this country, a respectable



appellation. I had gained, too, some experience during the vicissitudes of my fortune, and in my days of prosperity had, as I mentioned above, known what it was to receive as well as to offer advice. On this experience, and an attention to my own feelings, I built the system of my future conduct ; and, by a diligent attention to the feelings of others, I have been able to pursue it with very tolerable success. I still continue my profession of adviser ; but I now give advice after a manner perfectly different from that in which I set out, not according to the case in which I am consulted, but according to the inclination of him or her who consults me.

“ You cannot easily imagine, Sir, how much goodwill this deportment has gained me. Instead of the distant acquaintance and cold reception which, in the days of my honest counsel, I generally met with, I now find myself surrounded by friends and well-wishers wherever I go. I dine six days in the week at good tables, have frequent invitations to parties of pleasure ; nay, I might have even some professional advantage, if I was inclined to lay hold of it, and might be feed for prescribing remedies to people of fashion, of which themselves have first told me the infallibility. I had a present of a gold snuff-box from an old gouty Lord, for listening to his account of the virtues of sulphur-water ; and my Lady Notable lately sent me a suit of damask of her own making, for having staid to witness some experiments with her favourite worm-powder.

“ Not only indeed in medicine, in which I might be supposed to have some knowledge, but in most other arts and sciences, this same echo-counsel has given me the character of being very skilfull and well informed. I have acquired a great character for connoisseurship in painting, by advising the great collector, Mr. Tinto, to purchase, as an original

Vandyke, a picture which his ordinary counsellor in these matters, had insisted, in spite of his patron's assertion, was but a copy; and an author of great reputation, has mentioned me as one of the justest critics of his acquaintance, because I gave it as my opinion, that he should by all means retain a simile in his new tragedy, which an actor would have had him cut out, as too long and unnatural. At the theatre, my advice is followed, even by that most unadvisable of all professions, the players, ever since I told Mr. — that he was an incomparable Macbeth, and advised Mrs. — to play Juliet in her grand climacteric.

“ I sometimes make friends, and establish my reputation for taste, as much by dissuading from what should not, as by advising what should be done. I have eat venison half-a-dozen times at Lord Visto's country-seat, ever since I begged him not to think of building such a clumsy temple as his neighbour Sir Paul Prospect has lately erected; and have been very much a man *à bonnes fortunes* in the good graces of Miss Trippet, since one morning that I dissuaded her from wearing a gipsy hat with pink ribands, which made Lady Bell Airy look so frightful at the assembly a few evenings before.

“ On one occasion only I recollect my method of giving counsel to have failed of being acceptable: in my young days, when I had the foolish way of advising inconsiderately, I had given a decided opinion against a friend's marrying his maid-servant, who a few days after first showed his being estranged from me, by leaving me out of the company he invited to the christening of his first child. In my wiser days, I was consulted by another friend on a similar occasion. I advised him by all means to marry. I did not see him till a twelvemonth after, he seemed to bear me no good will for my advice; and the

first token of reconciliation, I received from him was a few weeks ago, by a letter to his wife's funeral.

“ I have thus very candidly communicated to you, Mr. LOUNGER, my method of giving advice, so agreeable to the advised, as well as so highly advantageous to the adviser. I communicate it to you from a very friendly motive; because I think I have observed, that in many of your papers you have rather shown a disposition to give counsel to your readers in my first manner, which before I had been taught better things, made me so unwelcome a guest, and so disagreeable a companion. Believe me, you will find it much more expedient to perform this friendly office according to the improved system which at present I follow with so much applause and success. But I forget that it is probable you design your work rather for posterity than the present times; in which case, you are certainly very much in the right to adopt the opposite plan; and in that view of the matter it has my entire approbation.

“ I have the honour to be, &c.

“ VALERIUS VELVET.”

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No. 95. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1786.

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Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

JOHNSON.

WHEN I returned from my morning's walk one day of last week, Peter informed me that a young gentleman had called, who would not tell his name,

but promised to call again in the evening, and in the mean time left a letter which he said would inform me who he was. 'I think, Sir,' said Peter, while I was opening the letter, 'that were he a little older, and had a major wig instead of his own brown hair in round curls on his neck, that one might discover a likeness between him and Colonel Caustic.' There was some reason for the resemblance; for in fact it was a young relation of the Colonel's, who had been two or three years at an English university, and is now come hither for the winter to study some particular branches at ours. He brought me a letter of introduction from my worthy friend his kinsman, which gave him, in the Colonel's delicate way, a great deal of commendation, though I am persuaded, from what I have seen of him, no more than he merits. 'He is really a fine boy,' said the Colonel's letter, 'and I think you will like him the better that he pretends to be no more. He has neither learned to be a fop nor a prig at college; and, though a little flighty and light-headed now and then, has a soundness at heart that never deceives one. The lad has a classical taste, and has written some love verses that would not have disgraced better times, when the women were worthy of them.'

When he came in the evening, I found his appearance very prepossessing, and not the less so, that I really imagined I saw some of that resemblance which Peter's sagacity had discovered. Peter laid two covers without my bidding; and the young gentleman accepted the invitation they implied. After our little supper we got so well acquainted, and found ourselves so much related through the connection of Colonel Caustic, that the young man, as I wished, forgot the difference of our age, and the lateness of his introduction, and we quoted



which, among other novelties, you may communicate to the Colonel. Here it is, sealed with a Shakspeare's head, and dated from Holyrood-house.'

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

I PRESUME, from the uniform practice of your predecessors, and indeed from several of your earlier papers, that the state of the theatre is by no means a subject of indifference to you. In this belief, I make bold to trouble you with a letter concerning our Scottish stage, which I hope will meet with your attention. I think, Sir, I may presume to say, that I am not an unqualified correspondent on that subject, having passed most of my life behind the scenes, in different parts of the kingdom, and have reason to flatter myself with having been of considerable use to the stage, though my labours have not proved so advantageous to myself as I had reason to look for. I was the first who brought any thing like discipline among Bayes's Light Horse ; I had a very principal hand in the sea in Harlequin's Invasion ; and gave the plan for the construction of the famous cloud which took up the deities in Midas. These, and many other services of equal importance, have been long forgotten. I will make no personal reflections, Sir ; but managers are well known not to be always so attentive to merit as they ought to be. I know it has been said, that I was dismissed from the London theatre, on account of an unfortunate accident, to wit, the falling of a flying dragon, which I had invented for a new pantomime ; by which the Devil and Dr. Faustus were both killed on the spot. But, in the first place, the story is false in itself, the Doctor having only broke his nose, and the Devil his

tail, by the accident ; and at any rate, the dragon was not of my construction, but one borrowed from the Opera-house, which had been foundered by hard riding in the ballet of Jason and Medea.

“I understand, Sir, that it is intended this winter to make a very material improvement on the theatre at Edinburgh, by bringing down the Sadler’s Wells company, to perform here during a considerable part of the season. I will not have the vanity to say, that this was entirely owing to a suggestion of mine ; yet it is certain that I hinted at such an improvement several months ago, at the house of a gentleman, an old acquaintance, with whom I sometimes take a Sunday’s dinner, who is on very intimate terms with the gentleman who dresses the manager. But, whoever may claim the honour of the invention, Sir, I cannot help congratulating this country on the event, which I look on as proceeding from the same liberal and enlarged spirit that has given rise to the commercial treaty with France. Undoubtedly, a free and full communication and interchange of commodities is of advantage both among nations and theatres : and the jealousies and rivalships that used to subsist between contending houses were extremely hurtful to all parties. It is the duty of every good citizen to promote an object so desirable as that of a friendly intercourse and mutual co-operation between such societies for the entertainment of the public. With such good intentions, I beg leave to lay before you the sketch of a plan for the more close and intimate union of the theatrical and dancing, or tumbling kingdoms, by their not only occupying the same ground, and alternately exhibiting on the same stage, but by their mutually coalescing and incorporating with one another, so as to give a play all the decoration and movement of a dance or a tumbling, and a dance

or a tumbling all the interest and business of a play. What an excellent entertainment, for instance, would Macbeth or Hamlet afford, if the plan of the drama were preserved, according to the ancient theatrical mode, and the unfolding and progress of it brought forth according to the new or Sadler's Wells school! The soliloquies might be turned into hornpipes, the battles into country-bumpkins, and the respective courts of Scotland and Denmark might exhibit themselves to great advantage in a cotillon; or the solemn scenes might be performed on the slack wire, the more animated from the tight rope, and the bustle of a full stage would naturally fall into feats of agility and lofty tumbling. In Macbeth, the Little Devil would be quite in his element. In the tragedy of Venice Preserved, what a brilliant high dance might Pierre in the senate-house perform in his chains; which is indeed but one step beyond his ordinary style of acting in that scene; and the senators, such of them at least whose robes would bear looking at behind, might join the inferior conspirators as figurantes.

“Comedy will easily and naturally slide into the department of her sister-arts; and, as she has already betaken herself almost entirely to singing on the English stage, she may with great propriety become a dancer on the Scotch theatre. As to Farces or *petites* Pieces, I think they may admit of a different set of performers, and be played with applause by actors of the animal creation. General Jackoo, of the Sadler's Wells company, who I'm told has a very quick study, might soon be made perfect in Fribble; and the wonderful English Bull-dog be brought out in the part of Major Sturgeon. It could not but afford pleasure to every rational and philosophic mind, thus to see the lower orders of creation brought forward a step in the scale of being, and assuming, on

the stage of Edinburgh, a rank and consequence which partial Nature has denied them.

“But though the superstructure of dancing and tumbling is thus proposed to be raised on the old theatrical foundation ; yet, Sir, it is by no means any part of my plan to discard or render unnecessary the present incumbents of the theatre. Their exertions will necessarily be united with their new associates from Sadler’s Wells, to get up, as it is called, the pieces which are to be performed in this new manner ; and I have too much knowledge of the extent and versatility of their genius, not to be convinced that they will easily accommodate themselves to the change. Some of the best tragedians of our present company will readily acquire the walk of the tight-rope ; most of the ladies, I am sure, will have no objection to put themselves under the tuition of the devil, in the tumbling way ; and several of the most celebrated comic performers are already so excellent in the posture line, as to give assurance of their arriving at the first degree of eminence in that department.

“ And now, Sir, give me leave to state some of the obvious advantages that will arise from this new and improved mode of conducting the drama :—

1mo, As the entertainment would be addressed to the eyes, it would allow perfect liberty to the tongues of the audience ; of the restraint in this particular, which arises from the present method of conducting the drama, the most respectable part of the house have great reason to complain, as the players on the stage speak almost as loud as people of the first distinction in the side-boxes.

2do, There would be none of that improper or unbecoming freedom or *double entendre*, against which some of the more rigid moralists inveigh in the dialogue of our late comic performances. If any part of the pantomime should happen not to be



quite so pure as it ought, a grievance which even the spoken plays are liable to in the hands of some actors, it will be easy for the ladies to turn their eyes half aside, or to cover them with the sticks of their fans: putting one's fingers in one's ears is not so graceful an attitude.

3tio, It will very much improve the catastrophe of some of our best English tragedies. George Barnwell may then be played, as I once heard a gentleman of this city propose to a manager, with the hanging thrown into action instead of narrative, as the swing of several actors of the new company can easily be made to imitate that polite entertainment; and some of them who at present show such dexterity in twisting their bodies into the collared-eel, and other beautiful forms, will have no difficulty of allowing themselves to be broke on the wheel in the part of Pierre, which being a novelty, and somewhat more natural and affecting than the mere preparatives at present exhibited, cannot fail of drawing great houses.

4to, It will evidently tend to facilitate the profession of an actor, and to widen the range from which excellence in that line is to be drawn. As things are at present, the British stage, from the circumstance of language, is open only to the natives of England and Ireland; but if plays are to be danced instead of spoken, their language, like that of music, will be universal. This will remove a hardship peculiar to this part of His Majesty's dominions, which, from its provincial pronunciation, is almost entirely excluded from the stage; but in a natural talent for dancing and feats of agility, is supposed rather to have the advantage of its sister-kingdoms. If the plan I propose is adopted, I shall not be surprised, if the district of Strathspey should produce a successor to Garrick, and a rival to Mrs. Siddons.

Lastly, It will save a great deal of trouble to authors, who are often exceedingly at a loss how to carry on the dialogue of a piece through the space of five or even of three acts. In the improved method I have taken the liberty to suggest, an author will not only, like some of our modern dramatists, have no occasion to write well, but he or she may actually compose a very good play, without having ever learned to write or read at all.

“Many other advantages might beshown to result from this proposed alteration of the mode of representing theatrical pieces ; but I flatter myself, that even the imperfect announcement of the plan which I have given, will be sufficient to entitle it to the favour and patronage of persons of taste and knowledge ; among whom, without flattery, Sir, I class the author of the LOUNGER in a very distinguished rank.

“ I have the honour to be, &c.

“ RICHARD BUSKIN.”

I doubt not but it will afford pleasure to Mr. Buskin to be told, that my young academical friend approved very much of his proposal. ‘ In ancient Greece,’ said he, ‘ though they did not carry this matter quite so far as your correspondent proposes, yet dancing made a chief part of the entertainment in dramatic representations. The verses, indeed, of Sophocles and Euripides were recited, but as we have no Sophocleses or Euripideses now, and scarce any actors who could speak their verses if we had, I believe Mr. Buskin’s plan to be a very expedient one. I remember one of our fellows at college, who liked eccentric anecdotes, used to tell us of a company of comedians he fell in with in a country excursion, who having, by some little misfortune, lost their principal actor, gave out their next day’s

bill in these words: 'On Monday will be presented the tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmark; the part of Hamlet, for that night, to be left out.'

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No. 96. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1786.

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*Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat.*

VIRG. GEORG. V. 538.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ As in reading, either for instruction or entertainment, one is always most struck with what comes nearest to one's self, we who are in the country have been particularly attentive to your rural papers. The family, of which I am a member at present, have been very much entertained with them. We have found out several of our acquaintance in the letter of Urbanus; and even the picture of your god-mother, though a little antiquated, was too strongly marked for some of our party not to discover a resemblance to it. Adrastus's portrait of himself was too serious for our meddling with. We never allow our imaginations to sport with the sacredness of sorrow.

“ Since the receipt of those papers, it has become an amusement here to draw sketches for the LOUNGER; and some of us last night after supper proposed, that every one should paint his neighbour. To this fancy and a rainy morning you owe this letter. I will try

to give you the whole group ; I am sure, if I could do it justice, it should please your benevolent readers better than the picture of Urbanus, though I give that gentleman perfect credit for the fidelity as well as the power of his pencil. But a family-piece of Greuze is more pleasing, though perhaps less valued, than one of Hemskirk or Teniers.

“ That I may, however, take no advantage, I will begin with myself. I am not of so serious a disposition as Adrastus, yet am I not altogether without some of that rural sentiment which he indulges, and which you describe. I own I had acuter feelings some five-and-twenty years ago ; but having now lived half a century, I am become a good deal less heroic, less visionary, and less tender, than I was ; yet I have not forgotten what my own feelings were, and I can perfectly understand what those of younger men are ; I confess I like to see them as warm as I myself was at their age, and enjoy a sort of self-flattery in thinking that I have learned to be wiser, by being a little older, than they. Something of the same reflection I venture now and then to indulge, from the circumstance of being a bachelor ; I think myself as well as I am, and yet I am pleased to see a husband and a father happy. And, as I am neither from age nor situation quite condemned to celibacy, I have that sort of interest in an amiable woman or a promising child, that makes their company very agreeable to me, and I believe mine not unpleasant to them. I have, thank God, good health and good spirits : was bred somewhat of a scholar by my father, who lived in town, and a pretty complete sportsman by my grandfather, who resided in the country. When at school, I stole an hour or two in the evening to learn music, and had a tolerable knack at making bad verses when at college. In short, there are few things come across me in which



I am quite left out, and I have not the vanity of excellence to support in any of them.

“ I generally spend some months of Autumn in the country, and this season have passed them very agreeably at the house of a gentleman, who, from particular circumstances, I am pretty confident is the person you once mentioned under the appellation of Benevolus. A general idea of his character you have given in the paper I allude to : of his family and their country-life, will you allow me to try a little sketch now ?

“ You have hinted at the use Benevolus makes of his wealth. In the country, as far as we can gather from those around him, he gives largely ; but, as it is neither from the impulse of sickly sentiment or shallow vanity, his largesses tend oftener to incite industry than to supply indigence. Indeed I have been forced to observe, that to nurse poverty is, politically speaking, to harbour idleness and vice ; to prevent it is much the better way ; for a man seldom thrives that does not deserve to thrive : and, except from some unfortunate accidents, which Benevolus is ever ready to pity and to redress, a man is seldom poor without deserving to be so. The occupiers of Benevolus’s estate are generally thriving : he says, that to promote this is not an expensive indulgence ; but, on the contrary, that he gains by it. ’Tis some money advanced at first, says he ; but no capital is more productive than that which is laid out in the happiness of one’s people. Some plans, indeed, have been suggested to him for doubling the revenue of his estate, by dispeopling it of three-fourths of its inhabitants, but he would never consent to them. If I wished for money, he replied to an adviser of these schemes, there are many trades you should rather recommend to me ; but the proudest property of a country-gentleman is that of men. He has not,

however, that inordinate desire for extending the bounds of his estate, that some great proprietors have. A gentleman, whose family had been reduced in its circumstances, offered his land to him for sale. Benevolus expressed his sorrow for the necessity that forced the neighbour to this measure, and, after examining into his affairs, gave him credit to the extent of his debts. The young man went abroad, and, from the recommendation of his honesty and worth, and great assiduity in business, acquired a fortune sufficient to redeem his affairs. Somebody observed what an enviable purchase that gentleman's land would have been to Benevolus. 'But those acres would not have dined with me with such a face of happiness and gratitude as Mr. — did to-day.'

"Such faces, indeed, are a favourite part of the entertainment at Benevolus's table. One day of the week, which he jokingly calls his wife's rout-day, there is an additional leaf put to the table, for the reception of some of the principal farmers on his estate, from whose conversation, he says, he derives much useful knowledge in country-business, and in the management of his affairs. He behaves to them in such a way as to remove all restraint from the inequality of rank; and, talking to every man on the subject he knows best, makes every man more pleased with himself, and more useful to those who hear him. The reception, indeed, of those guests strongly marks the propriety of feeling and of behaviour of the family. There is none of that sneer and tittering which one sees among the young gentlemen and ladies of other tables; the children strive who shall help the senior farmer of the set; they ask questions about the different members of his household, and sometimes send little presents to his children. I have had the charge of some parties of the young people, who dined with the farmers in return; and then we

have so many long stories when we come back in the evening. There are no such eggs, nor fowls, nor cream, as we meet with in those excursions. I am always appealed to as a voucher; and I can safely say, that we thought so, especially when we took a long walk, or fished or shot by the way.

“ Benevolus has four sons and three daughters. Their education has been scrupulously attended to; and there are perhaps no young people of their age more accomplished. When I speak of their accomplishments, I do not mean only their skill in the ordinary branches of education, music, dancing, drawing, and so forth. I have seen such acquirements pass through the memory and the fingers of young people, yet leave little fruit behind them. It is not so with my young friends here; not only are the faculties employed, but the mind is enriched by all their studies. I have learned a great deal of true philosophy, during the rainy days of this season, from the little philosophers in Benevolus’s library; and when I indulge myself in a morning’s lounge beside the young ladies and their mother, I always rise with sentiments better regulated, with feelings more attuned, than when I sat down. The young people’s accomplishments are sometimes shown, but never exhibited; brought forth, unassumingly, to bestow pleasure on others, not to minister to their own vanity, or that of their parents. In music their talents are such as might attract the applause of the most skilful; yet they never refuse to exert them in the style that may please the most ignorant. Music their father confesses he is fond of, beyond the moderation of a philosopher. ’Tis a relaxation, he says, which indulges without debasing the feelings, which employs without wasting the mind. The first time I was here, I had rode in a very bad day through a very dreary road; it was dark before I

reached the house. The transition from the battering rain, the howling wind, and a flooded road, to a saloon lighted cheerily up, and filled with the mingled sounds of their family-concert, was so delightful, that I shall never forget it.

“ There is, however, a living harmony in the appearance of the family, that adds considerably to the pleasure of this and every other entertainment. ‘To see how the boys hang upon their father, and with what looks of tenderness the girls gather round their mother! ‘To be happy at home,’ said Benevolus one day to me, when we were talking of the sex, ‘is one of the best dowries we can give a daughter with a good husband, and the best preventive against her choosing a bad one. How many miserable matches have I known some of my neighbours’ girls make, merely to escape from the prison of their father’s house; and, having married for freedom, they resolved to be as little as they could in their husband’s.’

“ Benevolus’s lady, though the mother of so many children, is still a very fine woman. That lofty elegance, however, which, in her younger days, I remember awing so many lovers into adoration, she has now softened into a matron gentleness, which is infinitely engaging. There is a modest neatness in her dress, a chastened grace in her figure, a sort of timid liveliness in her conversation, which we cannot but love ourselves, and are not surprised to see her husband look on with delight. In the management of her household concerns, she exerts a quiet and unperceived attention to her family and her guests, to their convenience, their sports, their amusements, which accommodates every one without the tax of seeing it bustled for. In the little circles at breakfast, where the plans of the day are laid, one never finds those faces of embarrassment, those whispers of concealment, which may be observed in some houses.



Mamma is applied to in all arrangements, consulted in schemes for excursions, in the difficulty of interfering engagements, and is often pressed to be of parties, which she sometimes enlivens with her presence.

“ Benevolus, in the same manner, is frequently the companion of his son’s sports, and rides very keenly after an excellent pack of harriers, though they say he has gone rather seldomer out this season than he used to do, having got so good a deputy in me. He was disputing t’other day with the clergyman of the parish, a very learned and a very worthy man, on the love of sport. ‘ I allow, my good Sir,’ said Benevolus, ‘ that there are better uses for time ; but, exclusive of exercise to the body, there are so many dissipations more hurtful to the mind, dissipations even of reading, of thinking, and of feeling, which are never reckoned on as such, that if sport be harmless, it is useful. I have another reason for encouraging it in my son. It will give him an additional tie to the country, which is to be the chief scene of his future life, as a man likes his wife the better that, besides more important accomplishments, she can sing and dance ; and in both cases a man of a feeling mind will connect with the mere amusement, ideas of affection and remembrances of tenderness. Methinks I perceive an error in the system of education which some country-gentlemen follow with their sons. They send them, when lads, to study at foreign universities, and to travel into foreign countries, and then expect them, rather unreasonably, to become country-gentlemen at their return. My son shall travel to see other countries, but he shall first learn to love his own. There is a polish, there are ornaments, I know, which travel gives ; but the basis must be an attachment to home. My son’s ruffles may be of lace, but his shirt must be of more durable stuff.’

“In this purpose Benevolus has perfectly succeeded with his son, who is now eighteen, with much of the information of a man, but with all the unassuming modesty of a boy. ’Tis his pleasure and his pride to acknowledge the claims which his native scenes have upon him. He knows the name of every hamlet, and of its inhabitants; he visits them when he can be of use, gives encouragement to their improvements, and distributes rewards to the industrious. In return, they feel the most perfect fealty and regard to him. The old men observe how like he is to his father; and their wives trace the eyes and the lips of his mother.

“The same good sense in their management, and a similar attention to their happiness, is shown to every inferior member of Benevolus’s household. His domestics revere and love him; yet regularity and attention are nowhere so habitual. Attention to every guest is one of the first lessons a servant learns at this house, and an attention of that useful and benevolent sort which is exactly the reverse of what is practised at some great houses in the country, where a man is vastly well attended, provided he has attendants of his own that make it needless; but a person of inferior rank may wait some time before he can find a servant whose province it is to take any care of him. At Benevolus’s, it is every man’s province to show a stranger kindness; and there is an aspect of welcome in every domestic one meets. Even the mastiff in the court is so gentle, so humanised by the children, and ‘bears his faculties so meek,’ that the very beggar is not afraid of Trusty, though he bays him.

“In such quarters and with such society, I do not count the weeks of my stay, like your correspondent Urbanus. The family talks of not visiting Edinburgh sooner than Christmas, and it is not improbable that

I may stay with them till that time : so if your coffee-house-friend takes notes of arrivals this winter, he may possibly mark me down in my seat in the coach destined for N<sup>o</sup> 7, answering the questions of two cherub-faced boys, who are a sort of pupils of mine here in all the idle branches of their education.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most obedient servant,

V

“ W. G.”

No. 97. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1786.

To the feeling and the susceptible there is something wonderfully pleasing in the contemplation of genius, of that supereminent reach of mind by which some men are distinguished. In the view of highly superior talents, as in that of great and stupendous natural objects, there is a sublimity which fills the soul with wonder and delight, which expands it, as it were, beyond its usual bounds, and which, investing our nature with extraordinary powers and extraordinary honours, interests our curiosity and flatters our pride.

This divinity of genius, however, which admiration is fond to worship, is best arrayed in the darkness of distant and remote periods, and is not easily acknowledged in the present times, or in places with which we are perfectly acquainted. Exclusive of all the deductions which envy or jealousy may sometimes be supposed to make, there is a familiarity in the near approach of persons around us, not very consistent with the lofty ideas which we wish to form of

him who has led captive our imagination in the triumph of his fancy, overpowered our feelings with the tide of passion, or enlightened our reason with the investigation of hidden truths. It may be true, that 'in the olden time' genius had some advantages which tended to its vigour and its growth: but it is not unlikely, that, even in these degenerate days, it rises much oftener than it is observed; that in 'the ignorant present time' our posterity may find names which they will dignify, though we neglected, and pay to their memory those honours which their contemporaries had denied them.

There is, however, a natural, and indeed a fortunate vanity in trying to redress this wrong, which genius is exposed to suffer. In the discovery of talents generally unknown, men are apt to indulge the same fond partiality as in all other discoveries which themselves have made; and hence we have had repeated instances of painters and of poets, who have been drawn from obscure situations, and held forth to public notice and applause by the extravagant encomiums of their introducers, yet in a short time have sunk again to their former obscurity; whose merit, though perhaps somewhat neglected, did not appear to have been much undervalued by the world, and could not support, by its own intrinsic excellence, that superior place which the enthusiasm of its patrons would have assigned it.

I know not if I shall be accused of such enthusiasm and partiality, when I introduce to the notice of my readers a poet of our own country, with whose writings I have lately become acquainted; but if I am not greatly deceived, I think I may safely pronounce him a genius of no ordinary rank. The person to whom I allude is Robert Burns, an Ayrshire ploughman, whose poems were some time ago published in a country-town in the west of Scotland, with



no other ambition, it would seem, than to circulate among the inhabitants of the county where he was born, to obtain a little fame from those who had heard of his talents. I hope I shall not be thought to assume too much, if I endeavour to place him in a higher point of view, to call for a verdict of his country on the merit of his works, and to claim for him those honours which their excellence appears to deserve.

In mentioning the circumstance of his humble station, I mean not to rest his pretensions solely on that title, or to urge the merits of his poetry when considered in relation to the lowness of his birth, and the little opportunity of improvement which his education could afford. These particulars, indeed, might excite our wonder at his productions; but his poetry, considered abstractedly, and without the apologies arising from his situation, seems to me fully entitled to command our feelings, and to obtain our applause. One bar, indeed, his birth and education have opposed to his fame—the language which in most of his poems are written. Even in Scotland, the provincial dialect which Ramsay and he have used, is now read with a difficulty which greatly damps the pleasure of the reader; in England, it cannot be read at all, without such a constant reference to a glossary, as nearly to destroy that pleasure.

Some of his productions, however, especially those of the grave style, are almost English. From one of those I shall first present my readers with an extract, in which I think they will discover a high tone of feeling, a power and energy of expression, particularly and strongly characteristic of the mind and the voice of a poet. 'Tis from his poem entitled the Vision, in which the Genius of his native country, Ayrshire, is thus supposed to address him :



A Dirge, and the Invocation to Ruin, afford no less striking examples. Of the tender and the moral, specimens equally advantageous might be drawn from the elegiac verses, entitled, *Man was made to mourn*, from *The Cottar's Saturday Night*, the *Stanzas To a Mouse*, or those *To a Mountain-Daisy*, on turning it down with the plough in April, 1786. This last poem I shall insert entire, not from its superior merit, but because its length suits the bounds of my paper.

\* Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,  
 Thou's met me in an evil hour,  
 For I maun crush amang the stoure  
                                   Thy slender stem.  
 To spare thee now is past my power,  
                                   Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
 The bonnie Lark, companion meet,  
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet  
                                   Wi' speckl'd breast,  
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet  
                                   The purpling east !

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
 Upon thy early, humble, birth ;  
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
                                   Amid the storm,  
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth  
                                   Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,  
 High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield ;  
 But thou beneath the random bield  
                                   Of clod or stane,  
 Adorns the histie stibble field,  
                                   Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,

\* *Wee*, little ; *maun*, must ; *stoure*, dust ; *weet*, wet, a substantive ; *cauld*, cold ; *glinted*, peep'd ; *bield*, shelter ; *stane*, stone ; *wa's*, walls ; *histie*, dry, chapt, barren.





many changing hues of life, forms a sort of problem in the science of mind, of which it is easier to see the truth than to assign the cause. Though I am very far from meaning to compare our rustic bard to Shakspeare, yet whoever will read his lighter and more humorous poems, his Dialogue of the Dogs, his Dedication to G—— H——, Esq., his Epistles to a Young Friend, and to W. S——n, will perceive with what uncommon penetration and sagacity this Heaven-taught ploughman, from his humble and unlettered station, has looked upon men and manners.

Against some passages of those last-mentioned poems it has been objected, that they breathe a spirit of libertinism and irreligion. But if we consider the ignorance and fanaticism of the lower class of people in the country where these poems were written, a fanaticism of that pernicious sort which sets faith in opposition to good works, the fallacy and danger of which, a mind so enlightened as our Poet's could not but perceive; we shall not look upon his lighter Muse as the enemy of religion, of which in several places he expresses the justest sentiments, though she has sometimes been a little unguarded in her ridicule of hypocrisy.

In this, as in other respects, it must be allowed that there are exceptionable parts of the volume he has given to the public, which caution would have suppressed, or correction struck out; but poets are seldom cautious, and our poet had, alas! no friends or companions from whom correction could be obtained. When we reflect on his rank in life, the habits to which he must have been subject, and the society in which he must have mixed, we regret perhaps more than wonder, that delicacy should be so often offended in perusing a volume in which there is so much to interest and to please us.

Burns possesses the spirit as well as the fancy of a poet. That honest pride and independence of soul which are sometimes the Muse's only dower, break forth on every occasion in his works. It may be, then, I shall wrong his feelings, while I indulge my own, in calling the attention of the public to his situation and circumstances. That condition, humble as it was, in which he found content, and wooed the Muse, might not have been deemed uncomfortable; but grief and misfortunes have reached him there; and one or two of his poems hint, what I have learnt from some of his countrymen, that he has been obliged to form the resolution of leaving his native land, to seek under a West-Indian clime that shelter and support which Scotland has denied him. But I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking place; and that I do my country no more than justice, when I suppose her ready to stretch out her hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose 'wood-notes wild' possess so much excellence. To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit; to call forth genius from the obscurity in which it had pined indignant, and place it where it may profit or delight the world; these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority, to greatness and to patronage a laudable pride.

Z

No. 98. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1786.

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— *Nec domos potentum—*  
*Nossemus, nec imagines superbas.*

MART. EP. V. 21.

“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ IT is a long time since my last correspondence with you; and indeed I did not know that your paper continued to come out, till lately that I saw it at a certain great house where I was on a visit. Of that visit, Mr. LOUNGER, if you will give me leave, I will tell you some particulars. Since I find that some of the great folks take in your paper, it may do them no harm to be told a little how things are about them; or if, as I am apt to believe, they are not easily to be mended, it will at least give us little folks some satisfaction to get out our thoughts of them.

“ Your predecessor, the author of the Mirror, who was kind enough to take some interest in my family, was well acquainted with its connexion with Lady —, the great Lady who first set my wife and daughters' heads agog about fashion and finery. In my last to you, I informed you of our having luckily lost her acquaintance, though I had got into another hobble by our intimacy with my rich neighbour young Mushroom. I am ashamed to tell you, Sir, how things have come about; but as I told Mr. Mirror, I was always rather too easy in my way: I

have been myself on a visit at the house of the great Lady!—I beg her Lord's pardon, but that's the way of speaking in our neighbourhood. But this comes through Mr. Mushroom too. You must know, that since he came home, by presents of shawls and muslins to My Lady, and, as some folks say, by lending some of his spare rupees to My Lord, he is become a great favourite at — Lodge. And so My Lord and Lady and he have laid their heads together, that Mr. Mushroom shall be member for our county the next vacancy; and they have been driving and riding about among us, and giving feasts and dances at — Lodge and Mushroom Hall. I fought a little shy, as the saying is: but Mrs. and Miss Mushroom so tickled the ears of my wife and daughters, and My Lady talked so much of the happiness she had formerly enjoyed at my house, and of her regret for having lost the honour of my daughter Mrs. —'s acquaintance, that they were silly enough to forgive all her former neglect of them; and then they so belaboured me with the great things that might be expected from My Lord's patronage, and Mr. Mushroom's attachment to my family,—and they had some shawls and muslins too,—that I at last agreed to give my vote as they wished. Oh! then, there was so much fuss and kindness, and such invitations to go to — Lodge, and so many honours and pleasures—that, in short, Mr. LOUNGER, having got in my corn and sold my cattle, I was prevailed on to lay out a little of the money in a new suit, to get a new saddle and bridle for my mare, to trim my brown colt for a portmanteau horse, and mounting John upon him, whom I could best spare at this season too, I accompanied one of my brother-freeholders, a plain man like myself, who takes a little of his wife's advice, to — Lodge.



“ As I knew something of the hours there, I took care that we should not reach the house till within a few minutes of four, though my neighbour was in a sort of flutter the last three miles for fear of being too late. But when we got off our horses, and walked into the lobby, we found we were much too early for the house. We had stalked about for some minutes without knowing where we should go, when, who should I see come in but my old acquaintance Mr. Papillot, though it seems he had forgotten me ; for when I asked him if my Lord or his Lady were within, he gave me a broad stare, and said that some of the servants would inform us. None of the servants, however, chose to be so kind ; for though one or two peeped out of this and that door, they took no sort of concern in us, till at last a big surly-looking fellow appeared, pulling down the ruffles of his shirt, and bade us follow him into the saloon.— Here we found an open window, and a half-kindled fire, and were left to cool our heels for above an hour before any living creature appeared. At last a civil enough sort of gentleman, whose name I never heard, for the family called him nothing but Captain, came in, and after talking a little to us about the weather, the roads, and the crop, though he seemed to have but a bad notion of farming, left the room again, telling us that my Lord and Lady would soon be down ; but that dinner was somewhat later that day than usual, as they and their company had been at a bear-beating, my Lord’s bear having been backed against his neighbour Sir Harry Driver’s dogs.— This accident kept us from our dinner till six o’clock, by which time my neighbour and I, who had breakfasted betimes, were almost famished. Meanwhile we were left to entertain ourselves with the pictures, not to mention my Lady’s French lap-dog, which a servant brought in, I suppose by the time he had

been dressed for dinner, and laid on a cushion at the fire-side. I found indeed one of the late numbers of the LOUNGER, which I began to read; but my neighbour Broadcast yawned so on the first page, that I laid it by out of complaisance to him. Soon after the lap-dog, some of her Ladyship's company came in one after another, and did us the honour of staring at us, and speaking to the lap-dog. The dinner-bell was rung before my Lady appeared, who, to do her justice, behaved politely enough, and began to ask half-a-dozen questions about our wives and children, to which she did not wait for an answer; but to say truth she had her hands full of the bear-baiting-company, who, when they were all assembled, made a very numerous party. My Lord entered a few minutes after her; he did not give himself much trouble about any of us, till on the captain's whispering something in his ear, he came up to where my neighbour and I stood, and said he was very happy to have the honour of seeing us at — Lodge.

“ When we went to dinner, we contrived to place ourselves on each side of our good friend the Captain, and things went on pretty well. I knew that at such a table the victuals were not always what they seemed; and, therefore, I was cautious of asking for any of your figured dishes. At last, however, I got helped to a mutton-chop, as I would have called it; but the Captain told me it was a ragout. When I tasted it, it was so Frenchified, and smelt so of garlic, which I happened to have an aversion to, that I was glad to get rid of it as soon, and that was not very soon, as I could prevail on a servant to take away my plate. The Captain, who guessed my taste, I suppose, very kindly informed me there was roast beef on the side-board, and sent a request to a fine gentleman out of livery, who had the carv-

ing of it, for a slice for me. But whether he thought I looked like a cannibal, or that the dish, being little in request, was neglected in the roasting, he sent me a monstrous thick cut, so red and raw, that I could not touch a morsel of it: so that I was obliged to confine my dinner to the leg and wing of a partridge, which the second course afforded me. I did not observe how my friend Broadcast fared at dinner; but I saw he caught a Tartar at the dessert; for happening to take a mouthful of a peach, as he thought it, what should it be but a lump of ice, that stung his hollow tooth to the quick, and brought the tears over his cheeks. The wine after dinner might have consoled us for all these little misfortunes, if we had had time to partake of it: but there the French mode came across us again, and we had drank but a few glasses, and had not got half through the history of the bear-baiting, when coffee was brought.

“ When we went into the drawing-room, we found the card-tables set, and my Lady engaged with a party at whist. She recommended some of us to the care of a friend of hers, a lady somewhat advanced in life, though she was still a maiden one, for they called her Miss Lurcher, who made up a table at farthing-loo. As this was a game I was used to play at home, and the stake was so very trifling, I consented to make one. My neighbour Broadcast refused, and sat down at the other end of the room to hear one of the young ladies play on the harpsichord, and where he affronted himself by falling asleep. It had been as well for some other people that they had been asleep too. This game, though it began with farthings, soon mounted up to a very considerable sum, and I had once lost to the amount of twenty pounds. A lucky reverse of fortune brought me a little up again, and I went to sup-

per only 5000 farthings, that is five guineas, out of pocket. It would not become me to suspect any foul play at — Lodge; but I could not help observing, that Miss Lurcher held Pam plaguily often. I have been told since, that she has little other fortune than what she makes by her good luck at cards; and yet she was as finely drest as my lady, and had as fine a plume of feathers on her hat; I shall never look on that hat again without thinking that I see Pam in the front of it.

“ When we were shown to our rooms, I looked for the attendance of John, to whom I had given strict charge to be watchful in that matter; but he was not to be found, and, I was told, had never appeared at the Lodge after he went with his horses to the inn. Before going to bed, I stole into the chamber where my friend Broadcast lay, and agreed with him, who seemed as willing to be gone as myself, that we should cut short our visit, and, since French was the word, take a French leave early next morning. We were both up by day-light, and groped our way down stairs to get our hats and whips, that we might make our escape to where John and the horses were lodged. But we could not find our road to the lobby, by which we had entered. There did not seem to be a creature stirring in the house; and, after wandering through several empty halls, in one of which we found a back-gammon table open, with a decanter not quite empty, on which was a claret label, we went down a few steps to another passage, where we imagined we heard somebody stirring. But we had not gone many steps when the rattle of a chain made us take to our heels; and it was well we did; for we were within half a yard of being saluted by my Lord's bear, whose quarters it seems we had strayed into. The noise of our flight, and his pursuit, brought a



chambermaid, who happened to be up, to our assistance, and by her means we had the good fortune to get safely through the lobby into the lawn, from whence we had only a mile or two's walk to the inn where John was put up.

“ For want of John's attendance, I had comforted myself with the reflection, that, if he had not been employed in taking care of me, the horses would fare the better for it. But when we reached the house, we found that John had been employed in nothing but taking care of himself. The servants of my Lord's other guests who were there, kept a very good house, as the landlord called it; and John had been a good deal jollier at dinner the day before than his master. It was with some difficulty we got him on his legs, and brought him along with us. It was a long time before my portmanteau could be found; and my new bridle, with a plaited bit, had been exchanged by some clearer-headed fellow for an old snaffle not worth a groat.

“ Such, Sir, is the history of my first visit, and I hope my last, to —— Lodge. But as I have found the experience even of one visit a little expensive, I think it is doing a kindness to people in my situation, to let them know what they have to expect there. When my Lord asks a vote again, let it be conditioned on the part of the freeholder, that he shan't be obliged to study the pictures of his saloon above half an hour, that he shall have something to eat and something to drink at dinner, and be insured from falling into the paws of the bear, or the hands of Miss Lurcher.

“ I am, &c.

“ JOHN HOMESPUN.”

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No. 99. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1786.

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“ TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

“ SIR,

“ WITHOUT being thought partial to the present times, I believe one may venture to say, that, in point of invention and discovery, this age very much excels any former one. In physics, in electricity, in chemistry, in mechanics, new worlds, if I may use the expression, have been opened to our researches. But in Britain we have a compendious way of calculating the number of inventions. If I am not misinformed, there have passed the offices within these twenty years, no fewer than 167 patents; so that this island alone has in that very inconsiderable space added 167 discoveries to the stock of knowledge which our fathers possessed.

“ Nor has France been less productive than her sister kingdom. Besides the balloon, of which she may certainly claim the practical application, if Britain shall dispute the discovery of the principle, there are many other inventions, equally wonderful though less brilliant, which her philosophers have achieved; and some of those which His British Majesty has sanctioned with his royal patent, are only naturalised subjects, which had their birth in the territories of the Most Christian King.

“ Of all discoveries ancient or modern, the most useful, perhaps, as well as the most wonderful, took its rise in Paris, about three years ago; I mean the Animal Magnetism of the illustrious Dr. Mesmer. This has lately been imported into England, and is

now practised with the greatest success by one of the Doctor's disciples in London. To Scotland I believe it has not yet found its way; which, considering the ingenuity of the people, is to me somewhat surprising. I hope I shall not be thought to trespass against the nature or design of your paper, if I wish to make it the vehicle for communicating this invaluable discovery to my native country; for, notwithstanding I have resided chiefly abroad, I am proud to declare myself a Scotsman; and though, in enumerating the properties of this wonderful art, I must necessarily make use of technical terms, yet as I know this city to be as it were the emporium of medicine, I flatter myself I shall here find a multitude of readers, who could perfectly understand me even without the translation, which I shall endeavour to affix to most of the medical phrases I make use of.

“ I do not know, Sir, whether the immortal Mesmer flourished at the time you were abroad. If your travels were before his time, you may not have heard of his process of magnetising. The ceremony is simple and beautiful. The company sit in a saloon fitted up in the most elegant style, round a *baquet* or large vessel, forming a figure like the *à-la-ronde* of a cotillon. From the *baquet*, which is covered and ornamented as becomes the altar of Hygeia, rise those enchanted rods, if I may use the expression, by which the magnetic virtue communicated by the artist is transmitted. At the end of the apartment is a piano-forte and harmonica, from which the great man himself, who, like his predecessor Apollo, cultivates both medicine and song, brings those lively airs, or dying falls, which assist or temper the effects of his divine art. Within the saloon is a smaller apartment, called the *Chambre de Crise*; but of this the secrets must not be ‘ to mortal ears

divulged.' Suffice it to say, that that chamber has been witness to the most wonderful effects of the medico-magnetical art that ever astonished man. Such sublime agonies, such beautiful convulsions! I remember, before the apostate Deslon had made the first schism in our faith, having assisted in the celebrated case of Madame de P——, where our master and all the body initiated were present. There was first a *paracusis*, or imperfect hearing, changed into a *surditus*, or complete deafness; changed into a *pseudoblepsis*, or uncertain sight; changed into a perfect *caligo*, or blindness; changed into a *hallucinatio*, or dulness; changed into a *morosis*; changed into a *hysteria*; changed into a *delirium*; changed into a *mania*, or raging madness! These, Sir, are the progressive miracles by which a physician shows the power and the utility of his art!

But my enthusiasm has carried me from my purpose, which was humbly to announce myself as a disciple and initiated of the illustrious Mesmer, and to offer my assistance to the genteeler part of the community here, for a cure of most of the diseases to which they are subject. Though it is the advantage of our practice that a knowledge of the patient's disorder is nowise necessary to the cure, yet, in order to show that I am not an ignorant or illiterate quack, likely to be deceived myself, or to deceive others, I will state the maladies, as well idiopathic as symptomatic, to which patients of the fashionable and higher orders of the people are chiefly liable, which I flatter myself no vulgar or empty smatterer in physic could have observed or delineated; all of which I undertake to cure by magnetism alone. In enumerating these disorders, I shall follow the classification usually adopted by the most eminent writers on nosology.

Under the class *Pyrexia*, or fevers, have observed



such patients extremely liable to what medical writers term the *synochus hyemalis*\*, or winter-fever. The symptoms are a restlessness, a desire of changing place, and that sort of horror at being alone, which is common in diseases of this class; especially when, as is the case here, the brain is considerably affected. I mention this disorder first, not only from the order in which it is technically classed, but because I wish to excite the attention of your readers to it more immediately, this being the season of the year when it is apt to break out.

Another disorder of the same class, and nearly connected with the former, is the *synocha scarlatina*, a sort of scarlet fever, which, like other disorders of the kind, principally appears in the face. This disease was scarcely known in Scotland till within these twelve or fourteen years, being of the endemial sort, with which only certain very large towns, like Paris and London, were supposed to be visited. Like other fevers of this tribe, it is subject to the *remissiones matulinæ*, and the *accessiones vespertinæ*, or, in common language, is hardly perceptible in the morning, but very observable in the evening; or sometimes it intermits for several days at a time, though it generally leaves a great degree of *icterus* or yellowness on the skin. It is almost entirely a female disease, and has this peculiar circumstance attending it, which we may perhaps ascribe to the difference of climate, that in France, where it has long prevailed, it chiefly affects adults and married women, but in Britain, especially in Scotland, it is more frequent among the young and the unmarried.

\* *Vid.* the *Genera Morborum* of Dr. Cullen, p. 70. It is unnecessary to make references as to every particular disorder mentioned in the course of this paper; the learned reader will easily perceive, that, except in one instance, the *nostalgia*, I have implicitly adopted the arrangement of that celebrated author.

On the other hand, there is a species of the *phrenitis*, to which matrons and women advanced to the middle stage of life are more liable than those of a more tender age; but as it is of a highly contagious kind, those young persons who have frequent communication with them, are very liable to be infected with it. Its symptoms are exactly what medical writers impute to the genus of the *phlegmatia*: 'Rubor faciei, lucis intolerantia, et pervigilium;' A redness of face, a hatred of the light, that is, of the light of the sun, and a wakefulness, or very late sitting up.

Under the class *Neuroses*, or nervous, there is a great variety of disorders to which people of the highest ranks are liable, to whom I beg leave to repeat, that my practice is entirely confined, which the medico-magnetism entirely eradicates. The *hypochondriasis*, or spleen, which is a sort of generic name for a great variety of those disorders, it perfectly removes. I have known several pretenders to science prescribe, as a cure for this disorder, something which was evidently borrowed from our method of performing the magnetic operation; their patients sat round a bowl instead of a baquet, and were touched with glass instead of steel. But besides that this was only to be practised with male patients, it is in fact a mere palliative, not a radical remedy, and after frequent use is extremely apt to bring on a *hydrophobia*.

Under this class may be properly enumerated the varieties of the order *spasmi*, or irregular motions to which people of fashion are peculiarly liable. Young ladies are frequently attacked with this disorder, particularly in public places and crowded rooms, or at the near approach of the young, the fashionable, the rich, or the noble, of the other sex. This species of the *chorea*, which I have had occasion to remark in such circumstances, is perfectly cured by that art

which I have the honour to profess; it arises, indeed, from a superabundant degree of animal magnetism, and is not more remarkable in the female sex, than is the negative state of those persons of the other, by whose approximation it is caused, who generally exhibit every mark of lassitude, indifference, and inanition, or, as some modern physicians write that term, inanity. A closer connection, however, between these two sets of patients, as may easily be accounted for from natural causes, commonly restores the equilibrium; or sometimes the magnetical proportions are reversed; the female becomes the negative or the indifferent, the male the positive or irritable subject.

“Under this class of the nervous, and of the order to which physicians give the appellation *vesaniæ*, may be mentioned the various kinds of *melancholia* to which the higher ranks of life have been lately subject, particularly among the men. The *melancholia religiosa* is now scarcely known, or at least is nothing different from the *melancholia vulgaris*, to which my prescriptions do not apply. But there are other species now very frequent, which were formerly little known, though they had always a place in the lists of nosology; such is the *melancholia errabunda*, the wandering melancholy: the *melancholia saltans*, the dancing melancholy; and that variety known by the name of *melancholia hippantropica*, or horse-jockey phrensy; the first is commonly caught abroad, the last more frequently at home.

“Under this genus, though I know it is differently classed by several eminent medical writers, I would enumerate the *nostalgia*, or that longing desire for particular places which affects the mind and the health of the patient. In French, this is called the *maladie de pays*; but the species most common in my experience is the *maladie de la ville*, to which

country-ladies in particular are extremely liable. It has this material difference from the other, that the *maladie de pays* is cured by allowing the patients to visit their natal soil. Now, though they may succeed with natives of countries such as Switzerland or our Highlands, who are afflicted with what physicians term the *nostalgia simplex*, and whose complaint a single visit to the land of their nativity generally removes; yet, with the disease in question, the *maladie de la ville*, one, or even two or three visits to town, rather increase than abate the disorder, and absence is found to be a much better remedy. My magnetism, however, effectually relieves it. There is another species of the *nostalgia*, which we may call the *nostalgia politica*, or political love of our country, which my art also entirely removes, though I must candidly own, that this disorder is frequently cured by other metals besides the magnet. Of this political distemper there are some species that rather come under the genus of the *tympanites*, of which the symptoms are given by nosological writers, ‘*Partis morbidæ tumescentia sonora, cum rejectione aëris frequenti, et cæterarum partium debilitate maximâ*’, a disorder puffed up and windy, with a great weakness of parts. It used to be felt in this country only in that particular slighter sort, now little known, which physicians term the *tympanites Stewartii*, but of late it has raged with great violence in every species and degree.

“ Since I am mentioning Switzerland, I may take notice of another disorder, or rather external deformity, which used to be reckoned peculiar to the inhabitants of the Alps, the *barba Helvetica*, or *gouetre*; but of late this unnatural protuberance has made amazing progress among the female world in Great Britain; and within these few weeks begins to appear also under the chins of the male.



“ As I must have already trespassed on your patience, I forbear to enumerate a variety of disorders under the class of the *Locales*, or local affections to which the fashionable world is subject, and which I engage perfectly to cure by my medico-magnetical process. Such are many of the *dysæsthesiæ*, or deprivation of the senses; for example, the *dysopia proximorum*, and the *pseudoblepsis mutans*, in which diseases persons quite near, and formerly well known, are neither seen nor remembered. With this last disorder, I have seen some female patients so much affected, as not to know their husbands from other men; while among the other sex, I have seen husbands who took half-a dozen other women for their wives.

“ Among the diseases of the ear, one of the most prevalent is the *paracusis imaginaria*, to which both sexes are equally liable; and another variety of the same tribe, more frequent among female patients, called the *susurrus criticus*, or scandal buzz.

“ Of the genus *paraphoniæ*, or disorders of the voice, we have frequent occasion to observe the *paraphonia puberum*, with which so many of our boys are affected; and the *paraphonia clangens* or *resonans*, which is so common a disorder among our young ladies.

“ All the above-mentioned diseases, and many others which I have not room to enumerate, I undertake entirely and effectually to remove by magnetism alone, without the intervention of any other external application, or the exhibition of any medicine whatsoever. I trust, Sir, the dignity of your paper is too well known, and I am conscious that my own intentions are too pure, to give room for supposing that any thing else than the love of science, and a regard for our fellow-creatures, could induce either of us to communicate to the public, that I possess and mean to use this art for the be-

nefit of people of rank and fashion in this metropolis. Such will be informed of the particulars of my plan, by inquiring for Dr. F. at Dunn's Hotel, St. Andrew's Street, left-hand side of the way.

“ I have the honour to be, &c.

“ L. F.

I

“ *Member of many Academies.*”

No. 100. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1786.

AMONG the cautions which prudence and worldly wisdom inculcate on the young, or at least among those sober truths which experience often pretends to have acquired, is that danger which is said to result from the pursuit of letters and of science, in men destined for the labours of business, for the active exertions of professional life. The abstraction of learning, the speculations of science, and the visionary excursions of fancy, are fatal, it is said, to the steady pursuit of common objects, to the habits of plodding industry which ordinary business demands. The fineness of mind, which is created or increased by the study of letters, or the admiration of the arts, is supposed to incapacitate a man for the drudgery by which professional eminence is gained; as a nicely tempered edge applied to a coarse and rugged material is unable to perform what a more common instrument would have successfully achieved. A young man destined for law or commerce, is advised to look only into his folio of precedents, or his method of book-keeping; and Dulness is pointed to his homage, as that benevolent goddess, under whose protection

the honours of station and the blessings of opulence are to be attained; while learning and genius are proscribed, as leading their votaries to barren indigence and merited neglect. In doubting the truth of these assertions, I think I shall not entertain any hurtful degree of scepticism, because the general current of opinion seems of late years to have set too strongly in the contrary direction; and one may endeavour to prop the failing cause of literature, without being accused of blameable or dangerous partiality.

In the examples which memory and experience produce of idleness, of dissipation, and of poverty, brought on by an indulgence of literary or poetical enthusiasm, the evidence must necessarily be on one side of the question only. Of the few whom learning or genius have led astray, the ill-success or the ruin is marked by the celebrity of the sufferer. Of the many who have been as dull as they were profligate, and as ignorant as they were poor, the fate is unknown, from the insignificance of those by whom it was endured. If we may reason *à priori* on the matter, the chances, I think, should be on the side of literature.

In young minds of any vivacity, there is a natural aversion to the drudgery of business, which is seldom overcome, till the effervescence of youth is allayed by the progress of time and habit, or till that very warmth is enlisted on the side of their profession, by the opening prospects of ambition or emolument. From this tyranny, as youth conceives it, of attention and of labour, relief is commonly sought from some favourite avocation or amusement, for which a young man either finds or steals a portion of his time, either patiently plods through his task, in expectation of its approach, or anticipates its arrival by deserting his work before the legal period for amusement is arrived. It may fairly be questioned, whether

the most innocent of those amusements is either so honourable or so safe, as the avocations of learning or of science. Of minds uninformed and gross, whom youthful spirits agitate, but fancy and feeling have no power to impel, the amusements will generally be either boisterous or effeminate, will either dissipate their attention or weaken their force. The employment of a young man's vacant hours is often too little attended to by those rigid masters, who exact the most scrupulous observance of the periods destined for business. The waste of time is undoubtedly a very calculable loss; but the waste or the depravation of mind is a loss of a much higher denomination. The votary of study, or the enthusiast of fancy, may incur the first, but the latter will be suffered chiefly by him whom ignorance, or want of imagination, has left to the grossness of mere sensual enjoyments.

In this, as in other respects, the love of letters is friendly to sober manners and virtuous conduct, which, in every profession, is the road to success and to respect. Without adopting the commonplace reflections against some particular departments, it must be allowed, that in mere men of business, there is a certain professional rule of right, which is not always honourable, and though meant to be selfish, very seldom profits. A superior education generally corrects this, by opening the mind to different motives of action, to the feelings of delicacy, the sense of honour, and a contempt of wealth, when earned by a desertion of those principles.

The moral beauty of those dispositions may perhaps rather provoke the smile, than excite the imitation, of mere men of business and the world. But I will venture to tell them, that, even on their own principles, they are mistaken. The qualities which



they sometimes prefer as more calculated for pushing a young man's way in life, seldom attain the end, in contemplation of which they are not so nice about the means. This is strongly exemplified by the ill success of many, who, from their earliest youth, had acquired the highest reputation for sharpness and cunning. Those trickish qualities look to small advantages unfairly won, rather than to great ones honourably attained. The direct, the open, and the candid, are the surest road to success in every department of life. It needs a certain superior degree of ability to perceive and to adopt this; mean and uninformed minds seize on corners which they cultivate with narrow views to very little advantage; enlarged and well informed minds embrace great and honourable objects; and if they fail of obtaining them, are liable to none of those pangs which rankle in the bosom of artifice defeated, or of cunning overmatched.

To the improvement of our faculties as well as of our principles, the love of letters appears to be favourable. Letters require a certain sort of application, though of a kind perhaps very different from that which business would recommend. Granting that they are unprofitable in themselves, as that word is used in the language of the world, yet, as developing the powers of thought and reflection, they may be an amusement of some use, as those sports of children in which numbers are used, familiarize them to the elements of Arithmetic. They give room for the exercise of that discernment, that comparison of objects, that distinction of causes, which is to increase the skill of the physician, to guide the speculations of the merchant, and to prompt the arguments of the lawyer; and though some professions employ but very few faculties of the mind, yet there is scarce any branch of busi-

ness in which a man who can think will not excel him who can only labour. We shall accordingly find, in many departments where learned information seemed of all qualities the least necessary, that those who possessed it in a degree above their fellows, have found, from that very circumstance, the road to eminence and to wealth.

But I must often repeat, that wealth does not necessarily create happiness, nor confer dignity; a truth which it may be thought declamation to insist on, but which the present time seems particularly to require being told. The influx of foreign riches and of foreign luxury, which this country has of late experienced, has almost levelled every distinction but that of money among us. The crest of noble or illustrious ancestry has sunk before the sudden accumulation of wealth in vulgar hands; but that were little, had not the elegance of manners, had not the dignity of deportment, had not the pride of virtue, which used to characterize some of our high-born names, given way to that tide of fortune, which has lifted the low, the illiterate, and the unfeeling, into stations of which they were unworthy. Learning and genius have not always resisted the torrent; but I know no bulwarks better calculated to resist it. The love of letters is connected with an independence and delicacy of mind, which is a great preservative against that servile homage which abject men pay to fortune; and there is a certain classical pride, which from the society of Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Atticus, looks down with an honest disdain on the wealth-blown insects of modern times, neither enlightened by knowledge nor ennobled by virtue. The *non omnis moriar* of the poet draws on futurity for the deficiencies of the present; and even in the present, those avenues of more refined pleasures, which the

cultivation of knowledge, of fancy, and of feeling, opens to the mind, give to the votary of science a real superiority of enjoyment in what he possesses, and free him from much of that envy and regret which less cultivated spirits feel from their wants.

In the possession, indeed, of what he has attained, in that rest and retirement from his labours, with the hopes of which his fatigues were lightened and his cares were soothed, the mere man of business frequently undergoes suffering, instead of finding enjoyment. To be busy as one ought, is an easy art; but to know how to be idle, is a very superior accomplishment. This difficulty is much increased with persons to whom the habit of employment has made some active exertion necessary; who cannot sleep contented in the torpor of indolence, or amuse themselves with those lighter trifles in which he, who inherited idleness as he did fortune, from his ancestors, has been accustomed to find amusement. The miseries and mortifications of the 'retired pleasures' of men of business have been frequently matter of speculation to the moralist, and of ridicule to the wit. But he who has mixed general knowledge with professional skill, and literary amusement with professional labour, will have some stock wherewith to support him in idleness, some spring for his mind when un- bent from business, some employment for those hours which retirement or solitude has left vacant and unoccupied. Independence in the use of one's time is not the least valuable species of freedom. This liberty the Man of Letters enjoys: while the ignorant and the illiterate often retire from the thralldom of business, only to become the slaves of languor, intemperance, or vice.

But the situation in which the advantages of that endowment of mind which letters bestow are

chiefly conspicuous, is old age, when a man's society is necessarily circumscribed, and his powers of active enjoyments are unavoidably diminished. Unfit for the bustle of affairs and the amusements of his youth, an old man, if he has no source of mental exertion or employment, often settles into the gloom of melancholy and peevishness, or petrifies his feelings by habitual intoxication. From an old man, whose gratifications were solely derived from those sensual appetites which time has blunted, or from those trivial amusements of which youth only can share, age has cut off almost every source of enjoyment. But to him who has stored his mind with the information, and can still employ it in the amusement of letters, this blank of life is admirably filled up. He acts, he thinks, and he feels, with that literary world whose society he can at all times enjoy. There is perhaps no state more capable of comfort to ourselves, or more attractive of veneration from others, than that which such an old age affords; it is then the twilight of the passions, when they are mitigated but not extinguished, and spread their gentle influence over the evening of our days, in alliance with reason and in amity with virtue.

Nor perhaps, if fairly estimated, are the little polish and complacencies of social life less increased by the cultivation of letters, than the enjoyment of solitary or retired leisure. To the politeness of form and the ease of manner, business is naturally unfavourable, because business looks to the use, not the decoration, of things. But the man of business, who has cultivated letters, will commonly have softened his feelings, if he has not smoothed his manner or polished his address. He may be awkward, but will seldom be rude; may trespass in the ignorance of ceremonial, but will not offend against the substantial rules of civility. In conversation, the pedantry of profession unavoidably



insinuates itself among men of every calling. The lawyer, the merchant, and the soldier, this last perhaps, from obvious enough causes, the most of the three, naturally slide into the accustomed train of thinking and the accustomed style of conversation. The pedantry of the man of learning is generally the most tolerable and the least tiresome of any; and he who has mixed a certain portion of learning with his ordinary profession has generally corrected, in a considerable degree, the abstraction of the one, and the coarseness of the other.

In the more important relations of society, in the closer intercourse of friend, of husband, and of father, that superior delicacy and refinement of feeling which the cultivation of the mind bestows, heighten affection into sentiment, and mingle with such connexions a dignity and tenderness which gives its dearest value to our existence. In fortunate circumstances those feelings enhance prosperity; but in the decline of fortune, as in the decline of life, their influence and importance are chiefly felt; they smooth the harshness of adversity, and on the brow of misfortune print that languid smile, which their votaries would often not exchange for the broadest mirth of those unfeelingly prosperous men, who possess good fortune, but have not a heart for happiness.

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No. 101. SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1787.

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*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.* VIRG. ÆN. i. 203.

My latest predecessor has compared the opening Paper of a periodical publication to the first entry

of a stranger into a room full of company. I think I may borrow his idea, and not unaptly liken the concluding Paper of such a work to a person's going out of such a room. The same doubt whether he shall go or remain a little longer, the same reflections on what he may have said in the openness of his heart during his stay in the company, the same solicitude about what people will think of him when he is gone, attend the periodical author and the guest. And though the ease of modern manners has relieved us, in a great measure, from the ceremonial of such a situation; yet still an author, like a person of consequence, cannot with propriety take what is called a French leave of his company, but must formally announce his departure as an event in which the persons he is about to quit are considerably interested.

The author of a periodical performance has indeed a claim to the attention and regard of his readers more interesting than that of any other writer. Other writers submit their sentiments to their readers, with the reserve and circumspection of him who has had time to prepare for a public appearance. He who has followed Horace's rule of keeping his book nine years in his study, must have withdrawn many an idea which, in the warmth of composition, he had conceived, and altered many an expression, which, in the hurry of writing, he had set down. But the periodical Essayist commits to his readers the feelings of the day, in the language which those feelings have prompted. As he has delivered himself with the freedom of intimacy and the cordiality of friendship, he will naturally look for the indulgence which those relations may claim; and when he bids his readers adieu, will hope, as well as feel, the regrets of an acquaintance and the tenderness of a friend.

There is somewhat of this regret, and somewhat of this tenderness, in the last farewell we take of any thing. That place must have been very unpleasant, that companion very disagreeable indeed, whom, after a long sojourn or society, we can leave without some degree of melancholy in thinking that we shall see them no more. Even that abode, or that society, with which we have been for months or years disgusted and distressed, long habit and acquaintance so ally to our minds, that we often wonder why we are so little rejoiced at the arrival of a period for which we have frequently wished: that our parting should rather be sad than gay, and bring us, amidst the reflections of relief, an involuntary feeling of regret.

But as the LOUNGER flatters himself that he has not been altogether an unentertaining, or, at least, not a disagreeable, companion to his readers, he may hope for a parting on more favourable terms; that on the morning of next Saturday, they will miss his company at the accustomed time, as something which used to be expected with pleasure; and think of the papers which on that day of so many past weeks they have read, as the correspondence of one who wished their happiness and contributed to their amusement.

If he may judge from what himself has experienced in similar circumstances, they will be apt to indulge a personification of the author of these sheets, and give him 'a local habitation and a name,' according to the ideas they may have formed in the course of his performance. When such a writer has withdrawn himself from that sort of authority which he claimed for his opinions, that sort of credit which he assumed for his situation, we are naturally inclined to examine the reality of each; as, at the death of an acquaintance, we talk

with more precision and assurance than formerly, of his age, his character, and his circumstances. To ascertain, as well as to satisfy, any such inquiry, the Authors of the LOUNGER will fairly unfold themselves; not individually, for that were to assume an importance to which they are not entitled; but they have an aggregate name, by which, like corporations, they can be known and impleaded: they are the same Society which, some years ago, published in this country their periodical Essays under the title of the MIRROR.

In making this declaration, they incur as much danger, perhaps, as they assume distinction. He who has some merit of ancestry to support, draws the attention more closely upon his own. During the course of this publication, they have sometimes been amused with the discovery of its inferiority to its predecessor; and have heard, with a mixture of mortification and of pride, some people express their regret, that the authors of the MIRROR did not write in the LOUNGER, and rescue it from the less able hands into which it had fallen. It may still, indeed, be said, than an author is often *sibi impar*; that a second work is seldom equal in merit to the first. But they may be allowed to indulge themselves in the belief, that great part of the criticism arose from a natural enough propensity to undervalue what has not yet been sanctioned by the general opinion: from that disposition, common in every thing, not to be satisfied merely with what is good, but with what is called good. Be this, however, as it may, the Authors of the two Works found themselves somewhat flattered by the remark; as a mother can but slightly resent the criticism of her daughter's beauty, when it only discovers that she herself was handsome some twenty years ago.



When thus, like Prospero, they 'break their staff,' and lay aside the airy power they had assumed, they feel, like him, the loss of that society which the LOUNGER had raised among them. The visionary characters with which he had peopled their acquaintance, they cannot help regretting as departed friends; and it is not without a sigh that they dismiss Peter from his service. But they owe that sort of disclosure of themselves, which this paper has made, to sincerity; and there is something more solemn in their obligation to this avowal now, because it is the last time they will have an opportunity of making it. Particular circumstances induce them to declare, that they will not again appear before the public, as periodical essayists, in any shape, or under any name. If any future work of that kind should happen to come out, they will have no claim to its merits, nor responsibility for its defects.

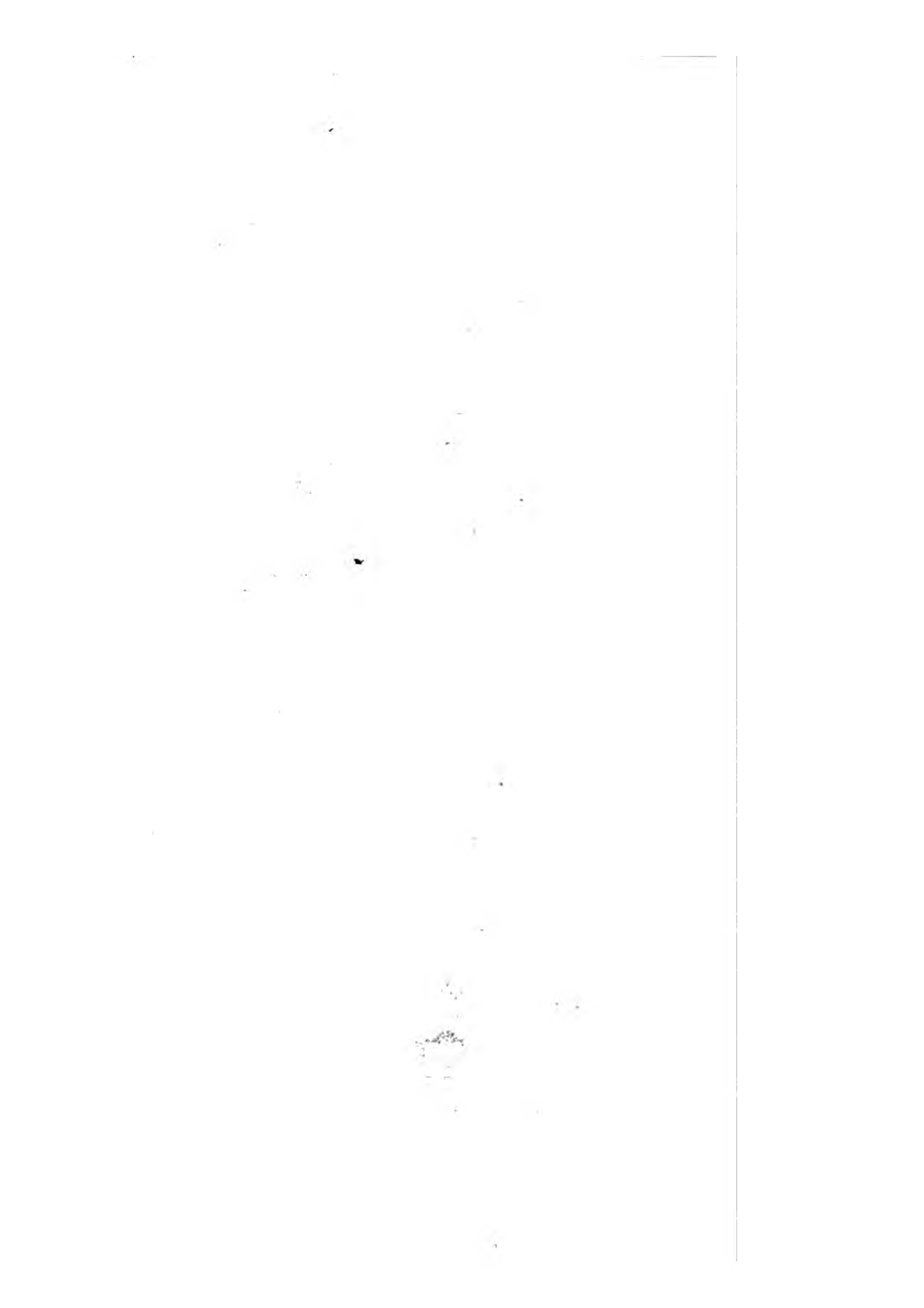
It only remains for them to do justice to those correspondents to whose assistance they have been indebted during the course of their work. To correspondents they owe the following papers: No. 7.; the letters subscribed Mary Careful, in No. 8.; Nos. 11. 16. 19. 24.; the letter from Theatricus, in No. 25.; from Philomusos, in No. 42.; from John Trueman, in No. 44.; the letters signed Almeria, in No. 46.; Jessamina, in No. 53., and Hannah Waitfort, in No. 55.; Nos. 59. 60. 63. 70. 79.; and the Poem in No. 85.

Of their readers, as well as their correspondents, they cannot take leave without a very sensible and lively regret. While they dictate this concluding paragraph, it is with a melancholy feeling they reflect, that it deprives them of an opportunity of cultivating that correspondence, and of committing to those readers the sentiments of their hearts;

that it drops the curtain on their mimic state, and surrenders them to the less interesting occupations of ordinary life. Yet twice to have made a not unsuccessful excursion into this region of fancy and of literary dominion, is to have achieved something which falls but to the lot of few. They can anticipate, with a venal degree of self-applause, the talk of their age, recalling the period of their publications with an old man's fondness, an author's vanity, and a Scotchman's pride; happy if any one of their number, who shall then be pointed out as a writer in the MIRROR or the LOUNGER, need not blush to avow them as works that endeavoured to list amusement on the side of taste, and to win the manners to decency and to goodness.

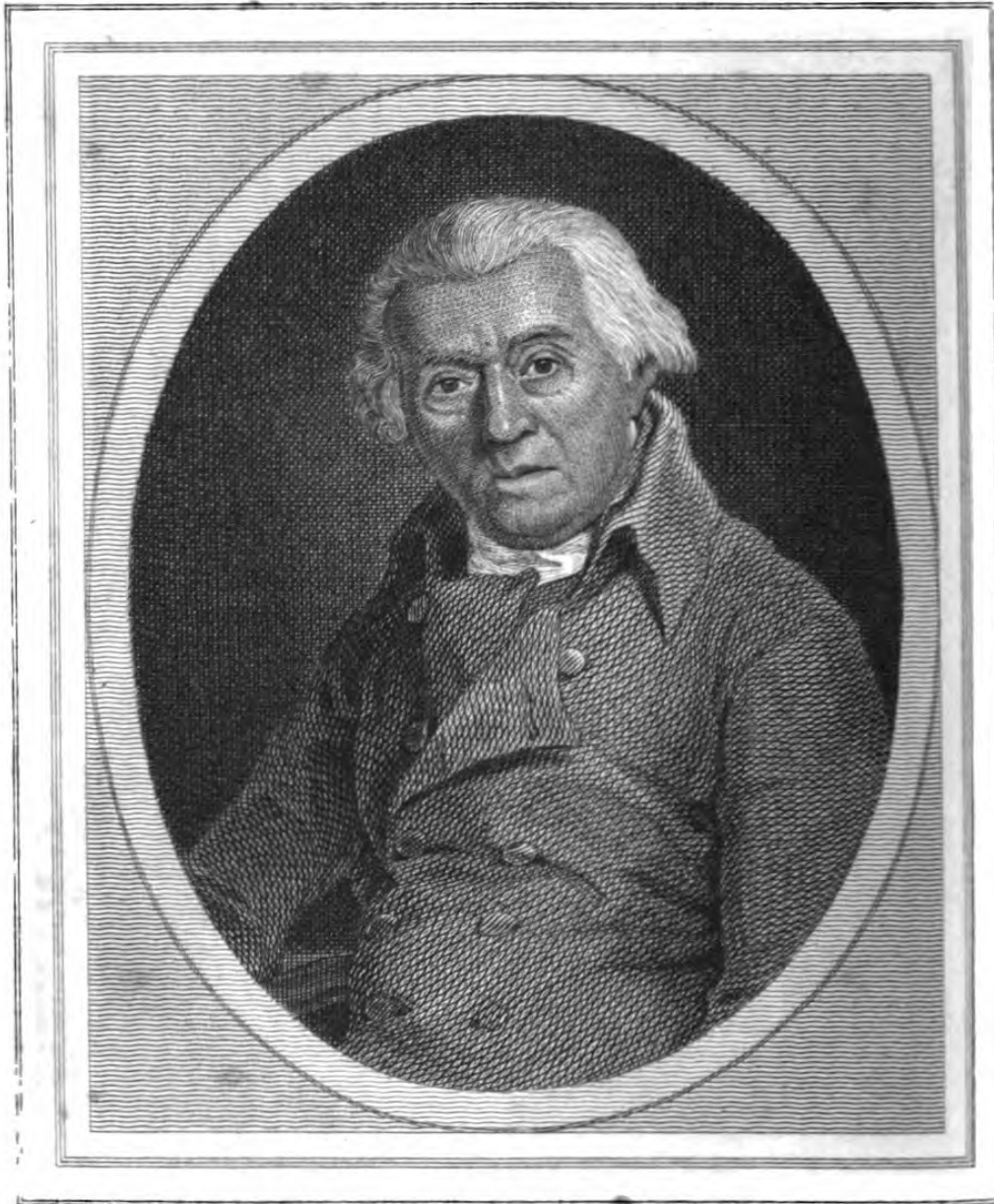
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END OF VOL. XXXI.









RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

THE  
BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH  
PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY  
A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.

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# OBSERVER.

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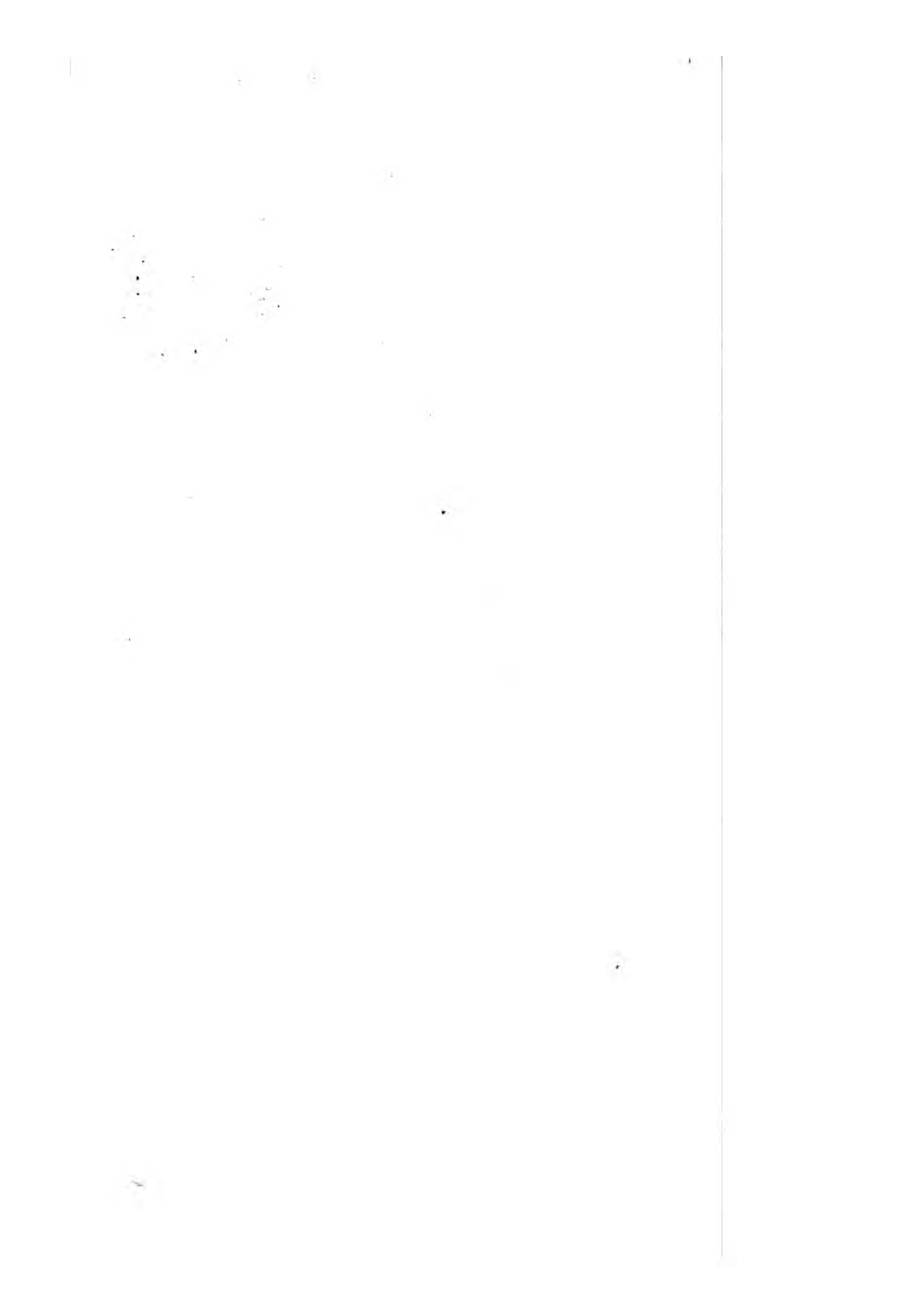
— Multorum providus urbes,  
Et mores hominum inspexit.—

HOR. EPIST. i. 2. 19.

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No. 1—51.





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THE  
OBSERVER.

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NUMBER I.

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WHEN a man breaks in upon a company of strangers, to which he is not invited, the intrusion does or does not demand an apology, according to the nature of the business which brings him thither: if it imports the company only, and he has no interest in the errand, the less time he spends in ceremony the better; and he must be a very silly fellow, indeed, who stands shuffling and apologizing, when he ought either to warn people of their danger, or inform them of their good fortune: but where this is not the case, and the man, so intruding, has nothing more to say for himself, than that he is come to sit down in their company, to prattle and tell stories and club his share to the general festivity of the table, it will behove him to recommend himself very speedily to the good graces of his new acquaintance; and if his conversation furnishes neither instruction nor amusement, if he starts no new topics, or does not talk agreeably upon old ones, 'tis well if he does not make his exit as abruptly as he entered.

In like manner, every author finds a material difference in his first approaches to the public, whether

his subject recommends him, or he is to recommend his subject: if he has any thing new in art or science to produce, any thing important to communicate for the benefit of mankind, he need be under no difficulty in demanding their attention to a business, which it is so much their interest to hear and understand; on the contrary, if he has nothing to tell his readers, but what they knew before he told it, there must be some candour on their part, and great address on his to secure to such an author a good reception in the world.

I am at this instant under all the embarrassments incident to a man in the last-mentioned predicament: I am exceedingly desirous to make my best bow to the good company I am intruding myself upon, and yet equally anxious, that in so doing I may neither make my first advances with the stiff grimace of a dancing-master, nor with the too familiar air of a self-important. As I pretend to nothing more in these pages than to tell my readers what I have observed of men and books, in the most amusing manner I am able, I know not what to say to them more than humbly to request a hearing; and as I am in perfect charity and good-humour with them, sincerely to hope that they on their parts will be in like good-humour and charity with me.

My first wish was to have followed the steps of those essayists, who have so successfully set the fashion of publishing their lucubrations from day to day in separate papers. This mode of marching into the world by detachments has been happily taken up by men of great generalship in literature, of whom some are yet amongst us. Though Mr. Addison, in his *Spectator*, No. 124, has asserted, that *a man who publishes his works in a volume, has an infinite advantage over one who communicates his writ-*

*ings to the world in loose sheets and single pieces, it does not appear that he is serious in his assertion ; or, if he is, it is plain that his argument draws one way and his example another ; I must confess, says he, I am amazed that the press should be only made use of in this way by news-writers and the zealots of parties ; as if it were not more advantageous to mankind to be instructed in wisdom and virtue, than in politics ; and to be made good fathers, husbands, and sons, than counsellors and statesmen. This will suffice to convince us that Mr. Addison saw the advantages of this mode of publication in such a light as led him to make choice of it himself, and to recommend it to others ; for it is not to be supposed, that he would have prefixed a motto to this very paper, purporting that *a great book is a great evil*, and then argued seriously in recommendation of that evil.*

Some of the most pleasing volumes now in our hands are collections of essays published in this manner, and the plan is still capable of a variety, that is in no danger of being exhausted ; add to this, that many years have now elapsed since any papers of this sort have been published : the present time, therefore, on this account, as well as from other circumstances peculiar to it, may seem favourable to the undertaking : but there are good reasons why writers have desisted from pursuing any further these attempts of working through a channel, which others are in possession of, who might chance to levy such a toll upon their merchandize as would effectually spoil their market.

The miscellaneous matter I propose to give in these sheets, naturally coincides with the method I have taken of disposing them into distinct papers, and I shall proceed to publish in like manner till my plan is completed, or till any unforeseen event cuts short the prosecution of it. For me to con-



ceive, in any age so enlightened as the present, that I can offer any thing to the public, which many of my readers will not be as well informed of as myself, would be a very silly presumption, indeed: simply to say that I have written nothing but with a moral design would be saying very little, for it is not the vice of the time to countenance publications of an opposite tendency; to administer moral precepts through a pleasing vehicle seems now the general study of our essayists, dramatists, and novelists. The preacher may enforce his doctrines in the style of authority, for it is his profession to summon mankind to their duty; but an uncommissioned instructor will study to conciliate, whilst he attempts to correct. Even the satirist, who declares war against vice and folly, seldom commits himself to the attack without keeping some retiring-place open in the quarter of panegyric; if he cuts deep, it is with the hand of a surgeon, not of an assassin. Few authors now undertake to mend the world by severity, many make it their study by some new and ingenious device to soften the rigour of philosophy, and to bind the rod of the moralist with the roses of the Muse.

I have endeavoured to relieve and chequer these familiar essays in a manner that I hope will be approved of; I allude to those papers, in which I treat of the literature of the Greeks, carrying down my history in the chain of anecdotes from the earliest poets to the death of Menander; to this part of my work I have addressed my greatest pains and attention. I believe the plan is so far my own, that nobody has yet given the account in so compressed and unmixed a state as I shall do, and none I think will envy me the labour of turning over such a mass of heavy materials for the sake of selecting what I hoped would be acceptable in the relation. Though I cannot suppose I am free from error, I can safely

say I have asserted nothing without authority ; but it did not suit the purpose of the work to make a display of these authorities, as it was my wish to level it to readers of all descriptions. The translations I shall occasionally give will be of such authors, or rather fragments of authors, as come under few people's review, and have never been seen in an English version ; these passages, therefore, will have the merit of novelty, at least with most readers, and if I succeed in naturalizing to any degree authors, whose names only float amongst us, I shall not think that what has been the heaviest part of my undertaking has been the most unprofitable. As I mean this to be a kind of *liber circumcurrens*, I have thought it not amiss to intitle it *The Observer*.

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## NUMBER II.

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THERE is a pretty numerous sect of philosophers in this kingdom, whom I cannot describe by any apter denomination, than that of *Dampers* They are to be known in society by a sudden damp, which they are sure to cast upon all companies, where they enter. The human heart, that comes within their atmosphere, never fails to be chilled ; and the quickest sense of feeling is as effectually benumbed, as the touch is with the torpedo. As this sect is of very ancient standing in the world, and has been taken notice of by several Heathen writers, I have sometimes thought that it might originate in the school of Thales, who held water to be the first principle of all things. If I were certain that this

ancient philosopher always administered his water cold to his disciples, I should incline to think the present sect of *Dampers* was really a branch from the Thalesian root, for it is certain they make great use of his first principle in the philosophy they practise.

The business of these philosophers in society, is to check the flights and sallies of those volatile beings, who are subject to be carried away by imagination and fancy, or, in other words, to act as a counterpoise against genius; of the vices of mankind they take little notice, but they are at great pains to correct their vanity. They have various receipts for curing this evil; the ordinary method is by keeping stern silence and an unmoved visage in companies which are disposed to be cheerful. This taciturnity, if well kept up, never fails in the end to work a cure upon festivity according to the first principle of Thales: if the *Damper* looks morose, every body wonders what the moody gentleman is displeased with, and each in his turn suspects himself in the fault; if he only looks wise, all are expecting when the dumb oracle will utter, and in the mean time his silence infects the whole circle; if the *Damper* seasons his taciturnity with a shrug of the shoulders, or a shake of the head, judiciously thrown in, when any talkative fellow raises a laugh, 'tis ten to one if the mortified wit ever opens his mouth again for that evening; if a story is told in his company, and the teller makes a slip in a date or a name, a true *Damper* may open, provided it is done agreeably to the rules of his order, by setting the story-teller right with much gravity, and adjusting the mistake so deliberately, that the spirit of the story shall be sure to evaporate, before the commentator has properly settled his correction of the text. If any lucky wit chances to say what is

called a *good thing*, and the table applauds, it is a *Damper's* duty to ask an explanation of the joke, or whether that was all, and what t'other gentleman said, who was the butt of the jest, and other proper questions of the like sort. If one of the company risks a sally for the sake of good-fellowship, which is a little on the wrong side of truth, or not strictly reducible to proof, a *Damper* may, with great propriety, set him right in the matter of fact, and demonstrate, as clear as two and two make four, that what he has said may be mathematically confuted, and that the merry gentleman is mistaken. A *Damper* is to keep strict watch over the morals of the company, and not to suffer the least indiscretion to escape in the warmth of conviviality; on this occasion he must be ready to call to order, and to answer for his friend to the company, that he has better principles than he affects to have; that he should be sorry such and such an opinion went out against him; and that he is certain he forgot himself, when he said so and so. If any glance is made at private characters, however notorious, a *Damper* steps in with a recommendation of candour, and inveighs most pathetically against the sin of evil speaking. He is never merry in company, except when any one in it is apparently out of spirits, and with such an one he is always exceedingly pleasant.

A *Damper* is so profest an enemy to flattery, that he never applies it in ever so small a degree even to the most diffident; he never cheers a young author for fear of marring his modesty, never sinks truths because they are disagreeable, and if any one is rashly enjoying the transports of public fame on account of some successful production in art or science, the *Damper* kindly tells him what such and such a critic has scoffingly said on the occasion, and



if nothing better offers, lowers his triumphs with a paragraph in the newspaper, which his thoughtless friend might else have overlooked. He is remarkably careful not to spoil young people by making allowances for spirits or inexperience, or by indulging them in an opinion of their persons or accomplishments. He has many excellent apothegms in his mouth ready to recommend to those, who want them, such as *to be merry and wise*;—*a grain of truth is better than an ounce of wit*;—*a fool's bolt is soon shot, but a wise man keeps his within the quiver*;—*he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master*;—and many more of the like sort.

The following letter will serve to show in what sort of estimation this sect of *Dampers* was held by a Roman author, who was one of the finest gentlemen of his time:—

PLINY TO RESTITUTUS\*.

“ I cannot forbear pouring out my indignation before you in a letter, since I have no opportunity of doing so in person, against a certain behaviour which gave me some offence in an assembly, where I was lately present. The company was entertained with the recital of a very finished performance: but there were two or three persons among the audience, men of great genius in their own and a few of their friends' estimation, who sat like so many mutes, without so much as moving a lip or a hand, or once rising from their seats, even to shift their posture. But to what purpose, in the name of good sense, all this wondrous air of wisdom and solemnity, or rather, indeed, to give it its true appellation, of this proud indolence? Is it not downright folly, or even madness, thus to be at the expense of a

\* Melmoth's translation.

whole day merely to commit a piece of rudeness, and leave him an enemy, whom you visited as a friend? Is a man conscious that he possesses a superior degree of eloquence than the person whom he attends upon on such an occasion? So much the rather ought he to guard against every appearance of envy, as a passion that always implies inferiority wherever it resides. But whatever a man's talent may be, whether greater or equal, or less than his friend's, still it is his interest to give him the approbation he deserves: if greater or equal, because the higher his glory rises, whom you equal or excel, the more considerable yours must necessarily be: if less, because if one of more exalted abilities does not meet with applause, neither possibly can you. For my own part, I honour and revere all, who discover any degree of merit in the painful and laborious art of oratory; for Eloquence is a high and haughty dame, who scorns to reside with those who despise her. But, perhaps, you are not of this opinion; yet who has a greater regard for this glorious science, or is a more candid judge of it than yourself? In confidence of which, I chose to vent my indignation particularly to you, as not doubting you would be the first to share with me in the same sentiments. Farewell."

The Romans were much in the habit of reading their unpublished performances to select parties, and sometimes no doubt put the patience and politeness of their hearers to a severe trial: I conceive that this practice does not obtain to any great degree amongst us at present: neither is it a thing to be recommended to young authors, except under peculiar circumstances; for they certainly expose themselves and their hearers to a situation very delicate at best, and which sometimes leads to unplea-

sant consequences. I am aware how much is to be expected from the judicious remark of a critic, who will correct *with all the malice of a friend*; yet a man so qualified and disposed is not easily found, and does not often fall within the list of an author's acquaintance; men, who read their works in circles, or to any but the most select friends, read for no other purpose but for admiration and applause; they cannot possibly expect criticism, and it is accordingly agreed upon by all, but the sect of the *Dampers*, either to keep out of such circles, or to pay their quota when the reckoning is cast up. Few, but men of quick and lively parts, are forward to recite in such societies, and these are the very men, who are most pained by neglect; for I think it is a remark, with as few exceptions to it as most general remarks have, that brilliant talents are attended with extreme sensibility, and the effects of sensibility bear such resemblance to the effects of vanity, that the undiscerning multitude are too apt to confound them. These are the men, who, in their progress through life are most frequently misunderstood, and generally less pitied than they ought to be.

Now a *Damper* will tell you that he is consulting such a man's good, and lowering his vanity, when he is sporting with his feelings, and will take merit to himself for the discipline he gives him; but humanity will reflect, that the same spirits, which are prone to exult upon success, are proportionably agonized by the failure of it, and will therefore prompt us to a gentler treatment of such persons.

The sums which are expended in this nation upon those refined enjoyments, which are produced by the expertness of the hands and the ingenuity of the head, are certainly very great; and men are, therefore, apt to exclaim, 'See what encouragement this country gives to arts and sciences!' If money

were the standard measure of encouragement, there could be no dispute in the case ; but so long as men have a feeling for their pride, as well as for their pocket, money alone will not encourage and promote the genius of a nation ; it is the grace of doing a favour, which constitutes its merit ; it is from the manners of the great, that the man of rising talents is to draw that inspiriting consideration of himself, that stimulating pride of nature, which are to push his efforts towards perfection.

A limner will take a canvass and chalk out a man's face he has never seen before, and hang on his robes, or his garter, if he has one, or will put a horse in his hand, if he likes it better, or make a battle in the back ground, if he was ever within hearing of one, and when the job is finished will be paid the price of his labour, like any other mechanic ; the money he may spend or put to use, and, if customers come in, he may raise his price upon them, and the world may call those profits an encouragement ; but the painter is still a tradesman, and his sitters not a patron, but a customer : the mercer, whose damask clothes the walls of the nobleman's saloon, and the artist, whose pictures hang round it, are in the same predicament as to encouragement, whilst neither of them are admitted into the house they contribute to adorn.

As I have made this remark with a reference to the *Dampers* in high life, I am aware that there are many eminent encouragers of the arts and sciences among the rich and liberal ; nay, so general is their protection, that it comprehends a numerous importation of exotic tooth-drawers, dancers, and milliners, who find that England is the nursery of genius : even the magnifying philosopher of Piccadilly, unless he multiplies as well as magnifies, has shown his *wonders* so frequently and to such prodigious



numbers, that it is to be doubted if they shall continue to be *wonders* much longer.

There were men in ancient Greece, no doubt, who talked, though Zeno chose to hold his tongue, when certain ambassadors had invited him to supper, that they might report his sayings to their sovereign: *what shall we say of you to our master?* the foreigners demanded; *say that I had the wisdom to hold my tongue*, replied the Stoic. Though I am clearly of opinion that this great master of silence was an intolerable *Damper*, and made a very poor return to these same hospitable ambassadors for their good entertainment of him, yet I am not quite so ready with my answer to a certain female correspondent, who in consequence of some discourse upon *Dampers* the other day, in a company where she was present, favoured me with the following short, but curious, epistle.

‘ SIR,

‘ I have the misfortune to be married to an elderly gentleman, who has taken strange things in his head of late, and is for ever snubbing me before folks, especially when the captain is in company. ’Twas but t’other night he broke up a party of hot-cockles in the back parlour, and would not let the captain take a civil salute, though I assured him it was only a forfeit at questions and commands.

‘ I don’t know what he means by saying he will put a spoke in my wheel, but I suspect it is some jealousy matter.

‘ Pray, Sir, is not my husband what you call a *Damper*? Yours,

‘ LUCY LOVEIT.’

NUMBER III.

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THE desire of praise is natural, but when that appetite becomes canine, it is no longer in nature ; a taste of it is pleasant to most men ; temperance itself will take a little, but the stomach sickens with a surfeit of it, and the palate nauseates the debauch.

Let the passion for flattery be ever so inordinate, the supply can keep pace with the demand, and in the world's great market, in which wit and folly drive their bargains with each other, there are traders of all sorts ; some keep a stall of offals, some a store-house of delicacies ; a squeamish palate must be forced by alluring provocatives, a foul feeder will swallow any trash that he can get hold of.

In a recent publication of the history of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, written by Sepulveda of Cordova, a contemporary and favourite of that famous monarch, the Academy of History at Madrid in their dedication to his present Catholic Majesty, address him in the following words—*Nam quem tu, Carole Rex, ut nomine refers, ita etiam bellicâ laude jampridem æmularis.* When these courtly academicians have thus mounted their peaceable sovereign on the war-horse of the victorious Charles, they seriously proceed to tell him, that *being fully equal to his predecessor in his martial character, he is out of all distance superior to him in every other kingly quality ; more wise, more politic, more magnanimous, and, as the present work can testify, a greater friend to learning than all that ever went before him, and if they may risk a prediction, there will probably be none to come in competition with him hereafter.*

If his Catholic Majesty shall ever come to an understanding of this paragraph, and strike a fair comparison between himself and his illustrious namesake, I should not be surprised if the next work his academicians shall be employed in proves the fortifications of Ceuta.

When I compare the state of flattery in a free country, with that which obtains in arbitrary states, it is a consolation to find that this mean principle is not natural to mankind; for it certainly abates in proportion as independency advances. This will be very evident to any one, who compares the flattery of Elizabeth's and James's days with the present. Ben Jonson, for instance, was a surly poet, yet how fulsome are his masques! In his *News from the New World*, he says of James,

Read him as you would do the book  
Of all perfections, and but look  
What his proportions be:  
No measure that is thence contriv'd,  
Or any motion thence deriv'd,  
But is pure harmony.

This poet, though he was rather a clumsy flatterer of his prince, was ingenious enough in the mode he took for flattering himself, by introducing a kind of chorus, wherein he takes occasion to tell his hearers, that, *careless of all vulgar censure, as not depending on common approbation, he is confident his plays shall superplease judicious spectators, and to them he leaves it to work with the rest, by example or otherwise.* It is remarkable that this passage should be found in his *Magnetic Lady*, and that he should speak with such confidence of one of his worst productions, as if he was determined to force a bad comedy upon the hearers by the authority of his own recommendation. This is an evident imitation of Aristophanes,

who, in his comedy of *The Clouds*, holds the same language to his audience, fairly telling them, *he shall estimate their judgement according to the degree of applause they shall bestow upon his performance then before them* : in conclusion, he inveighs against certain of his contemporaries, Eupolis, Phrynichus, and Hermippus, *with whose comedies, if any of his audience is well pleased, that person he hopes will depart from his dissatisfied ; but if they condemn his rivals, and applaud him, he shall think better of their judgement for the future.* Act 1. sc. 6.

The caution authors now proceed with, shows the refinement of the times ; still they can contrive in a modest way to say civil things of themselves, and it would be hard, indeed, to disappoint them of so slight a gratification—for what praise is so little to be envied, as that which a man bestows on himself? Several of our diurnal essayists have contrived under the veil of fiction to hook in something recommendatory of themselves, which they mean should pass for truth ; such is the intelligent taciturnity of the *Spectator*, and the solemn integrity of the *Guardian*.

The latter in one of his papers, notices the ambition of some authors to prefix engravings of their portraits to their title-pages ; his ridicule has not quite laughed this fashion out of countenance, for I perceive it is still in existence, and I frequently meet the face of an old acquaintance looking through the windows of a bookseller's shop. One very ingenious gentleman, whose *beauty* is amongst the least of his recommendations, has very prudently stamped his *age* upon his print. In the same shop window with this gentleman, I observed with great pleasure, an elegant author standing by him, as erect as a dart, firm and collected in the awful moment of beginning a *minuet*. I own I regret that



the honest butler who has regaled the age with *A Treatise on Ale and Strong Beer*, has not hung out his own head in the front of his book, as a sign of the *good entertainment* within.

But of all the instances of face-flattery I have lately met with, that of a worthy citizen surprised me most, whose compting-house I entered the other day, and found an enormous portrait of my friend in a flaming drapery of blue and gold, mounted upon the back of a war-horse, which the limner has made to rear so furiously, that I was quite astonished to see my friend, who is no great jockey, keep his seat so steadily : he confessed to me that he had consented to be drawn on horseback to please his wife and daughters, who chose the attitude ; for his own part it made him quite giddy to look at himself, and he frequently desired the painter not to let the horse prance so, but to no purpose.

Too great avidity of praise will sometimes betray an author into a studied attempt at fine writing, where the thought will not carry the style ; writers of this sort are like those tasteless dabblers in architecture, who turn the gable-ends of barns and cottages into castles and temples, and spend a world of plaistering and pains to decorate a pig-stye. They bring to my mind a ridiculous scene, at which I was present the other day : I found a lady of my acquaintance busily employed in the domestic education of her only son ; the preceptor was in the room, and was standing in an attitude very much resembling the erect gentleman I had seen that morning in the bookseller's window : the boy kept his eyes fixt, and seemed to govern his motions by certain signals of the feet and arms, which he repeated from the preceptor. In the course of my conversation with his mother, I chanced to drop my glove upon the floor, upon which he approached to pick it up,

but in a step so measured and methodical, that I had done the office for myself, before he had performed his advances. As I was about to resume the conversation, the mother interrupted me, by desiring I would favour her so far as to drop my glove again, that Bobby might have the honour of presenting it to me in proper form: all this while the boy stood as upright as an arrow, perfectly motionless; but no sooner had I thrown down my gauntlet, than he began to put one foot slowly in advance before the other; upon which the preceptor of politeness cried out, *one!—first position!*—The boy then made another movement of his feet, upon which the master repeated—*two!—second position!*—This was followed by another, and the echo again cried out—*three! very well—third position! bend your body slowly!*—At the word of command the automaton bent his body very deliberately, its arms hanging down in parallel perpendiculars to the floor, like the fore-legs of a quadruped. The glove being now taken up by the right hand, was placed with great decorum upon the back of the left hand; the trunk of the animal was slowly restored to its erect position, and the glove presented with all due solemnity. As I was in hopes the ceremony was now over, upon hearing the teacher cry *bravo!* I thought it time to make my compliment of, *thank you, pretty Master!* but I was again in a mistake, for the mother begged me not to hurry her dear Bobby, but allow him time to make his bow, and still hold the glove in my hand: this was an operation of no slight consequence, for in the time it took him up, a nimble artist might have made the glove: at last, however, it was over, and the boy was putting himself in order of retreat, when the master observing that I had omitted the necessary bend of my wrist upon receiving the glove, for want of which the

whole had been imperfect, proposed a repetition of the manœuvre, in which Bobby should be the dropper, and himself the picker up of the glove. This proposal struck me with such horror, that taking a hasty leave of the lady, in which first, second, and third position were probably huddled all together, I departed, repeating to myself, in the words of Foigard, *all this may be very fine, but upon my soul it is very ridiculous.*

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#### NUMBER IV.

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LADY THIMBLE is one of those female pedants, who, with quick animal spirits, a pert imagination, great self-conceit, and a homely person, sets herself up for a woman of talents: she has as much of the learned languages, as a boarding-school girl carries home of French upon her first holidays, when Miss assures you she can call for what she wants, and, though she won't utter a word in the parlour from pretended modesty, insults the ignorance of the chambermaid with an eternal jargon of bad grammar, worse pronounced. This learned lady is the only child of a wealthy trader of the city of London, who, having never advanced in his own education beyond the erudition of the compting-house, took care his daughter should be instructed in every thing he did not understand himself, and as the girl grew exceedingly vain of the applause of the pedagogue, who read to her, the merchant grew as vain of the scholarship of his child, and would listen to the sound of Latin or Greek with as much

many pressing invitations he gave me to pay a visit to his daughter and Sir Theodore, at their country-seat, especially as he prefaced it by assuring me I should see the happiest couple in England; and that, although I had frequently opposed his system of education, I should now be convinced that Arabella made as good a housewife, and understood the conduct of her family as well, as if she had studied nothing else, and this he was sure I would confess, if he could prevail with me to accompany him to her house.

On the day following this conversation we set out together, and in a few hours found ourselves at the promised spot: as I remembered this fine old mansion in the days of its primitive simplicity, when I was ushered to its gate through a solemn avenue of branching elms, that arched over head in lofty foliage, and formed an approach in perfect unison with the ancient fashion of the place, I must own I was much revolted to find that Sir Theodore had begun his improvements with a specimen of his father's art, by cutting an old coat into a new fashion: my favourite avenue no longer existed; the venerable tenants of the soil were rooted up, and a parcel of dotted clumps, composed of trumpery shrubs, substituted in their places; I was the more disgusted, when I perceived that by the nonsensical zigzaggery of the road, through which we meandered, I was to keep company with these new-fashioned upstarts, through as many parallels, as would serve for the regular approaches to a citadel. At one of these turnings, however, I caught the glimpse of a well-dressed gentleman, standing in a very becoming attitude, who, I concluded, must be the master of the mansion, waiting our approach; and as I perceived, he had his hat under his arm, expecting us with great politeness and civility, I instantly took mine



that she performed one work in concert with the pedant her master, and that, though this composition was brought secretly into the world, it is the only one, of her producing, that bids fair for posterity; this story, and the remark upon it, I had from a lady, who is one of her intimate friends, but she assured me she gave no credit to it herself, and considered all such scandalous insinuations as the effects of malice and envy.

At the age of seven and twenty, by the persuasion of her father, she was joined in the bands of wedlock to Sir Theodore Thimble: this gentleman had been lately dubbed a knight for his services to the crown, in bringing up a county address; his father, Mr. David Thimble, had been an eminent tailor in the precincts of St. Clements, in which business he had, by his industry and other methods, raised a very respectable fortune in money, book-debts, and remnants: in his latter years, Mr. Thimble purchased a considerable estate in Essex, with a fine old mansion upon it, the last remaining property of an ancient family. This venerable seat, during the life of Mr. Thimble, remained uncontaminated by the presence of its possessor; but upon his death it fell into the occupation of young Theodore, who disdaining the cross-legg'd art, by which his father had worked himself into opulence, set out upon a new establishment, and figured off as the first gentleman of his family: he served as sheriff of the county, and acquired great reputation in that high office, by the elegant and well-cut liveries which he exhibited at the assizes; a lucky address from the county gave him a title, and the recommendation of a good settlement procured him his present lady, whom we have been describing.

As I have been in long habits of friendship with the worthy citizen her father, I could not resist the

many pressing invitations he gave me to pay a visit to his daughter and Sir Theodore, at their country-seat, especially as he prefaced it by assuring me I should see the happiest couple in England; and that, although I had frequently opposed his system of education, I should now be convinced that Arabella made as good a housewife, and understood the conduct of her family as well, as if she had studied nothing else, and this he was sure I would confess, if he could prevail with me to accompany him to her house.

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from my head, and called to our driver to stop the carriage, for that I perceived Sir Theodore was come out to meet us. My companion was at this time exceedingly busy in directing my attention to the beauties of his son-in-law's improvements, so that I had stopped the chaise before he observed what I was looking at; but, how was I surprised to find, in place of Sir Theodore, a leaden statue on a pair of scates, painted in a blue and gold coat, with a red waistcoat, whose person, upon closer examination, I recollected to have been acquainted with some years ago, amongst the elegant group, which a certain celebrated artist exhibits to the amusement of stage-coaches and country waggons, upon their entrance into town at Hyde-Park Corner! I was happy to find that this ridiculous mistake, instead of embarrassing my friend, occasioned infinite merriment, and was considered as so good a joke by all the family, upon our arrival, that I am persuaded it was in the mind of the improver when he placed him there; for the jest was followed up by several other party-coloured personages, cast to the life, gentlemen and ladies, who were airing themselves upon pedestals, to the no small delight of my companion; and though most of these witticisms in lead were of the comic cast, one group, of a mountebank in the act of drawing an old woman's tooth, was calculated to move the contrary passion; and this I observed was the last in the company, standing in view from the windows of the house, as the moral of the fable. We now entered a Chinese fence, through a gate of the same fashion, to the side of which was affixed a board, on which I observed, at some distance, a writing in fair characters; this I suspected to be some classical text, which my Lady had set up, to impress her visitors with a due respect for her learning; but upon a near

approach I found it contained a warning to all interlopers, that men-traps and spring-guns were concealed in those walks.

In this dangerous defile we were encountered by a servant in livery, who was despatched in great haste to stop our driver, and desire us to alight, as the gravel was newly laid down, and a late shower had made it very soft; my friend readily obeyed the arrest, but, I confess, the denunciation of traps and guns were so formidable to my mind, that I took no step but with great circumspection and forecast, for fear I was treading on a mine, or touching a spring with my foot, and was heartily glad when I found myself on the steps, though even these I examined with some suspicion, before I trusted myself upon them.

As we entered the house, my friend the merchant whispered me, that *we were now in my Lady's regions; all without doors was Sir Theodore's taste, all within was hers*;—But as here a new scene was opened I shall reserve my account to another paper.

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## NUMBER V.

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OUR visit to Sir Theodore and Lady Thimble being unexpected, we were shown into the common parlour, where this happy couple were sitting over a good fire, with a middle-aged man, of athletic size, who was reposing in an elbow-chair, in great state, with his mull in his hand, and with an air so self-important, as plainly indicated him to be the dictator of this domestic circle.



When the first salutations were over, Lady Thimble gave her orders to the servant, in the style of Lucullus, to prepare *The Apollo*, declaring herself ashamed to receive a gentleman of talents in any other apartment; I beseeched her to let us remain where we were, dreading a removal from a comfortable fire-side to a cold stately apartment, for the season was severe; I was so earnest in my request, that Sir Theodore ventured, in the most humble manner, to second my suit; the consequence of which was a smart reprimand, accompanied with one of those expressive looks, which ladies of high prerogative, in their own houses, occasionally bestow to husbands under proper subjection, and I saw, with pity, the poor gentleman despatched, for his officiousness, upon a freezing errand, through a great hall, to see that things were set in order, and make report when they were ready. I could not help giving my friend, the merchant, a significant look upon this occasion; but he prudently kept silence, waiting with great respect the dreadful order of march.

My Lady now introduced me to the athletic philosopher in the elbow-chair, who condescended to relax one half of his features into a smile, and with a gracious waving of his hand, or rather fist, dismissed me back again to my seat without uttering a syllable. She then informed me, that she had a treat to give me, which she flattered herself would be a feast entirely to my palate; I assured her Ladyship I was always happiest to take the family-dinner of my friends, adding, that in truth the sharp air had sufficiently whetted my appetite to recommend much humbler fare, than I was likely to find at her table. She smiled at this, and told me, it was the food of the mind that she was about to provide for me: she undertook for nothing else; culinary concerns were not her province; if I was

hungry, she hoped there would be something to eat, but for her part she left the care of her kitchen to those who lived in it. Whilst she was saying this, methought the philosopher gave her a look, that seemed to say he was of my way of thinking ; upon which she rung the bell, and ordered dinner to be held back for an hour, saying to the philosopher she thought we might have *a canto* in that time.

She now paused for some time, fixing her eyes upon him in expectation of an answer ; but none being given, nor any signal of assent, she rose, and observing that *it was surprising to think what Sir Theodore could be about all this while, for she was sure the Apollo must be ready*, without more delay bade us follow her : *Come, Sir*, says she to me, as I passed the great hall with an aching heart and chattering teeth, *you shall now have a treat in your own taste* ; and meeting one of the domestics by the way, bade him tell Calliope to come into *the Apollo*.

When I set my foot into the room, I was immediately saluted by something like one of those ungenial breezes, which travellers inform us have the faculty of putting an end to life and all its cares at a stroke ; a fire, indeed, had been lighted, which poor Sir Theodore was soliciting into a blaze, working the bellows with might and main to little purpose ; for the billets were so wet, that Apollo himself with all his beams would have been foiled to set them in a flame : the honest gentleman had taken the precaution of opening all the windows, in spite of which no atom of smoke passed up the chimney, but came curling into the room in columns as thick, as if a hecatomb had been offering to the shrine of Delphi ; indeed, this was not much to be wondered at, for I soon discovered that a board had been fixed across the flue of the chimney, which Sir Theodore in his attention to the bellows had neglected to observe ; I

was again the unhappy cause of that poor gentleman's unmerited rebuke, and in terms much severer than before; it was to no purpose he attempted to bring Susan the house-maid in for some share of the blame; his plea was disallowed; and though I must own it was not the most manly defence in the world, yet, considering the unhappy culprit as the son of a tailor, I thought it not entirely inadmissible.

When the smoke cleared up I discovered a cast of the Belvidere Apollo on a pedestal in a niche at the upper end of the room; but, if we were to judge by the climate, this chamber must have derived its name from Apollo, by the rule of *lucus a non lucendo*: As soon as we were seated, and Lady Thimble had in some degree composed her spirits, she began to tell me, that the treat she had to give me was the rehearsal of part of an epic poem, written by a young lady of seventeen, who was a miracle of genius, and whose talents for composition were so extraordinary, that she had written a treatise on female education, whilst she was at the boarding-school, which all the world allowed to be a wonderful work for one of such an early age. There was no escape, for Calliope herself now entered the room, and dinner was put back a full hour for the luxury of hearing a canto of a boarding-school girl's epic poem read by herself in the presence of Apollo. The Scottish philosopher had prudently kept his post by the parlour fire, and I alone was singled out as the victim; Sir Theodore and his father-in-law being considered only as expletives to fill up the audience. Calliope was enthroned in a chair at the pedestal of Apollo, whilst Lady Thimble and I took our seats opposite to the reader.

I was now to undergo an explanation of the subject matter of this poem; this was undertaken and performed by Lady Thimble, whilst the young

poetess was adjusting her manuscript: the subject was allegorical; the title was *The Triumph of Reason*, who was the hero of the piece; the inferior characters were the human passions personified; each passion occupied a canto, and the lady had already despatched a long list; if I rightly remember, we were to hear the fourteenth canto; in thirteen actions, the hero Reason had been victorious, but it was exceedingly doubtful how he would come off in this, for the antagonist he had to deal with was no less a personage than almighty *Love* himself: the metre was heroic, and many of the thoughts displayed a juvenile fancy and wild originality; the action was not altogether uninteresting, nor ill-managed, and victory for a while was held in suspense by a wound the hero received from an arrow somewhere in the region of the heart: for this wound he could obtain no cure, till an ancient physician, after many experiments for his relief, cut out the part affected with his *scythe*: upon the whole, the poem was such, that had it not been allegorical, and had not I been cold and hungry, I could have found much to commend, and some things to admire, even though the poetess had been twice as old and not half so handsome; for Calliope was extremely pretty, and I could plainly discover that Nature meant her to be most amiable and modest, if flattery and false education would have suffered her good designs to have taken place; I therefore looked upon her with pity, as I do on all spoilt children; and, when her reading was concluded, did not bestow all that praise, which, if I had consulted my own gratification more than her good, I certainly should have bestowed; the only occasion on which I think it a point of conscience to practise the philosophy of *the Dampers*.

At length dinner was announced, and being a



part of Lady Thimble's domestic economy, which she had put out of her own hands, as she informed us, and in which I suspect the athletic philosopher had something to say, it was plentifully served. Sir Theodore and my friend the merchant plied him pretty briskly with the bottle ; but as a stately first-rate ship does not condescend to open her ports to the petty cruisers that presume to hail her, in like manner this gigantic genius kept the oracle within him muzzled, nor condescended once to draw the tompion of his lips, till it happened in the course of many topics that Lady Thimble, speaking of the talents of Calliope, observed that *miracles* were not ceased: *How should that thing be said to cease*, replied the oracle, *which never had existence?* The spring was now touched that put this vast machine in motion, and taking infidelity in miracles for his text, he carried us, in the course of a long uninterrupted harangue, through a series of learned deductions, to what appeared his grand desideratum, *viz. an absolute refutation of the miracles of Christ by proofs logical and historical.* Whilst this discourse was going on, I was curious to observe the different effects it had on the company: Lady Thimble received it with evident marks of triumph, so that I could plainly see all was gospel with her, and the only gospel she had faith in: Sir Theodore wisely fell asleep; the merchant was in his counting-house,—

‘ His mind was tossing on the ocean :  
There, where his argosies with portly sail,  
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,  
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,  
Did overpeer the petty traffickers——’

But all this while, the young unsettled thoughts of Calliope were visibly wavering, sometimes borne away by the *ipse dixit* of the philosopher and the

echo of Lady Thimble's plaudits ; sometimes catching hold of Hope, and hanging to the anchor of her salvation, Faith ; at other times without resistance carried down the tide of declamation, which rolled rapidly along in provincial dialect, like a torrent from his native Highland craggs, rough and noisy ; I saw her struggles with infinite concern ; the savage saw them also, but with triumph, and turning his discourse upon the breach he had made in her belief, pressed the advantage he had gained with devilish address ; in short, a new antagonist had started up, more formidable to *Reason* than all the fourteen from whose attack she had brought her hero off with victory ; and that champion, which had resisted the arrows of all-powerful *Love*, was likely now to fall a victim to the pestilential breath of *Infidelity*. In this dilemma I was doubtful how to act ; I did not decline the combat, because I dreaded the strength of this Goliath of the Philistines, for I knew the weapons might be confided in, which the great Captain of Salvation had put into my hands ; but I disdained to plead before a prejudiced tribunal, in which the mistress of the mansion sat as judge ; and as sleep had secured one of the company out of harm's way, and another was upon an excursion from which I did not wish to bring him home, there remained only Calliope, and I determined within myself to take occasion of discoursing with her apart, before I left the house next morning.

NUMBER VI.

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I HAD resolved to have some conversation with Calliope after the athletic philosopher's harangue against the evidences of the Christian religion: I was at the pains of putting my thoughts together in writing before I went to bed, for I judged it best to give them to Calliope in such a form, as she might hereafter at any time refer to and examine.

I had the satisfaction of an hour's conversation with that young lady next morning, before the family had assembled for breakfast: I could observe that something dwelt upon her mind, and demanding of her if I was not right in my conjecture, she answered me at once to the point without hesitation—'I confess to you,' said she, 'that the discourse which Dr. Mac-Infidel yesterday held, has made me thoroughly unhappy; things which are above reason, I can readily suppose are mysteries, which I ought to admit as matter of faith in religion; but things contrary to reason, and facts which history confutes, how am I to believe? What am I to do in this case? Have you any thing to oppose to his argument? If you have, I should be happy to hear it; if you have not, I pray you let us talk no more upon the subject.'—I then gave the paper into her hand, which I had prepared, and explaining to her the reasons I had for not taking up the dispute before our company yesterday, desired her to give my paper a serious reading; if there was any thing in it that laid out of the course of her studies, I would gladly do my best to ex-

pound it, and would show her the authorities to which it referred : she received my paper with the best grace in the world, and promised me that she would consider it with all the attention she was mistress of.

In our further discourse, it chanced that I let drop some expressions in commendation of her understanding and talents, upon which I observed she gave me a very expressive look, and when I would have spoken of her poem, she shook her head, and hastily interrupting me, desired I would spare her on that subject ; she did not wish to be any more flattered in a folly she had too much cause to repent of ; she had burnt the odious poem I was speaking of, and bursting suddenly into a flood of tears, protested she would never be guilty of writing another line of poetry while she lived.

No words of mine can paint the look and action, which accompanied these expressions ; much less can I describe the stroke of pity and surprise, which her emotion gave me. It was evident she alluded to something that had occurred since the reading of the poem ; I recollected she was absent all the latter part of the evening, and I felt an irresistible propensity to inquire into the cause of her affliction, though the shortness of our acquaintance gave me no right to be inquisitive ; she saw my difficulty, for her intuition is very great ; after a short recollection, which I did not attempt to interrupt—‘ I know not how it is,’ says she, ‘ but something tells me I am speaking to a friend.’—Here she paused, as doubting whether she ought to proceed or not, and fixed her eyes upon the floor in evident embarrassment ; it will readily be supposed I seized the opportunity to induce her to confide in me, if there was any service I could render towards alleviating the distress she was evidently suffering—‘ I have



no right to trouble you,' says she, 'but that fatal argument I heard last night has so weakened the resource, to which my mind in all afflictions would else have naturally applied, that I really know not how to support myself, nor where to look for comfort, but by throwing myself upon your friendship for advice, as the most unhappy of all beings. You must know I have the honour to be the daughter of that gallant sea officer Captain——.' Here she named an officer who will be ever dear to his country, ever deplored by it, and whose friendship is at once the joy and the affliction of my life. I started from my seat; the stroke I felt, when she pronounced a name so rooted in my heart, was like the shock of electricity; I clasped her hands in mine, and, pressing them, exclaimed—'You have a father'—here I stopt—the recollection checked me from proceeding—for it was false.—'No, no, my child,' I said, 'you have no father! nor had he a friend, who can replace your loss; however, pray proceed.'—'Implicitly,' replied Calliope, for by that name I still must beg to call her, though that and poetry are both renounced for ever. 'As you are the friend of my father, you must know that he lost my mother when I was an infant; two years are now passed since he perished; a miserable period it has been to me; I am now under the protection of a distant relation, who is an intimate of the lady of this house, and one whose ruinous flattery jointly with Lady Thimble's, has conspired to turn my wretched head, and blast the only hope of happiness I had in life: These learned ladies, as they would be thought, put me upon studies I was never fitted to, gave me this silly name Calliope, and never ceased inflaming my vanity, till they persuaded me I had a talent for poetry: In this they were assisted by Mac-Infidel, who lives in great

intimacy with Lady Thimble; the adulation of a learned man, for that he surely is, intoxicated me with self opinion, and the gravity of his character completed the folly and destruction of mine.' 'What do I hear.' said I, interrupting her, 'the destruction of your character?'—'Have patience,' she replied; 'when I disclose the sorrows of my heart, you will own that my destruction is complete.'—Melancholy as these words were, the deduction notwithstanding that I drew from them was a relief, compared to what at first I apprehended.—'Alas! Sir,' resumed Calliope, 'I have lost the affections of the most amiable, the most beloved of men: He was my father's darling, and from a boy was educated by him in the profession of the sea; he shared every service with my father, except the last fatal one, in which your friend unhappily was lost; Providence, that ordained the death of the one, has in the same period enriched the other; he is lately returned from the West Indies, and by his duty has been confined to the port he arrived in, so that we have not met since his return to England: here is the first letter he wrote to me from Plymouth; read it, I beseech you, and then compare it with the fatal one I received last night.' Calliope put a letter into my hands, and I read as follows:—

'MY DEAREST NANCY!

'I have this instant brought my frigate to an anchor, and seize the first moment, that my duty permits, to tell the loveliest of her sex, that I have luckily come across a prize, that makes a man of me for life: a man did I say? Yes, and the happiest of men, if my dear girl is still true, and will consent to share the fortune of her faithful Henry.

'I cannot leave Plymouth this fortnight, there-

fore, pray write to me under cover to my friend the Admiral. Yours ever,

‘ HENRY CONSTANT.’

When I had returned this letter to Calliope, she resumed her narrative in the following words:—  
‘ The joy this letter gave me set my spirits in such a flow, that in the habit I was of writing verses, I could not bring my thoughts to run in humble prose, but giving the reins to my fancy, filled at least six sides with rhapsodies in verse; and not content with this, and foolishly conceiving that my poem would appear at least as charming to Henry, as the flattery of my own sex had persuaded me it was to them, I enclosed a fair copy, and sent it to him in a packet by the stage-coach: the next return of the post brought me this fatal letter I received last night.—

‘ MADAM,

‘ Though there cannot be in this world a task so painful to me, as what I am now about to perform, yet I think it an indispensable point of honour to inform my late most lovely and beloved Nancy, that if I am to suppose her the author of that enormous bundle of verses I have received from her hand, it is the last favour that hand must bestow upon her unhappy Henry.

‘ My education you know; for it was formed under your most excellent father; I served with him from a child, and he taught me, not indeed the knack of making verses, but what I hope has been as useful to my country, the duties of an officer. Being his daughter, I had flattered myself you would not like me the less for following his profession, or for being trained to it under his instruction.

But, alas ! Nancy, all these hopes are gone. My ignorance would only disgrace you, and your wit would make me contemptible; since you are turned poetess, how can my society be agreeable ? If those verses you have sent me are all your own making, you must have done little else since we parted, and if such are to be your studies and occupations, what is to become of all the comforts of a husband ? How are you to fulfil the duties of a mother, or manage the concerns of a family ? No, no; may Heaven defend me from a learned wife ! I am too proud to be the butt of my own table ; too accustomed to command, to be easily induced to obey ; let me ever live a single man, or let the wife I choose be modest, unpretending, simple, natural in her manners, plain in her understanding : let her be true as the compass I sail by, and, pardon the coarseness of the allusion, obedient to the helm as the ship I steer ; then Nancy, I will stand by my wife, as I will by my ship, to the latest moment I have to breathe. For God's sake what have women to do with learning ? But if they will step out of their own profession and write verses, do not let them step into ours to choose husbands ; we shall prove coarse messmates to the Muses.

‘ I understand so much of your poetical epistle, as to perceive that you are in the family of Sir Theodore and Lady Thimble : three days of such society would make me forswear matrimony for ever. To the daughter of my friend I must for ever speak and act as a friend ; suffer me then to ask, if any man in his senses will choose a wife from such a school ? Oh grief to think ! that one so natural, so sincere and unaffected as was my Nancy, could be the companion of such an ugly petticoated pedant as Lady Thimble, such a tame hen-pecked son of a tailor as Sir Theodore !



‘ As for the volume of verses you sent me, I dare say it is all very fine, but I really do not comprehend three lines of it; the battles you describe are what I never saw by sea or land, and the people who fight them such as I have never been accustomed to serve with; one gentleman I perceive there is, who combats stoutly against *love*; it is a good moral, and I thank you for it; cost what it may, I will do my best to imitate your hero.

‘ Farewell,

‘ I must be only your most faithful friend,

‘ HENRY CONSTANT.’

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## NUMBER VII.

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CALLIOPE has favoured me with the following letter; it is dated from the house of a worthy clergyman, a friend of her father's, who, with an exemplary wife, lives upon a small country vicarage in primitive simplicity, where that afflicted young lady took shelter.

‘ SIR,

‘ After you left me at Lady Thimble's, I seized the first moment, that the anguish of my mind permitted me to make use of, to put myself in readiness for taking my final leave of that family, and, according to the plan we had concerted, came without delay to this place, where, if any thing could have given absolute peace to my mind, the consolation of these excellent people, and the serenity of the scene must have done it. As it was, I felt my afflictions lighten, my self-reproach became less bit-

ter, and whilst the vanity, which flattery had inspired me with, has been cured by their admonitions, the doubts that infidelity had raised have been totally removed, and truth made clear to my eternal comfort and conviction. Had it not been for this, I should have been given up to despair; for as I heard no more from Captain Constant, I was convinced he had renounced me for ever; in the mean time I wrote many letters, but sent none to him; some of these letters were written in a high tone, most of them in an humble one, and in one I gave a loose to passion and despair in expressions little short of phrensy: all these I constantly destroyed; for as I had not the heart to write angrily to him, so I dreaded to appear mean in his eyes, if I was too plaintive; nay I was not sure, since his fortune had become so superior to mine, but I might lay myself open to a charge of the most despicable nature.

‘ Thus my time passed, till yesterday morning upon observing the house in one of those bustles, which the expectation of a visitor creates in small families, I found my good hostess deeply engaged with her pastry, and having myself become a considerable adept in the art under her tuition, I was putting myself in order to assist her in her preparations, when turning to me with a smile, which seemed to spring from joy as well as benevolence— ‘ Come, my dear child,’ says she, ‘ I have been at work this hour; and if you had known it was to entertain a friend of your father’s, I am persuaded you would not have let me be so long beforehand with you.’—I asked her who it was she expected— ‘ No matter,’ she replied, ‘ fall to your work, and do your best, like a good girl, for your mistress’s credit as well as your own.’—The significant look, with which she accompanied these words, set my heart into such a flutter, that my hands no longer

obeyed me in the task I undertook, till having spilt the milk, overthrown the eggs, and put every thing into the same confusion with myself, I burst into a flood of tears, which ended in a strong hysteric fit. My screams brought the good man of the house and every body in it to my assistance; but judge of my condition, betwixt joy, astonishment, and terror, when the figure of my beloved Constant presented itself to my eyes; my God! he exclaimed, and started back aghast, then sprung to my assistance, and clasping me in his arms, lifted me at once from the floor, and ran with me into the parlour, where there was a couch—my life! my soul! was all he could say, for he was like a man beside himself with fright and agony, till I recovered; this was at last effected by a plentiful relief of tears, and then I found myself alone with my beloved Henry, my head reclined upon his neck, and him supporting my whole weight in his arms, whilst he knelt on one knee at my feet; no sooner had I recollected myself, than the blood that had been driven from my cheeks, during my fit. rushed back again with violence, and covered me with blushes. Henry's transports now became as vehement as his terrors had been, and loosing his hold of me for a moment, whilst he fixed his eyes upon me with an ardour, that confounded me so as almost to deprive me of speech or motion, he again caught me in his arms, and pressing me eagerly to his breast, almost smothered me with caresses. He then quitted me altogether, and throwing himself on his knees at my feet, entreated me to forgive him if he had offended me; he had been distracted between joy and terror, and scarce knew what he had done; he proceeded to account for the motives of his conduct towards me, both when he wrote the letter to me from Plymouth, and for every moment of

his time since: that he had set off for London the very day he wrote, had sought you out, and conversed fully with you upon the effects his letter had produced; that, hearing I was come to this place, he would have followed me with an immediate explanation, if you had not prevailed with him to the contrary, for which advice I cannot now find in my heart to condemn you; that however he had placed himself within two miles of me in a neighbouring village, where he had daily intercourse with the worthy vicar, who gave him punctual intelligence of the state of my mind, and the total revolution effected in it; that what he suffered during this state of trial and suspense no words of his could paint; but the accounts he received of me from this good man, and the benefits he knew I was gaining by his counsel and conversation, kept him from discovering himself, till he had permission for so doing; that he threw himself upon my candour and good sense for justification in the honest artifice he had made use of, and now that I added to my good qualities those religious and domestic virtues, which the society of unbelieving pedants had obscured, but not extinguished, he hoped there was no further bar in the way of our mutual happiness; but that I would condescend to accept a man whose heart and soul were devoted to me, and who had one recommendation at least to offer in his own behalf, which he flattered himself no other person could produce, and which he was sure would have some weight with me: so saying, he put a letter into my hands, which I had no sooner glanced my eye upon, than perceiving it was the well known hand-writing of my ever honoured and lamented father, I sunk back upon the couch and dissolved again into tears: even the manly heart of my Henry now gave way, and the sad remembrance of his



departed friend melted his brave bosom into all the softness of a woman's.—Then, Sir, oh then, indeed, I loved him, then he triumphed in my heart; how dear, how noble, how almost divine did he then appear! his eyes, whose ardent raptures had affrighted me, now, when I saw them bathed in tears, inspired me with the purest passion, and contemplating him with the affection of a sister, not regarding him as a lover, I cast off all reserve, and following the impulse of the soul, *dearest and best of men!* I cried—and sunk into his arms.

‘ Thus, Sir, you have the full and unreserved account, to which your friendship is entitled; still there remains one act of kindness in your power to show me, and which my Henry jointly with myself solicits, which is, that you would stand in the place of your deceased friend upon our marriage, and complete the kind part you have taken in my welfare, by joining my hand with that of the most deserving man on earth.

‘ I had almost forgot to mention to you a circumstance, that passed as we were sitting at table after dinner, and by which our good friend the Vicar undesignedly threw me into a confusion that was exceedingly distressing, by repeating some verses from Pope’s Essay on Man, in which he applied to me to help him out in his quotation: I certainly remembered the passage, and could have supplied his memory with the words; but Henry being present, and the recollection of what had passed on the subject of poetry, rushing on my mind, at the same time that I thought I saw him glance a significant look at me, threw me into such embarrassment on the sudden, that in vain endeavouring to evade the subject, and being pressed a little unseasonably by the Vicar, my spirits being also greatly fluttered by the events of the morning, I could no longer com-

mand myself, but burst into tears, and very narrowly escaped falling into a second hysteric. Nothing ever equalled the tenderness of Henry on this occasion; nay, I thought I could discover that he was secretly pleased with the event, as it betrayed a consciousness of former vanities, and seemed to prove that I repented of them: whatever interpretation he might put upon it, still I could not bring myself to repeat the verses; and believe I shall never utter another couplet whilst I live; I am certain I shall never make one.

‘ I inclose you a copy of my father’s letter to Henry: and am, Sir,

‘ Your sincere friend,

‘ and most obliged servant,

‘ ANNE ———.’

Though the letter, of which my amiable correspondent has inclosed a copy, is hastily written in the bustle and hurry of service, yet, as it breathes the sentiments of the friend, the father, and the hero, and as every relic of so venerable a character is, in my opinion at least, too precious not to be preserved, I shall take permission of the reader to subjoin it.

‘ DEAR HARRY,

‘ This perverse wind has at last taken shame at confining so many brave fellows in port, and come about to the east, so that we are all in high spirits getting under weigh: the commissioners’ yacht is along-side, and I drop these few lines by way of farewell to assure my brave lad, that whether we meet again or not, you shall not hear a bad account of your old shipmate, nor, with God’s blessing, of his crew. I think we shall soon come into action, and that being the case, d’ye see, few words and fair dealings are best between friends: you tell me

if you get a prize, you mean to marry Nancy ; that is honest, for the girl is cruelly in love with you, and I like her the better for it ; a seaman's daughter should be a seaman's friend, and without flattery, I don't believe a braver lad ever trod a plank in the king's service than yourself—so enough of that, you have my consent, and with it all the fortune I have to bestow, which is little more than my blessing.

‘ There is one thing, however, I must warn you of, which is, that the girl, though of a good nature in the main, has got a romantic turn in her head, and is terribly given to reading and making verses, and such land-lubber's trash, as women and sailors have nothing to do with: now I would not have you make a fool of yourself, Harry, and marry a learned wife, though she was of my own begetting. If, therefore, Nancy and you come to an understanding together, when my old carcass shall be feeding the fishes, remember it is on this express condition only, which I charge you on your honour to observe, that you burn her books, as I will do if ever I get at them, and never yoke with her till she has renounced these vagaries of poetry, which if you cure her of, you have my free leave to make her as good a husband as you can, and God bless you with her: and this you will observe and obey as the last will and testament of him who is

‘ Yours till death,

‘ \* \* \* \* \*

‘ P.S. Remember I tell you, Harry, this old ship is damn'd crank and leewardly ; but our wise-acres would not take her down, so they must stand by the consequence ; she is a fine man of war at the worst, and if she comes along-side of the Monsieurs, will give their first-rates a warming. Hurrah ! we are under sail !’

NUMBER VIII.

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UPON revising what I wrote for Calliope, in answer to Dr. Mac-Infidel's discourse against Christ's miracles, I find the argument so connected with certain passages in the life of the great Heathen philosopher Pythagoras, which the adversaries of Christianity have set up against the scriptural records of the Messiah, that I have been tempted to enlarge upon what I gave to that young lady, by prefacing it with an account of what I find curious in the relations of the sophists and biographers touching that extraordinary man.

The variety of fictions, which the writers, who treat of Pythagoras, have interspersed in their accounts, makes it difficult to trace out any consistent story of his life: his biographers agree scarcely in any one fact or date: Porphyry says he was born at Tyre; Jamblichus will have it to be at Sidon, probably as being the more ancient city; Josephus says it is as hard to fix the place of his nativity, as Homer's, or to ascertain the year of his birth. Jamblichus, glancing at the gospel account of the birth of Christ, says, that when the mother of Pythagoras was with child of him, her husband being ignorant of her pregnancy, brought her to the oracle at Delphi, and there the prophetess told him the first news of his wife's having conceived, and also that the child she then went with, should prove the greatest blessing to mankind; that her husband thereupon changed her name from Parthenis to Pythais, and, when the child was born, named him



Pythagoras, as being foretold by Apollo Pythius, for so, says he, the name signifies : and adds, that there can be no doubt but that the soul of the child was one of Apollo's companions in heaven, and came down by commission from him. When this and many other fables are cast out of the account, it is most probable that Pythagoras was born at Samos in the 3d year of Olymp. XLVIII. 586 years before Christ, being the son of Mnesarchus, an engraver of seals, which Mnesarchus was descended from Hippasus of Phlius, and his mother Pythais from Ancæus, one of the planters of Samos.

Nature bestowed upon Pythagoras a form and person more than ordinarily comely ; he gave early indications of a mind capable of great exertions, and ambitious of excelling in knowledge : the Greeks had now begun to open schools for the public instruction of youth ; the rudiments of science were taught in these seminaries to a degree sufficient for the common purposes of liberal education, but the last finishing for such as aspired to be adepts in the superior learning of the times was only to be obtained amongst the Egyptian and Chaldean sages ; to them was the great resort of literary travellers ; from their source Greece had derived her systems of theology and natural philosophy. The Egyptians were in possession of many ancient traditions of Mosaical origin, though disguised by emblems and hieroglyphics, which Greece in adopting was never able to develope, and of which it is probable the Egyptians themselves had lost the clue : the Greeks, ever since the time of Cecrops, had been progressively erecting a fabulous and idolatrous system of theology upon this foundation. The Egyptians in very early time under certain types and symbols had shadowed out the attributes of the Deity, the great events of the deluge and re-peopling of the

earth, and these being received by the Greeks in a literal sense, generated in the end a multitudinous race of deities with a thousand chimerical rites and ceremonies, which altogether formed so puzzling a compound of absurdity, that no two thinking Heathens agreed in the same creed : still they went on accumulating error upon error ; every philosopher who returned from Egypt imported some addition to the stock, till Olympus was crowded with divinities. If the Heathens had ever defined their religion, and established it upon system, they would have destroyed it ; but whilst every man might think for himself, and every man who thought at all, got rid of his difficulties by supposing there was some mystery in the case, which he either did not trouble himself to interpret, or interpreted as he saw fit, the imposing fabric stood, and, magnified through the mist of error, appeared to have a dignity and substance, which, upon examination and scrutiny, would have vanished.

The parents of Pythagoras put him first under the tuition of Pherecydes of Syrus : Pherecydes did not die till Olymp. LXVI. so that Diogenes Laertius must be flagrantly mistaken in saying that Pythagoras studied under this philosopher till his death : he was very young when he went into Syria for this purpose ; for he returned to Samos to his parents, and after studying some time under Hermodamas there, set out upon his travels into Egypt at the age of eighteen. At this early age he had acquired all the erudition the philosophers of Greece could give him ; he had already visited many cities of Syria, and performed his initiations : it is said he had consulted Thales in person, and been advised by that sage to prosecute his studies amongst the learned Egyptians : but this is doubtful ; it is altogether improbable that he should depart from Samos at the age of eighteen upon the

patriotic motives ascribed to him by Laertius, of avoiding the growing tyranny of his countryman Polycrates; especially when the same biographer informs us, that he took letters of recommendation from Polycrates to king Amasis, desiring him to give order for Pythagoras's being instructed by the Egyptian priests.

With this letter Pythagoras repaired to Amasis, and obtained an order to the priests, agreeable to the request of Polycrates; with this, he went first to the priest of Heliopolis; they declined the execution of it, by referring him to their brethren at Memphis, as being their seniors in the sacerdotal rank: these again evaded the order, and despatched him to the Diospolites; he found these sages as little disposed to compliance as the priests of Heliopolis or Memphis; however, as the king's command was urgent, they did not think fit absolutely to disobey it, but took a method, which they thought would answer the same purpose, and began by deterring and alarming the inquisitive youth by their preparatory austerities; but they had no common spirit to deal with: Pythagoras had a constitution that could endure hardships, and an ambition that nothing could daunt; he submitted to the ceremony of circumcision, and was initiated into their sacred rites, unintimidated by all the horrors with which they contrived to set them forth. They began then to regard him with more benignity and respect, and when they found him learning their language with surprising rapidity, and conforming to their discipline with the most rigid exactness, they looked upon him with surprise and admiration: they now resolved to hold nothing back from talents so extraordinary and temper so conformable; he learnt their three sorts of letters: they admitted him to their sacrifices, and disclosed the most secret rites of their religion,

mysteries never before imparted to any foreigner. He resided in Egypt a long time, during which he read the books of the ancient priests, and in them he discovered the sources of the Grecian theology, and how erroneous the system was, which they had derived from these sources: he is supposed henceforth to have held the gods of the Heathens in contempt, and to have entertained suitable ideas of The One Supreme Being.

Having perfected himself in the geometry and astronomy of the Egyptians, and acquired the observations of *infinite ages*, as Valerius Maximus expresses it, he determined upon exploring new and more distant scenes in search of knowledge, and from Egypt went to Babylon; his recommendations from Egypt secured him a reception by the Chaldees and Magi; here he was a disciple of Nazaratus the Assyrian, and we are told by Porphyry, that he was purified by Zabratius from all defilements of his former life; by what particular modes of discipline this purification was effected, Porphyry does not explain. From Babylon he pushed his travels into Persia, and was instructed by the Magi in their religion and way of living; from them he received those rules of diet which he afterwards prescribed to his disciples, with various opinions of things clean and unclean, which were amongst his maxims: these conform to the present practice of the Brahmins, which may well be supposed to have been inviolably preserved through that separated and sacred Cast from times of high antiquity; for what invention can be devised to secure the longevity of any system better than that upon which the sacerdotal order of Brahmins is established? By the Persian Magi he was instructed in many particulars of Jewish knowledge, chiefly their interpretations of dreams. We have Cicero's authority for this



part of his travels (*de fin. lib. v.*) and Valerius Maximus says the Persian Magi taught him a most complete system of ethics; that they likewise instructed him in the motions and course of the heavenly bodies, their properties and effects, and the influence every star respectively is supposed to have.

In the course of these travels he passed more than twenty years; he then turned his face homewards, taking the isle of Crete in his way: here and at Lacedæmon he perused their famous codes of laws, and having now completed the great tour of science, and stored his mind with all the hidden treasures of oriental knowledge, he presented himself, for the first time, to the admiring eyes of Greece, assembled at the Olympic Games.

A spectacle no doubt it was for universal admiration and respect; an understanding so enriched and full in its meridian vigour, was an object that the wisest of his contemporaries might look up to with veneration little short of idolatry. Pythagoras in this attitude, surrounded by the Grecian sages on the field of the Olympic Games, whilst every eye was fixed with rapture and delight upon one of the most perfect forms in nature, began to pour forth the wonders of his doctrine: astonishment seized the hearers, and almost doubting if it was a mortal that had been discoursing, they with one voice applauded his wisdom, and demanded by what title he would in future be addressed: Pythagoras answered, that their seven sages had taken the name of wise men, or sophists; for his part he left them in possession of a distinction they so well merited; he wished to be no otherwise remembered or described than as a *Lover of Wisdom*; his pretensions did not go to the possession of it: and if they would call him a *Philosopher* he should be contented

with the appellation: from this time the name of philosopher became a title of honour amongst the learned, whilst that of sophist sunk into universal contempt.

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### NUMBER IX.

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I HAVE observed that Pythagoras, on his return from the East took the island of Crete in his way; here he visited the famous philosopher Epimenides. Porphyry and Jamblichus must be greatly out in their chronology, when they make Epimenides one of Pythagoras's scholars; Laertius's account is more probable, who says he was one of Pythagoras's masters, which naturally accounts for that philosopher's seeking an interview with him in Crete, as he did afterwards with Pherecydes on his death-bed in Syria: in this interview, Pythagoras, no doubt, gave an account to Epimenides of the many marvellous things he had learned in his travels, and so far the disciple may be said to have instructed his master; Epimenides himself was no small adept in the marvellous, and propagated a story through Greece of his having slept fifty-seven years in a cave, and that upon waking, after his long repose, he resumed his search for some sheep, which his father had sent him upon more than half a century before; the story does not say that he found these sheep, which probably were now become more difficult to recover than upon his first search; he returned, however, to his father's house, and was rather surprised, upon discovering a new generation in possession, who thought no more of Epimenides

than they did of his sheep: this sleeping philosopher, however, filled up the gap in his life pretty well, for Xenophanes says he lived to one hundred and fifty-seven years of age: and the Cretans, who are liars upon record, stretch their account to two hundred and ninety-nine years, modestly stopping short of three centuries. Deducting therefore fifty-seven years of sleep, during which he probably made no great advances in science, he might have occasion to go to school when he waked, and, though an old man might be a young scholar under Pythagoras, if the credibility of the above story can once be admitted.

From the Olympic Games, Pythagoras repaired to Samos, and opened school in a place called, in the time of Antipho, who is quoted by Laertius, *Pythagoræ Hemicyclus*. Here he began a practice he continued in Italy, of retiring to a cave without the town for the purpose of study, but in fact the idea was, like most others of his, oriental: hermits have it to this day, and, if mortification is used to recommend religion, solitude may be chosen to set off wisdom. Pythagoras in a cave, visited in the dead of night, with awful reverence and credulity, might pass stories upon his hearers, which he could not risk in the face of the sun and the streets of the city.

He was not, however, so far sequestered from the concerns of the world, as to enjoy himself in his cave under the tyranny of Polycrates, now more oppressive than at his departure for Egypt. He thereupon resolved to go into Italy, and took Delos in his way; here he wrote the verses on the sepulchre of Apollo, which Porphyry records: from Delos he passed to Phlius, the ancient country of his family, and at Phlius, Cicero informs us he expounded several points of his new philosophy to the

tyrant Leo, who, being struck with his doctrine, demanded of him what branch of science he principally professed : Pythagoras replied, that he professed none, but was a *philosopher* : the name was new to Leo, and he desired to be informed of its signification, and wherein philosophers differed from other professors of the learned sciences : Pythagoras answered, ' that it appeared to him men were drawn to different objects and pursuits in life, as the Greeks were to their Olympic Games, some for glory, some for gain ; at the same time,' says he, ' you must have observed, that others attend without any view to either, for curiosity and amusement only ; so we, who are travellers and adventurers, as it were, from another life and another nature, come amongst mankind, indifferent to the ordinary allurements of avarice or ambition, and studious of nothing but of the truth and essence of things : such may be called Lovers of Wisdom, or, in one word, Philosophers ; and like the unconcerned spectators above described, have no others to pursue, but the acquisition of knowledge, and the rational enjoyments of a contemplative mind.'—In this reply he glances at his doctrine of the Metempsychosis.

In his progress towards Italy, Pythagoras went to Delphi, that he might give the more authority to his precepts, upon the pretence of his having received them from the priestess Theoclea.

In Italy he established himself for the remainder of his life, and taught there forty years, wanting one, in his colleges at Metapontum, Heraclea, and Croton. He staid twenty years at Croton before he went to Metapontum : Milo the famous Olympic victor was one of his scholars at the former of these places. The fame of his doctrines drew a prodigious resort to his college ; no less than six hundred disciples at one time attended his lectures nightly : he



imposed rules of preparation and a system of discipline for his students, admirably contrived to inspire them with veneration for his person, and to train their minds to the exercises of patience and respect : he prescribed a probationary silence of five years, during which initiation they were not once admitted to the sight of their master, who, in the mean time, like an invisible and superior spirit, governed them after the most absolute manner by mandates, which they never heard but through the channel of his subordinate agents : at length they were ushered with much ceremony into the awful presence. Such a course of discipline could not fail to prepare every mind, capable of undergoing it, for the marvellous stories which at certain times he introduced into his lectures, touching the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, and the revelation of his own divinity : he scrupled not to tell them, that he was the Apollo of the Hyperboreans, and he corroborated his assertion by exposing to view his thigh, composed of solid gold ; his food, which was of the simplest sort was conveyed to him in his recess in a manner so secret, that he was not discovered to be subject to the common appetites and necessities of human nature ; his person was most comely and commanding, and his dress of studied cleanliness and simplicity ; he was always clad in milk-white garments, of the purest wool ; he told them his soul had passed through several antecedent forms, and that it had originally received from Mercury, when it inhabited the body of Æthalides, son of that god, the privilege of migrating after the death of one body into that of another, with the faculty of remembering all the actions of its præterient states ; that these transmigrations were not immediate, but after intervals, in which his soul visited the regions of the other world, and was admitted to the society

of departed spirits; that in virtue of this prerogative, it passed after some time from the body of Æthalides into that of Euphorbus, who was wounded by Menelaus at the siege of Troy, and in his person was conscious of what had occurred in that of its predecessor; that it next appeared on earth in the person of Hermotimus, who gave proofs of his reminiscence, by appealing to the shield suspended in the temple of Apollo by the hands of Menelaus; from Hermotimus it passed into one Pyrrhus, a fisherman, retaining the like consciousness; and, lastly, it had lodged itself where it now was, possessing all the accumulated recollection of its past transmigrations.

Daring as those fictions were, still they were credited; for the powers of his mind were wonderful, and the authority he had established over his hearers, by superior wisdom and ingenious device, was unbounded; the curious researches of his study in the East, and the passion he had there contracted for the marvellous and supernatural, inspired him with the ambition of passing himself upon the world for something above human; he had trained on the credulity of his disciples with such art, that he found it would bear whatever he thought proper to impose; he was sensible he transcended all men living in wisdom, and he resolved to assume a superiority of nature also. The idea of transmigration was not started by Pythagoras; it was of eastern origin, but too far out of sight for any then alive to trace it to its source: he told his scholars he should revisit the earth in two hundred and six years after his death.

Doctrines like these were hard to be received, but he so well balanced fiction with truth, that they could not be separated at the time; the strong fortified the weak so effectually, that both took place together; in mathematics, astronomy, and moral philosophy, he was an unrivalled master; his golden

verses deserved the name : his principles were temperate, moral, humane, and, above all things, pacifying and conciliatory : when he admitted a disciple into his presence, he took him ever after into his most cordial friendship and confidence ; and men esteemed it the highest honour of their lives to have passed their probation in the school of Pythagoras, and to be allowed access to his person.

After he had staid twenty years at Croton, he removed to Metapontum, where he had a magnificent house, which was afterwards converted into a temple to Ceres, and a school which was called the Museum : here he was visited by the famous Abaris, priest of the Hyperborean Apollo ; and his fabulous historians give out, that, having taken Abaris's arrow, he rode upon it through the air to Taurominium in one day, though distant from Metapontum some days' sailing. Hearing that his aged master, Pherecydes, was dying of a loathsome disease in Delos, he went thither, and exerted all his art to recover him ; and, when he was dead, having buried him with all the ceremonies due to a father, he returned to Italy. This instance of friendship is the last public action I find recorded in his life : the manner of his death is variously reported, as well as the age at which he died ; the most probable account fixes it at eighty years ; as to the catastrophe of his death, the relation most to be credited informs us, that one Cylon, of Croton, a rich, ambitious, and disorderly man, having offered himself to the college, and been rejected by Pythagoras, was so enraged thereby, that having collected a hired mob, he assaulted the house of Milo, when Pythagoras and his disciples were there assembled, and burnt the house, with every body in it, two or three excepted, who narrowly escaped. Pythagoras, to whom his disciples, even in the last extremity, paid a filial reverence and at-

tention, was solicited to make his escape ; but not being willing to expose himself to the people, as a fugitive anxious to preserve life, when his friends were on the point of perishing, he resisted their entreaties, and was burnt to death. To this account I incline ; but others contend, that he escaped from the flames, and was killed in pursuit ; some relate that he took refuge in the Muses' Temple at Metapontum, where, being kept from victuals forty days, he was starved ; and other historians, with as little probability on their side, say, that being pursued into a bean-plot, he there stopped, because he would not pass over prohibited ground, and yielded his throat to the pursuers. After his death, his surviving disciples were dispersed into Greece, and the neighbouring countries.

Thus perished Pythagoras, the Samian philosopher, founder of the Italian school, and the great luminary of the Heathen world.

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## NUMBER X.

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HAVING, in my two preceding papers, been at some pains in collecting an account of the life of Pythagoras, from the many various unconnected particulars scattered up and down in the works of the sophists and biographers, touching that extraordinary man, I now come to my main object, in which I desire the reader's attention, whilst I attempt to show in what manner the Heathen writers have applied these particulars in opposition to the life and actions of Christ ; this will be the subject of the pre-



sent paper; in my next I purpose to conclude by answering those arguments on which modern cavillers have grounded their reasonings against the gospel miracles; a subject to which I have been led by Dr. Mac-Infidel's discourse, of which some notice has been taken in former papers.

It has been unfortunate for Pythagoras, that the writers of Julian's time, to pay court to the emperor, should have corrupted their account of him with so many fictions and absurdities; for he was truly a very wonderful man: but when they undertook to depreciate the character of Christ, his doctrines and miracles, by ascribing actions to Pythagoras, equal, or, as they conceived, superior to what Christ had done upon earth, they were driven to strange resources in deifying their philosopher; for, in fact, the time was rather past for those delusions; deification after death was the most that could be attempted, and even the *Julium Sidus* held its place in the heavens by a precarious tenure: at the same time an *apotheosis* would not serve their purpose; it was necessary to make Pythagoras a god, or the son of a god, and to give him a supernatural birth from the womb of a virgin: their next business was to invest him with the power of working miracles; but here some stubborn facts laid in their way; he had visited Epimenides in his last sickness, without being able to prolong his life; they were driven to ridiculous resources; and, taking Abaris's arrow in aid, sent their philosopher upon it through the air from Metapontum to Taurominium: because Christ had walked on the sea, Pythagoras rode through the skies; because Christ had been forty days fasting in the wilderness, Pythagoras was to be forty days without food in the Temple of the Muses at Metapontum; because Christ descended into Hades, and rose again from the dead, and appeared upon earth,

Pythagoras descended to the shades below, remained there a complete year, saw Homer, Hesiod, and other departed spirits, returned upon earth wan and emaciated, and reported what he had seen in full assembly of his disciples, whilst his mother, by his special direction before his descent, registered upon tablets all that passed, and noted the times of his temporary death and resurrection: to carry on the competition, he was made to allay winds, tempests, and earthquakes, to cure diseases, whether of mind or body, and to foretel to certain fishermen, whom he found at work, how many fish they should inclose in their net: the reader, who has consulted Porphyry and Jamblichus, will call to mind other coincidences.

With what superior, what incontestible strength of evidence does the disciple of Christ meet the disciple of Pythagoras in his comparison between their masters! The Heathen teacher was almost a miracle of erudition; he traversed the East in pursuit of science, and collected knowledge, wherever it was to be found, with unremitting industry: Christ lived in privacy and obscurity, educated only in the humble trade and occupation of his parents, to whom he was obedient and devoted, till he set out upon the functions of his mission. The person of the first was captivating and comely, not to be approached but with awe and adoration, with preparatory penances and rigid initiations, with every artifice to set him off that human wit could devise; the other was *despised and rejected of men*, the simplest and the meekest being that ever walked the earth; conversing freely with all men, presenting himself to the poor and lowly, to women and to little children; in him was *no form of comeliness* that men should desire; no artifice or trick to catch applause or to excite surprise; if he exercised his miraculous

power in healing the infirm, or reviving the dead, he did it in silence, and under injunction of secrecy, directing men to pay their thanks to God alone, and forbidding them even to call him good. No magic numbers, nor mystic symbols, obscured his doctrines, but he delivered the simple system of his pure morality in little easy anecdotes, levelled to the capacity, and fitted to the memory of the poorest and most illiterate. From such he chose his disciples, that the *wisdom of this world* might have no share in his ministry, and he rested upon the weakest agents the task of preaching and propagating the sublimest religion. Gloomy enthusiasts have buried themselves in deserts and caverns of the earth, to brood in solitude, and spend their days in penances and prayers; ambitious innovators have been carried to the highest pitch of human greatness by becoming founders of a new religion; but Christ taught his disciples neither to shun society, nor to disturb authorities; he told them, indeed, that they should die for the faith they professed, but it was not the death of soldiers, but of martyrs, they should suffer, and these precepts he confirmed by his own example, being *led like a lamb to the slaughter*; if they who profess his religion were to practise it, Universal Love and Benevolence would obtain upon earth.

But of the internal evidences of Christ's religion I am not now to speak; so long as the distinctions between good and evil exist, these can need no defence; if men agree in the one, they cannot differ or dispute about the other. With regard to the gospel account of Christ's miracles, I may be allowed, in general, to observe, that these forgeries of Porphyry and Jamblichus, in imitation of them, warrant a fair presumption, that if these writers could have disproved the authority of the Evangelists, and controverted the matter of fact, they would not have

resorted to so indecisive and circuitous a mode of opposing them, as this which we are now examining: men of such learning as these writers would not have risked extravagant fictions, merely to keep way with a history which they had more immediate means of refuting: on the other hand, if their absurdity should lead any man to suppose that they forged these accounts by way of parody, and in ridicule of the gospels, the accounts themselves give the strongest evidence to the contrary, and it is clear, beyond a doubt, that both Porphyry and Jamblichus mean to be credited in their histories of Pythagoras, as seriously as Philostratus does in his of Apollonius Tyaneus.

This will more fully appear by referring to the circumstances that occasioned these histories to be written.

Christ having performed his miracles openly and before so many witnesses, it is not found that the matter of fact was ever questioned by any who lived in that age: on the contrary, we see it was acknowledged by his most vigilant enemies, the Pharisees: they did not deny the miracle, but they ascribed it to the aid of the prince of the devils; so weak a subterfuge, against the evidence of their own senses, probably satisfied neither themselves nor others; if it had, this accusation of sorcery, being capital by their law, and also by that of the Romans, would have been heard of, when they were so much to seek for crimes, wherewith to charge him on his trial: if any man shall object, that this is arguing out of the gospels in favour of the gospels, I contend that this matter of fact does not rest solely on the gospel evidence, but also upon collateral historic proof; for this very argument of the Pharisees, and this only, is made use of by those Jews, whom Celsus brings in arguing against the Christian religion; and



those Jews, on this very account, rank Christ with Pythagoras; and I challenge the cavillers against Christ's miracles either to controvert what is thus asserted, or to produce any other argument of Jewish origin, except this ascribed to the Pharisees by the gospel, either from Celsus, as above mentioned, or any other writer.

Celsus, it is well known, was a very learned man, and wrote in the time of Adrian, or something later; this was not above fifty years after the date of Christ's miracles. Celsus did not controvert the accounts of them, who were witnesses of the miracles, or attempt to show any inconsistency or chicanery in the facts themselves; he takes up, at second hand, the old Pharisaical argument of ascribing them to the power of the devil: In short, they were performed, he cannot deny it; there was no trick or artifice in the performance, he cannot discover any; the accounts of them are no forgeries, he cannot confute them; they are recent histories, and their authenticity too notorious to be called in question: he knows not how the miracles were performed, and, therefore, they were done by the invocation of the devil: he cannot patiently look on and see that learning, so long the glory of all civilized nations, and which he himself was to an eminent degree possessed of, now brought into disgrace by a new religion, professing to be a divine revelation, and originating from amongst the meanest and most odious of all the provincial nations, and propagated by disciples, who were as much despised and hated by the Jews in general, as the Jews were by all other people. Unable to disprove the account, and at a loss how to parry it from hearsay, or from what he finds in former writers, he has no other resource but to bring forward again those cavilling Pharisees, and roundly to assert in general terms, which he

does more than once, that these miracles are all *the tricks of a sorcerer*, and for this he expects the world should take his authority.

I have said that Celsus adduces neither oral nor written authority against Christ's miracles; but I am well aware it may be said, (and modern cavillers will affect to say it with triumph,) that authorities are silent on the subject; *there are none which make mention of these miracles, at least none have come down to our times.*—If this silence implies a want of collateral evidence, which in the opinion of our modern disbelievers, vitiates the authenticity of the gospel, how much stronger would the argument have been in Celsus's time than ours! Why does he not avail himself of it? And why does he take such pains to controvert accounts, of which no man had ever spoken either in proof or disproof? May it not be fairly presumed, that he forbears to urge it from plain conviction, that it would operate the contrary way to what he wished, and that the reason why contemporary writers were silent, was not because they were ignorant of the facts, but because they could not confute them? Here then we will leave the case for the present; the Heathen writers, contemporary with Christ, make no mention of his miracles; they are interested to disprove them, and they do not disprove them; modern unbelievers think this a reason that these miracles were never performed; Celsus writes fifty years after the time, never urges this silence as an argument for their non-existence, but virtually, nay expressly, admits Christ's miracles, by setting up Pythagoras's in competition with them.

Neither is it Pythagoras alone he compares to Christ, he states the performances of Aristeas Proconnesius and Abaris also. Of Aristeas, the first account we have is in Herodotus, and he gives it

only upon hearsay ; he relates that it was reported of him, that he died at Proconnesus, and appeared there seven years after, and having written some verses, disappeared ; but that two or three hundred years after, he had appeared again at Metapontum, where by special direction of Apollo, he was worshipped as a god : of Abaris, Celsus relates, that he rode through the air on an arrow, passing over mountains and seas, in his passage out of Scythia into Greece, and back again into Scythia.

Hence it came to pass that other Heathen writers, after the example of Celsus, published their accounts of Pythagoras and Apollonius Tyaneus ; not so much for the purpose of giving the histories of those persons, as to set them up in opposition to Christ and his disciples. Porphyry composed the history of Pythagoras, after he had written fifteen books professedly against the Christian religion ; these were suppressed by the Christian emperors who succeeded Galienus, in whose time Porphyry wrote his history of Pythagoras in the island of Sicily, whither he retired in disgust with the emperor, for his favour to the Christians, and would have put himself to death with his own hand, if Plotinus had not prevented him. Galienus soon died, and the succeeding emperors being disposed to persecute the Christians, Porphyry published his history. Jamblichus published his account of Pythagoras in the reign of the Emperor Julian, with whom he was in high favour, as the letters of that emperor sufficiently testify. Hierocles also, in the time of Dioclesian, published two books against the Christian religion, under the title *Philaethes*, and for these was promoted by Galerius, from being chief judge at Nicomedia to the government of Alexandria. These books are now lost, but we are informed by Eusebius, they were mostly copied

from Celsus, and set up Aristeas, Pythagoras, and Apollonius Tyaneus against Christ, whom, he says, the Christians, on account of his doing a few *teratyai*, call a God, and concludes with these words, viz. ‘ That it is worth considering that those things of Jesus are boasted of Peter and Paul, and some others of the like sort, liars and illiterate, and impostors ; but for these things of Apollonius, we have Maximus and Damis, a philosopher who lived with him, and Philostratus, men eminent for their learning, and lovers of truth.’

As for these witnesses to Philostratus’s legend of Apollonius, Maximus’s minutes go no farther than to two or three years of Apollonius’s life passed at Ægæ, when he was about twenty years old ; and what he had from Damis was a table-book of minutes, which a nameless man, pretended to be a relation of Damis, brought to Julia, the mother and wife of Caracalla, and were by her given to the sophist Philostratus, to dress up in handsomer language.

Such are the authorities for the legend of Philostratus, written above a hundred years after the death of Apollonius, who died a few weeks after the Emperor Domitian, in the year of Christ 96. This Apollonius was the sect of Pythagoras, and the patroness of Philostratus’s history was the monster Julia, mother and wife to the detestable Caracalla.



NUMBER XI.

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It seems natural to suppose, that any great and signal revelation of the Divine Will should be authenticated to mankind by evidences proportioned to the importance of the communication. Christians contend, that in the purity and perfection of their religion, as it was taught by Christ, and in the miracles which he performed on earth whilst he was teaching, full and sufficient evidences are found of a Divine Revelation.

As for the religion of Christ, it speaks for itself, the book is open which contains it, and however it may have degenerated in practice, through the corruption of them who profess it, there seems no difference of opinion in the world as to the purity and perfection of its principles: of these evidences, therefore, which are generally called eternal, I have no need to speak.

Is it not possible to make the same direct appeal to the miracles, as to the religion of Christ? Many centuries have revolved since they have ceased; Nature has long since resumed her course, and retains no trace of them; their evidences, therefore, are not, like those of Christ's religion, internal, but historical; it must, however, be acknowledged, that they are historical evidences of the strongest sort, for the historians were eye-witnesses of what they relate, and their relations agree.

It is easy therefore to see, that if the system of Christianity is to be attacked, it is in this part only

the attack is to be expected. This has accordingly taken place in three different periods, and in three different modes.

The unbelieving Jews, contemporary with Christ, before whose eyes the miracles were performed, could not dispute their being done, but they attempted to criminate the doer by accusing him of a guilty communication with evil spirits, ascribing his supernatural deeds to the power of the devil. The Heathens, who had not ocular demonstration, but could not contest facts so well established, made their attack upon his miracles, by instancing others who had done things altogether as wonderful, viz. Pythagoras, Abaris, Apollonius, and others.

Thus the matter rested for many ages, till modern cavillers within the pale of the Christian church struck upon a new argument for an attack upon Christ's miracles; and this argument having been woven into a late publication, whose historical merit puts it into general circulation, many retailers of infidelity (and Dr. Mac-Infidel among the rest) have caught at it as a discovery of importance; and, as they have contrived to connect it with topics of more erudition than the generality of people are furnished with, on whom they practise, it has been propagated with some success, where it has had the advantage of not being understood.

The strength of this argument lies in the discovery that contemporary authorities are silent on the subject of Christ's miracles: naturalists and the authors, who record all curious and extraordinary events of their own or of preceding times, make no mention of the wonderful things which Christ is said to have done in the land of Judæa; in short, the Evangelists are left alone in the account, and yet some things are related by them too general in their extent, and too wonderful in their nature, to

have been passed over in silence by these authors, or, in other words, not to have had a place in their collections : the elder Pliny and Seneca they tell us were living at the time of Christ's passion ; the Evangelists relate, that there was darkness over the face of the earth when Christ gave up the ghost, and this darkness was miraculous, being out of the course of nature, and incidental to the divinity of the person, who was then offering up his life for the redemption of mankind. Against the veracity of the gospel account relative to this particular prodigy the attack is pointed ; and they argue, that if it extended over the whole earth, elder Pliny and Seneca, with all others who were then living, must have noticed it ; if it was local to the province of Judæa, men of their information must have heard of it : each of these philosophers has recorded all the great phænomena of nature which his curiosity and care could get together, and Pliny, in particular, has devoted an entire chapter to eclipses of an extraordinary nature, yet does not mention this at the Passion : the defection of light which followed Cæsar's murder, was not to be compared with what the gospel relates of the preternatural darkness at the Passion, and yet most of the writers of that age have recorded the former event, whilst all are silent as to the latter—*Therefore it did not happen.*

This, I believe, is a fair state of the argument, and if there be any merit in the discovery, it certainly rests with the moderns ; for neither Celsus, Porphyry, nor his disciple Jamblichus, have struck upon it, though the first-mentioned wrote against Christianity in the time of Adrian, who succeeded to the empire eighty years after Christ's passion ; as for Seneca, he died about thirty years, and elder Pliny three and forty years after Christ.

The fathers of the church, it seems, are divided

in opinion as to the darkness at Christ's passion being general to the whole earth, or local only to Judæa. As the decision of this point does not affect the general question, the abettors of the argument are willing to admit with Origen, Beza, and others, that the prodigy should be understood as local to that part of the world to which his other miracles were confined, and to whose conviction, if it really happened, it is natural to suppose it should be specially addressed.

Allowing this, these reasoners contend that it must of necessity have been reported to Rome, and that report must have been known to Seneca and elder Pliny, and, being known, must have been recorded by one or both. These positions merit examination.

The first point to be taken for granted is, that the miracle of the three hours' darkness upon the passion of Christ must necessarily have been reported to Rome: this report was either to come in the state despatches of the Procurator Pilate to the court of Tiberius, or from private communications: of the probability of the first case the reader must judge for himself from circumstances: it is merely matter of speculation: it involves a doubt at least, whether the Procurator would not see reasons personal, as well as political, against reporting to the court an event, which at best tended to his own crimination, and which, if he had delivered it for truth, might have alarmed the jealousy, or roused the resentment, of his sovereign. The idea entertained by the Jews of deliverance from the Roman yoke by their expected Messiah, was too general to have escaped the knowledge of their watchful tyrants, and it does not seem likely any Roman governor of that province would be forward to report any miracle, or miracles, that had reference to a



person, who having set up a new religion declared himself that very Messias, which the Jewish prophecies foretold should appear to extirpate the Gentile idolatry: if this be a reason for the Roman Procurator in Judæa to be silent on the subject, it is no less so for the people of Rome to reject the reports of the Christians themselves, if they ventured any; and as for the unbelieving Jews, it is not to be expected they would contribute to spread the evidences of Christ's divinity.

The next point to be taken for granted in the argument under examination is, that this report, if actually made, must have been known to the philosopher Seneca, and the naturalist Pliny; and I think it may fairly be allowed, that an event of this sort could not well fail of coming to the knowledge of Seneca, and even of Pliny (though he died forty-three years after the time), if the government in Tiberius's reign had been made acquainted with it by authority, and had taken no measures for suppressing it, or any accounts published at the time respecting it; for after all, it must be observed, that this event not being found in Pliny's Natural History, nor in Seneca's Enquiries, does not by any means decide the question against any accounts being published, but leaves it still open to conjecture (and with some reason) that such accounts might have been suppressed by the Heathen emperors.

But waving any further discussion of this point, we will pass to the third and last position; in which it is presumed, that if this preternatural eclipse at Christ's passion was known to Seneca and Pliny, one or both must have recorded it in their works.

This, I think, is begging a question very hardly to be granted; for these writers must have stated the event, either as a thing credible, or doubtful, or in-

credible ; they must either have grounded it upon authority, or reported it upon hearsay ; they must have admitted it, with its date and circumstances, at the very crisis when it happened, and in that case what would have been the consequence of such a publication ? The Christians would naturally have made the application to the Passion of Christ, and how dangerous was it for a Heathen to admit a fact open to such an interpretation ? A Roman philosopher, giving a serious history of extraordinary and prodigious events, would make his court but ill to a Heathen persecuting emperor, by admitting this into the account, unless it was to confute it : now this does not appear to have been in contemplation with Seneca or Pliny, in any part of their writings ; each of these authors tells us what he credits and wishes to be credited, not what he disbelieves and wishes to confute : the defection of light at the time of Cæsar's death, was the creed of the court ; the historians, naturalists, and even the poets, celebrated that phænomenon, and it did not lose in their relations ; but in the case of the darkness at Christ's death, a believer in Him and his miracles draws a stronger argument for his belief from the silence of Seneca and Pliny, than any caviller can urge against it from the same circumstance : if we admit they knew it, and yet did not record it, are we not better founded in supposing they were silent, because they could not controvert the fact, than our opponents are in saying it did not pass, because they do not mention it ? It is too much to require of witnesses, that they should depose to a fact which is to convict themselves : I must therefore appeal to the candid reader, whether a philosopher writing in the court of Nero, who had charged the Christians with the burning of Rome, and was devising terrible and unheard-of modes of torturing them

upon this charge, who had beheaded Paul and crucified Peter for preaching Christ and the redemption of mankind earned by his Passion; whether a Heathen philosopher, I say, writing at this very time an account of extraordinary, but what he delivers as true, events in nature, would venture upon putting into his account a miracle, tending to confirm the divine nature and mission of that person, whose immediate followers were then suffering under the most determined persecution? No Heathen writer in his senses would have ventured to give such an account. Peter and Paul declared for the miracle, and were martyred for their doctrine! the gospel account declared for the miracle, and no one Roman writer controverted the assertion; this was the time for Seneca, for Pliny, and other Heathen writers, to cry out against the glaring fiction, 'Do the Christians say there was a general darkness when their Master expired? We appeal to the fact against them; it reached not us at Rome; the light of that day was like the light of other days: Do they say it was partial to Judæa only? Be it so! We meet them on their own ground; we appeal to the Procurator Pilate, to the noble Romans resident in Judæa, to the soldiers, to the very centurion who attended his execution, to witness against this impudent attack upon men's senses. Let them pretend that he healed the sick, cured the lame, turned water into wine, or performed a thousand other juggling tricks, but darkness over a whole province can be confuted by the testimony of a whole province, and to this we appeal.' Was this said? Was this appeal made? Strange perversion of reason to turn that into an argument against a thing, which seems conclusive for it! at least no negative can come nearer to conclusion, than contemporary silence in a case so open to confutation, had it not been true.

*But Seneca and elder Pliny did not see the gospel*—Let it pass ; let us grant all that the argument supposes ; why are we told of no confutation of this miracle by any Heathen writer contemporary with or posterior to the gospel account of the Passion ? The assertion of a preternatural event, so generally notorious, must have been open to proof. Would Celsus have overlooked it ? Would not Lucian have taken it up ? Should not we hear of its having been urged by Porphyry, who was so voluminous a controversialist ? Should not we meet it in Julian or Philostratus ? Should we hear nothing that could lead us to believe it was controverted by Jamblichus, or Hierocles in his books entitled *Philalethes* ? If the silence of the Heathen writers is to be appealed to for the purpose of impeaching Christ's miracles, let the appeal be made ; whilst we confine ourselves to the defence of those miracles only, which are recorded in the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, neither the silence of ancient, nor the eloquence of modern opponents, can shake the records on which we ground our faith.

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## NUMBER XII.

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AT the same time that it is fair to suppose there must be more than ordinary merit in men, who rise to great opulence and condition in life from low beginnings, all the world must be sensible of the danger attending sudden elevation, and how very apt a man's head is to turn, who climbs an eminence to which his habits have not familiarized



him. A mountaineer can tread firm upon a precipice, and walk erect without tottering along the path that winds itself about the craggy cliff, on which he has his dwelling; whilst the inhabitant of the valley travels with affright and danger over the giddy pass, and oftentimes is precipitated from the height to perish in the gulph beneath his feet. Such is the fate of many, who by the revolutions of fortune are raised to lofty situations: it is generally the lot of such people to make few friends; in their danger there are none to give them warning, in their fall there are few to afford them pity.

This is not the case with them, who are born to the dignities they enjoy; the sovereign, whose throne is his inheritance, meets with pity and indulgence; pity for the cares inseparable from his condition, indulgence for the failings and excesses incidental to hereditary greatness; but the man who is the maker of his own fortune, acts on a stage where every step he takes will be observed with jealousy; amongst the many thousands who are set to watch him, let him reflect how many hearts there are, rankling with disappointed pride, and envying him the lot, which in their own conceit at least their merit had a better title to: when such a man appears, it is the common cry—*I cannot bear that upstart*—At the same time, therefore, that it must be allowed more natural to excuse the proud looks of the high, than the proud looks of the low, still it is no bad caution to beware of giving easy faith to reports against those, whom so many unsuccessful people are interested to decry; for though Fortune can do mighty things amongst us, and make great men in this world, she cannot make friends.

If caution be necessary for such as are only lookers-on upon these sudden changes in the scene of life, how much more wary should he be, who by

Fortune's favour is the actor in it! Time past and present so abounds in examples to put him on his guard, that if he will not profit by example, what hope is there that precept will avail? That any man should grow arrogant who has once been dependant, is as unaccountable for the folly of the thing, as it is for the baseness of it: it is as if a pedagogue should turn tyrant, because he remembers to have smarted under the lash of the master when a school-boy: and yet there seems a principle in some natures that inclines them to this despicable species of revenge, by which they sacrifice all claim to reason, reputation, or religion. Dionysius, though the cruellest of all tyrants, had moderation in a private station, and made a good and patient schoolmaster; he handled the sceptre like a rod, and the rod as he should have done a sceptre. Are we to conclude from this and other instances, that humanity may be learnt by those who descend from power, but that men become tyrants by ascending to it?

Is there in nature anything so ridiculous as pride, so self-destructive, so absurd? The man who rises out of humble life must have seen it, felt it, and remarked its folly; he must have been convinced that pride deprives itself of its own proper object; for every proud man, who assumes a superiority on the score of rank, or wealth, or titles, forfeits that better interest with mankind, which would have credited him for superiorities of a far nobler quality than those on which he grounds his silly arrogance: How strange is it therefore, when the man, who has seen through the weakness of this passion in others, whilst below them in condition, should fall into the same folly when he rises to be their equal! And yet it happens every day. What is so hateful to a poor man as the purse-proud arrogance of a rich one? Let Fortune shift the scene and make the poor man

rich, he runs at once into the vice that he declaimed against so feelingly : these are strange contradictions in the human character. One should have thought that Pope Sixtus V. might have recollected himself enough to be humble, though Pasquin had never reminded him of it ; but neither he, nor Becket, nor Wolsey, had any moderation in their spirit, though professing a religion whose very essence is humility.

In modern times, the philosopher's stone seems to have been found by our adventurers in the East, where beggars have become princes, and princes have become beggars ; if Ben Jonson was now living, could he have painted these upstart voluptuaries more to the life, than by the following animated description ?”

“ I will have all my beds blown up, not stuff'd,  
Down is too hard ; and then my oval room  
Fill'd with such pictures, as Tiberius took  
From Elephantis, and dull Aretine  
But coldly imitated.—— My mists  
I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,  
To lose ourselves in, and my baths, like pits,  
To fall into, from whence we will come forth,  
And roll us dry in gossamour and roses—  
My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,  
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded  
With emeralds, saphirs, hyacinths, and rubies.  
The tongues of carp, dormise, and camels' heels  
Boil'd in the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,  
(Apicius' diet 'gainst the epilepsie)  
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,  
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.  
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants ; I myself will have  
The beards of barbels serv'd instead of sallads ;  
O I'd mushrooms, and the swelling unctuous paps  
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,  
Drest with an exquisite and poignant sauce,  
For which I'll say unto my cook, there's gold,  
Go forth and be a knight !—My shirts

I'll have of taffeta sarsnet, soft and light  
 As cobwebs, and for all my other raiment,  
 It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,  
 Were he to teach the world riot a-new.  
 My gloves of fish's and bird's skins perfum'd  
 With gums of paradise and eastern air—

“ Q. And do you think to have *the stone* with this?—

“ A. No, I do think to have all this with *the stone*.”

ALCHYMIST.

These are strong colours; and though he has dipped his pencil pretty liberally into the pallet of the ancients, he has finely mixed the composition with tints of his own; to speak in the same figure, we may say of this sketch, that it is in the very best style of the master.

As I should be loth, however, to offer none but instances of the abuse of prosperity, I am happy in recollecting one very singular example of the contrary sort, though I go back to times far distant from our own to fetch it.

PISISTRATUS TO SOLON.

“ I am neither without example in seizing the tyranny, nor without claim; for as much as I derive from Codrus, and take no more by force, than I should have inherited by right, if the Athenians had never violated those oaths of allegiance, which in times past confirmed the prerogative of my ancestors. I live here without offence towards men or gods; neither transgressing your laws myself, nor permitting others to transgress them; judge, therefore, if the constitution you have given to Athens is not safer under my administration, than if entrusted to the discretion of the people: no man suffers wrong under my government, nor do I expect any new contributions from my people, contenting myself with the tenths of their produce, as by ancient usage established; and these I apply not



to my own coffers, but to those of the state, for defraying civil and religious expenses, and as a provision for the future exigences of war. Against you, Solon, I harbour no ill-will, convinced that in your opposition to my measures, you acted upon public, not personal motives: you could not foresee what use I was to make of power, and if you could have foreseen it, I will persuade myself you would neither have traversed my interests, nor withdrawn yourself from your country: return, therefore, I conjure you, return to Athens, and believe me on the word of a king you have nothing to fear from Pisistratus, who has not the heart, as you well know, to annoy even his enemies, much less so excellent a citizen as Solon: come then, if you are so disposed, and be received into the number of my dearest friends; but if you are resolved against returning, remember it is your own choice: and if Solon is lost to his country, Pisistratus is acquitted of being the cause of it. Farewell."

#### SOLON TO PISISTRATUS.

"I can readily believe that you are incapable of doing me any injury, if I was to return to Athens: before you was a tyrant I was your friend, and am now no otherwise your enemy than every Athenian must be, who is adverse to your usurpation. Whether it is better to be governed by the will of one man, or by the laws of the commonwealth, let every individual judge for himself; if I could prefer a tyrant, certainly of all tyrants I should prefer Pisistratus. As to my returning to Athens, I do not think it for my honour, after having founded the constitution of my country, upon principles of freedom, to come home upon motives of convenience, and give a scandal to mankind by appearing to acquiesce under that tyranny which you have forcibly

assumed, but which I, when voluntarily offered, thought proper to reject. Farewell."

The above letters are to be found in Diogenes Laertius, but the learned reader knows they are generally supposed interpolations of the sophists; it must be owned, however, they are characteristic of the writers, and, though they ought not to be received as facts in history, may be read as a speech in Livy or Guicciardini. The following anecdotes will throw a stronger light upon the character of Pisistratus, and as there is no reason to question their authenticity, they will be unanswerable witnesses to the point in question.

"At an entertainment given by Pisistratus to some of his intimates, Thrasippus, a man of violent passions and inflamed with wine, took some occasion, not recorded, to break out into the most virulent abuse and insult: Pisistratus, who had made no reply to his invectives, fearing that the festivity of his guests should be interrupted by the misconduct of Thrasippus, who was now got up and leaving the room, rose from his seat and entreated him to stay, assuring him that nothing he had said should be remembered to his disadvantage; instead of being pacified by an act so gracious and condescending, the brutal drunkard became more furious, and after venting all the foulest words a heated imagination could suggest, with a violence shocking to decency and loathsome to relate, suddenly turned upon Pisistratus, as he was soliciting him to take his seat at the table, and spate in his face. Upon an insult so intolerable, the whole company rose as one man, and in particular Hippias and Hipparchus, sons of the tyrant, were with difficulty prevented from killing him on the spot. The interposition of Pisistratus saved Thrasippus, and he

was suffered to go home without any violence to his person. The next morning brought him to his senses, and he appeared in the presence of Pisistratus with all proper humility, expecting to receive the punishment he merited. What must have been his self-conviction and reproach, when he was again received with the utmost complacency! Penetrated to the heart with recollection of his behaviour, and the unmerited pardon he had met with, he was proceeding to execute that vengeance on himself, which he was conscious he deserved, by rushing on his sword, when Pisistratus again interposed, and seizing his hand stopt the stroke; not content with this, he consoled him with the most soothing expressions, assured him of his most entire forgiveness, and having put him at peace with himself, reinstated him in his favour, and received him again into the number of his intimates."

Though it is scarce possible to find an instance of good-nature in any man's character superior to the above, I am tempted to add the following anecdote, not only as a corroborating evidence, but from the pleasure one naturally takes in hearing or relating facts that make so much to the honour of human nature, and which inspire the heart with a love for mankind.

"Thrasimedes, a young Athenian, had the audacity to force a kiss upon the daughter of Pisistratus, as she was walking in public procession at a religious solemnity; transported by the violence of his passion, and considering that he had already committed an unpardonable offence, he seized her person, and forcibly conveying her on board a ship, put to sea with her on his passage to Ægina; the sons of Pisistratus pursued and overtook him, bringing him in person before their father: Thrasimedes, without betraying any marks of fear, im-

mediately declared himself perfectly prepared to meet any punishment Pisistratus should think fit to decree; for, having miscarried in his attempt, and lost the object for which alone he wished to live, all consequences became indifferent; disappointment, not death, was his punishment; and when the greater evil had been suffered, he had little apprehension for the lesser.—Having said this, he waited his sentence; when Pisistratus, after long silence, breaking out into admiration at the resolution of Thrasimedes, instead of punishing his audacity, rewarded his passion by bestowing his daughter upon him in marriage.”

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### NUMBER XIII.

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*Non jam illud quæro, contra ut me diligat illa,  
Aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit;  
Ipse valere opto, et tetrum hunc deponere morbum.*

CATULLUS.

It is become a very gainful trade with our small-ware venders of literature to expose certain pamphlets in shop-windows and upon stalls in alleys and thoroughfares, which, if any police was kept up in this great capital, would be put down by the civil magistrates as a public nuisance; I mean Trials for Adultery, the publishers of which are not content with setting down every thing *verbatim* from their short-hand records, which the scrutinizing necessity of law draws out by pointed interrogatory, but they are also made to allure the curiosity of the passenger by tawdry engravings, in which the heroine of the



tale is displayed in effigy, and the most indecent scene of her amours selected as an eye-trap to attract the youth of both sexes, and by debauching the morals of the rising generation, keep up the stock in trade, and feed the market with fresh cases for the Commons, and fresh supplies for the retailers of indecency.

If the frequency of our divorces is thus to be encouraged, because they make sport for the lawyers, it may be wise to use no preventives against the plague or small-pox, because they cut out work for the doctors. Upon this principle a prudent father will breed up his sons civilians, and furnish out a library for his daughters with these edifying volumes; and if once they take kindly to their studies, there is no fear of their bringing custom to their brothers, and driving a trade, as it is called, for their families. A convenient nest of these trials, neatly bound and gilt at the backs, will serve both as elegant furniture to their closets or bedchambers, and as repositories of science, like treatises on the chances to make them skilful in the game. If they are afraid of their husbands looking into their library, they may find out a hundred devices for lettering them at the back; they may call them—*Sermons to Married Women*—or *the Lives of the learned Ladies*—*The Acts of the British Matrons*—*Commentaries on the Marriage Act*—*Treatises on Polygamy*—or by any other title, which their wit needs no prompting to devise.

Another circumstance of the times, which will greatly aid them in their studies, is that they have it daily and hourly in their power to resort to the fountain-head for authority, and consult the very ladies themselves, who are the heroines of these interesting narratives. These adepts in the art are to be seen in all places, and spoken to at all hours,

without hindrance of business, or knowledge of a bed-fellow. As these disfranchised matrons or ex-wives keep the best company, and make the best figures in all fashionable circles, a scholar may receive instruction without slander, and prostitute her honour without risking her reputation; a husband must be a brute, indeed, who can object to this society, and a wife must be a fool, indeed, who does not profit by it: when a new-married woman receives these privileged ladies in her house, she sees at once the folly of being virtuous, for they are the merriest, the loudest, the best followed, and the most admired of all their sex; they never disgrace their characters by a pusillanimous repentance, they never baulk their pleasures by a stupid reformation, but keep it up with spirit, like felons that die hard at the gallows, to the last moments of their lives. Most of them marry again, and are so much better than their neighbours, as they are made honest women twice over; and that reputation must be more than commonly tender, which two coats of plaister will not keep together.

As a further temptation to our young wives not to wait the tedious course of nature, but to make themselves widows of living husbands, as soon as they can, they will recollect that they ensure advantages to themselves thereby, which natural widows do not enjoy; for, in the first place, they avoid a year's mourning, which is a consideration not to be despised; in the next place, they have precedents for marrying in the first week of their widowhood; and as it is the general practice to choose their gallants, they certainly run no risk of taking a step in the dark, which widows sometimes have been suspected to repent of; thirdly, they escape all bickerings and jealousies, which disturb the peace of families, by the common practice of ladies putting their second hus-

band in mind of what their first husband would have done, or would have said on this or that occasion, had he been alive.—*Things were not so in my first husband's time—Oh that my first husband were living! he would not suffer this or that thing to pass, this or that man to use me after such a manner*—are familiar expressions in the family dialogues of second wives in the regular order; whereas the Irregulars never cast these taunts in the teeth of their spouses, because they know the answer is ready at hand, if they did.

The Irregulars have also frequent opportunities of showing their affability and sweetness of temper, upon meeting their first husbands in public places and mixed companies; the graceful acknowledgment of a respectful courtesy, a down-cast look of modest sensibility, or the pretty flutter of embarrassment, are incidents upon an unexpected rencontre, which a well-bred woman knows how to make the most of, and are sure to draw the eyes of the company upon her.

If, on the other hand, a lady on her divorce chooses to revive her maiden title and take post in her former rank, the law will probably give her back as good a title to her virgin name, as it found her with. She also has her advantages; for at the same time that she is free from the incumbrances of matrimony, she escapes the odious appellation of old maid. Such a lady has the privilege of public places without being pinned to the skirts of an old dowager, like other misses; she can also indulge a natural passion for gaming to a greater length than spinsters dare to go; she can make a repartee or smile at a double entendre, when a spinster only bites her lips, or is put to the troublesome resource of her fan, when she ought to blush, but cannot.

Before I turned my mind to reflect upon these and other advantages so preponderating in favour of

divorces, I used to wonder why our legislature was so partial to suitors, and gave such notorious encouragement and facility to Acts of Parliament for their relief and accommodation ; I now see the good policy of the measure, and how much the ease of his Majesty's good subjects is thereby consulted. It is confessed there is a short monition in the decalogue against this practice, but nobody insists upon it ; there are also some texts scattered up and down in Holy Writ to the same purport, but no well-bred preacher ever handles such topics in his pulpit ; and if a fine lady should ever read a chapter in the Bible, or hear it read to her, it is very easy to skip over those passages, and every polite person knows it is better to make a breach in any thing, than in good manners to a lady.

Our English ladies, by the frequency of their incontinence, and the divorces thence ensuing, have not only furnished out a most amusing library to young students of both sexes, but they have effectually retrieved the characters of our wives from sinking into contempt with foreigners, on account of their domestic insipidity and attachment to the dull duties of a family. This was once the general opinion which other nations entertained of our matrons, but upon a late tour through a great part of the continent of Europe, I found it was entirely reversed, and ideas more expressive of their spirit universally adopted.

It may well be expected that the influx of foreigners, and the out-flow of natives, which the present peace will occasion, will not suffer the pretensions of our ladies to lose ground in this particular. Our French neighbours are certainly good critics in gallantry, and they need not now stand in dread of a repulse from the women of England, whatever they may apprehend from the men.



Much more occurs to me on this subject, but these premises will serve to introduce an idea, which if the several ladies, who have stood trial, would club their wits to assist me in, might be rendered practicable, and that is, of reducing infamy to a system by rules and regulations of manners, tending to the propagation and increase of divorces in Great Britain. A few loose hints occur to me on this subject, but I offer them with the utmost submission to better judges, simply as rudiments in the art; the refinements must be left to those who are professors.

“ As early impressions are strongest and most lasting, I would advise all mothers, who wish to train their daughters after the above system, to put them in their infancy under the care of those commodious ladies, whom we vulgarly call Mademoiselles, as the best forcers of early plants; under whose tuition young ladies have been known to get so forward as to have pretty notions of flirtation at the tender age of six years; at eight years they can answer questions in the catechism of gallantry; before they reach their tenth summer, they can leer, ogle, talk French, write sonnets, play with the footman, and go through their exercise to admiration: I would then put them to their studies, of which the annals abovementioned will be a principal part; the circulating libraries will furnish out a considerable catalogue, and Mademoiselle will supply them with French memoirs, novels, &c. &c. At the age of twelve it will be proper to send them to the boarding school, and there they will have the opportunity of making female friendships with their seniors in age, by which they will greatly edify: In the holiday vacations they will correspond with their boarding school associates; and these letters should be sacred and inviolable, by which means they may carry on an in-

tercourse of thoughts without reserve, and greatly improve their style.

“ When two years have been thus employed, they must be brought to London to be finished under the best masters, most of which should be recommended by Mademoiselle ; and, in their intervals from study, they will be allowed to relax their minds in the company of their mother, by looking on at the card-tables, reposing themselves after their fatigue upon sofas, informing themselves of the intrigues of the town, qualifying themselves in a proper familiarity of manners, by calling young men by their surnames, romping occasionally with the gallants of their mother, when she is out of sight, and, above all things, cultivating intimacies with their late school-fellows, who are come out into the world.

“ When their hair is off their foreheads, it will be necessary they should lay out professedly for admirers amongst the young rakes of fashion, and for this purpose I particularly recommend to them the tea-room at the Opera-house, where I would have them stay out all the company, and then commit themselves to their gallants to find out their coaches, who will be sure to lead them through all the blind alleys, and never carry them to the right door till the last, by which time the carriages of these gallants will be drove off, and then common charity will compel them to bring the obliging creatures home in theirs.

“ All this while I would have them put entire confidence in Mademoiselle, whose good-nature will accommodate them in any little notes or messages they may have to manage, and whose opinion in dress will be so indispensable, that it will be proper to take her out with them to all milliners' shops, artificial flower-makers, and masquerade ware-

houses for advice. If the young fellows will come to these places at the same time, who can help it? Mademoiselle will go down to call the servants, and ten to one if they are not gone to the ale-house, and the coach is out of the way, in spite of all her pains to find it.

“ When they have made a strong attachment, and consequences are to be apprehended, it will be time for them to think of marriage, but on no account with the man of their heart, for that would interrupt friendship; any body, who can make a settlement, can make a husband, and that husband can make his wife her own mistress, and every body's else, that she pleases: Mademoiselle becomes *femme de chambre*, and, when her lady is disposed for divorce, chief witness upon her trial; a picturesque scene is chosen for the frontispiece, the heroine figures in the print-shops, her fame is sounded in the brothels, and her career of infamy is completed.”

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#### NUMBER XIV.

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IF any of my learned readers, skilled in the oriental languages, shall choose to turn over the thirty and three volumes of Abulfagi, the Arabian historian, they may find the following story: near one hundred leaves of the Papyrus have been expended in the relation, but I have been at the pains of compressing it into one paper.

In the beginning of the eleventh century, Abderama, the last descendant of the Samanian family, who reigned over the territory of Bucharia, was besieged in his capital of Bochara, by Mamood the Great, who afterwards reduced all India to his com-

mand. This mighty conqueror, who may be styled the Alexander of the Arabian historians, made twelve irruptions into India, and in each expedition swept away as much wealth, and made as great a devastation of the human species, as Nadir Shah in his. Mamood was the son of the usurper Subuctagi, who expelled the father of Abderama from Samarcand, and reduced his empire to the possession of Bochara only and its dependencies.

Such was the formidable general who sat down with his forces before Bochara, and such the hereditary enmity of these inveterate opponents: Abderama, therefore, had no resource but to defend his citadel to the last extremity. Disabled by his age from actual service, he put the garrison under command of a valiant captain, named Abdullah: this young prince was of the house of Katiba, the general of the Caliph Osman, who conquered great Bucharria for that victorious Mahommedan: Abdullah was the most accomplished personage of his time, of admirable qualities, and matchless intrepidity: in vain he challenged Mamood to decide the fate of Bochara by single combat; he was also beloved by Zarima, daughter of Abderama, and sole heiress of his crown: the beauty of this princess was celebrated through all the East; more rhapsodies have been composed and chaunted in the praises of Zarima than even Helen gave a subject to: our language cannot reach the descriptions of these florid writers; the whole creation has been culled for objects to set in some comparison with Zarima; but as the fire of their imaginations would seem like phrensy to ours, I shall not risk a fall by following them in their flights.

In a furious sally made upon the army of the besiegers, Abdullah, at the head of the Bocharians, had singled out the person of Mamood, and pushed



his horse up to the breast of that on which Mamood was fighting ; the shock was furious on both sides: Abdullah received the point of his opponent's lance in his side, and Mamood was struck from his saddle to the ground by the battle-axe of Abdullah ; the combatants rushed in to cover their fallen general, and victory was snatched out of the grasp of the brave Bocharian, who fell back wounded amongst his companions, and retreated unpursued into the town, after a furious slaughter of the foe.

Whether Mamood was discouraged by the obstinacy of the Bocharians, or, as some historians insinuate, was daunted by this attack, which he had so narrowly escaped from, so it was, that he let the command of the siege devolve upon his general Kamhi, and, at the head of a scouring party, made incursions into the country, to lay it waste with fire and sword, and break up the supplies of Bochara.

Kamhi had seen the beautiful Zarima ; he had been in Abderama's court before Mamood's invasion, and to see the princess was to be enamoured. No sacrifice could be too great for Kamhi to obtain a prize so much above all computation in the heated fancy of a lover. He secretly imparted to Abderama the conditions on which he would betray his trust, and expose the army he commanded to inevitable destruction.

If these conditions staggered the aged monarch on the score of honour, so did they on the side of interest. To save his crown and city was a tempting offer, and the divided heart of Abderama was not more agitated, as a monarch, for the impending danger of his throne, than it was agonized as a man for the daily sufferings of his faithful people. He submitted to receive Kamhi into the town, and to treat with him in person on the subject of his proposal : Abdullah, from whom this was to be con-

cealed, was now recovering from his wound, but incapable of service for a time; it was proposed by Kamhi to exchange hostage against hostage, and Abdullah was instructed to meet him, in the depth of night, with one companion on each side; each general was to exchange armour on the spot, and so to pass their respective sentinels; and mutual secrecy was pledged between the parties. There was no difficulty in persuading the generous Abdullah to this enterprize: Abderama giving him to understand, that the meeting was to adjust the payment of a sum of money, which Kamhi was to receive for betraying the army he commanded before Bochara: the transaction was to be kept a profound secret even from Zarima; the unsuspecting Abdullah repaired to his rendezvous at the appointed hour, without taking leave of the princess, and Kamhi, with his associate, passed the city guard unquestioned, in the habit of his rival. He hastened, without a moment's loss, to the palace of the old king, and expounded to him the plan he had devised for securing the performance of his part of the contract; nothing now remained for Abderama, but to engage his daughter to make a sacrifice, which, severe and difficult as it was, he thought he might depend upon her piety and public spirit for complying with. In this hope he immediately repaired to her chamber, where he found her reposing on her couch; he threw himself at her feet in an agony of tears, and in the most supplicating posture adjured her to arise and save her father, country, and herself, from impending destruction. Roused from her sleep, the beautiful Zarima immediately demanded the reason of that solemn adjuration, and what it was that she could do to gain those glorious ends. 'Emulate the magnanimity of Abdullah,' replied the father; 'resign Abdullah,

as that heroic youth, to save this sinking city from extinction, has now resigned his Zarima.' Astonishment had now deprived her of the power of utterance, and Abderama proceeded, without interruption, to expose to her the whole purport of his treaty with Kamhi, and the conditions on which alone Bochara might be saved, and Mamood's army betrayed into his hands. He protested to her that Abdullah had been a party to this treaty, that he had left the city for ever; and, to convince her of it, he was ready to produce Kamhi in the very habit which her lover had exchanged with him for the purpose of bringing him to an interview with her, and concluding the agreement.

Not to dwell any longer on Abderama's arguments, (in which, was I to follow my Arabian author, I should swell this recital to an unreasonable length) it will suffice to say, that the father prevailed. In the original, it appears as if some share in the success was owing to female pique; but as the Arabian authors are very subtle and refined in finding motives, and in scrutinizing the human passions, I should hope this suggestion may be imputed to the historian, rather than to the heroine.

As I choose to pass over many pages of my original in this place, the reader will now suppose that the traitorous Kamhi is in possession of his beautiful, but reluctant, victim; and that Abderama has already made a sacrifice more painful than that of Eurystheus, or Agamemnon, when they immolated their daughters. With the first dawn of the morning Kamhi repaired to the army, and began to set on foot the project he had concerted with Abderama; when he had given out his orders for dividing and disposing the troops in such a manner, as was best adapted to his design, he gave the signal agreed upon with the king for the sally. The whole

garrison was put in motion on this occasion, and Abderama determined once more to show himself to his army, and command in person. Every thing had been so prepared, on the part of Kamhi, that the impression which the Bocharians made upon the besiegers was immediate, and the slaughter became universal. Nothing could have saved them from complete destruction, but the unexpected appearance of Mamood and his army in this seasonable moment, for their relief; as Mamood's troops were entirely composed of cavalry, he flew into action with amazing rapidity; the fainting spirits of the soldiers revived at the sight of their victorious chief; his well-known voice rallied their broken ranks, and they turned upon their pursuers with redoubled fury: even the guard, that had been planted upon Abdullah, now ran to their arms, and joined the action; the army of Abderama, no longer supported by the valour and conduct of their favourite general, began to give way and retreat in disorder to the city; in this instant Abdullah rushed from his tent, and presented himself to the eyes of the dispirited Bocharians; the army sent up a shout of joy, the aged Abderama sunk into his arms, covered with blood, and expiring with his wounds; life just served him to exclaim—*My son! my son!* and then forsook him; his attendants bore him off to his litter in the rear, whilst Abdullah turned the faces of his soldiers on the foe, and pressed into the action where it was hottest.

The conflict became terrible, every inch of ground was obstinately disputed, and the combatants, on either side, fell by whole ranks, as if resolved upon maintaining the contest to the last man. Night at length put an end to the undecided fight, and Abdullah led off his surviving followers into the city, without any attempt on the part of Mamood to



pursue him: his wound in the side, which was not yet healed, burst open by the violence of his exertions in the action, and he had received others, under which he found himself sinking, and which he had reason to believe were mortal: in this extremity he lost not a moment's time in betaking himself to his beloved Zarima; his strength just served him to present himself before her, and to fall exhausted with his wounds at her feet.

Terrible interview! Zarima was expiring; she had taken poison.

The supplications of an aged father, the deliverance of a suffering city, the salvation of an ancient empire, and, above all, the example, as she believed, of her betrothed Abdullah, had prevailed with this heroic princess to sacrifice herself to the detested arms of Kamhi; the contract had been fulfilled upon her father's part, but to survive it was more than she had engaged for, and an indignity which her nature could not submit to: as soon as the battle joined, she put her resolution into act, and swallowed the mortal draught. Life just sufficed to relate this dismal tale to the dying Abdullah, and to receive the account from his lips of the deception which Abderama had put upon him. The body of her dead father was now brought into the palace; she cast a look upon it, but was speechless; fainting, and in the article of death, she dropt into the arms of Abdullah, her head fell upon his breast, just as it was heaving with the last long-drawn sigh, that stopt his heart for ever.

NUMBER XV.  

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AMONGST the variety of human events, which come under the observation of every man of common experience in life, many instances must occur to his memory of the false opinions he had formed of good and evil fortune. Things which we lament as the most unhappy occurrences and the severest dispensations of Providence, frequently turn out to have been vouchsafements of a contrary sort ; whilst our prosperity and success, which for a time delight and dazzle us with gleams of pleasure, and visions of ambition, turn against us in the end of life, and sow the bed of death with thorns, that goad us in those awful moments, when the vanities of this world lose their value, and the mind of man being on its last departure, takes a melancholy review of time misspent and blessings misapplied.

Though it is part of every good man's religion to resign himself to God's will, yet a few reflections upon the worldly wisdom of that duty will be of use to every one who falls under the immediate pressure of what is termed misfortune in life. By calling to mind the false estimates we have frequently made of worldly good and evil, we shall get hope on our side, which, though all friends else should fail us, will be a cheerful companion by the way : by a patient acquiescence under painful events for the present, we shall be sure to contract a tranquility of temper, that will stand us in future stead ; and by keeping a fair face to the world, we shall, by degrees, make an easy heart, and find innumerable resources of consolation, which a fretful spirit never can discover.

‘I wonder why I was so uneasy under my late loss of fortune,’ said a very worthy gentleman to me one day, ‘seeing it was not occasioned by my own misconduct; for the health and content I now enjoy, in the humble station I have retired to, are the greatest blessings of my life, and I am devoutly thankful for the event, which I deplored.’ How often do we hear young unmarried people exclaim—*What an escape have I had from such a man, or such a woman.* And yet perhaps they had not wisdom enough to suppose this might turn out to be the case at the time it happened, but complained, lamented, and reviled, as if they were suffering persecution from a cruel and tyrannic Being, who takes pleasure in tormenting his unoffending creatures.

An extraordinary example occurs to me of this criminal excess of sensibility, in the person of a Frenchman, named Chaubert, who happily lived long enough to repent of the extravagance of his misanthropy. Chaubert was born at Bourdeaux, and died there not many years ago, in the Franciscan convent; I was in that city soon after this event, and my curiosity led me to collect several particulars relative to this extraordinary humorist. He inherits a good fortune from his parents, and in his youth was of a benevolent disposition, subject, however, to sudden caprices and extremes of love and hatred. Various causes are assigned for his misanthropy, but the principal disgust, which turned him furious against mankind, seems to have arisen from the treachery of a friend, who ran away with his mistress, just when Chaubert was on the point of marrying her; the ingratitude of this man was certainly of a very black nature, and the provocation heinous, for Chaubert, whose passions were always in extremes, had given a thousand instances of romantic generosity to this unworthy friend, and re-

posed an entire confidence in him, in the matter of his mistress: he had even saved him from drowning one day at the imminent risk of his life, by leaping out of his own boat into the Goronne, and swimming to the assistance of his, when it was sinking in the middle of the stream. His passion for his mistress was no less vehement; so that his disappointment had every aggravation possible, and, operating upon a nature more than commonly susceptible, reversed every principle of humanity in the heart of Chaubert, and made him, for the greatest part of his life, the declared enemy of human nature.

After many years passed in foreign parts, he was accidentally brought to his better senses, by discovering that through these events, which he had so deeply resented, he had providentially escaped from miseries of the most fatal nature: thereupon he returned to his own country, and, entering into the order of Franciscans, employed the remainder of his life in atoning for his past errors, after the most exemplary manner. On all occasions of distress Father Chaubert's zeal presented itself to the relief and comfort of the unfortunate, and sometimes he would enforce his admonitions of resignation by the lively picture he would draw of his own extravagancies; in extraordinary cases he has been known to give his communicants a transcript, or diary, in his own hand-writing, of certain passages of his life, in which he had minuted his thoughts at the time they occurred, and which he kept by him for such extraordinary purposes. This paper was put into my hands by a gentleman who had received much benefit from this good father's conversation and instruction; I had his leave for transcribing it or publishing, if I thought fit; this I shall now avail myself of, as I think it is a very curious journal.

“ My son, whoever thou art, profit by the word



of experience, and let the example of Chaubert, who was a beast without reason, and is become a man by repentance, teach thee wisdom in adversity, and inspire thy heart with sentiments of resignation to the will of the Almighty !

“ When the treachery of people, which I ought to have despised, had turned my heart to marble, and my blood to gall, I was determined upon leaving France, and seeking out some of those countries from whose famished inhabitants Nature withholds her bounty, and where men groan in slavery and sorrow. As I passed through the villages towards the frontiers of Spain, and saw the peasants dancing in a ring to the pipe, or carousing at their vintages, indignation smote my heart, and I wished that Heaven would dash their cups with poison, or blast the sunshine of their joys with hail and tempest.

“ I traversed the delightful province of Biscay, without rest to the soles of my feet, or sleep to the temples of my head. Nature was before my eyes, dressed in her gayest attire:—‘ Thou mother of fools,’ I exclaimed, ‘ why dost thou trick thyself out so daintily, for knaves and harlots to make a property of thee? The children of thy womb are vipers in thy bosom, and will sting thee mortally, when thou hast given them their fill at thy improvident breasts.’ The birds chaunted in the groves, the fruit-trees glistened on the mountain sides, the water-falls made music for the echoes, and man went singing to his labour: ‘ Give me,’ said I, ‘ the clank of fetters, and the yell of galley-slaves under the lashes of the whip.’ And, in the bitterness of my heart, I cursed the earth as I trode over its prolific surface.

“ I entered the ancient kingdom of Castile, and the prospect was a recreation to my sorrow-vexed soul: I saw the lands lie waste and fallow ; the vines

trailed on the ground, and buried their fruitage in the furrows ; the hand of man was idle, and Nature slept as in the cradle of creation : the villages were thinly scattered, and Ruin sate upon the unroofed sheds, where lazy Pride lay stretched upon its straw, in beggary and vermin. *Ah ! this is something*, I cried out, *this scene is fit for man, and I'll enjoy it.*—I saw a yellow half-starved form, cloaked to the heels in rags, his broad brimmed beaver on his head, through which his staring locks crept out in squalid shreds, that fell like snakes upon the shoulders of a fiend.—‘ Such ever be the fate of human nature ! I'll aggravate his misery by the insult of charity. Harkye, Castilian,’ I exclaimed, ‘ take this pisette ; it is coin, it is silver from the mint of Mexico ; a Spaniard dug it from the mine, a Frenchman gives it you ; put by your pride and touch it !’—‘ Curst be your nation,’ the Castilian replied ; ‘ I'll starve before I'll take it from your hands.’—‘ Starve then,’ I answered, and passed on.

“ I climbed a barren mountain ; the wolves howled in the desert, and the vultures screamed in flocks for prey ; I looked and beheld a gloomy mansion underneath my feet, vast as the pride of its founder, gloomy and disconsolate as his soul : it was the Escurial.—‘ Here then the tyrant reigns,’ said I, ‘ here let him reign ; hard as these rocks his throne, waste as these deserts be his dominion !’ A meagre creature passed me ; famine stared in his eye, he cast a look about him, and sprung upon a kid that was browsing in the desert, he smote it dead with his staff, and hastily thrust it into his wallet. ‘ Ah, sacrilegious villain !’ cried a brawny fellow ; and leaping on him from behind a rock, seized the hungry wretch in the act ; he dropped upon his knees and begged for mercy. ‘ Mercy !’ cried he that seized him, ‘ do you purloin the property of the church,

and ask for mercy?' So saying, he beat him to the earth with a blow, as he was kneeling at his feet, and then dragged him towards the convent of Saint Lawrence: I could have hugged the miscreant for the deed.

"I held my journey through the desert, and desolation followed me to the very streets of Madrid; the fathers of the inquisition came forth from the cells of torture; the cross was elevated before them, and a trembling wretch, in a saffron-coloured vest, painted with flames of fire, was dragged to execution, in an open square; they kindled a fire about him, and sang praises to God, whilst the flames deliberately consumed their human victim. He was a Jew who suffered, they were Christians who tormented. 'See what the religion of God is,' said I to myself, 'in the hands of man!'

"From the gates of Madrid I bent my course towards the port of Lisbon; as I traversed the wilderness of Estremadura, a robber took his aim at me from behind a cork-tree, and the ball grazed my hat upon my head. 'You have missed your aim,' I cried, 'and have lost the merit of destroying a man.'—'Give me your purse,' said the robber. 'Take it,' I replied, 'and buy with it a friend; may it serve you as it has served me!'

"I found the city of Lisbon in ruins! her foundations smoked upon the ground; the dying and the dead laid in heaps; terror sate in every visage, and mankind was visited with the plagues of the Almighty, famine, fire, and earthquake. 'Have they not the inquisition in this country?' I asked; I was answered they had. 'And do they make all this outcry about an earthquake?' said I within myself: 'let them give God thanks, and be quiet.'

"Presently there came ships from England, loaded with all manner of goods, for the relief of the in-

habitants ; the people took the bounty, were preserved, then turned and cursed their preservers for heretics.—‘ This is as it should be,’ said I, ‘ these men act up to their nature, and the English are a nation of fools ; I will not go amongst them.’—After a short time behold a new city was rising on the ruins of the old one ! The people took the builders’ tools, which the English had sent them, and made themselves houses : I overheard a fellow at his work say to his companion—‘ Before the earthquake I made my bed in the streets, now I shall have a house to live in.’—‘ This is too much,’ said I ; ‘ their misfortunes make this people happy, and I will stay no longer in their country.’—I descended to the banks of the Tagus ; there was a ship, whose canvass was loosed for sailing.—‘ She is an English ship,’ says a Galliego porter ; ‘ they are brave seamen, but damned tyrants on the quarter deck.’—‘ They pay well for what they have,’ says a boat-man, ‘ and I am going on board her with a cargo of lemons.’—I threw myself into the wherry, and entered the ship : The mariners were occupied with their work, and nobody questioned me why I was amongst them. The tide wafted us into the ocean and the night became tempestuous, the vessel laboured in the sea, and the morning brought no respite to our toil.—‘ Whither are you bound ?’ said I to the master.—‘ To hell,’ said he, ‘ for nothing but the devil ever drove at such a rate !’—The fellow’s voice was thunder ; the sailors sung in the storm, and the master’s oaths were louder than the waves ; the third day was a dead calm, and he swore louder than ever.—‘ If the winds were of this man’s making,’ thought I, ‘ he would not be content with them.’—A favourable breeze sprung up as if it had come at his calling.—‘ I thought it was coming,’ says he ; ‘ put her be-



fore the wind, it blows fair for our port.'—'But where is your port?' again I asked him.—'Sir,' says he, 'I can now answer your question as I should do; with God's leave I am bound to Bourdeaux; every thing at sea goes as it pleases God.' My heart sunk at the name of my native city. 'I was freighted,' added he, 'from London with a cargo of goods of all sorts for the poor sufferers by the earthquake; I shall load back with wine for my owners, and so help out a charitable voyage with some little profit, if it please God to bless our endeavours.—'Heyday!' thought I, 'how fair weather changes this fellow's note!'—'Lewis,' said he to a handsome youth, who stood at his elbow, 'we will now seek out this Monsieur Chaubert at Bourdeaux, and get payment of his bills on your account.—'Shew me your bills,' said I, 'for I am Chaubert.'—He produced them, and I saw my own name forged to bills in favour of the villain who had so treacherously dealt with me in the affair of the woman who was to have been my wife.—'Where is the wretch,' said I, 'who drew these forgeries?'—The youth burst into tears.—'He is my father,' he replied, and turned away.—'Sir,' says the master, 'I am not surprised to find this fellow a villain to you, for I was once a trader in affluence, and have been ruined by his means, and reduced to what you see me; but I forgive what he has done to me; I can earn a maintenance, and am as happy in my present hard employ, nay, happier than when I was rich and idle; but to defraud his own son proves him an unnatural rascal, and, if I had him here, I would hang him at the mizen yard.'

NUMBER XVI.  

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CHAUBERT'S narrative proceeds as follows:—  
“When the English master declared he was happier in his present hard service than in his former prosperity, and that he forgave the villain who had ruined him, I started with astonishment, and stood out of his reach, expecting every moment when his phrensy would break out; I looked him steadily in the face, and to my surprize saw no symptoms of madness there; there was no wandering in his eyes, and content of mind was impressed upon his features.—‘Are you in your senses,’ I demanded, ‘and can you forgive the villain?’—‘From my heart,’ answered he, ‘else how should I expect to be forgiven?’—His words struck me dumb; my heart tugged at my bosom; the blood rushed to my face. He saw my situation, and turned aside to give some orders to the sailors; after some minutes he resumed the conversation, and advancing towards me, in his rough familiar manner, said—‘It is my way, Mr. Chaubert, to forgive and forget, though to be sure the fellow deserves hanging for his treatment of this poor boy his son, who is as good a lad as ever lived, but as for father and mother’—  
‘Who is his mother? What was her name?’ I eagerly demanded. Her name had no sooner passed his lips, than I felt a shock through all my frame beyond that of electricity; I staggered as if with a sudden stroke, and caught hold of the barricade; an involuntary shriek burst from me, and I cried

out,—‘ That woman—Oh ! that woman’—‘ Was a devil,’ said the master, ‘ and if you knew but half the misery you have escaped, you would fall down upon your knees and thank God for the blessing : I have heard your story, Mr. Chaubert, and when a man is in love, do you see, he does not like to have his mistress taken from him ; but some things are better lost than found, and if this is all you have to complain of, take my word for it you complain of the luckiest hour in your whole life.’ He would have proceeded, but I turned from him without uttering a word, and, shutting myself into my cabin, surrendered myself to my meditations.

“ My mind was now in such a tumult, that I cannot recall my thoughts, much less put them into any order for relation : The ship, however, kept her course, and had now entered the mouth of the Garonne ; I landed on the quay of Bourdeaux : the master accompanied me, and young Lewis kept charge of the ship : The first object that met my view was a gibbet erected before the door of a merchant’s compting-house : The convict was kneeling on a scaffold ; whilst a friar was receiving his last confession ; his face was turned towards us ; the Englishman glanced his eye upon him, and instantly cried out,—‘ Look, look, Mr. Chaubert, the very man, as I am alive ; it is the father of young Lewis.’—The wretch had discovered us in the same moment, and called aloud—‘ Oh Chaubert ! Chaubert ! let me speak to you before I die !’—His yell was horror to my soul ; I lost the power of motion, and the crowd pushing towards the scaffold, thrust me forward to the very edge of it ; the friar ordered silence, and demanded of the wretch why he had called out so eagerly, and what he had farther to confess.

“ Father,’ replied the convict, ‘ this is the very

man, the very Chaubert of whom I was speaking ; he was the best of friends to me, and I repaid his kindness with the blackest treachery ; I seduced the woman of his affections from him, I married her, and because we dreaded his resentment, we conspired in an attempt upon his life by poison.'— He now turned to me and proceeded as follows :— ' You may remember, Chaubert, as we were supping together on the very evening of Louisa's elopement, she handed to you a glass of wine to drink to your approaching nuptials ; as you were lifting it to your lips, your favourite spaniel leaped upon your arm and dashed it on the floor ; in a sudden transport of passion, which you were addicted to, you struck the creature with violence, and laid it dead at your feet. It was the saving moment of your life—the wine was poisoned, inevitable death was in the draught, and the animal you killed was God's instrument for preserving you ; reflect upon the event, subdue your passions, and practise resignation : Father, I have no more to confess ! I die repentant : Let the executioner do his office.' ”

Here ends the diary of Chaubert.

I do not mean to expose my ideas to ingenious ridicule by maintaining that every thing happens to every man for the best, but I will contend, that he, who makes the best of it, fulfils the part of a wise and good man : Another thing may be safely advanced, namely, that man is not competent to decide upon the good or evil of many events, which befall him in his life, and we have authority to say, *Woe be to him that calls good evil, and evil good !* I could wish that the story of Chaubert, as I have given it, might make that impression upon any one of my readers, as it did upon me, when I received it ; and I could also wish, that I felt myself worthy to add it to the experience of many occurrences in



my own life, to which time and patience have given colours very different from those they wore upon their first appearance.

When men sink into despondency, or break out into rage upon adversities and misfortunes, it is no proof that Providence lays a heavier burden upon them than they can bear, because it is not clear that they have exerted all the possible resources of the soul.

The passions may be humoured till they become our masters, as a horse may be pampered till he gets the better of his rider ; but early discipline will prevent mutiny, and keep the helm in the hands of reason. If we put our children under restraint and correction, why should we, who are but children of a larger growth, be refractory and complain, when the Father of all things lays the wholesome correction of adversity on our heads ?

Amongst the fragments of Philemon, the comic poet, there is part of a dialogue preserved between a master and his servant, whose names are not given, which falls in with the subject I am speaking of ; these fragments have been collected from the works of the scholiasts and grammarians, and many of them have been quoted by the fathers of the Christian church, for the moral and pious maxims they contain ; I think the reader will not be displeased, if I occasionally present him with some specimens from these remains of the Greek comedy, and, for the present, conclude my paper with the following translation :—

*Servant.* ‘ Whilst you live, Sir, drive away sorrow ; it is the worst company a man can keep.’

*Master.* ‘ Whilst I live, sirrah ? why there is no living without it.’

*Servant.* ‘ Never tell me, Sir ; the wounds of the mind are not to be healed by the tears of the eyes :

If they were, who would be without the medicine? They would be the best family physic in nature; and if nothing but money would buy them, you could not pay too dearly for the purchase. But, alack-a-day, what do they avail? Weep, or weep not, this stubborn world of ours will have its way; sighing and groaning, take my word for it, is but labour lost.'

*Master.* 'Granted! for its use I will not contend, nor can you, as I take it, dispute its necessity: it is as natural for the eyes to shed tears in affliction, as for a tree to drop its leaves in autumn.'

*Servant.* 'That I deny; the necessity of evil I admit, but not the necessity of bewailing it. Mark how your maxims and mine differ: you meet misfortune in the way, I let misfortune meet me: there are too many evils in life that no man's wisdom can avoid; but he is no wise man who multiplies too many by more: now my philosophy teaches me that amongst all the evils you complain of, there is no evil so great as your complaint itself: why it drives a man out of his senses, out of his health, nay, at last, out of the world; so shall it not me: if misfortune will come, I cannot help it, but if lamentation follows it, that is my fault; and a fool of his own making, my good master, is a fool, indeed.'

*Master.* 'Say you so, sirrah? Now I hold your insensibility to be of the nature of a brute; my feelings I regard as the prerogative of a man; thus, although we differ widely in our practice, each acts up to his proper character.'

*Servant.* 'If I am of the nature of a brute, because I fear the gods and submit to their will, the gods forgive me! If it be the prerogative of a man, to say I will not bear misfortunes, I will not submit to the decrees of the gods, let the gods answer that for themselves; I am apt to think it is no great

mark of courage to despair, nor any sure proof of weakness to be content. If a man were to die of a disappointment, how the vengeance does it come to pass that any body is left alive? You may, if you think well of it, counteract the designs of the gods, and turn their intended blessings into actual misfortunes, but I do not think their work will be mended by your means; you may, if you please, resent it with a high hand, if your mother, or your son, or your friend should take the liberty to die, when you wish them to live; but to me it appears a natural event, which no man can keep off from his own person, or that of any other; you may, if you think it worth your while, be very miserable when this woman miscarries, or that woman is brought to bed: you may torment yourself because your mother has a cough, or your mistress drops a tear; in short, you may send yourself out of the world with sorrow, but I think it better to stay my time in it and be happy.'

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## NUMBER XVII.

---

I MENTIONED in my seventh paper that I had a card from Vanessa inviting me to a *Feast of Reason*. I confess I was very curious to know what the nature of this feast might be; and having been since favoured with a second invitation, I shall take the liberty of relating what I saw and heard at that lady's assembly.

The celebrated Vanessa has been either a beauty, or a wit all her life long; and of course has a better plea for vanity than falls to most women's share;

her vanity also is in itself more excusable for the pleasing colours it sometimes throws upon her character: it gives the spring to charity, good-nature, affability; it makes her splendid, hospitable, facetious; carries her into all the circles of fine people, and crowds all the fine people into hers; it starts a thousand whimsical caprices that furnish employment to the arts, and it has the merit of opening her doors and her purse to the sons of science; in short, it administers protection to all descriptions and degrees of genius, from the manufacturer of a tooth-pick, to the author of an epic poem: it is a vanity, that is a sure box at an author's first night, and a sure card at a performer's benefit; it pays well for a dedication, and stands for six copies upon a subscriber's list. Vanessa in the centre of her own circle sits like the statue of the Athenian Minerva, incensed with the breath of philosophers, poets, painters, orators, and every votarist of art, science, or fine speaking. It is in her academy, young noviciates try their wit, and practise panegyric; no one like Vanessa can break in a young lady to the poetics, and teach her Pegasus to carry a side-saddle: she can make a mathematician quote Pindar, a master in chancery write novels, or a Birmingham hardware-man stamp rhymes as fast as buttons.

As I came rather before the modern hour of visiting, I waited some time in her room before any of the company appeared; several new publications on various subjects were lying on her table; they were stitched in blue paper, and most of them fresh from the press; in some she had stuck small scraps of paper, as if to mark where she had left off reading; in others she had doubled down certain pages, seemingly for the same purpose. At last, a meagre little man, with a most satirical countenance,



was ushered in, and took his seat in a corner of the room; he eyed me attentively for some time through his spectacles, and at last accosted me in the following words: 'You are looking at these books, Sir; I take for granted they are newly published.'—'I believe they are,' I replied. 'I thought so,' says he. 'Then you may depend upon it their authors will be here by and by; you may always know what company you are to expect in this house by the books upon the table: it is in this way Vanessa has got all her wit and learning, not by reading, but by making authors believe she reads their works, and by thus tickling their vanity she sends so many heralds into the world to cry up her fame to the skies; it is a very pretty finesse, and saves a world of time for better amusements.' He had no sooner said this, than Vanessa entered the room, and, whilst I was making a most profound reverence, I beheld something approaching to me, which looked like columns and arches and porticos in the perspective of a playhouse scene; as I raised my eyes and examined it a little closer, I recognized the ruins of Palmyra embroidered in coloured silks upon Vanessa's petticoat. It was the first visit I had ever paid, and Vanessa not being ready with my name, I made a silent obeisance, and receiving a smile in return, retreated to my chair: my friend said a great many smart things upon the ruins of Palmyra, which Vanessa on her part contended to be a very proper emblem for an old woman in decay, who had seen better days; the wit replied, that instead of Palmyra, it ought to have been Athens, and then she would have been equipped from head to foot in character. Vanessa smiled, but maintained the propriety of her choice, bidding him observe, 'that though she carried a city upon her back that city all the world knew was planted

on a desert." She now addressed herself to me, and in the most gracious manner asked me when I hoped to put my project into execution; I answered in about two months, thinking she alluded to the publication of these papers, a circumstance I knew she was informed of. 'Well, I protest,' says Vanessa, 'I envy you the undertaking, and wish I could find courage enough to accompany you.' I assured her there was nothing in the world would make me so happy as her assistance, and that I was confident it would ensure success to my undertaking. 'There you flatter me,' says she, 'for I should do nothing but look after shells and corals and the palaces of the Tritons and Naiads, if I was to go down with you.'—Here I began to stare most egregiously.—'But, after all,' added she, 'will your diving bell carry double?' This luckless diving bell was such an unexpected plunge to me, that if I had been actually in it, I could scarce have been more hampered; so I thought it was better to remain under water, and wait till the real artist came in to set the mistake to rights: this, however, my neighbour with the spectacles would not allow of, for suspecting the *mal-entendu*, he began to question me how long I could stay under water, and whether I could see distinctly; he then took a pamphlet from the table, and spreading out a large engraved plan of a diving-bell, desired me to inform him how I managed those pipes and conductors of air; all this while he was sily enjoying my confusion, till I summoned resolution to apprise Vanessa of her mistake; this produced a thousand polite apologies on her part—'But these wretched eyes of mine,' says she, 'are for ever betraying me into blunders.'—'That is a pity, indeed,' replied the wit, 'for they illuminate every body else: but if they betray their owner,' adds he, 'it is God's

revenge against murder.' Several literati now entered the room, to whom Vanessa made her compliments, particularly to a blind old gentleman, whom she conducted to his chair with great humanity, and immediately began talking to him of his discoveries and experiments on the microscope. 'Ah! Madam,' replied the minute philosopher, 'those researches are now over; something might have been done, if my eyes had held out, but I lost my sight just as I had discovered the generation of mites; but this I can take on myself to pronounce, that they are an oviparous race.—' Be content,' replied Vanessa, 'there is a blessing upon him who throws even a *mite* into the treasury of science.' The philosopher then proceeded to inform her, that he had begun some curious dissections of the eye of a mole, but that his own would not serve him to complete them: 'If I could have proceeded in them,' says he, 'I am verily persuaded I could have brought him to his eye-sight by the operation of couching; and now,' says he, 'I am engaged in a new discovery, in which I mean to employ none but persons under the like misfortune with myself.'—So interesting a discovery raised my curiosity, as well as Vanessa's, to inquire into it, and methought even the wit in the spectacles had a fellow-feeling in the subject: 'It is a powder, Madam,' added the philosopher, 'which I have prepared for destroying vermin on fruit trees, and even ants in the West Indies; I confess to you,' says he, 'it is fatal to the eye-sight, for I am persuaded I owe the loss of mine to it, rather than to the eggs of mites, or the couching of moles; and accordingly I propose that this powder shall be blown through bellows of my own inventing by none but men who are stone-blind; it will be very easy for your gardener, or overseer of your plantations, to lead them up

to their work, and then leave them to perform it ; for the dust is so subtle, that it is scarce possible to invent a cover for the eyes, that can secure them against it. I believe,' added he, ' I have some of it in my pocket, and if you have any flies or spiders in the room, I will soon convince you of its efficacy by an experiment before your eyes.' Vanessa eagerly assured him there was no such thing in her room, and drawing her chair to a distance, begged him not to trouble himself with any experiment at present.

There sat an ordinary woman in a black cloak by the fire side, with her feet upon the fender and her knees up, who seemed employed upon a cushion or pillow, which she kept concealed under her apron, without once looking at the work she was upon. ' You have read of the Witch of Endor,' said she to me, (observing I had fixed my eyes upon her,) ' I am a descendant of that old lady's, and can raise the dead as well as she could.'—Immediately she put aside her apron, and produced a head moulded in wax so strikingly like my deceased friend, the father of Calliope, that the shock it gave me was too apparent to escape her.—' You knew this brave fellow, I perceive,' says she ; ' England never owned a better officer ; he was my hero, and every line in his face is engraved in my heart.'—' What must it be in mine ?' I answered, and turned away to a circle of people, who had collected themselves round a plain, but venerable, old man, and were very attentive to his discourse : he spoke with great energy, and in the most chosen language ; nobody yet attempted to interrupt him, and his words rolled not with the shallow impetuosity of a torrent, but deeply and fluently, like the copious current of the Nile : he took up the topic of religion in his course, and, though palsy



shook his head, he looked so terrible in Christian armour, and dealt his stroke with so much force and judgement, that Infidelity, in the persons of several petty skirmishers, sneaked away from before him. One little fellow, however, had wriggled his chair nearer and nearer to him, and kept baying at him whilst he was speaking, perpetually crying out—‘ Give me leave to observe—not to interrupt you, Sir,—That is extremely well, but in answer to what you say.’—All this had been going on without any attention or stop on the part of the speaker, whose eyes never once lighted on the company, till the little fellow, growing out of all patience, walked boldly up to him, and catching hold of a button somewhere above the waistband of his breeches, with a sudden twitch checked the moving-spring of his discourse, and much to my regret brought it to a full stop. The philosopher looked about for the insect that annoyed him, and having at last eyed him, as it were askance, demanded what it was provoked him to impatience.—‘ Have I said any thing, good Sir, that you do not comprehend?—‘ No, no,’ replied he, ‘ I perfectly well comprehend every word you have been saying,—‘ Do you so, Sir,’ said the philosopher, ‘ then I heartily ask pardon of the company for misemploying their time so egregiously’—and stalked away without waiting for an answer.

Vanessa had now recollected or inquired my name, and in a very gracious manner repeated her excuses for mistaking me for the diver.—‘ But if the old saying holds good,’ adds she, ‘ that truth lies at the bottom of a well, I dare say you will not scruple to dive for it, so I hope I have not given you a dishonourable occupation.’ I was endeavouring at a reply, when the wit in the spectacles came up to us and whispered Vanessa in the ear,

that the true diving-bell was in yonder corner; she immediately turned that way, and as she passed whispered a young lady loud enough for me to hear her—‘My dear, I am in your third volume.’—The girl bowed her head, and by the Arcadian grace that accompanied it, I took it for granted she was a Novelist.

I now joined a cluster of people, who had crowded round an actress who sat upon a sofa, leaning on her elbow in a pensive attitude, and seemed to be counting the sticks of her fan, whilst they were vying with each other in the most extravagant encomiums.—‘You was adorable last night in *Belvidera*,’ says a pert young parson with a high toupee; ‘I sat in Lady Blubber’s box, and I can assure you she and her daughters too wept most bitterly; but then that charming mad scene, by my soul it was a *chef d’œuvre*; pray, Madam, give me leave to ask you, was you really in your senses?’—‘I strove to do it as well as I could,’ answered the actress. ‘Do you intend to play comedy next season?’ says a lady, stepping up to her with great eagerness.—‘I shall do as the manager bids me,’ she replied. ‘I should be curious to know,’ says an elderly lady, which part, Madam, you yourself esteem the best you play?’—‘I always endeavour to make that which I am about the best.’ An elegant young woman of fashion now took her turn of interrogatory, and with many apologies begged to be informed by her, if she studied those enchanting looks and attitudes before a glass?—‘I never study any thing but my author.’—‘Then you practise them in rehearsals?’ rejoined the questioner.—‘I seldom rehearse at all,’ replied the actress. ‘She has fine eyes,’ says a tragic poet to an eminent painter, ‘what modest dignity they bear, what awful penetration! mark how they play in those

deep sockets, like diamonds in the mine! whilst that commanding brow moves over them like a cloud, and carries storm or sun-shine, as the deity within directs: she is the child of Nature, or, if you will allow me the expression, Nature herself; for she is in all things original; in pity, or in terror, penitent or presumptuous, famished, mad, or dying, she is her author's thought personified; and if this nation, which fashion now nails by the ears to the shameful pillory of an Italian opera, shall ever be brought back to a true relish of its native drama, that woman will have the merit of their reformation.' This rhapsody was received with great tranquillity by the painter, who coolly replied—'All that is very well, but where will you see finer attitudes, than in an opera dance, or more picturesque draperies, than in a masquerade? Every man for his own art.' Vanessa now came up, and desiring leave to introduce a young muse to Melpomene, presented a girl in a white frock with a fillet of flowers twined round her hair, which hung down her back in flowing curls; the young muse made a low obeisance in the style of an Oriental salam, and with the most unembarrassed voice and countenance, whilst the poor actress was covered with blushes, and suffering torture from the eyes of all the room, broke forth as follows:—

Oh thou whom Nature's goddess calls her own,  
Pride of the stage and favourite of the town —

—But I can proceed no further, for if the plague had been in the house, I should not have run away from it more eagerly than I did from Miss and her poetry.

## NUMBER XVIII.

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LEONTINE is one of those purse-proud humourists, who profess to speak what they think—For why? he is independent and fears no man. If you complain of an affront from Leontine, you are sure to be told—‘That is his way, that is so like Leontine, you must take him as he is.’—In short there are certain savages in society, who seem to have a patent for their brutality, and he is one.

I often think I can give a good guess at the temper of the master by the servants' looks; in Leontine's family it is strongly marked; I was let in the other day by a staring half-starved fellow, fresh from the country, who was out of his wits for fear, not knowing whether he was to say his master was at home or abroad. Whilst he stood gaping with the door half-opened in his hand, a voice roared out from the parlour, ‘Who is there?’ Upon which he slapped the street-door in my face and ran to his master. As I was quietly walking away, he followed me up the street and told me to come back, for his master would see me. I found Leontine in a fit of the gout, his wife on her knees wrapping flannel round his foot; it mortified me to see how much the world is governed by the abject principle of fear, for the assiduity with which this bashaw was waited upon by his wife and servants was surprising. After having cursed the gout, damned his servants, and scolded his wife for her awkwardness in swathing his foot, he began to rave about the state of the nation, crying out to me every now and then—‘A fine pass you have brought things to at



last ; I always told you how it would be, but you would not believe me, and now you are ruined, bankrupt, and undone to the devil ; I thought what it would come to with your damned American war.' —I told him I had nothing to do with politics, and knew very little of the matter.—' That's true,' says he, ' I understand you are writing a book, and going to turn author. You know I am your friend, and always speak my mind, therefore I must tell you, you will repent of what you are about. Cannot you let the world alone ? Is it in your power to make it better ? Can the devil make it worse ? Why I could write a book if I pleased, but I scorn it ; nay, I was fool enough to do it once, from a silly principle of good-will to my country ; and what was the consequence ? Why, after proving as plain as two and two make four, that we were no longer a nation, that we were broken, baffled, defeated, and upon the eve of being a province to France—after having proved all this, d'ye see, for the good of my country, what was my reward, think you, but to be abused, vilified, posted in the rascally newspapers, who threw the twelfth of April in my teeth, and set the people's heads a madding contrary to all sense and reason, though I had been at the pains of convincing them how foolish all such hopes were, and that there was not a chance left, though miracles should be wrought in their favour, of any possible salvation for this devoted kingdom.'

As Leontine is one of those *pro* and *con* reasoners, who handle their own argument in their own way by question and answer, and know what their opponent has to offer before he has uttered three words, I always leave him a clear stage to fight out the subject by himself as he can ; so that he proceeded without interruption to put a number of questions, to which he regularly made responses ;

and, though these were the very opposite to what I should probably have given, I let them pass without contradiction, till there was a stop to the torrent by the introduction of a stranger, who, after telling Leontine his name, proceeded to say he had a little necessary business to settle with him, which he should take the liberty to explain in a very few words. This stranger was a little, meagre, consumptive man, far advanced in years, of an aspect remarkably meek and humble, so that it was not without surprise I heard him begin as follows:— ‘I wait upon you, Sir, to demand full satisfaction and atonement for an injury you have done to my character, by the basest lie that ever man uttered, and which if you do not disavow in as public a manner as you reported it, I shall expect you will immediately answer my challenge, as there is no other mode of redressing wrongs of so insidious a nature.’ When this gentleman announced his name and description, I found he was a general officer, who had been upon an unsuccessful command in the course of the war; and that Leontine, in one of his political rhapsodies, had treated his character according to his custom with great scurrility; this had unluckily passed in the hearing of a friend of the General’s who had endeavoured to stop Leontine in time, but not being able so to do, had made report to his friend of what had been said of him in his absence. As he fixed his eyes upon Leontine in expectation of his answer, I observed his cheeks, which before were of a ruddy scarlet, turn to a deep purple, which gradually turned into a livid tawny; fear so transformed his features, that the flying soldier in Le Brun’s battle was not a more perfect model of horror: his lips, which so lately thundered out vengeance and anathemas against the whole host of critics, magazine-mongers, news-

writers, and reviewers, with all their devils, runners, and retainers, now quivered without the power of utterance, till at last a gentle murmuring voice was heard to say, 'General, if I have given you offence, I am very sorry for it, but I suspect that what I said must have been unfairly stated, else'—Here the little gentleman immediately interrupted him, by saying, 'This excuse affects the veracity of my friend; I shall therefore take the liberty of calling him into your room, which I did not chuse to do in the first instance, not knowing you had any body with you; but if this gentleman will have the goodness to stand in place of your referee, on the occasion, I will bring my witness face to face, who will testify to the very words you spoke.' This was no sooner said than done; for the friend was in the passage, and in the most precise terms asserted the truth of his information. 'And now, Sir,' resumed the General, 'give me leave to say, there is not a man in England more abhors a personal quarrel than I do, but I make it my study to give no offence, and both my reputation and my profession indispensably oblige me not to put up with insult from any man. There is no alternative, therefore, left to either of us, but for you to sign this paper, which I shall use as I see fit in my own vindication, or turn out; I am very sorry for it; it is an unhappy custom, but if any occasion can justify it, I take the present to be one.' Having so said, he tendered the paper to Leontine, with as much politeness and address, as if he had been delivering a petition to the commander-in-chief.

The intimidated boaster took the paper with a trembling hand, and throwing his eye over it, begged to know if it might not be mitigated in some particulars. 'I should be very glad to oblige you,' said the General, 'in what you wish, but they are

my words, and as I generally think before I speak or write, I am not in the habit of unsaying any thing I assert; you must, therefore, sign to all or none.'— 'If it must be so, it must,' said Leontine, with a sigh, and took the pen. 'Stop, Sir, if you please,' interposed the General, 'I would know of this gentleman, if he has any thing to offer on your behalf, why you should not sign that paper.' I answered, that I had nothing to offer in the case; upon which Leontine put his name to the paper. 'Sir,' said the General, 'I am perfectly satisfied, and beg your pardon for the trouble I have given you; I am persuaded you are not a person who can injure my character, and this paper is of no farther use.'—So saying, he threw it into the fire; having made his bow to Leontine, and wishing me a good morning, took his friend under the arm, and coolly walked out of the house. As I was suspicious Leontine's courage might return after his departure, I thought it best to follow his example, and, taking up my hat, left the mortified bashaw to his meditations, well satisfied to find an example in confirmation of my opinion—*That a bully at home is a coward abroad.*

As I walked along, meditating on what had passed, a doubt for the first time arose in my mind, as to the practice of duelling, and I began to think there might be certain advantages accruing to society, which, if the immorality of the action could be dispensed with, might possibly balance the evils so evidently to be set against them. On the one side I saw, in all its horrors, the untimely catastrophe of a father, husband, son, or brother, hurried out of life, and made the sacrifice of a savage fashion, which the world calls honour. On the other part, I reflected within myself what the state of manners might probably be reduced to, and how much society would suffer, if such overbearing insolent characters as Leontine were not held in restraint by



those personal considerations, which owe their influence to the practice of duelling. To their wives, servants, and dependent inferiors, from whom no resentment is to be apprehended, these tyrants are insupportable; to society in general they are offensive as far as they dare; it is not shame, nor a respect to good manners in any degree, nor the fear of the laws, which stop them, for none of these considerations affect them; neither is it the unarmed hand of man that can correct them, for these brutal natures are commonly endowed with brutal strength, and Leontine would no more have feared his puny antagonist without a weapon, than I should stand in awe of an infant. If these creatures, thought I, were let loose upon society, and we had nothing but our fists to keep them in order, the proverb would be literally made good, and the weakest must go to the wall; but that same lucky invention of gunpowder levels the strong with the feeble, and puts all who bear the character of a gentleman upon the same line of defence. If blows were to be exchanged with impunity, and foul language was to be endured without account, we should be a nation of rabble. It seems, therefore, as if nothing more were to be wished, than for certain mitigations of this terrible resource, which must ultimately depend upon the voluntary magnanimity of those who are compelled to resort to it: What I mean is, to express a wish that gentlemen would think it no derogation from their honour to acknowledge an error, or ask pardon for an offence; and, as it can very rarely happen but that one party must to his own conviction be in the fault, it seems to follow, that all those affairs of honour, that can be done away by an apology, might, by manly and ingenuous characters, be prevented from extremities. As to injuries of that deep nature, which, according to the infirmity of human ideas, we are apt

to call inexpiable, I presume not to give an opinion ; and, in the aggravating instance of a blow, I have only to lament that the sufferer has to expose his person to equal danger with the offender. Though some unhappy instances of frivolous duels have lately occurred, I cannot think that it is the vice of the times to be fond of quarrelling ; the manners of our young men of distinction are certainly not of that cast, and, if it lies with any of the present age, it is with those half-made-up gentry, who force their way into half-price plays in boots and spurs, and are clamorous in the passages of the front boxes in a crowded theatre. I have with much concern observed this to be an increasing nuisance, and have often wished those turbulent spirits to be better employed, and that they had dismounted from their horses either a little sooner, or not so soon. But it is not by reasoning these gentlemen will be taught to correct their behaviour.

I would seriously recommend to my readers of all descriptions, to keep a careful watch upon their tempers, when they enter into argumentation and dispute ; let them be assured that, by their management of themselves on such occasions, they are to decide their characters ; and whether they are to pass as men of education, temper, and politeness, or as illiterate, hot, and ill-bred blockheads, will depend upon their conduct in this particular. If the following short and obvious maxims were attended to, I think animosities would be avoided and conversation amended.

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‘ Every man who enters into a dispute with another, whether he starts it, or only takes it up, should hear with patience what his opponent in the argument has to offer in support of the opinion he advances.

- ‘ Every man who gives a controverted opinion, ought to lay it down with as much conciseness, temper, and precision, as he can.
- ‘ An argument once confuted should never be repeated, nor tortured into any other shape by sophistry and quibble.
- ‘ No jest, pun, or witticism, tending to turn an opponent or his reasoning into ridicule, or raise a laugh at his expence, ought by any means to be attempted; for this is an attack upon the temper, not an address to the reason of a disputant.
- ‘ No two disputants should speak at the same time, nor any man overpower another by superiority of lungs, or the loudness of a laugh, or the sudden burst of an exclamation.
- ‘ It is an indispensable preliminary to all disputes, that oaths are no arguments.
- ‘ If any disputant slaps his hand upon the table, let him be informed that such an action does not clinch his argument, and is only pardonable in a blacksmith, or a butcher.
- ‘ If any disputant offers a wager, it is plain he has nothing else to offer, and there the dispute should end.
- ‘ Any gentleman who speaks above the natural key of his voice, casts an imputation on his own courage; for cowards are loudest when they are out of danger.
- ‘ Contradictions are no arguments, nor any expressions to be made use of, such as—*That I deny—There you are mistaken—That is impossible*—or any of the like blunt assertions, which only irritate, and do not elucidate.
- ‘ The advantages of rank and fortune are no advantages in argumentation; neither is an inferior to offer, or a superior to extort, the submission of the understanding on such occasions; for every

man's reason has the same pedigree; it begins and ends with himself.

- ' If a man disputes in a provincial dialect, or trips in his grammar, or (being Scotch or Irish) uses national expressions, provided they convey his meaning to the understanding of his opponent, it is a foolish jest to turn them into ridicule, for a man can only express his ideas in such language as he is master of.
- ' Let the disputant who confutes another, forbear from triumph; forasmuch as he, who increases his knowledge by conviction, gains more in the contest than he who converts another to his opinion; and the triumph more becomes the conquered, than the conqueror.
- ' Let every disputant make truth the only object of his controversy, and, whether it be of his own finding, or of any other man's bestowing, let him think it worth his acceptance, and entertain it accordingly.'

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NUMBER XIX.

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THE following story is so extraordinary, that, if I had not had it from good authority, in the country where it happened, I should have considered it as the invention of some poet for the fable of a drama.

A Portuguese gentleman, whom I shall beg leave to describe no otherwise than by the name of Don Juan, was lately brought to trial for poisoning his half-sister by the same father, after she was with child by him. This gentleman had, for some years



before his trial, led a very solitary life at his castle, in the neighbourhood of Montremos, a town on the road between Lisbon and Badajos, the frontier garrison of Spain: I was shown his castle, as I passed through that dismal country, about a mile distant from the road, in a bottom, surrounded with cork-trees, and never saw a more melancholy habitation. The circumstances which made against this gentleman were so strong, and the story was in such general circulation in the neighbourhood where he lived, that, although he laid out the greatest part of a considerable income in acts of charity, nobody ever entered his gates to thank him for his bounty, or solicit relief, except one poor father, of the Jeronymite convent in Montremos, who was his confessor, and acted as his almoner at discretion.

A charge of so black a nature, involving the crime of incest as well as murder, at length reached the ears of justice, and a commission was sent to Montremos, to make inquiry into the case: the supposed criminal made no attempt to escape, but readily attended the summons of the commissioners. Upon the trial it came out, from the confession of the prisoner, as well as from the deposition of witnesses, that Don Juan had lived from his infancy in the family of a rich merchant at Lisbon, who carried on a considerable trade and correspondence in the Brazils; Don Juan being allowed to take this merchant's name, it was generally supposed that he was his natural son, and a clandestine affair of love having been carried on between him and the merchant's daughter Josepha, who was an only child, she became pregnant, and a medicine being administered to her by the hands of Don Juan, she died in a few hours after, with all the symptoms of a person who had taken poison. The mother of the young lady survived her but a few days, and the

father threw himself into a convent of mendicants, making over by deed of gift the whole of his property to the supposed murderer.

In this account there seemed a strange obscurity of facts ; for some made strongly to the crimination of Don Juan, and the last mentioned circumstance was of so contradictory a nature, as to throw the whole into perplexity ; and, therefore, to compel the prisoner to a further elucidation of the case, it was thought proper to interrogate him by torture.

Whilst this was preparing, Don Juan, without betraying the least alarm upon what was going forward, told his judges that it would save them and himself some trouble, if they would receive his confession upon certain points, to which he should truly speak, but beyond which all the tortures in the world could not force one syllable : he said that he was not the son, as it was supposed, of the merchant with whom he lived, nor allied to the deceased Josepha, any otherwise than by the tenderest ties of mutual affection and a promise of marriage, which, however, he acknowledged had not been solemnized : that he was the son of a gentleman of considerable fortune in the Brazils, who left him an infant, to the care of the merchant in question ; that the merchant, for reasons best known to himself, chose to call him by his own name, and this being done in his infancy, he was taught to believe that he was an orphan youth, the son of a distant relation of the person who adopted him ; he begged his judges therefore to observe, that he never understood Josepha to be his sister ; that as to her being with child by him, he acknowledged it, and prayed God forgiveness for an offence, which it had been his intention to repair, by marrying her ; that with respect to the medicine, he certainly did give it to her with his own hands, for that she was sick in consequence of

her pregnancy, and, being afraid of creating alarm or suspicion in her parents, had required him to order certain drugs from an apothecary, as if for himself, which he accordingly did: and he verily believed they were faithfully mixed, inasmuch as he stood by the man whilst he prepared the medicine, and saw every ingredient separately put in.

The judges thereupon asked him, if he would take it on his conscience to say, that the lady did not die by poison. Don Juan bursting into tears, for the first time, answered, to his eternal sorrow he knew that she did die by poison.—Was that poison contained in the medicine she took?—It was.—Did he impute the crime of mixing the poison in the medicine to the apothecary, or did he take it on himself?—Neither the apothecary, nor himself, was guilty.—Did the lady, from a principle of shame, he was then asked, commit the act of suicide, and infuse the poison without his knowledge?—He started into horror at the question, and took God to witness, that she was innocent of the deed.

The judges seemed now confounded, and for a time abstained from any further interrogatories, debating the matter amongst themselves by whispers: when one of them observed to the prisoner, that, according to his confession, he had said she did die by poison, and yet, by the answers he had now given, it should seem as if he meant to acquit every person on whom suspicion could possibly rest; there was, however, one interrogatory left, which, unnatural as it was, however, he would put to him, for form's sake only, before they proceeded to greater extremities, and that question involved the father or mother of the lady.—Did he mean to impute the horrid intention of murdering their child to the parents?—‘No,’ replied the prisoner, in a

firm tone of voice, 'I am certain no such intention ever entered the hearts of the unhappy parents, and I should be the worst of sinners if I imputed it to them.'—The judges, upon this, declare with one voice that he was trifling with the court, and gave orders for the rack; they would, however, for the last time demand of him, if he knew who it was that did poison Josepha: to which he answered without hesitation, that he did know, but that no tortures should force him to declare it; as to life, he was weary of it, and they might dispose of it as they saw fit; he could not die in greater tortures than he had lived.

They now took this peremptory recusant, and stripping him of his upper garments, laid him on the rack; a surgeon was called in, who kept his fingers on his pulse; and the executioners were directed to begin their tortures; they had given him one severe stretch by ligatures fixed to the extremities and passed over the axle, which was turned by a windlass; the strain upon his muscles and joints by the action of this infernal engine was dreadful, and Nature spoke her sufferings by a horrid crash in every limb; and sweat started in large drops upon his face and bosom, yet the man was firm amidst the agonies of the machine, not a groan escaped, and the fiend, who was superintendant of the hellish work, declared they might increase his tortures upon the next tug, for that his pulse had not varied a stroke, nor abated of its strength in the smallest degree.

The tormentors had now began a second operation with more violence than the former, which their devilish ingenuity had contrived to vary so as to extort acuter pains from the application of the engine, to parts that had not yet had their full share of the first agony; when suddenly a monk rushed



into the chamber, and called out to the judges to desist from torturing that innocent man, and take the confession of the murderer from his own lips. Upon a signal from the judges, the executioners let go the engine at once, and the joints snapped audibly into their sockets with the elasticity of a bow. Nature sunk under the revulsion, and Don Juan fainted on the rack. The monk immediately with a loud voice exclaimed—"Inhuman wretches, delegates of hell and agents to the devil, make ready your engine for the guilty, and take off your bloody hands from the innocent, for behold! (and so saying he threw back his cowl) behold the father and the murderer of Josepha!"

The whole assembly started with astonishment: the judges stood aghast, and even the demons of torture rolled their eyeballs on the monk with horror and dismay.

'If you are willing, says he to the judges, 'to receive my confession, whilst your tormentors are preparing their rack for the vilest criminal ever stretched upon it, hear me! If not, set your engine to work without further inquiry, and glut your appetites with human agonies, which once in your lives you may now inflict with justice.'

'Proceed,' said the senior judge.

'That guiltless sufferer who now lies insensible before my eyes,' said the monk, 'is the son of an excellent father who was once my dearest friend: he was confided to my charge, being then an infant, and my friend followed his fortunes to our settlements in the Brazils: he resided there twenty years without visiting Portugal once in the time; he remitted to me many sums of money on his son's account; at this time a hellish thought arose in my mind, which the distress of my affairs, and a passion for extravagance inspired, of converting the pro-

perty of my charge to my own account ; I imparted these suggestions to my unhappy wife, who is now at her account ; let me do her justice to confess she withstood them firmly for a time ; still fortune frowned upon me, and I was sinking in my credit every hour ; ruin stared me in the face, and nothing stood between me and immediate disgrace, but this infamous expedient.

‘ At last, persuasion, menaces, and the impending pressure of necessity conquered her virtue, and she acceded to the fraud. We agreed to adopt the infant as the orphan son of a distant relation of our own name ; I maintained a correspondence with his father, by letters pretending to be written by the son, and I supported my family in a splendid extravagance by the assignments I received from the Brazils. At length, the father of Don Juan died, and by will bequeathed his fortune to me in failure of his son and his heirs. I had already advanced so far in guilt, that the temptation of this contingency met no resistance in my mind, and I determined upon removing this bar to my ambition, and proposed to my wife to secure the prize that fortune had hung within our reach, by the assassination of the heir. She revolted from the idea with horror, and for some time her thoughts remained in so disturbed a state, that I did not think it prudent to renew the attack : after some time the agent of the deceased arrived in Lisbon from the Brazils, and as he was privy to my correspondence, it became necessary for me to discover to Don Juan who he was, and also what fortune he was entitled to. In this crisis threatened with shame and detection on one hand, and tempted by avarice, pride, and the devil on the other, I won over my reluctant wife to a participation of my crime, and we mixed that dose with poison, which we believed was intended

for Don Juan, but which, in fact, was destined for our only child: she took it; Heaven discharged its vengeance on our heads, and we saw our daughter expire in agonies before our eyes, with the bitter aggravation of a double murder, for the child was alive within her. Are there words in language to express our lamentations? Are there tortures in the reach of even your invention to compare with those we felt? Wonderful were the struggles of nature in the heart of our expiring child: she bewailed us; she consoled, nay, she even forgave us. To Don Juan we made immediate confession of our guilt, and conjured him to inflict that punishment upon us, which justice demanded, and our crimes deserved. It was in this dreadful moment that our daughter with her last breath, by the most solemn adjurations, exacted and obtained a promise from Don Juan not to expose her parents to a public execution by disclosing what had passed. Alas! alas! we see too plainly how he kept his word: Behold, he lies a martyr to honour! your infernal tortures have destroyed him—'

No sooner had the monk pronounced these words in a loud and furious tone, than the wretched Don Juan drew a sigh; a second would have followed, but Heaven no longer could tolerate the agonies of innocence, and stopped his heart for ever.

The monk then fixed his eyes upon him, ghastly with terror, and as he stretched out his mangled limbs at life's last gasp—'Accursed monsters!' he exclaimed, 'may God requite his murder on your souls at the great day of judgement! His blood be on your heads, ye ministers of darkness! For me, if heavenly vengeance is not yet appeased by my contrition, in the midst of flames my aggrieved soul will find some consolation in the thought, that you partake its torments.'

Having uttered this in a voice scarce human, he plunged a knife to his heart, and whilst his blood spouted on the pavement, dropped dead upon the body of Don Juan, and expired without a groan.

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NUMBER XX.

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*Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?*

HOR. ARS POET. 138.

**I THINK** it is much to be lamented that our English newspapers have such an extensive circulation through Europe, unless proper means could be taken to restrain their excessive licentiousness. As few foreigners will believe any government so void of resource in this particular, they can no otherwise account for our not correcting these abuses of the press, but because we want the will and not the power. Amongst the causes that have lately operated to increase their circulation and success, I hope, for the honour of human nature, their licentiousness is not one; and yet it appears as if their encouragement had kept pace with their malignancy. If I had not experienced the bad effects they have upon the minds of people in other countries, I should not have thought such publications capable of such mischief. Though the conductors of them seem careless about consequences, I will not believe it was in their minds to do a deliberate injury to their country; but as they are not disposed to put a bridle on themselves, it were to be wished some prudent hand would do the office for them;



though I see the difficulty of finding such a curb as shall not gall the mouth of Freedom.

I am not at present disposed to be any longer serious on this subject, and, therefore, waving all the weightier matters of my charge, I shall take notice only of one ridiculous circumstance in which they abound, vulgarly called *puffing*.

I have been turning over some papers to find out the chief professors of this art, which I believe is now carried to its highest state of improvement: truth compels me to say, that with regret I have discovered several amongst them, who ought to have understood themselves better, but whilst there is hope they will amend, I am contented they should escape; at least I shall pass them over in silence, regarding them for the present as persons surprised into bad company, and chargeable with indiscretion rather than depravity.

Our advertising quacks or empirics are an ancient and numerous class of *Puffers*. A collision of rival interests occasions these gentlemen to run foul of each other in their general undertakings, and betrays their natural modesty into a warmer style of colouring their own merits, than the liberal study of physic and the public-spirited principle on which they pretend to act, would otherwise warrant: If the candid reader can find an excuse for them in their zeal and anxiety to recommend the blessings which they offer to mankind, I will not impede the plea. A foolish partiality some people still have for physicians regularly bred, and a squeamish unwillingness to repair to back-doors and blind alleys for relief, oblige them to use strong words to combat strong prejudices. But though they are at some pains to convince us that our bills of natural deaths might be all comprised under the single article of old age, there is yet here and there an

obstinate man, who will die *felo de se* before the age of threescore years and ten.

Whilst the sages are *puffing* off our distempers in one page, the auctioneers are *puffing* off our property in another. If this island of ours is to be credited for their description of it, it must pass for a terrestrial paradise; it makes an English ear tingle to hear of the boundless variety of lawns, groves, and parks; lakes, rivers, and rivulets; decorated farms and fruitful gardens; superb and matchless collections of pictures, jewels, plate, furniture, and equipages; town-houses and country-houses; hot-houses and ice-houses; observatories and conservatories; offices attached and detached: with all the numerous *et cæteras* that glitter down the columns of our public prints. Numerous as these are, it is less a matter of surprise with me where purchasers are found, than why any one, whose necessities are not his reason, will be a vender of such enchanting possessions. Though a man's caprice may be tired of a beautiful object long enjoyed, yet when he sees an old acquaintance dressed out in new colours, and glowing in a flowery description of these luxuriant writers, I should expect that this affection would revive, and that he would recal the cruel sentence of alienation. Pliny never so described his villa, as these *puffers* will set forth the cast-off mansion of a weary owner. Put a vicious, lame, and stumbling horse into their hands, and he comes out safe and sound the next morning, and is fit to carry the first lady in the land: weed your collections of their copies and counterfeits, by the help of a persuasive tongue, quick eye, and energetic hammer, they are knocked down for originals and antiques, and the happy buyer bears them off delighted with his bargain. What

is the harp of an Orpheus compared to the hammer of an Auctioneer.

I must, in the next place, request the reader's attention to the Polishing *Puffers*; a title by which I would be understood to speak of those venerable teachers and instructors, who are endowed with the happy faculty of instilling arts and sciences into their disciples, like fixed air into a vapid menstruum: these are the beatified spirits whom Virgil places in his poetical Elysium: foolish men amongst the Greeks, such as Socrates, Plato, and others, trained their pupils step by step in knowledge, and made a bugbear of instruction; Pythagoras, in particular, kept his scholars five years in probationary silence, as if wisdom was not to be learned without labour; our modern polishers, *puff* it into us in a morning; the polish is laid on at a stroke, just as boys turn a brass buckle into a silver one with a little quicksilver and brick-dust; the polished buckle, indeed, soon repents of its transmutation, but it is to be hoped the allusion does not hold through, and that the polished mind or body does not relapse as soon to its primitive rusticity.—Strange! that any body will be a clown, when the Graces invite us to their private hops with hand-bills and advertisements: why do not the whole Court of Aldermen dance at my Lord Mayor's Ball, instead of standing with their hands in their pockets, when grown gentlemen, let them grow to what size they may, are taught to *walk a minuet* gracefully in three lectures? Amazing art! only to be equalled by the obstinacy that resists it. How are the times degenerated! Orpheus fiddles and the brutes won't dance. Go to the courts of law, listen to the bellowing of the bar; mount the gallery of the senate, observe how *this here* and *that there* orator breaks poor Priscian's head for the good of his country;

enter our theatres—does that gentleman speak to a ghost, as a ghost ought to be spoken to? Walk into a church, if you have any feeling for the sacred sublimity of our service, you will never walk into another where it is so mangled: every one of these parricides might be taught not to murder his mother-tongue without mercy, if he would but believe an advertisement, and betake himself to the Polisher. Education at our public schools and universities is travelling in a waggon for expedition, when there is a bridle road will take you by a short cut to Parnassus, and the Polisher has got the key of it; he has elocution for all customers, lawyers, players, parsons, or senators; ready-made talents for all professions, the bar, the stage, the pulpit, or the parliament.

There is another class of *Puffers*, who speak strongly to the passions, and use many curious devices to allure the senses, fitting out their lottery-offices, like fowlers to catch birds by night with looking-glasses and candles, to entice us to their snare. Some of them hang out the goddess of good-fortune in person with money-bags in her hands, a tempting emblem; others recommend themselves under the auspices of some lucky name, confounding our heads with cabalistical numbers, unintelligible calculations, and mysterious predictions, whose absurdity is their recommendation, and whose obscurity makes the temptation irresistible:

*Omnia enim stolidi magis admirantur amantque,  
Inversis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt.*

Essences, cosmetics, and a hundred articles of pretended invention for the frivolous adorning of our persons engross a considerable share of our public papers: the *puffs* from this quarter are replete with all the gums and odours of Arabia; the chy-



mists of Laputa were not more subtle extractors of sunbeams than these artists, who can fetch powder of pearls out of rotten bones and mercury, odour of roses from a turnep, and the breath of zephyrs out of a cabbage-stalk; they can furnish your dressing-room with the toilet of Juno, bring your bloom from the cheeks of Hebe, and a nosegay from the bosom of Flora. These *Puffers* never fail to tell you, after a court birth-day, that their washes, powders, and odours, were the favourites of the drawing-room, and that the reigning beauties of the assembly bought their charms at their counters.

After these follow a rabble of raree-showmen, with mermaids, man-tigers, ourang-outangs, and every monster and abortion in creation; columns of giants, and light-infantry companies of dwarfs; conjurors, rope-dancers, and posture-masters; tooth-drawers, oculists, and chiropodists; every one *puffs* himself off to the public in a style as proud as Antient Pistol's; every fellow who can twirl upon his toe, or ride a gallop on his head, pastes himself up in effigy on our public offices and churches, and takes all the courts in Europe to witness to the fame of his performances. If a rascal can show a louse through a microscope, he expects all the heads in England to itch till they behold it; if a son of the gallows can slide down a rope from the top of a steeple, he *puffs* off his flight in Pindarics, that would make a moderate man's head giddy to read; nay, we have seen a gambling-house and a brothel thrown open to the town, and public lectures in obscenity audaciously advertised in a Christian city, which would not have been tolerated in Sodom or Gomorrah.

I cannot dismiss this subject, without hinting to the proprietors of our Royal Theatres, that this expedient of *puffing* is pardonable only in a troop of

strollers, or the master of a puppet-show. Whilst the Muses keep possession of our theatre, and Genius treads the stage, every friend to the national drama will condemn the practice, and hold them inexcusable, who are responsible for it, if they do not discontinue it. It is hardly possible that any cause can be profited by *puffing*; if any can, it must be a contemptible one: the interests of literature are amongst the last that can expect advantage from it, or that should condescend to so mean a resource: instead of attracting curiosity, it creates disgust: instead of answering the temporary object of profit, it sinks the permanent fund of reputation. As to the impolicy of the measure, many reasons may be given, but these I shall forbear to mention, lest whilst I am stating dangers I should appear to suggest them. In conclusion, I have no doubt but the good sense of the proprietors will determine on a reform; for I am persuaded they cannot be profited by houses of their own filling, nor any author flattered by applauses of his own bestowing.

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## NUMBER XXI.

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SOCIETY in despotic governments is narrowed according to the degree of rigour, which the ruling tyrant exercises over his subjects. In some countries it is in a manner annihilated. As despotism relaxes towards limited monarchy, society is dilated in the same proportion. If we consider freedom of condition in no other light than as it affects society, a monarch limited by law, like this of ours, is perhaps the freest constitution upon earth; because

was it to diverge from the centre on which it now rests, either towards despotism on one hand, or democracy on the other, the restraints upon social freedom would operate in the same degree, though not in the same mode; for whether that restraint is produced by the awe of a court, or the promiscuous licentiousness of a rabble, the barrier is in either case broken down; and whether it lets the cobbler or the king's messenger into our company, the tyranny is insupportable, and society is enslaved.

When an Englishman is admitted into what are called the best circles in Paris, he generally finds something captivating in them on a first acquaintance; for, without speaking of their internal recommendations, it is apt to flatter a man's vanity to find himself in an exclusive party, and to surmount those difficulties, which others cannot. As soon as he has had time to examine the component parts of this circle into which he so happily stepped, he readily discovers that it is a circle, for he goes round and round without one excursion; the whole party follows the same stated revolution, their minds and bodies keep the same orbit, their opinions rise and set with the regularity of planets, and for what is passing without their sphere they know nothing of it. In this junto it rarely happens but some predominant spirit takes the lead, and if he is ambitious of making a master-stroke indeed, he may go the length to declare, *that he has the honour to profess himself an Atheist.* The creed of this leading spirit is the creed of the junto; there is no fear of controversy; investigation does not reach them, and that liberality of mind, which a collision of ideas only can produce, does not belong to them; you must fall in with their sentiments, or keep out of their society: and hence arises that over-ruling self-opinion so peculiar to the French, that assumed

superiority so conspicuous in their manners, which destroys the very essence of that politeness which they boast to excel in.

Politeness is nothing more than an elegant and concealed species of flattery, tending to put the person to whom it is addressed in good humour and respect with himself: but if there is a parade and display affected in the exertion of it, if a man seems to say—*Look how condescending and gracious I am!*—whilst he has only the common offices of civility to perform, such politeness seems founded in mistake, and calculated to recommend the wrong person; and this mistake I have observed frequently to occur in French manners.

The national character of the Spaniards is very different from that of the French, and the habits of life in Madrid as opposite as may be from those which obtain at Paris. The Spaniards have been a great and free people, and though that grandeur and that freedom are no more, their traces are yet to be seen amongst the Castilians in particular. The common people have not yet contracted that obsequiousness and submission which the rigour of their government, if no revolution occurs to redress it, must in time reduce them to. The condition, which this gallant nation is now found in, between the despotism of the throne and the terrors of the inquisition, cannot be aggravated by description; body and mind are held in such complete slavery by these two gloomy powers, that men are not willing to expose their persons for the sake of their opinions, and society is of course exceedingly circumscribed; to trifle away time seems all they aspire to; conversation turns upon few topics, and they are such as will not carry a dispute; neither glowing with the zeal of party, nor the cordial interchange of mutual confidence; day after day rolls in



the same languid round through life ; their seminaries of education, especially since the expulsion of the Jesuits, are grievously in decline ; learning is extinct ; their faculties are whelmed in superstition, and ignorance covers them with a cloud of darkness, through which the brightest parts cannot find their way.

If this country saw its own interests in their true light, it would conciliate the affections of the Spanish nation, who are naturally disposed towards England ; the hostile policy of maintaining a haughty fortress on the extremity of their coast, which is no longer valuable than whilst they continue to attack it, has driven them into a compact with France, odious to all true Spaniards, and which this country has the obvious means of dissolving. It is by an alliance with England that Spain will recover her pristine greatness ; France is plunging her into provincial dependency ; there is still virtue in the Spanish nation ; honesty, simplicity, and sobriety are still characteristics of the Castilian ; he is brave, patient, unrepining ; no soldier lives harder, sleeps less, or marches longer ; treat him like a gentleman, and you may work him like a mule ; his word is a passport in affairs of honour, and a bond in matters of property. That dignity of nature, which in the highest orders of the state is miserably debased, still keeps its vigour in the bulk of the people, and will assuredly break out into some sudden and general convulsion for their deliverance. If there are virtue and good sense in the administration of this country, we shall seize the opportunity yet open to us.

It now remains that I should speak of England, and when I turn my thoughts to my native island, and consider it with the impartiality of a citizen of the world, I discern in it all advantages in perfec-

tion, which man in social state can enjoy. A constitution of government sufficiently monarchical to preserve order and decorum in society, and popular enough to secure freedom; a climate so happily tempered, that the human genius is neither exhausted by heat, nor cramped and made torpid by cold; a land abounding in all manner of productions, that can encourage industry, invite exercise, and promote health; a lot of earth so singularly located, as marks it out by Providence to be the emporium of plenty and the asylum of peace; a religion, whose establishment leaves all men free, neither endangering their persons, nor enslaving their minds; a system of enlightened education so general, and a vein of genius so characteristic, that under the banners of a free press must secure to the nations a standing body of learned men, to spread its language to the ends of the world and its fame to all posterity.

What is it then, which interrupts the enjoyments of social life, and disturbs the harmony of its inhabitants? Why do foreigners complain that time hangs heavy on their hands in England, that private houses are shut against them, and that, were it not for the resource of public places, they would find themselves in a solitude, or, more properly speaking, solitary in a crowd? How comes it to pass that country gentlemen, who occasionally visit town, see themselves neglected and forgotten by those very people, who have been welcomed to their houses and regaled with their hospitality; and men of talents and character, formed to grace and delight our convivial hours, are left to pace the Park and streets of London by themselves, as if they were the exiles from society.

The fact is, trade occupies one end of the town, and politics engross the other. As for foreigners of distinction, who ought in good policy to be con-

sidered as the guests of the state, after they have gone through the dull ceremonial of a drawing-room, the court takes no further concern about them. The crown has no officer charged with their reception, provides no table within or without the palace for their entertainment; parliamentary or official avocations are a standing plea for every state minister in his turn to neglect them. The winter climate and coast of England is so deterring to natives of more temperate latitudes, that they commonly pay their visits to the capital in the summer, when it is deserted; so that after billeting themselves in some empty hotel, amidst the fumes of paint and noise of repairs, they wear out a few tedious days, and then take flight, as if they had escaped from a prison. When parliament is sitting and the town is full, a man, who does not interest himself in the politics and party of the day, will find the capital an unsocial place; that degree of freedom, which in other respects is the life of society, now becomes its mortal foe; the zeal, and even fury, with which people abet their party, and the latitude they give themselves in opinion and discourse, extinguish every voice that would speak peace and pleasure to the board, and turn good fellowship into loud contention and a strife of tongues.

The right assumed by our newspapers of publishing what they are pleased to call Parliamentary Debates, I must regard as one of the greatest evils of the time, replete with foreign and domestic mischief. Our orators speak pamphlets, and the senate is turned into a theatre. The late hours of parliament, which to a degree are become fashionable, are in effect destructive to society. I cannot dispense with observing collaterally on this occasion, that professional men in England consort more exclusively amongst themselves, and communicate less

generally than in other countries, which gives their conversation, however informing, an air of pedantry, contracted by long habits, great ardour for their profession, and deep learning in it.

As for slander, which amongst other evils, owes much of its propagation to the same vehicle of the daily press, it is the poison of society; depresses virtuous ambition, damps the early shoots of genius, puts the innocent to pain, and drives the guilty to desperation; it infuses suspicion into the best natures, and loosens the cement of the strongest friendships; very many affect to despise it, few are so high-minded as not to feel it; though common slanderers seldom have it in their power to hurt established reputations, yet they can always contrive to spoil company, and put honest men to the trouble of turning them out of it.

It is a common saying that authors are more spiteful to each other, and more irritable under an attack, than other men; I do not believe the observation is well founded; every sensible man knows that his fame, especially of the literary kind, before it can pass current in the world, pays a duty on entrance, like some sort of merchandize, *ad valorem*; he knows that there are always some who live upon the plunder of condemned reputations, watching the tides of popular favour in hopes of making seizures to their own account.—*Habent venenum pro victu, immo pro deliciis*. The little injury such men do to letters chiefly consists in the stupidity of their own productions: they may to a certain degree check a man's living fame, but if he writes to posterity, he is out of their reach, because he appeals to a court where they can never appear against him.

When we give our praise to any man's character or performances, let us give it absolutely, and without comparison, for it is justly remarked by foreign-



ers, that we seldom commend positively ; this remark bears both against our good nature and our good sense ; but let no man by this or any other declamation against slander be awed into that timid prudence, which affecting the name of candour, dares not to condemn, and of course is not entitled to applaud. Truth and justice have their claims upon us, and our testimony against vice, folly, and hypocrisy is due to society ; manly resentment against mischievous characters, cleanly ridicule of vanity and impertinence, and fair criticism of what is under public review are the prerogatives of a free spirit : they peculiarly belong to Englishmen, and he betrays a right constitutionally inherent in him, who from mean and personal motives forbears to exercise it.

When I have said this, I think it right to add, that I cannot state a case, in which a man can be justified in treating another's name with freedom, and concealing his own.

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## NUMBER XXII.

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*Et quando uberior vitiorum copia ? quando  
Major avaritiæ patuit sinus ? ALEA quando  
Hos animos ? neque enim loculis comitantibus itur  
Ad casum tabulæ, positâ sed luditur arcâ.*

JUVENAL, SAT. I. 87.

THE passage which I have selected for the motto of this paper will show, that I intend to devote it to the consideration of the vice of *Gaming* ; and I forbore to state it in any preceding essay amongst the

causes that affect society in this country, because I regarded it as an evil too enormous to be brought within the brief enumeration therein contained, resolving to treat it with that particular respect and attention which its high station and dignity in mischief have a claim to.

Though I have no hesitation at beginning the attack, I beg leave to premise that I am totally without hope of carrying it. I may say to my antagonists in the words, though not altogether in the sense, that the angel Gabriel does to his—

‘ Satan I know thy strength, and thou know’st mine.’

What avails my hurling a feeble essay at the heads of this hydra, when the immortal drama of *The Gamester* lies trodden under his feet?

Conscious that I do not possess the strength, I shall not assume the importance of a champion, and as I am not of dignity enough to be angry, I shall keep my temper and my distance too, skirmishing like those insignificant gentry, who play the part of teasers in the Spanish bull-fights, sticking arrows in his crest to provoke him to bellow, whilst bolder combatants engage him at the point of his horns.

It is well for gamesters, that they are so numerous as to make a society of themselves, for it would be a strange abuse of terms to rank them amongst society at large, whose profession it is to prey upon all who compose it. Strictly speaking it will bear a doubt, if a gamester has any other title to be called a man, except under the distinction of Hobbes, and upon claim to the charter of *Homo Homini Lupus*—As a *Human Wolf* I grant he has a right to his *wolfish prerogatives*. He, who so far surprises my reason or debauches my principle, as to make me a party in my own destruction, is a worse enemy than he who robs me of my property by force and vio-

lence, because he sinks me in my own opinion: and if there was virtue in mankind, sufficient for their own defence, honest men would expel gamesters as outlaws from society, and good citizens drive them from the state, as the destroyers of human happiness; wretches, who make the parent childless and the wife a widow.

But what avail a parcel of statutes against gaming, when they, who make them, conspire together for the infraction of them? Why declare gaming-debts void in law, when that silly principle, so falsely called honour, at once the idol and the idiot of the world, takes all those debts upon itself and calls them debts of honour? It is not amongst things practicable to put gaming down by statute. If the face of society was set steadily against the vice; if parents were agreed to spurn at the alliance of a gamester, however ennobled; if our seminaries of education would enforce their discipline against early habits of play; if the crown, as the fountain of honour, and the virtuous part of the fair sex, as the dispensers of happiness, would reprobate all men addicted to this desperate passion, something might perhaps be done. If tradesmen would consult their own interest, and give no credit to gamesters; if the infamous gang of money-lenders could be absolutely extinguished, and the people at large, instead of rising against a loyal fellow-subject, because he worships God according to the religion of his ancestors at a Catholic altar, would exercise their resentment against those illegal places of resort, where desperadoes meet for nightly pillage, this contagious evil might possibly be checked; but when it is only to be hoped that a combination of remedies might stem the disease, how can we expect a recovery, when no one of them all is administered?

Though domestic misery must follow an alliance with a gamester, matches of this sort are made every day; a parent, who consents so to sacrifice his child, must either place his hope in her reforming her husband, or else he must have made up his mind to set consequences at defiance; a very foolish hope, or a very fatal principle. There can be no domestic comfort in the arms of a gamester, no conjugal asylum in his heart: weak and ignorant young women may be duped into such connections; vain and self-conceited ones may adventure with their eyes open, and trust to their attractions for security against misfortune; but let them be assured there is not a page in the world's history, that will furnish them with an example to palliate their presumption; eager to snatch the present pleasures of a voluptuous prospect, they care little for the ruin, which futurity keeps out of sight.

With the clearest conviction in my mind of the general advantages of public education, I must acknowledge a suspicion that due attention is not paid in our great seminaries of education to restrain this fatal passion in its first approaches. I fear there are some evidences of a guilty negligence now in operation, spreading poison as they flow, and carrying with them in their course all the charms of eloquence, the flow of wit, and fascinating spell of science; sanctified by fashion, gaming-houses, which out-peer the royal palace, rise around it in defiance; trophies and monuments of the triumphs of dissipation. The wife, whose husband enters those doors, and the parent, who owns a son within them, must either eradicate affection and nature from their hearts, or take leave of happiness for ever. Wo be to the nation, whose police cannot, or dare not, correct such an evil! 'Tis foolish to lament the amputation of a limb, when the mortality is in our vitals.



I shall not take upon myself to lay down rules for kings, or affect to pronounce what a sovereign can, or cannot, do to discountenance gaming in this kingdom, but I will venture to say that something more is requisite than mere example. "It was in the decline of Rome, when the provinces were falling off from her empire, whilst a virtuous but unfortunate prince possessed the throne, that the greatest part of Africa was in revolt; the general, who commanded the Roman legions, was a soldier of approved courage in the field, but of mean talents and dissolute manners. This man, in the most imminent crisis for the interests of Rome, suffered and encouraged such a spirit of gaming to obtain amongst his officers in their military quarters, that the finest army in the world entirely lost their discipline, and remained inactive, whilst a few levies of raw insurgents wrested from the Roman arms the richest provinces of the empire." History records nothing further of this man's fate or fortune, but leaves us to conclude that the reproaches of his own conscience and the execrations of posterity were all the punishment he met with. The empire was rent by faction, and his party rescued him from the disgrace he merited.

The last resource in all desperate cases, which the law cannot, or will not, reach, lies with the people at large: it is not without reason I state it as the last, because their method of curing disorders is like the violent medicines of empirics, never to be applied to but in absolute extremity. If the people were, like Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, 'never to do wrong but with just cause,' I should not so much dread the operation of their remedies; I shall therefore venture no further, than to express an humble wish, that when it shall be their high and mighty pleasure to proceed again to the pulling down

and burning of houses, those houses may not be the repositories of science, but the receptacles of gamesters.

When a man of fortune turns gamester, the act is so devoid of reason, that we are at a loss to find a motive for it; but when one of desperate circumstances takes to the trade, it only proves that he determines against an honest course of life for a maintenance, and having his choice to make between robbery and gaming, prefers that mode of depredation, which exposes him to least danger, and has a coward's plea for his vocation. Such a one may say with antient Pistol—

‘ I’ll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me,  
 ‘ And friendship shall combine and brotherhood:  
 ‘ Is not this just?——’

In the justice of his league I do not join with Antient Pistol, but I am ready to allow there is some degree of common sense in this class of the brotherhood, of which common sense I cannot trace a shadow amongst the others. A preference, therefore, in point of understanding, is clearly due to the vagabonds and desperadoes; as to the man, who, for the silly chance of winning what he does not want, risks every thing he ought to value, his defence is in his folly, and if we rob him of that, we probably take from him the only harmless quality he is possessed of. If, however, such an instance shall occur, and the demon of gaming shall enter the same breast, where honour, courage, wit, wisdom reside, such a mind is like a motley suit of cards, where *kings*, *queens*, and *knaves* are packed together, and make up the game with temporary good-fellowship, but it is a hundred to one but *the knave will beat them out of doors in the end.*

As there are separate gangs of gamblers, so there are different modes of gaming; some set their property upon games of simple chance, some depend upon skill, others upon fraud.

The gamblers of the first description run upon luck: a silly crew of Fortune's fools; this kind of play is only fit for them, whose circumstances cannot be made worse by losing, otherwise there is no proportion between the good and the evil of the chance; for the good of doubling a man's property bears no comparison with the evil of losing the whole; in the one case he only gains superfluities, in the other he loses necessaries; and he, who stakes what life wants against that which life wants not, makes a foolish bet, to say no worse of it. Games of chance are traps to catch school-boy novices and gaping country-squires, who begin with a guinea and end with a mortgage; whilst the old stagers in the game, keeping their passions in check, watch the ebb and flow of fortune, till the booby they are pillaging sees his acres melt at every cast.

In games of skill, depending upon practice, rule, and calculation, the accomplished professor has advantages, which may bid defiance to Fortune; and the extreme of art approaches so closely to the beginning of fraud, that they are apt to run one into the other: in these engagements self-conceit in one party and dissimulation in the other are sure to produce ruin, and the sufferer has something more than chance to arraign, when he reviews the wreck of his fortune, and the distresses of his family.

The drama of a gambler commonly has self-murder for its catastrophe, and authors who write to the passions, are apt to dwell upon this scene with partial attention, as the striking moral of the piece; I confess it is a moral, that does not strike me; for as this action, whenever it happens, de-

volves to the share of the losing, not of the winning gamester, I cannot discover any particular edification, nor feel any extraordinary pathos, in a man's falling by his own hand, when he is no longer in a capacity of doing or suffering further injury in society. I look upon every man as a suicide from the moment he takes the dice-box desperately in hand, and all that follows in his career from that fatal time is only sharpening the dagger before he strikes it to his heart.

My proper concern in this short essay is to show, that gaming is the chief obstructing cause, that affects the state of society in this nation, and I am sensible I need not have employed so many words to convince my reader that gamesters are very dull and very dangerous companions. When blockheads rattle the dice-box, when fellows of vulgar and base minds sit up whole nights contemplating the turn of a card, their stupid occupation is in character; but whenever a cultivated understanding stoops to the tyranny of so vile a passion, the friend to mankind sees the injury to society with that sort of aggravation, as would attend the taking of his purse on the highway, if, upon seizure of the felon, he was unexpectedly to discover the person of a judge.

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### NUMBER XXIII.

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MELISSA was the daughter of a weak indulgent mother, who was left a young widow with two children; she had a handsome person, a tolerable fortune, and good natural parts; uncontrouled in her education, she was permitted to indulge herself in studies of a romantic turn, and before she completed her six-



teenth year was to be found in all the circles of prating sentimentalists, who fill the silly heads of young women with female friendship and platonic love.

The ordinary pleasures and accomplishments of her own sex were below the notice of Melissa ; from the tumult of a noisy country-dance she revolted with horror, as from the orgies of Bacchus ; a soul of her seraphic cast could not descend to the vulgar employment of the needle, and the ornaments of dress claimed no share in the attention of a being so engaged in studies of a sublimer sort. She loved music, but they were plaintive Lydian airs with dying cadences, warbled by some female friend at the side of a rivulet, or under the shade of an arbour ; and if the summer zephyrs murmured to the melody, it was so much the better for Melissa ; then she would sit rapt in pensive pleasure with the hand of her friend fast closed in hers, and call it the soul's harmony : to these nymph-like retirements that filthy satyr man was never admitted ; he was not thought or spoken of but with terror and aversion : when the strain was finished, she would break out into some poetic rhapsody upon *friendship, contemplation, night*, or some such subject, which her memory supplied her with very readily on such occasions.

In the mean time the impertinence of suitors occasionally interrupted the more refined enjoyments of Melissa's soul : one of these was a gentleman of good birth, considerable fortune, and an unexceptionable character ; but the florid health of the robust creature was an insuperable objection, and having casually let fall a hint that he was fond of hunting, she dismissed him to his vulgar sports with a becoming disdain : her second suitor was a handsome young officer, the cadet of a noble house ; this attack was carried on very briskly, and Melissa was

only saved from the horrors of matrimony by luckily discovering that her lover was so devoid of taste and understanding, as to profess a preference to that rake Tom Jones before the moral Sir Charles Grandison ; such a sin against sentiment would have been enough to have undone him for ever with Melissa, if no other objection had arisen : but this being followed up with many like instances of bad taste in the belles-lettres, he was peremptorily discarded. A third offer came from a man of high rank and fortune, and was pressed upon her by her mother with much earnest solicitation ; for in fact it was a very advantageous proposal ; the lover was polite, good-natured, generous, and of an amiable character, but in the unguarded warmth of his heart, he let fall the distant expression of a hope, that he might have an heir to his estate and titles ; the sensuality of which idea was such a gross affront to the delicate Melissa, that he, like the others, was sent off with a refusal.

The report of these rebuffs set Melissa free from any future solicitations, and it appeared as if she was destined to enjoy a sabbath of virginity for the rest of her days : so many years elapsed, that she now began to tread the downhill path of life, grew slatternly and took snuff : still the gentle passion of friendship did not abate, her attachment for Parthenissa grew closer than ever, and if by evil accident these tender companions were separated for a day, eight sides of letter-paper could not contain the effusions of their affection.

I should have told the reader that Melissa had a sister some years younger than herself, brought up from her childhood by a maiden aunt, who was what the polite world calls in contempt a good sort of woman, so that poor Maria was educated accordingly, and justly held in sovereign contempt for her

vulgar endowments by Melissa ; there were other trifling reasons which helped to put her out of favour with her more accomplished sister ; for, as I have already hinted, she was several years younger, and in some opinions rather handsomer ; they seldom met, however, and never corresponded, for Maria had no style and little sentiment ; she dressed her own caps, mended her own linen, and took charge of her aunt's household : it was, therefore, with some degree of surprise, that Melissa received the news of Maria's being on the point of marrying a nobleman, and that surprise was probably enhanced upon hearing, that this noble person was the very man, who some years ago had vainly aspired to solicit the impregnable Melissa herself : if she turned pale upon the receipt of this intelligence, eat no dinner that day, and took no sleep that night, candour will impute it to the excess of Melissa's sensibility, and the kind interest she took in the happy prospect of her sister's marriage ; but a censorious world gives strange interpretations, and some people were ready enough to say ill-natured things on the occasion ; the behaviour of that amiable lady soon confuted such insinuations, for she immediately set out for her aunt's, where Maria was receiving his lordship's visits every day, and where Melissa's presence must have greatly added to the felicity of both parties.

Her preparations for this visit were such as she had never made before ; for though in general she was rather negligent of her dress, she put her art to the utmost stretch on this occasion, and left no effort untried that might do credit to her sister, by setting off her own appearance in his lordship's eyes upon the meeting : whilst she gave her person full display she did not spare her wit, and to make up for the taciturnity of Maria, kept my lord in full

discourse all the time he staid ; she likewise, from her love of information, set Maria right in many particulars, which that young lady through want of education was ignorant of, and plainly showed the lover, that there was some understanding in the family on her part at least, whatever the deficiency might be where he had fixed his choice.

Whether it was owing to these sisterly endeavours of Melissa, or to whatever other cause does not appear, but it should seem as if my lord's attention to Maria grew stronger in proportion as Melissa strove to attract it towards herself ; and upon her hinting with some degree of raillery at what had formerly passed between them, his lordship looked her steadily in the face for some moments, then turned his eyes upon her sister, and silently walked out of the room.

As it is not to be suspected that Melissa, with a soul superior to all vulgar passions, could be envious of so mean a rival as Maria, it is not easy to account for the sudden change of her behaviour to the noble suitor on his next visit to her sister : instead of those studied attentions she had paid him at their first meeting, she now industriously took no notice of him, and sate rapt in her own happy meditations ; till upon his presenting to her sister a magnificent suit of jewels, the lustre of those sparkling gems so dazzled her sight, that the tears started in her eyes, the colour fled from her cheeks, and she hurried out of the room in evident perturbation of spirit.

Upon entering her bed-chamber she discovered on her toilet a packet from her beloved Parthenissa ; nothing was ever so seasonable ; she snatched it up with eagerness, hastily broke it open, kissed it, and began to read. This valuable manuscript was rather of the longest ; it set out with a great deal of ingenious ridicule at the expense of the fond couple



on the point of marriage ; then digressed into an animated description of the more refined enjoyments of female friendship, and concluded as follows :—

‘ After all I have been saying, how shall I gain credit with Melissa, and what will she think of her friend, when I tell her, that I have at last met with one of the male sex, who is not absolutely disagreeable ! perhaps, I might even add, that Count Ranceval is so amiable a man, that were I possessed of Melissa’s charms—but whither am I running ? He is rich, generous, and of noble rank.—And what are these but feathers, you will say ?—True, yet such feathers have their weight in the world’s scale.—Well, but Melissa is above the world.—No matter ; still it is a galling thing to yield precedence to a chit like Maria : what, though Nature has endowed you with pre-eminence of talents, though your soul moves in a superior sphere to hers, still you know respect will follow rank ; but Countess Ranceval would set all to rights, and keep your natural superiority unquestioned—So now the mischief’s out : you have my heart upon my paper.

‘ You will wonder what should bring a noble stranger into so obscure a corner of the world as ours : health, my dear, is the Count’s pretence : he may give Melissa probably a better reason, but this is the ostensible one ; and certainly he is of a slim and delicate habit ; he seems to be all soul and sentiment ; nothing earthy or corporeal about him ; a complete master of the English language, and well versed in our English authors, particularly the dramatic ones, of whose works he is passionately fond. If our Dorsetshire downs and gentle exercise restore his health, he is soon to leave us, unless Melissa’s company should detain him, for his father, the old Count, writes pressing letters for him to return to Strasbourg, of which city he is a native,

and of the first family in it. He lodges in our house with my uncle with one valet-de-chambre only, having left his servants in town, as our family could not receive his suite.

‘ He is impatient to be known to you, and I suppose you think I have said all the fine things in the world to make him so; not I, believe me; on the contrary, I have not spared for abuse whenever you was talked of, for I have let him fully into your character; I have fairly warned him what he is to look for, if he presumes to make love to you; for that you are the most inexorable, exceptionous, determined spinster in England. Now, as I know you love a little contradiction at your heart, you have a fair opportunity to come hither without delay and disprove all I have been saying of you: but if you had rather be the bride-maid to Lady L. than the bride of Count Ranceval, stay where you are, and enjoy the elegant pastime of throwing the stocking and drawing plumb-cake through the wedding-ring.

‘ Farewell. Yours ever,

‘ PARTHENISSA.’

If the gentle spirits of Melissa were somewhat fluttered by what had passed before she took up this letter from her friend, they were considerably more so when she laid it down. After pondering for a time in deep meditation on its contents, she started up, took several turns in her chamber, sate down again, then adjusted her dress, then ran to the glass, looked at herself, put her cap in order, and at last rang the bell with great violence for her servant; her first resolution had been to order her chaise instantly to be made ready and return home; these were the natural dictates of friendship; but upon her woman's entering her room, a second

thought struck her, and alarmed her delicacy, lest Parthenissa should impute her immediate compliance to any other than the pure motives of affection and good nature: this thought exceedingly embarrassed her; however, after several contradictory resolutions, she finally directed her servant to order the equipage, and put things in train for her departure without delay.

The bustle which this sudden order of Melissa occasioned in the family soon brought Maria into her chamber, who with much anxiety enquired into the cause of her hasty departure: Melissa, having again fallen into a profound reverie, gave no answer to this enquiry; upon which Maria repeated it, adding, that she hoped her mother was well, and that the letter brought no bad news from home.—‘ My mother is well, and the letter brings no bad news from home,’ answered Melissa.—‘ Then I hope, sister,’ says Maria, ‘ nothing has happened here to give you any offence.’—Melissa looked her steadily in the face, and after some time relaxed her features into that sort of smile, which conscious superiority sometimes deigns to bestow upon importunate insignificance. Maria, in whose composition the inflammable particles did not predominate, answered this smile of insult no otherwise than by a blush of sensibility, and with a faltering voice said—‘ If it is I, who am in the fault, sister, I am heartily sorry for it, and entreat you to believe that nothing can be further from my intentions, than to give you just cause of offence at any time.’—‘ Lord, child,’ replied Melissa, with infinite composure, ‘ how vanity has turned thy poor head upside down: I dare say you think it mighty pretty to practise the airs of a great lady, and to be gracious to your inferiors; but have the goodness to stay till I am your inferior; perhaps that may never be

the case: perhaps—but I shall say no more upon the subject; it is not your childish triumph in displaying a parcel of baubles that can move me;—no—you might recollect, methinks, that those diamonds had been mine, if I would have taken them with the incumbrance appertaining to them—but I look higher, be assured, so I wish your ladyship a good morning, for I see my chaise is waiting.’—Having thus said, the accomplished Melissa, without staying for an answer, flounced out of the room, took a hasty leave of her aunt below stairs, and throwing herself into her chaise, drove from the door without further ceremony.

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NUMBER XXIV.

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THE amiable Melissa having performed the duties of a sister in the manner above related, eagerly flew to enjoy the delights of a friend, and upon her return home immediately betook herself to her beloved Parthenissa. It so happened that she found that young lady *tête-à-tête* with Count Ranceval; Melissa, upon discovering a stranger with her friend, started back, blushed, and hastily exclaimed—‘Bless me! Parthenissa, I thought you had been alone.’ She was now retiring, when Parthenissa by gentle compulsion obliged her to return. The conversation soon grew interesting, in the course of which many fine things were said by the Count, of which nothing was original but the application, for they were mostly to be found in the prompter’s library. Whilst Melissa was amusing her friend



with an account of what had passed at her aunt's, the Count sate for some time silent with his eyes fixed upon her, and drawing up a deep sigh that seemed to throw a delicate frame into great convulsion, exclaimed—' My God!'—Upon this explosion of the soul, Melissa, though in the midst of a narrative, in which she had not neglected doing justice to her own sweetness of temper and sisterly affection, stopt short, and casting a look of infinite sensibility on the sighing Count, eagerly asked if he was well.—The Count instead of answering her question, turned himself to Parthenissa, and in the most moving tone of voice said—  
' You told me she was fair—

' True she is fair ; oh ! how divinely fair !  
But still the lovely maid improves her charms  
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,  
And sanctity of manners.'—

Here *Cato's soul* stood in his way, and stopt the further progress of his speech.

Whilst this was passing, his valet entered the room and delivered a packet into his hands, bowing very devoutly, and saying,—' My Lord Count, a courier is arrived from Strasbourg, who brings you letters from his Excellency your father.'—The Count snatched them from his hand with ecstasy, and ordered a liberal reward to the courier on the spot. Melissa now rose from her seat, and would have retired, but he implored her to stay, if it were only to gratify her benevolence in an occasion of felicitating him, should he be so happy as to find his honoured parent in good health. He now opened the letter, throwing the *envelope* carelessly on the table; Parthenissa took it up, and examining the seal, bade Melissa take notice of the coat of arms, which, indeed, was most splendidly engraven with

trophies, mantle, and every proper badge of high nobility ; whilst Count Ranceval was reading, he threw aside some inclosed papers, one of which fell upon the floor ; Parthenissa stooped and took it up ; the Count, whose attention had been drawn off by the letter he was perusing, was exceedingly shocked in point of politeness, when that young lady presented it to him, and with many apologies for his inattention, begged she would accept the paper she had had the trouble of taking up, declaring, in the most peremptory manner, that he could never forgive himself upon any other terms : Parthenissa opened the paper, and looking at it, exclaimed—‘ Heavens ! Count Ranceval, what do you mean ? It is a bill for a thousand pounds.’—‘ I am sorry for it, Madam,’ said the generous Count, ‘ I wish it had been one of the others, to have been more worthy your acceptance ; but I hope you will make no difficulty of receiving such a trifle at my hands ; there is but one good thing in the world which I abound in, and that is the only one you have not ; therefore, I must insist upon your accepting what I can so easily spare, and can never more worthily employ.’—The Count now rose from his seat, and in the most graceful manner imaginable, forced the paper into Parthenissa’s hands, holding them both fast closed within his own : a struggle now ensued between the generosity of one party and the modesty of the other, which was so obstinately maintained on each side, that it was impossible to foresee which would prevail ; when the Count, recollecting himself on the sudden, struck upon a new expedient for overcoming this amiable young lady’s delicacy, by delivering the paper to Melissa, and beseeching her to stand his advocate on the occasion.—‘ From you, divine Melissa,’ says the generous foreigner, ‘ she will not refuse this trifle in

dispute between us: to whom should I refer my cause, but to that angelic being, to whom I have surrendered my heart, and at whose feet I dedicate my life, fortune, happiness, and all things valuable in this world, with a devotion that no suppliant ever felt before?—As he was uttering these words, he threw himself on his knees, snatched the hand of Melissa, pressed it eagerly to his lips, and smothered it with ardent kisses; then applying his handkerchief to his eyes, dropped his head upon Melissa's knee, and, in a trembling voice, cried out—' Speak, loveliest of thy sex, pronounce my fate, determine me for life or death; for, by the power that made me, I will not survive the sentence of despair.'—' Oh generous youth! oh noble Count! replied the amiable Melissa, ' you confound me; you distress me: what must I reply?'—' Bless me with hope; encourage me to live; or let me fall at once,' said the enamoured youth.—Melissa paused; the tears started in her eyes; her heart was softened, and her tongue refused to utter the fatal sentence of death; she was silent.—In this awful moment of suspense, the lovely Parthenissa, whose gentle heart overflowed with gratitude to her benefactor, dropt on her knee also, and clasping Melissa round the waist, with tears beseeched her for the love of Heaven to save a noble youth, who doated on her to distraction.—' Think of his virtues, think of his affection,' said the beauteous pleader; ' Can that soft heart, so full of pity, suffer him to die? Does not such generosity deserve to live? Am I not bound to speak in his behalf? Where can Melissa find a man so worthy of her choice? Shall the insipid Maria start into nobility, and move in a superior sphere, whilst her accomplished sister lives in humble solitude beneath her? No, no, the world demands Melissa.—Shall Maria glitter in the circles of the great,

shall she blaze with diamonds, whilst my lovely friend —? But why do I talk this language to Melissa, whose soul looks down upon these vanities with just contempt? There are nobler motives, there are worthier reasons, that plead the cause of love on this occasion. Rise, Count Ranceval, this moment rise, receive a blessing to your arms, embrace your happiness, she yields! she's yours! I see that she consents.' Obedient to the word, the enraptured lover rose, and throwing his arms round the unresisting fair one, clasped her to his heart, and, whilst he held her thus in close embrace, exclaimed—' Oh paradise of sweets! Oh soul of bliss! Oh heavenly, charming maid! and art thou mine? Speak to me, lovely creature! art thou mine?'—' For ever!' answered the blushing Melissa, and dropt her head upon his neck.—' Hear it, earth, sea, and heaven! Hear it, sun, moon, and stars!' cried the enraptured lover,

“ Hear it, ye days and nights, and all ye hours :  
That fly away with down upon your feet,  
As if your business were to count my passion—  
I'll love thee all the day, and every day,  
And every day shall be but as the first,  
So eager am I still to love thee more.”

This rhapsody was seconded by another embrace, more ardent than the former. Parthenissa then took her turn, and saluting her friend, cried out, ' Joy to you my dearest Countess; all joy befall you both.'—' Now,' says Count Ranceval, ' my beloved Melissa has a right in every thing I possess, and her friend will no longer oppose the tender of that trifling sum; it is an earnest that seals our engagement; the form that is to follow, cannot make us one more firmly, than honour now unites us: and considering you now already as the daughter-in-law of this noble father, I must beg leave to



show you what his letter further contains.' He then produced bills of exchange, which the old Count had remitted for very considerable sums. 'The purpose of this remittance,' says he, 'is to purchase a set of jewels, in addition to the family stock, of a newer fashion, with a recommendation to bestow them upon some English woman, if I should be happy enough to engage the affection of such an one in this kingdom, and behold how the description of my father's wish tallies with the adorable person who has now honoured me with her hand!'—He then read the following paragraph from his father's letter translating it as he went on—'If you should choose a wife in England, which I know it is your wish to do, I charge you to be as attentive to the charms of her mind, as to those of her person: let her temper be sweet, her manners elegant, her nature modest, and her wit brilliant, but not satirical; above all things, choose no woman who has not a sensibility of soul, in which the delicacy of the sex consists. If you are fortunate enough to match with such an one, bring your spouse to Strasbourg, and I will jointure her in my rich barony of Lavasques: in the mean time I remit you the inclosed bills for five thousand pounds sterling, to lay out in such jewels and bijouterie, as befits a person of your rank and fortune to bestow upon the lady of your heart, in a country where those things are in perfection. As for the lady's fortune, I make no stipulations on that score; but it is an indispensable condition, that she be a woman well-born, thoroughly accomplished, and above all, of the Protestant communion, according to the religious principles of our noble house.' When the Count had read this paragraph, turning to Melissa, he said—'Behold the full completion of my father's model in this lovely person!'

The union of this happy couple being thus decided upon, no time was to be lost in carrying it into effect, for the Count was hastening homewards, and Melissa had no objection to be before-hand with her sister: of her mother there was no doubt to be had, or, if there was, her fortune was in her own power, and she of full age to choose for herself. Secresy, however, was resolved upon, for various reasons, and the joy of surprising Maria was not amongst the least. The uncle of Parthenissa, who was an attorney, was instructed to make a short deed, referring it to the old Count at Strasbourg to complete Melissa's settlement, when she arrived at that city; this worthy gentleman was accordingly let into the secret, and at the same time undertook to get the licence, and to prepare the parson of Melissa's parish for the ceremony. The adjusting so many particulars drew the business into such length, that the evening was now far spent, and as Melissa was in the habit of sharing occasionally the bed of her beloved friend, she despatched a messenger to her mother, signifying that she should sleep at Parthenissa's that night.

When this matter was settled, Parthenissa quitted the room to give her orders for supper, and the happy lovers were left to themselves for no considerable time. The enamoured Count lost not a moment of this precious interval, and, with the help of Dryden, Otway, and Rowe, kept up his rhapsodies with great spirit: now it was that Love, which Melissa had so long kept at a distance, took full revenge, and, like a griping creditor, exacted his arrears with ample interest from his vanquished debtor. When Parthenissa returned, she strove to make her presence as little interruption as possible to these tender endearments, by rallying Melissa on her prudery, and frequently reminding her, that

contracted lovers were in effect man and wife; in short, nothing could be more considerate and accommodating than this amiable friend.

An elegant but small repast was now served, at which no domestic was admitted; the Count was in the happiest flow of spirits; Melissa's heart could not resist the festivity of the moment, and all was love and gaiety, till night was far spent, and the hour reminded them of separating. Parthenissa again retired to prepare her chamber, and Melissa was again left with her lover. How it came to pass that Parthenissa omitted so necessary a point of ceremony, as that of informing Melissa when her chamber was ready, I cannot pretend to account, but so it was, and that young lady, with a negligence, which friendship is sometimes apt to contract, retired to her repose, and never thought more of poor Melissa, who was left in a situation very new to her, to say no worse of it, but who had sweetness of temper, nevertheless, to let her friend off with a very gentle reproof, when, after a long time past in expectation of her coming, she was at length obliged to submit to the impropriety of suffering Count Ranceval to conduct her to her bed-chamber door.

The next day produced the licence, and Melissa was, or appeared to be, as impatient to conclude the ceremony as Count Ranceval himself. This is to be imputed to the timid sensibility of her nature, which rather wished to precipitate an awful act, than to remain in terror and suspense. Awful as it was to Melissa, it was auspicious to the happy Count, for it put him in possession of his amiable bride. The mother was let into the secret, and with joy consented to give Melissa away, and receive Countess Ranceval in return. The matter passed in secret as to the neighbourhood, and Parthenissa's uncle, to accommodate the parties, sate up all night to com-

plete the deed, which gave the Count possession of the lady's fortune, and referred her for a settlement to be made at Strasbourg in the barony of Lavasques.

A very happy company were now assembled at dinner, consisting of the bride and bridegroom, Parthenissa, her uncle, and the old lady, when a coach and six drove to the door, and, as if Fortune had determined to complete the domestic felicity of this family in the same moment, Maria, who was now Lady L——, followed by her aunt and his lordship, ran into the room, and falling on her knee, asked a blessing of her mother, whilst Lord L——, presented himself as her son-in-law, having driven from the church-door to her house to pay his duty on this occasion, meaning to return directly, for which purpose the equipage was ordered to wait.

Whilst Maria approached to embrace Melissa, and to present to her a very fine bridal favour, embroidered with pearls, Count Ranceval whispered his lovely bride, that he must hastily retire, being suddenly seized with a violent attack of the tooth-ache; being a perfect man of fashion, he contrived to retire without disturbing the company, and putting up his handkerchief to his face to prevent the cold air affecting the part in pain, ran up to his lady's bed-chamber, whilst Parthenissa and her uncle very considerably retired from a family party in which they were no longer interested.

Melissa received the bridal favour from Maria with a condescending inclination of her body, without rising from her seat—'You must permit me, sister,' says she, 'to transfer your present to the noble personage who has just left the room; for having now the honour and happiness to share the name and title of Count Ranceval, I have no longer any separate property; neither can I with any becoming decorum as Countess Ranceval, and a bride



myself, wear the pretty bauble you have given me, and which I can assure you I will return with interest, as soon as I go to London, in my way to Strasbourg, where the Count's immense possessions principally lie.'

'Good Heavens!' exclaimed Maria, 'how delighted am I to hear you have married a man of such rank and fortune! What a blessing to my mother, to me, to my lord!'—So saying, she threw her arms round her neck and embraced her, she next embraced her mother, and turning to Lord L——, said, 'My Lord, you will congratulate the Countess.'—'I hope so,' replied Lord L——, 'every thing that contributes to the happiness of this house will be matter of congratulation for me; but let me ask where Count Ranceval is; I shall be proud to pay my compliments to him, and by the glimpse I had of his person, think I have had the honour of seeing him before.'—'Very likely,' answered Melissa, 'the Count has been some time in London.'—'I think so,' said Lord L——, 'but I am impatient to make my bow to him.'—'I hope he will soon come down,' replied Melissa, 'but he is suddenly seized with a dreadful tooth-ache, and gone up stairs in great pain.'—'Alas poor Count,' said Lord L——, ''tis a horrid agony, and what I am very subject to myself, but I have a nostrum in my pocket which is very safe, and never fails to give ease; permit me, dear sister, to walk up stairs with you, and relieve the Count from his distress.'

So saying, he followed Melissa up stairs, and was accompanied by the whole party. Upon their entering the chamber, Count Ranceval made a slight bow to the company, and again put up his handkerchief to his face; as soon as Lord L—— approached him, he said—'I believe I can soon cure this gentleman.'—Whereupon snatching the hand-

kerchief from his cheek, with one kick, pretty forcibly bestowed upon the seat of dishonour, he laid the puny Count sprawling on the floor. The ladies with one consent gave a shriek, that brought the whole family to the door; Melissa ran with agony to the fallen hero, who hid his face between his hands, whilst Lord L—— cried out—‘Take no pity on him, Madam, for the rascal was my footman.’—This produced a second scream from Melissa, who, turning to Lord L——, with a look of horror, exclaimed—‘What do I hear? Count Ranceval a footman! What then am I?’—By this time the Count had recollected himself sufficiently to make reply—‘My lawful wife: and as such I demand you: let me see who will venture to oppose it.’—This menace would have been followed with a second chastisement from my lord, had not Maria interposed, and taking her sister tenderly by the hand, with a look of pity and benevolence, asked her, if she was actually married.—‘Irrecoverably,’ said Melissa, and burst into tears.—‘Yes, yes,’ resumed the impostor, ‘I believe all things are pretty safe in that quarter; I have not taken my measures by halves.’—‘Rascal! villain!’ exclaimed my lord, and was again with difficulty held back by his lady from laying hands on him.—‘Have patience, I conjure you,’ said Maria, ‘if it be so, it is past redemption; leave me with my sister, take my poor mother out of the room, and if this gentleman will give me leave to converse a few minutes with my sister,—’ ‘Gentleman!’ said Lord L——, and immediately taking him by the collar, dragged him out of the chamber, followed by the mother and the aunt. A scene now ensued between the sisters, in which, as I feel my pen unable to render justice to the divine benevolence of Maria, I will charitably drop the curtain over

the fall of pride. There was no need for any negotiation with the Count, for he and his accomplice Parthenissa, with the lawyer her uncle, set off for London with their credentials to take possession of Melissa's fortune in the funds, which the lawyer had but too effectually secured, having, in a pretended counterpart of the deed he read to Melissa and her mother, inserted the real name of the impostor. Melissa has as yet had no further trouble from her husband, and lives in retirement in a small house belonging to Lord L——, under his protection: she experiences daily instances of the bounty of Maria, and here, if envy, which yet rankles at her heart, would permit her, reflection might teach her 'how superior virtue shines in its natural simplicity, and how contemptible pride appears, though disguised under the mask of false delicacy and affected refinement.'

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## NUMBER XXV.

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*Unde nil majus generatur ipso,  
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.*

HOR. CAR. 1, 12, 17.

THERE is a great sovereign now upon earth, who, though an infant, is the oldest of all souls alive by many centuries.

This extraordinary personage is a living evidence of the soul's immortality, or at least has advanced so far in proof, as to convince the world by his own example, that it is not necessarily involved in the extinction of the body; though he is the greatest

genealogist living, and can with certainty make out the longest and clearest pedigree of any potentate now reigning, yet he is, properly speaking, without ancestors. As I cannot doubt but that so striking an event as the general deluge must be fresh in his memory, though a pretty many years have since elapsed, he must of necessity have been none other than Noah himself; for as he has always been his own son, and that son can never have been living at the same moment with his father, it is plain he must have been that very identical patriarch, when he survived the Flood.

As he was but eighteen months old, according to his corporeal computation, when he was last visited, he was not very communicative in conversation, but I have hope upon the next meeting he will have the goodness to set us right about Pythagoras, who I am persuaded sunk some part of his travels upon us, and was actually in his court, where he acted the part of a plagiary, and in the school-boy's phrase *cribb'd* a foul copy of his holiness's transmigration, but with such strong marks of a counterfeit, that after a short trip to the Trojan war, and a few others not worth relating, it is to be presumed he has given up the frolic; for I do not hear that he is at present amongst us, at least not amongst us of this kingdom, where, to say the truth, I do not see any thing that resembles him. In the mean time the religious sovereign of Tibet (for the reader perceives I have been speaking of *Teéshoo Lama*), in the spirit of an original, keeps his seat upon the Musnud of Terpâling, which throne he has continued to press ever since his descent from Mount Ararat.

After all we must acknowledge this was a bold creed for priestcraft to impose, but credulity has a wide swallow, and if the doctrine passed upon a nation so philosophical and inquisitive as the Greeks,



it may well obtain unquestioned by Calmuc Tartars ; and superstition, now retiring from Rome, may yet find refuge in the mountains of Tibet. This may be said for the system of Teéshoo Lama, that imposition cannot be put to a fairer test, than when committed to the simplicity of a child ; and the *Gy-longs*, or priests, attendant upon this extraordinary infant, paid no small compliment to the faith of their followers, when they set him upon the Musnud.

I forbear entering into a further account of this infant pontiff, because I hope the very ingenious traveller, who has already circulated some curious particulars of his audiences and interviews at the monastery of Terpâling, will indulge the public with a more full and circumstantial narrative of his very interesting expedition into a country so little visited by Europeans, and where the manners and habits of the people, no less than the sacred character of the sovereign, furnish a subject of so new and entertaining a nature.

When a genius like that, which actuates the illustrious character, who lately administered the government of Bengal, is carried into the remotest regions of the earth, it diffuses an illumination around it, which reaches even to those nations, where arts and sciences are in their highest cultivation ; and we accordingly find that besides this embassy, so curious of its kind, the same pervading spirit has penetrated into the sacred and till now inaccessible mysteries of the Brahmins, and by the attainment of a language which religion has interdicted from all others but the sacerdotal cast, has already began to lay open a volume, superior in antiquity, and perhaps in merit not inferior, to Homer himself.

Happy inhabitants of Tibet ! If happiness can arise from error, your innocent illusion must be the

source of it ; for priestcraft, which has plunged our portion of the globe in wars and persecutions, has kept you in perpetual peace and tranquillity ; so much more wise and salutary is your religious system of pontifical identity, than ours of pontifical infallibility. The same unchangeable, indivisible object of faith secures universal acquiescence under the commodious imposition. No anti-lama can distract your attention or divide your duty, for individuality is his essence : no councils can reverse his decrees, or over-rule his supremacy, for he is coeval with religion, nay, he is religion itself. Such as he was in his præterient body, such he must be in his present : the same monastic, peaceful, unoffending pious being ; a living idol, drawn forth upon occasional solemnities, to give his blessing to adoring prostrate hordes of Tartars, and to receive their offerings ; and whether this blessing be given by the hands of unreasoning infancy, or superannuated age, it matters little at which degree the moment points, when the scale is undeterminable. ‘ You see me here,’ said the Lama in his præterient body, to one of our countrymen, whom he admitted to a conversation, ‘ a mere idol of state. You are of a more active nation : take your wonted exercise without reserve : walk about my chamber : I am sedentary by necessity, and the habit of indolence is become to me a second nature.’ This is a true anecdote, and shows how mild a soul it is which has now transmigrated into the body of this infant.

Could this extraordinary personage communicate his property to all his brother sovereigns through the world, should we, or should we not, congratulate mankind upon the event? Let the nations speak for themselves ! I answer for one, that cannot name a period in its monarchy more in favour of the dispensation.

## NUMBER XXVI.

Ἦ καὶ σιῶσα. πόλλ' ἔχει σιγὴ καλὰ. SOPHOCLES, ALEASL

Hold thy tongue, good boy! There are many great advantages in keeping silence.

I HAVE now the satisfaction to inform my countrymen, that, after long and diligent search, I have at last discovered a very extraordinary person in this metropolis, at present in some obscurity; but if I shall luckily be the means of drawing him into more notice, by publishing what has come to my knowledge of his talents and performances, I shall think myself happy, not only in serving a meritorious individual, but also in furnishing a suggestion through the mode I shall recommend for his employ, that may be of the greatest benefit to society.

The gentleman, in whose favour I would fain interest my candid readers, is Mr. Jedediah Fish, of whose history I shall recount a few particulars. He was bred to the law, and many years ago went over to New England, where he practised in the courts at Boston: upon the breaking out of the troubles he came over to England, though, from his prudent deportment, he might safely have remained where he was: for Mr. Fish made it a rule never to lend any thing but an ear to either side of the question. I cannot speak, with certainty, as to his real motives for leaving America, as he has not been communicative on that head, but I could collect

from hints he has dropt of the extraordinary length and protraction of the pleadings in those provincial courts, that his health was a good deal impaired by his attendance upon causes, though I cannot discover that he was actually employed as an advocate in any. This may seem singular to such as are unacquainted with those proceedings, but Mr. Fish, though no pleader, was of indispensable use to his clients during the somnolency of the court; for, by means of his vigilance, the efficient counsel could indulge themselves in their natural rest, and recruit their spirits for a reciprocal exertion of prolixity, when the opposite party had come to a conclusion: this happy faculty of wakefulness in Mr. Jedediah Fish, was accompanied with the further very useful talent of abridgement, by which, in a very few words, he could convey into the ear of a pleader, when he had once thoroughly wakened him, the whole marrow of an argument, though it had been spread out ever so widely.

When he came over to his native country, he threw himself in the way of preferment, and regularly attended the sittings at Westminster, Guildhall, and elsewhere; but, being a modest man, and one who made no acquaintance, he was no otherwise taken notice of, than as being the only person in court, who did not yawn, when a certain learned serjeant got beyond his usual quota of cases in point. Nothing offering here, Mr. Fish presented himself, during the sitting of Parliament, both at the bar of the Peers and in the gallery of the House of Commons: he gave great attention to the clerks, when they were reading Acts of Parliament in the upper house, and never quitted his post in the lower, when certain gentlemen were on their legs, and gave the signal to others to get on theirs and go to dinner. By being thus left alone, this modest attendant lost



his labour, and remained unnoticed through a whole session.

Defeated in all these efforts, he began to frequent coffee-houses, where he observed most talking prevail, and few or no hearers to be found : Fortune now began to smile upon his patient endeavours, and he particularly recommended himself to a circle at Saint Paul's, where by his address in posting himself between two parties, one of which was very circumstantially explaining a will, and the other going step by step through a bill of inclosure, where the glebe lands of the rector were in great peril of infringement, he so contrived as to lend one ear to the divine, and the other to the civilian, by which he got a dinner at each of their houses ; and, as they found him a most agreeable companion, and one whose cheering smile enlivened their own conversation, he soon became free of their families under a standing invitation.

It was in one of these houses I first became acquainted with Mr. Fish, and as it seemed to me a great pity that a man possessed of such companionable talents, for I can safely aver I had never heard the tone of his voice, should be any longer buried in obscurity, or at best confined to a narrow circle of admirers, I began to reflect within myself what amazing improvements society might receive, if he could be induced to stand forth in the public character of a *Master of Silence*, or, in other words, a *Teacher of the Art of Hearing*.

As I knew my friend was not a man to speak for himself, I took a convenient occasion, one day, of breaking my proposal to him, which I introduced by saying I had something to disclose to him, which I conceived would not only be of public benefit, but might also be turned to his particular emolument and advantage. He paused some time, and seemed to

expect when I would proceed to explain myself; but being at last convinced that I was really waiting for his consent, he opened his lips for the first time, and in a very soft agreeable tone of voice, delivered himself as follows—‘*Say on!*’ The conversation being now fairly on foot, I said that experience must have convinced him how great a scarcity of hearers there were in this metropolis, at the same time what great request they were in, and how much conversation and society were at a loss for a proper proportion of them: that where one man now made his fortune by his tongue, hundreds might, in less time, establish theirs by a prudent use of their ears: that a desire of *shining* in company was now become so general, that there was nobody left to shine upon: that no way could be so sure of providing for younger sons and people of small fortunes, as to qualify them well in *the art of hearing*; but, by a fatal neglect in our system of education, and the loquacity of nurses and servants, no attention was paid to this useful accomplishment. I observed to him, that our parsons were in some degree in the fault, by shortening their sermons and quickening their prayers, whereas, in times past, when homilies were in use, and the preacher turned the hour-glass twice or thrice before his discourse was wound up, the world was in better habits of hearing: that in Oliver’s days the grace was oftentimes as long as the meal, now they sate down without any grace at all, and talked without ceasing: that the discontinuance of smoking tobacco contributed much to put hearing out of fashion, and that a club of people now, was like a pack of hounds in full cry, where all puppies open at the same time, whether they have got the scent or not. In conclusion, I demanded of him, if he agreed with me in these observations, or not: he again took some time to consider, and very

civilly replied, ' *I do.*'—' If you do agree with me.' rejoined I, ' in acknowledging the complaint, tell me if you will concur in promoting the cure.' He nodded assent, ' and who is so fit as Mr. Jedediah Fish,' added I, ' to teach that art to others, which he possesses in such perfection himself? It shall be my business to seek out for scholars, yours to instruct them, and I don't despair of your establishing an Academy of Silence, in as general repute as the school of Pythagoras.'

This institution is now fairly on foot, and school is opened in Magpye-court, Cheapside, No. 4, name on the door, where the professor is to be spoken to by all persons wanting his advice and instructions. The remarkable success which has already attended Mr. Jedediah Fish, would warrant my laying before the public some extraordinary cures, but these I shall postpone to some future opportunity, and conclude with a passage from Horace, which shows that ingenious poet, though perhaps he had as much to say for himself as most of our modern prattlers, was nevertheless a perfect adept in the art, which it has been the labour of this paper to recommend.

*Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,  
Ex quo Mæcenâs me cœpit habere suorum  
In numero ; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rhedâ  
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugâs  
Hoc genus ; Hora quota est ? Thrax est Gallina Syro par ?  
Matutina parùm cautos jam frigora mordent :  
Et quæ rimosâ bene deponuntur in aure. HOR. SAT. 2, 6, 40.*

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,  
(October next it will be four)  
Since Harley bade me first attend,  
And chose me for an humble friend ;  
Wou'd take me in his coach to chat,  
And question me of this and that :  
As ' What's o'clock ?' and ' How's the wind ?'  
' Who's chariot's that we left behind ?'

Or gravely try to read the lines  
Writ underneath the country-signs ;  
Or, ' Have you nothing new to-day  
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay ?  
Such tattle often entertains  
My lord and me as far as Staines,  
As once a-week we travel down  
To Windsor, and again to town,  
Where all that passes *inter nos*  
Might be proclaim'd at Charing Cross.'

SWIFT,

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**NUMBER XXVII.**

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A NOVEL, conducted upon one uniform plan, containing a series of events in familiar life, in which no episodical story is interwoven, is, in effect, a protracted comedy, not divided into acts. The same natural display of character, the same facetious turn of dialogue and agreeable involution of incidents are essential to each composition. Novels of this description are not of many years standing in England, and seem to have succeeded after some interval to romance, which, to say no worse of it, is a most unnatural and monstrous production. The *Don Quixote* of Cervantes is of a middle species ; and the *Gil Blas*, which the Spaniards claim, and the French have the credit of, is a series of adventures rather than a novel, and both this and *Don Quixote* abound in episodical stories, which, separately taken, are more properly novels than the mother work.

Two authors of our nation began the fashion of novel-writing, upon different plans, indeed, but each



with a degree of success, which perhaps has never yet been equalled: Richardson disposed his fable into letters, and Fielding pursued the more natural mode of a continued narration, with an exception, however, of certain miscellaneous chapters, one of which he prefixed to each book, in the nature of a prologue, in which the author speaks in person: he has executed this so pleasantly, that we are reconciled to the interruption in his instance; but I should doubt if it is a practice in which an imitator would be wise to follow him.

I should have observed, that modern novelists have not confined themselves to comic fables, or such only as have happy endings, but sometimes, as in the instance of *The Clarissa*, wind up their story with a tragical catastrophe; to subjects of this sort, perhaps, the epistolary mode of writing may be best adapted, at least it seems to give a more natural scope to pathetic descriptions; but there can be no doubt that fables, replete with humorous situations, characteristic dialogue, and busy plot, are better suited to the mode which Fielding has pursued in his inimitable novel of *The Foundling*, universally allowed the most perfect work of its sort in ours, or probably any other language.

There is a something so attractive to readers of all descriptions in these books, and they have been sought with such general avidity, that an incredible number of publications have been produced, and the scheme of circulating libraries lately established, which these very publications seem to have suggested, having spread them through the kingdom, novels are now become the amusing study of every rank and description of people in England.

Young minds are so apt to be tinctured by what they read, that it should be the duty of every person who has the charge of education, to make a proper

choice of books for those who are under their care ; and this is particularly necessary in respect to our daughters, who are brought up in a more confined and domestic manner than boys. Girls will be tempted to form themselves upon any characters, whether true or fictitious, which forcibly strike their imaginations, and nothing can be more pointedly addressed to the passions than many of these novel heroines. I would not be understood to accuse our modern writers of immoral designs ; very few, I believe, can be found of that description ; I do not therefore object to them as corrupting the youthful mind by pictures of immorality, but I think some amongst them may be apt to lead young female readers into affectation and false character by stories, where the manners, though highly charged, are not in nature ; and the more interesting such stories are, the greater will be their influence : in this light a novel heroine, though described without a fault, yet if drawn out of nature, may be a very unfit model for imitation.

The novel, which of all others is formed upon the most studied plan of morality, is *Clarissa*, and few young women I believe are put under restriction by their parents or others from gratifying their curiosity with a perusal of this author ; guided by the best intentions, and conscious that the moral of his book is fundamentally good, he has taken all possible pains to weave into his story incidents of such a tragical and affecting nature, as are calculated to make a strong and lasting impression on the youthful heart. The unmerited sufferings of an innocent and beautiful young lady, who is made a model of patience and purity ; the unnatural obduracy of her parents ; the infernal arts of the wretch who violates her, and the sad catastrophe of her death, are incidents in this affecting story better

conceived than executed: failing in this most essential point, as a picture of human nature, I must regard the novel of *Clarissa* as one of the books, which a prudent parent will put under interdiction; for I think I can say from observation, that there are more artificial pedantic characters assumed by sentimental Misses, in the vain desire of being thought *Clarissa Harlows*, than from any other source of imitation whatsoever: I suspect that it has given food to the idle passion for those eternal scribblings, which pass between one female friend and another, and tend to no good point of education. I have a young lady in my eye, who made her will, wrote an inscription for the plate of her own coffin, and forswore all mankind at the age of sixteen. As to the characters of Lovelace, of the heroine herself, and the heroine's parents, I take them all to be beings of another world. What *Clarissa* is made to do, and what she is allowed to omit, are equally out of the regions of nature. Fathers and mothers, who may oppose the inclinations of their daughters, are not likely to profit from the examples in this story, nor will those daughters be disposed to think the worse of their own rights, or the better of their parents, for the black and odious colours in which these unnatural characters are painted. It will avail little to say, that *Clarissa's* miseries are derivable from the false step of her elopement, when it is evident that elopement became necessary to avoid compulsion. To speak with more precision my opinion in the case, I think *Clarissa* dangerous only to such young persons whose characters are yet to be formed, and who from natural susceptibility may be prone to imitation, and likely to be turned aside into errors of affectation. In such hands, I think a book so addressed to the passions and wire-drawn into such prolixity, is not

calculated to form either natural manners or natural style; nor would I have them learn of Clarissa to write long pedantic letters *on their bended knees*, and beg *to kiss the hem of their ever honoured Mamma's garment*, any more than I would wish them to spurn the addresses of a worthy lover with the pert insult of a *Miss Howe*.

The natural temper and talents of our children should point out to our observation and judgement the particular mode in which they ought to be trained: the little tales told to them in infancy, and the books to be put into their hands in a forwarder age, are concerns highly worth attending to. Few female hearts in early youth can bear being softened by pathetic and affecting stories without prejudice. Young people are all imitation, and when a girl assumes the pathos of Clarissa without experiencing the same afflictions, or being put to the same trials, the result will be a most insufferable affectation and pedantry.

Whatever errors there may be in our present system of education, they are not the errors of neglect; on the contrary, perhaps, they will be found to consist in over diligence and too great solicitude for accomplishment; the distribution of a young lady's hours is an analysis of all the arts and sciences; she shall be a philosopher in the morning, a painter at noon, and a musician at night; she shall sing without a voice, play without an ear, and draw without a talent. A variety of masters distract the attention and overwhelm the genius; and thus an indiscriminate zeal in the parent stops the cultivation and improvement of those particular branches, to which the talents of the child may more immediately be adapted. But if parents who thus press the education of their children, fall into mistakes from too great anxiety, their neglect is



without excuse, who, immersed in dissipation, delegate to a hireling the most sacred and most natural of all duties ; to these unprofitable and inconsiderate beings I shall not speak in plain prose, but will desire them to give the following little poem a perusal.

DORINDA and her spouse were join'd  
As modern men and women are,  
In matrimony, not in mind,  
A fashionable pair.

Fine clothes, fine diamonds, and fine lace,  
The smartest vis-a-vis in town,  
With title, pin-money, and place,  
Made wedlock's pill go down.

In decent time by Hunter's art,  
The wished-for heir Dorinda bore ;  
A girl came next ; she'd done her part,  
Dorinda bred no more.

Now education's care employs  
Dorinda's brain —— but ah ! the curse,  
Dorinda's brain can't bear the noise——  
' Go, take 'em to the nurse.'

The lovely babes improve apace  
By dear Ma'amselle's prodigious care ;  
Miss gabbles French with pert grimace,  
And master learns to swear.

' Sweet innocents !' the servants cry,  
' So natural he, and she so wild :  
' Laud, Nurse, do humour 'em—for why ?  
' 'Twere sin to snub a child.'

Time runs—' My God !'—Dorinda cries  
' How monstrously the girl is grown !  
' She has more meaning in her eyes  
' Than half the girls in town.'

Now teachers throng ; Miss dances, sings,  
Learns every art beneath the sun,  
Scrawls, scribbles, does a thousand things  
Without a taste for one.

Lap-dogs and parrots, paints, good lack !  
Enough to make Sir Joshua jealous,  
Writes rebusses, and has her clack  
Of small-talk for the fellows :

Mobs to the milliners for fashions,  
Reads every tawdry tale that's new,  
Has fits, opinions, humours, passions,  
And dictates in vertu.

Ma'amselle to Miss's hand conveys  
A billet-doux ! she's *très-commode*,  
The dancing-master's in the chaise,  
They scour the northern road.

Away to Scottish land they post,  
Miss there becomes a lawful wife ;  
Her frolic over, to her cost  
Miss is a wretch for life.

Master meanwhile advances fast  
In modern manners and in vice,  
And with a school-boy's heedless haste,  
Rattles the desperate dice.

Travels no doubt by modern rules  
To France, to Italy, and there  
Commences adept in the schools,  
Of Rousseau and Voltaire.

Returns in all the dernier goût  
Of Brussels-point and Paris clothes,  
Buys antique statues vamt anew,  
And busts without a nose.

Then hey ! at Dissipation's call  
To every club that leads the ton,  
Hazard's the word ; he flies at all,  
He's pigeon'd and undone.

Now comes a wife, the stale pretence,  
 The old receipt to pay new debts ;  
 He pockets City-Madam's pence,  
 And doubles all his bets.

He drains his stewards, racks his farms,  
 Annuitizes, fines, renews,  
 And every morn his levee swarms  
 With swindlers and with Jews.

The guinea lost that was his last,  
 Desperate at length the maniac cries—  
 ' This thro' my brain ! '—'tis done ; 'tis past ;  
 He fires—he falls—he dies !

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## NUMBER XXVIII.

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*Γάμος κράτιστος ἔστιν ἀνδρὶ σώφρονι  
 Τρόπον γυναικὸς χρηστὸν ἔνδον λαμβάνει.*

HIPPONAX.

To a wise husband, when possessing  
 A virtuous wife, wedlock's a blessing.

THOUGH I do not like paradoxes, and can readily acknowledge the respect due to general opinions, yet I am bold to aver to the face of all those fine gentlemen, who, if they think as they act, will laugh me to scorn for the notion, that marriage is a measure of some consequence. I do not mean to say that it is necessary in the choice of a wife, that she should be of any particular stature or complexion, brown or fair, tall or short ; neither do I think a man of family need absolutely to insist upon as many clear descents, as would satisfy a

German Count, before he quarters arms with a lady ; nor do I article for fortune, or connexion, or any other worldly recommendation as indispensable ; satisfied only, if it will be granted to me, that the parties ought not to unite without some mutual explanation, some previous understanding of each other's temper, and some reasonable ground of belief, that the contract they are about to enter into for life, is likely to hold good to the end of the term for which it is made.

I am not so ignorant of the world as not to know how many specious reasons may be given on the other side of the question ; and being sensible I have a hard point to drive, I am willing to conciliate my opponents by all reasonable concessions.

*Lord Faro* married to pay off a mortgage that encumbered his estate, and to discharge certain debts of honour that encumbered his mind still more : his match, therefore, was a match of principle ; and though a run of bad luck defeated his good intentions towards his creditors, and though the vulgar manners of his lady smelt so strong of the city, that she became insupportable, yet all the world allowed that the measure was judicious, justifiable, and, in his lordship's situation, indispensable.

*Lady Bab Pettish* married *Colonel Spectre* because he haunted her in all assemblies, was for ever at her back in the Opera-house, glided into the church when she was at her devotions, and declared in all companies that he was determined to have her. *Lady Bab* married to be revenged of him ; nobody denied but she took the right method, and all the world allowed that she had her revenge : the colonel is literally a *spectre* at this moment.

*Sir Harry Bluster* and *Miss Hornet* were first cousins, and though brought up together in the same house like brother and sister, squabbled and



fought like dog and cat. Sir Harry's face bore the marks of her nails, and Miss's head-dress was the frequent victim of his fury: this young pair made a match in the laudable expectation of a better agreement after wedlock: all the world applauded their motives, and the event fully answered their expectation—for they parted *by consent*.

Old *Lady Lucy Lumbago* was told by a fortune-teller that she should die a maid: when she was at least sixty years in advance towards fulfilling the prediction, she drew a piece of wedding cake through a bride's gold ring, and dreamt of her own footman: she married him the next week to thwart the Destinies: the footman went off with her strong box, and left her behind to complete the prophecy.

*Lord Calomel* had a plentiful estate and a very scanty constitution, but he had two reasons for marrying, which all the world gave him credit for; the first was to get an heir, which he wanted, and the second was to get rid of a mistress he was tired of: he made his choice of *Miss Frolick*, and every body allowed the odds were in his favour for an heir: the lady brought him a full grown boy at five months end; his lordship drove his wife out of his house, and reinstated his mistress.

*Jack Fanciful* had a blind-side towards a fine eyebrow. It was his humour, and he had a right to please himself: *Signora Falsetta* struck an arrow to his heart from a pair of full drawn bows, that would have done honour to Cleopatra herself, whose stage representative the Signora then was: Jack made overtures of a certain sort, which her majesty repulsed with the dignity that became her; in short, the virtue of Cleopatra was impregnable, or at least, it was plain she was not *every body's Cleopatra*. What could Jack do? It was impossible to give up the eyebrows, and it was no less

impossible to have them upon any terms, but terms of honour. Jack married her : it was his humour, and all the world allowed he was in the right to indulge it : the happy knot was tied ; Jack flew with lips of ardour to his lovely Cleopatra ; the faithless eye brow deserted from the naked forehead of its owner, and, O sad exchange ! took post upon Jack's chin.

These, and many more than these, may be called cases in point, and brought to prove that matrimony is a mere whim, a caprice of the moment, and by people who know the world treated with suitable indifference ; but still I must hope that such of my readers, at least, who do not know the world, or know perhaps just so much of it as not to wish for a more intimate familiarity with its fashions, will think this same bargain for life a bargain of some consequence.

The court of Catherine of Medicis, but more particularly that of Anne of Austria, brought the characters of women into much greater consequence and display, than had before been allowed to them : the female genius called forth from its obscurity soon assumed its natural prerogatives : a woman's wit was found the finest engine to cut the knot of intricacy, or if possible to disentangle it : the ladies in that famous regency were no less fitted to direct a council than to adorn a court : the enlightened state of present times, and the refinement of modern manners, have happily discovered, that in the proper intercourse of the sexes are centered all the charms of society : it seems as if a new world had been found out within the limits of the old one : associated as we now are, we are left without excuse when we mistake their characters or betray them into unsuitable connexions by disguising our own ;

every unmarried man has time enough to look about him, and opportunities enough for the fullest information: it can be nothing, therefore, but the misguided impulse of some sordid and unworthy passion, that can be the moving cause of so many unhappy matches. I will never believe in the corruption of the present times, though there are as many bills of divorce as bills of enclosure, but that the husband, I will not say in every, but in almost every case, is in the first fault. It were an easy thing to point out a thousand particulars amongst the reigning habits of high life, which seem as if invented by the very demon of seduction, for his own infernal purposes: there is not one of all these habits which a wise man can fail to despise, or an honest man neglect to reform; no plan so easy as the prevention of them; no system so absurd, so undignified, so destructive of all the pleasures of life, as the system of dissipation.

Look at a man of this sort! He has not even the credit of being a voluptuary; there is not one feature of pleasure in his face: all is languor, *non-chalance* or *ennui*. (I help out my description with French, for, thank Heaven! we have yet no words in our language to express it.) The travels of such a man in the purlieus only of St. James's-street and Pall-Mall would suffice to have carried him round the pyramids of Egypt: he might have visited the ruins of Herculaneum in half the number of paces that he spends in sauntering up to Rotten-row: he posts from town to country, as if the fate of Europe depended on his despatch; he reconnoitres the heels of some favourite hunter, and returns with the same expedition to town; you would think that life or death depended on his speed, and you would not be much out in the guess, for he has just killed so

much time, and, perhaps, a post-horse or two into the bargain. Are we to suppose there is no emulation in the ladies?

Is it not possible to employ the revenue of a great estate in a more agreeable manner? For I am now speaking of riches in no other light, but as the means of procuring pleasures to their owner. May not every hour of life present some new or agreeable occupation to a man who is possessed of a large fortune and knows how to use it? I need not point out the endless source of delightful employment; which a well-projected system of improvement must furnish to the man of landed property: this nation abounds in artists of all descriptions; gardening, planting, architecture, music, painting, the whole circle of arts are open to his use and service; wherever his taste or humour points, there are professors in every department of the highest talents: he may seat himself in a paradise of his own creating, and collect a society to participate with him worthy the enjoyment of it: the capital might then be his visiting and not his abiding-place; his dearest friend and the companion of his happiest hours might be his wife; the duties of a parent might open fresh sources of delight, and I, who profess myself to be an *Observer*, and a friend of mankind, might contemplate his happiness, and cry out with the vanity of an author—*There is one convert to my system!*

*Vivite concordēs, et nostrum discite munus!*

CLAUDIEN.



NUMBER XXIX.  

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AMONGST the various orders and ranks of men in civilized society, some are entitled to our respect for the dignity and utility of their profession ; but as there are many more than merely natural wants to be provided for in a state of high refinement, other arts and occupations will occur, which, though not so highly to be respected for their utility, will yet be valued and caressed for the pleasures they bestow. In this light there is, perhaps, no one order of men who contribute more largely to the pleasing and moral amusements of the age, than our actors. As I mean to devote this paper to their use and service, I shall begin it with a short passage extracted from Mr. Dow's History of Hindostan.

' During all these transactions the gates of Delhi were kept shut. Famine began to rage every day more and more ; but the Shaw was deaf to the miseries of mankind. The public spirit of Tucki, a famous actor, deserves to be recorded upon this occasion. He exhibited a play before Nadir Shaw, with which that monarch was so well pleased, that he commanded Tucki to ask, and what he wished should be done for him. Tucki fell upon his face, and said, *O King, command the gates to be opened, that the poor may not perish!* His request was granted, and half the city poured into the country ; and the place was supplied in a few days with plenty of provisions.'

Though it is not every actor's lot to save a city,

yet it is his province to drive an enemy out of it, almost as formidable as famine.

There is such a combination of natural gifts requisite to the formation of a complete actor, that it is more a case of wonder how so many good ones are to be found, than why so few instances of excellence can be produced. Every thing, that results from nature alone, lies out of the province of instruction, and no rules that I know of will serve to give a fine form, a fine voice, or even those fine feelings, which are amongst the first properties of an actor. These, in fact, are the tools and materials of his trade, and these neither his own industry nor any man's assistance can bestow. But the right use and application of them is another question, and there he must look for his directions from education, industry, and judgement.

A classical education, if it be not insisted on as indispensable to a great actor, is yet so advantageous to him in every branch of his art, that it is a most happy circumstance in their lot, who can avail themselves of it.

Be this as it may, it behoves him in the very first place to be thoroughly versed in all the chief dramatic writers of his own country. Of all these Shakspeare is so out of sight the principal, that for distinction sake I will confine myself to him only. This author therefore must be studied in the most critical and scrutinizing manner ; not by parts, but in the whole ; for it is the veriest folly in any young student for the stage to read by *character*, or attach himself to any one predominant part, in which he aims at a display, until he has possess himself in the completest manner of the whole drama, in which he is to stand. Every movement of the author's mind should be unravelled ; all those small but delicate incidents, which serve to announce or discri-

minate a leading character, every thing said to him, or of him, as well as by him, are to be carefully gathered up; for Shakspeare in particular paints so very close to nature, and with such marking touches, that he gives the very look an actor ought to wear, when he is on his scene.

When an actor has done this, he will find his understanding so enlightened by the task, and his mind possest with such a passion for what is natural, that he will scorn the sorry practice of tricks, and that vain study of setting himself off by this or that pre-concerted attitude, in which some handicraft-men, who were more like tumblers than tragedians, have in times past disgraced their profession; in short, if he studies his author he will have no need to study his looking-glass: let him feel and he will be sure to express; Nature, that gave him limbs and organs of speech, will be sure to give him action, and he need not measure the board he is to fall upon, as if he was to make his exit down a trap.

There is one thing in particular I would wish him to avoid, which is a repugnance against appearing in characters of an unamiable sort; the ladies will observe I address myself to both sexes throughout: it is a narrow notion to suppose that there can be any adhesion either of vice or virtue to the real character: or that revenge, cruelty, perfidiousness, or cowardice, can be transported into a man's nature, because he professionally represents these evil qualities. If I had not determined against particularizing any person in this paper, I should here quote the example of an actor, whose untimely death every friend to the drama must deplore, and whose good sense I might appeal to in confirmation of my advice.

Of this above all things every actor may assure himself, that there is no calling or profession in life,

that can less endure the distractions of intemperance and dissipation. A knowledge of the world no doubt is necessary to him, and he must therefore take his share in society, but there is no other introduction into the best company, but by meriting a place in it ; and as for vulgar fellowships and connexions, where a man is to act the *pleasant fellow*, and set the table in a roar, if he has not the spirit and discretion to decline them, he will soon find his professional talents sacrificed to his convivial ones ; if he does not reserve all his exertions for his art, nature must sink under double duty, and the most that he can obtain in return will be pity.

An eminent actor should resolve to fortify himself against the many personal attacks, which in the present times he is to expect from friends as well as foes : by the former I mean those friends, whose ill-judged applauses are as dangerous to his repose as calumny itself. That proper sense of himself, which holds a middle place between diffidence and arrogance, is what he must oppose to these attacks of extravagant applause or illiberal defamation ; for gentlemen of wit and pleasantry find so much amusement in sporting with the feelings of actors, that they will write ; and there is a figure called *hyperbole* much in fashion amongst them, the excellent property of which figure is that it cuts both ways—*virtus ejus ex diverso par augendi atque minuendi*. Now although the *hyperbole* is a figure of freedom, and has certain privileges, that go beyond credibility, yet I have the authority of *Quintilian* to say that it has bounds ; on the outside of truth, I confess, but still within reason—*Quamvis enim est omnis hyperbole ultra fidem ; non tamen esse debet ultra modum*.—An actor, therefore, will do wisely to put no faith in such a double-tongued figure, nor form any acquaintance with those who are in the daily use of it.



If he would have better authority for the advice I give him, let him turn to his books, and he will not find a writer of eminence, either ancient or modern, that will not tell him slander is a tax on merit. I shall instance only one of each, because I will not burthen him with quotations. The first of these is *Tacitus*, a writer of unquestionable authority, and one who has left as good receipts for wholesome judgement in all wordly affairs as any man whatever: his maxim, indeed, is short, for he makes no waste of words on any occasion; speaking of certain libellous publications, he observes—*Spreta exolescunt; si irascare, agnita videntur*:—Which may be thus rendered—*Contempt disarms abuse; resent, and you adopt it*.—The other which I shall adduce, is the judicious and amiable Mr. Addison, who is rather more diffusive on the subject, but concludes his opinion with this recommendation of the prescription above mentioned—‘That it is a piece of fortitude, which every man owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himself, in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.’ (SPECT. No. 355.)

When I have said this, I am free to own, that it is an act of aggravated cruelty to attack a man, whose profession lays him so continually at mercy, and who has fewer defences than other men to resort to. An actor has a claim upon the public for their protection, whose servant he is; and he ought to be dear to every man in particular, whose heart he has dilated with benevolence, or lightened with festivity; if we are grateful to the surgeon who assuages the pain of a festering sore, or draws even a thorn from our flesh, should we not remember him with kindness, who heals our heart of its inquietude, and cheers those hours with gaiety and innocence, which we might else have devoted to gloominess or guilt?

If an actor has these claims upon the world at large, what ought he not to expect from the poet in particular? The poet's arms should be his natural asylum, a shield from the arrows of envy and detraction. An actor is in the capacity of a steward to every living muse, and of an executor to every departed one; the poet digs up the ore; he shifts it from the dross, refines and purifies it for the mint; the actor sets the stamp upon it, and makes it current in the world.

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NUMBER XXX.

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PREJUDICE is so wide a word, that if we would have ourselves understood, we must always use some auxiliary term with it to define our meaning: thus, when we speak of national prejudices, prejudices of education, or religious prejudices, by compounding our expression we convey ideas very different from each other.

National prejudice is by some called a virtue, but the virtue of it consists only in the proper application and moderate degree of it. It must be confessed a happy attachment, which can reconcile the Laplander to his freezing snows, and the African to his scorching sun. There are some portions of the globe so partially endowed by Providence with climate and productions, that were it not for this prejudice to the *natale solum*, the greater part of the habitable world would be a scene of envy and repining. National predilection is in this sense a blessing, and perhaps a virtue; but if it operates otherwise than in the best sense of its definition, it per-

verts the judgement, and in some cases vitiates the heart. It is an old saying, that *charity begins at home*, but this is no reason it should not go abroad: a man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter, or square, or even alley in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole; and if in his rambles through this great city, the world, he may chance upon a man of a different habit, language, or complexion from his own, still he is a fellow-citizen, a short sojourner in common with himself, subject to the same wants, infirmities, and necessities, and one that has a brother's claim upon him for his charity, candour, and relief. It were to be wished no traveller would leave his own country without these impressions, and it would be still better if all who live in it would adopt them; but as an *Observer* of mankind, let me speak it to the honour of my countrymen, I have very little to reproach them with on this account: it would be hard if a nation, more addicted to travel than any other in Europe, had not rubbed off this rust of the soul in their excursions and collisions; it would be an indelible reproach, if a people, so blest at home, were not benevolent abroad. Our ingenious neighbours, the French, are less agreeable guests than hosts; I am afraid their national prejudices reach a little beyond candour in most cases, and they are too apt to indulge a vanity, which does not become so enlightened a nation, by shutting their eyes against every light except their own; but I do a violence to my feelings, when I express myself unfavourably of a people, with whom we have long been implicated in the most honourable of all connexions, the mutual pursuits of literary fame, and a glorious emulation in arts and sciences.

Prejudices of education are less dangerous than

religious prejudices, less common than national ones, and more excusable than any; in general they are little else than ridiculous habits which cannot obtain much in a country where public education prevails, and such as a commerce with the world can hardly fail to cure: they are characteristic of seraglio princes; the property of sequestered beings, who live in celibacy and retirement, contracted in childhood and confirmed by age: a man, who has passed his life on shipboard, will pace the length of his quarter-deck on the terrace before his house, were it a mile in length.

These are harmless peculiarities, but it is obvious to experience that prejudices of a very evil nature may be contracted by habits of education; and the very defective state of the police, which is suffered yet to go on without reform in and about our capital, furnishes too many examples of our fatal inattention to the morals of our infant poor: amongst the many wretched culprits who suffer death by the law, how many are there, who when standing at the bar to receive sentence of execution, might urge this plea in extenuation of their guilt!

‘ This action which you are pleased to term criminal, I have been taught to consider as meritorious: the arts of fraud and thieving, by which I gained my living, are arts instilled into me by my parents, habits wherein I was educated from my infancy, a trade to which I was regularly bred: if these are things not to be allowed of, and a violation of the laws, it behoved the laws to prevent them, rather than to punish them; for I cannot see the equity of putting me to death for actions, which, if your police had taken any charge of me in my infancy, I never had committed. If you would secure yourselves from receiving wrong, you should teach us not to do wrong; and this might easily be ef-



fected, if you have any eye upon your parish poor. For my part, I was born and bred in the parish of Saint Giles; my parents kept a shop for the retail of gin and old rags; christening I had none; a church I never entered, and no parish-officer ever visited our habitation; if he had done so, he would have found a seminary of thieves and pick-pockets, a magazine of stolen goods, a house of call where nightly depredators met together to compare accounts, and make merry over their plunder: amongst these and by these I was educated; I obeyed them as my masters, and I looked up to them as my examples: I believed them to be great men; I heard them recount their actions with glory; I saw them die like heroes, and I attended their executions with triumph. It is now my turn to suffer, and I hope I shall not prove myself unworthy of the calling in which I have been brought up: if there be any fault in my conduct, the fault is yours; for, being the child of poverty, I was the son of the public: if there be any honour it is my own; for I have acted up to my instructions in all things, and faithfully fulfilled the purposes of my education.'

I cannot excuse myself from touching upon one more prejudice, which may be called natural, or self prejudice: under correction of the *Dampers* I hope I may be allowed to say, that a certain portion of this is a good quickener in all constitutions; being seasonably applied, it acts like the spur in the wing of the ostrich, and keeps industry awake: being of the nature of all volatiles and provocatives, the merit of it consists in the moderation and discretion which administer it: if a man rightly knows himself, he may be called wise; if he justly confides in himself he may be accounted happy; but if he keeps both this knowledge and this confidence to himself, he will neither be less wise nor less happy for so doing: if

there are any secrets, which a man ought to keep from his nearest friends, this is one of them. If there were no better reason why a man should not vaunt himself, but because it is robbing the poor mountebanks of their livelihood, methinks it would be reason enough: if he must think aloud upon such occasions, let him lock himself into his closet, and take it out in soliloquy: if he likes the sound of his own praises there, and can reconcile himself to the belief of them, it will then be time enough to try their effect upon other people.

Ventidius is the modestest of all men; he blushes when he sees himself applauded in the public papers; he has a better reason for blushing than the world is aware of; he knows himself to be the author of what he reads.

It seems a matter pretty generally agreed between all tellers and hearers of stories, that one party shall work by the rule of addition, and the other by that of subtraction: in most narratives, where the relater is a party in the scene, I have remarked that the *says-I* has a decided advantage in a dialogue over the *says-he*; few people take an under-part in their own fable. There is a salvo, however, which some gentlemen make use of, but I cannot recommend it, of hooking in a word to their own advantage, with the preface of *I think I may say without vanity*—and after all, if it was not for the vanity of it, there would be no need to say it at all.

I knew a gentleman who possessed more real accomplishments, than fall to one man's lot in a thousand; he was an excellent painter, a fine musician, a good scholar, and, more than all, a very worthy man—but he could not ride: it so happened, that upon a morning's airing I detected him in the attempt of mounting on the back of a little pony, no taller than his whip, and as quiet as a lamb: two

stout fellows held the animal by the head, whilst my friend was performing a variety of very ingenious manœuvres for lodging himself upon the saddle by the aid of a stirrup which nearly touched the ground: I am afraid I smiled, when I ought not so to have done, for it is certain it gave offence to my worthy friend, who soon after joined me on his pony, which he assured me was remarkably vicious, particularly at mounting; but that he had been giving him some proper discipline, which he doubted not would cure him of his evil tricks; 'for you may think what you please,' adds he, 'of my painting, or my music, or any other little talent you are pleased to credit me for; the only art which I really pique myself upon—is the art of riding.'

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### NUMBER XXXI.

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ALTHOUGH the subject of *Witchcraft* has been treated seriously as well as ludicrously in so full a manner, as to anticipate in some measure what can be now offered to the reader's curiosity, yet I am tempted to add something on this topic, which I shall endeavour to put together in such shape and method, as may perhaps throw fresh light upon a subject that ignorance and superstition have in all past ages of the world conspired to keep in darkness and obscurity.

The reader will recollect so much said of sorcerers and demons both in the old and new parts of the sacred writings, that I need not now recapitulate the instances, but take them as they occur in course of my discussion.

Theologians, who have treated the subject seri-

ously and logically, have defined magic to be ' An art or faculty, which by evil compact with demons, performs certain things wonderful in appearance, and above the ordinary comprehension of mankind.' —According to this definition we are to look for the origin of this art, to the author of all evil, the devil: Heathen writers have ascribed the invention of magic to Mercury. Some of the early Christians, who have wrote on the subject, speak of Zabulus as the first magician, but this is only another name for the devil, and is so used by St. Cyprian: some give the invention to Barnabas, a magician of Cyprus, but who this Barnabas was, and in what time he lived, they have not shown: though they have taken pains to prove he was not St. Barnabas, the coadjutor of the Apostle Paul: some of the Spanish writers maintain that magic was struck out in Arabia, and that a certain ancient volume of great antiquity was brought from thence by the Moors into Spain, full of spells and incantations, and by them and the Jews bequeathed to their posterity, who performed many wonderful things by its aid, till it was finally discovered and burned by the Inquisition.

These are some amongst many of the accounts, which pious men in times of superstition have offered to the world; the defenders of the art on the contrary derive its doctrines from the angel, who accompanied Tobit, and revealed them to him on the way, and they contend that these doctrines are preserved in certain books written by Honorius, Albertus Magnus, Cyprian, Paul, Enoch, and others. Tostatus thinks that Jezebel, who enchanted Ahab with charms and firtres, was the first who practised sorcery: that from her time the Samaritans were so addicted to sorcery, that a Samaritan and a sorcerer became one and the same term; which opinion he is confirmed in by that passage in scripture,



where the Pharisees accuse Christ of being a Samaritan, and having a devil ; a charge, says he, implied in the very first position of his being a Samaritan. He admits jointly with St. Austin, that Pythonissa, or the Witch of Endor, actually raised the spirit of Samuel, not by magic incantations, but by express permission of God, for the punishment of Saul's impiety, and to provoke him to immediate repentance by the denunciation of his impending fate ; whilst other authorities in the church of early date maintain, that it was not the spirit of Samuel, but a demon that appeared in his likeness. He admits also, that the rods of the Egyptian sorcerers were like that of Moses turned into serpents by the art and contrivance of the devil ! In like manner the said magicians turned the rivers into blood, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt ; but though they kept pace with Moses in producing these plagues, their power, he observes, did not reach, as his did, to the subsequent extirpation of them.

As to Simon the magician, whom Philip converted in Samaria, wonderful things are said of him by the fathers of the Christian church ; this man, Justin Martyr informs us, was born in the city of Gitta in Samaria, travelled to Rome in the time of Claudius, and by the aid of the devil performed such astonishing feats, as caused him to be believed and worshipped as a god, the Romans erecting a statue to him on the banks of the Tiber between the bridges, with this inscription, *Simoni Deo Sancto*. The sacred historians record no particulars of Simon's sorceries ; but if the reader has curiosity to consult *lib. 2 recognition. : & lib. 6. constit. Apost. in Clem. Rom.* he will find many strange stories of this sorcerer, viz. that he created a man out of the air ; that he had the power of being invisible ; that he could render marble as penetrable as clay ; animate statues ; resist

the force of fire: present himself with two faces-like Janus; metamorphose himself into a sheep or a goat: fly through the air at pleasure; create vast sums of gold in a moment and upon a wish; take a scythe in his hand and mow a field of standing corn almost at a stroke, and bring the dead, unjustly murdered, into life. He adds, that as a famous courtesan, named Selene, was looking out of a certain castle, and a great crowd had collected to gaze at her, he caused her first to appear, and afterwards to fall down from every window at one and at the same time.

Anastasius Nicenus's account agrees in many particulars with the above, and adds, that Simon was frequently preceded by spectres, which he said were the spirits of certain persons deceased. I shall make no further remarks upon these accounts, except in the way of caution to readers of a certain description, to keep in mind that the scriptural history says only—'That Simon used sorcery and bewitched the people of Samaria, giving out that himself was some great one.' The evidences of holy writ are simple and in general terms, but the accounts of the fathers of the church go much beyond them, and the superstition of the dark ages was so extravagant and unbounded, that there is no end to the tales invented, or inserted in the Roman legends.

Though it appears from the scriptural account that Simon was converted by Philip, the arts he had imparted to his scholars did not cease in the world, but were continued by Menander, one of his said scholars, and a Samaritan also, who practised sorceries, and went to Antioch, where he deluded many people; Irenæus relates that Marcus, another of Simon's scholars, was a very powerful magician, and drew many followers; that Anaxilaus pretended to cure madness by the same art, turned white wine into red, and prophesied by the help of a fami-

liar; and that Carpocrates and his pupils practised magical incantations and love charms, and had absolute power over men's minds, by the force of superstition. The charge of sorcery became in after-times so strong a weapon in the hands of the church of Rome, that they employed it against all in their turns, who separated themselves from the established communion. When Priscilian carried the heresy of the Gnostics into Spain, he was twice brought to trial and convicted of sorcery, which Severus Sulpitius in his epistle to Ctesiphon says he confessed to have learned of Marcus the Egyptian abovementioned: this Priscilian was a great adept in Zoroastrian magic, and though a magician, was promoted to the episcopacy. The same Severus, in his life of Saint Martin, relates that there was a young man in Spain, who by false miracles imposed upon the people to believe he was the prophet Elias, afterwards he feigned himself to be Christ, and drew Rufus, though a bishop, to give credit to his blasphemous imposition, and to pay him worship accordingly. Paul the deacon also relates that there were three other Pseudo-Christes in France, one of which was a Briton, whom Gregory of Tours calls Eun (probably Evan) of whom Robert the chronologer and William of Newberry record many miracles; all these Paul tells us were heretics.

In the pontificate of Innocent VI. there was one Gonsalvo a Spaniard in the diocese of Concha, who wrote a book, which he entitled *Virginalem*, with a demon visibly standing at his elbow, and dictating to him as he copied it from his mouth; in which book he announced himself to be Christ, the immortal Saviour of the world: this man was put to death as a heretic and blasphemer. Sergius, the author of the Armenian heresy, was charged with keeping a demon, in the shape of a dog, constantly

attending upon him ; and Berengarius, chief of the Sacramentarian heresy, was in like manner accused of being a magician. Many more instances might be adduced ; but Tertullian takes a shorter course, and fairly pronounces that all heretics were magicians, or had commerce with magicians.

The Infidels escaped no better from this charge than the Heretics: for the Moors, who brought many arts and inventions into Spain, of which the natives were in utter ignorance, universally fell under the same accusation, and Martin Delrius, the Jesuit, who taught theology in Salamanca at the close of the sixteenth century, says he was shown the place where a great cave had been stopped up in that city, by order of Queen Isabella, which the Moors had used for the purposes of necromancy ; that the Hussites in Bohemia, and the followers of the arch-heretic Luther in Germany, confounded men's senses by the power of magic and the assistance of the devil, to whom they had devoted themselves ; that some of them voluntarily recanted and confessed their evil practices, and others being seized and examined at the tribunal of Treves, made like public confession ; at which time, he adds—‘ That terrible and Tartarian prop of Lutheranism, Albert of Brandenburg, himself a notorious magician, was in the act of laying waste that very country with fire and sword’—*Tetrum illud et tartareum Lutheranismi fulcrum, ipse quoque magicæ nomine famosus, Albertus Brandenburgicus, provinciam illam flammâ ferroque prædabundus vastabat.* He adds, that wherever the heresy of Calvin went, whether to England, France, or Holland, the black and diabolic arts of necromancy kept pace with it. That the demons take their abode in heretics as naturally as they did in Heathen idols, or in the herd of swine, when commanded: nay, Hieronymus declares that they got into worse quar-



ters by the exchange; Cassian (*Collat. 7. cap. 31.*) an ancient writer, of great gravity, affirms that he had himself interrogated a demon, who confessed to him that he had inspired Arius and Eunomius with the first ideas of their sacrilegious tenets : that it is demonstrable by reason, that all heretics must in the end be either atheists or sorcerers ; because heresy, can only proceed from the passion of pride and self-sufficiency, which lead to atheism ; or from curiosity and love of novelty, which incline the mind to the study of magical arts. That sorcery follows heresy, as the plague follows famine : for heresy is nothing else but a famine, as described by the prophet Amos, chap. viii. verse 11. ‘ Not a famine of bread, nor a thirst of water, but of hearing the word of the Lord.’ Moreover, heresy is a harlot, as Isaiah expresseth himself—‘ How is the faithful city become an harlot?’ And as harlots, when past their beauty, take up the trade of procuresses, so demons, as these good catholics inform us, turn old and obdurate heretics into sorcerers. Father Maldonatus sees the heretics again in the ninth chapter of the Apocalypse come out of the smoke in form of locusts upon the earth, and, as Joel the prophet writes, in the fourth verse of his first chapter—‘ That which the palmer-worm hath left, hath the locust eaten ; and that which the locust hath left, hath the canker-worm eaten ; and that which the canker-worm hath left, hath the caterpillar eaten.’ So in these gradations of vermin may be seen the stages of heresy, for what the heretics have left, the sorcerers, by the devil’s aid, have destroyed ; and what the sorcerers have left, the atheists have destroyed.

Having stated the charge, which my heretical readers will perceive is pretty general against them, I shall proceed to some facts in proof. One of the most stubborn amongst these, is the case of an here-

tical woman in the town of Paderborn, who brought forth a male infant in a parson's gown and beaver—*palliatum et pileatum modo ecclesiasticorum*—who, from his natural antipathy to papists, always reviled them wherever he met them; this Father Delrius assures us was a fact of general notoriety, and a just judgement from God on the heresy of the mother. Niderius, in the chapter upon witches, *in Formicario*, says, that an heretical young witch at Cologne, by the help of a demon, took a handkerchief, and, in presence of a great company of noble spectators, tore it into pieces, and immediately afterwards produced it whole and entire; this wicked jade then took up a glass, threw it against the wall, broke it into a thousand fragments, and instantly showed it to the company as whole as at first. Niderius concludes, with just indignation against such diabolical practices, that this girl was well handled by the Fathers of the Inquisition, where her tricks could stand her in no stead; which, indeed, is not to be wondered at, as the devil himself would not choose to venture before that tribunal. Bodinus, in his treatise upon demons, relates that a conjuror, named Triscalinus, performed some tricks before Charles the Ninth of France, and by the black art contrived to draw into his hand several rings from the fingers of a courtier, who stood at a distance from him, and that every body saw these rings fly through the air to the conjuror; whereupon the whole company rising up against him, for the performance of such diabolical feats, (*quæ nec arte, nec actu humano, nec naturâ fieri poterant*) fell upon him, and by force brought him to confess that he conspired with the devil, which at first this hardened sinner was very unwilling to do: Bodinus with great candour observes, that this was indeed a blot in the fame of Charles the Ninth, who in all

other respects was a praiseworthy monarch (*aliàs laudato rege*). When my readers recollect the meritorious part that Charles the Ninth acted in the massacre of Paris, he will own with me that the candour of Bodinus is extraordinary, in producing a story so much to the discredit of a praiseworthy prince.

There was one Zedekiah, a Jew physician, who in presence of the Emperor Lodowick the Pious, in the year 876, swallowed a prize-fighter on horseback, horse and all, (*hoplomachum equitem devoravit*)—Nay, he did more, he swallowed a cart loaded with hay, horses and driver, (*currum quoque onustum fœno cum equis et aurigâ*)—he cut off people's heads, hands, and feet, which he fastened again in the eyes of all the court, whilst the blood was running from them, and in a moment the man so maimed appeared whole and unhurt; he caused the emperor to hear the sound of hounds in full chase, with shouts of huntsmen, and many other noises in the air; and in the midst of winter showed him a garden in full bloom, with flowers and fruits, and birds singing in the trees; a most detestable piece of magic, and very unworthy of an emperor to pass over with impunity, for he suffered the Jew doctor to escape. As it is always right, when a man deals in the marvellous, to quote his authority, I beg leave to inform the credulous reader, if any there be, that I take these facts upon the credit of the learned Joannes Trithemius, a very serious and respectable author.—One more case in point occurs to me, which I shall state, and then release my readers from the conjuror's circle, and this is the case of one Diodorus, vulgarly called Liodorus, a Sicilian conjuror, who, by spells and enchantments, turned men into brute animals, and metamorphosed almost every thing he laid his hands upon; this fel-

low, when the inhabitants of Catana would have persuaded him to let them hang him quietly and contentedly, as a conjuror and heretic ought, took counsel of the devil, and cowardly fled away to Byzantium by the shortest passage through the air, to the great disappointment of the spectators; being pursued by the officers of justice, not indeed through the air, but as justice is accustomed to travel, *pede claudo*, he took a second flight, and alighting in the city of Catana, was providentially caught by Leo, the good bishop of that city, who throwing him into a fiery furnace, roasted this strange bird, to the great edification of all beholders (*sed tamen a Leone Catanensi episcopo, divinâ virtute ex improvise captus, frequenti in mediâ urbe populo, in fornacem igneam injectus ignis, incendio consumtus est*). This anecdote is to be found in Thomas Fazellus, (*lib. 5. c. 2.* and again *lib. 3. deca. I. rerum Sicularum*) who closes his account with the following pious remark, naturally arising from his subject, and which I shall set down in his own words—*Sic divina justitia prævaluit, et qui se judicibus forte minus justo zelo motis eripuerat, e sancti viri manibus elabi non potuit.* ‘Thus,’ says he, ‘divine justice prevailed, and he, who had snatched himself out of the hands of judges, who perhaps were actuated by a zeal not so just as it should be, could not escape from this holy person.’



## NUMBER XXXII.

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*Quis labor hic superis cantus herbasque sequendi,  
Spernendique timor? cujus commercia pacti  
Obstrictos habuere Deos? parere necesse est,  
An juvat? ignotâ tantum pietate merentur,  
An tacitis valuere minis? hoc juris in omnes  
Est illis superos? an habent hæc carmina certum  
Imperiosa Deum, qui mundum cogere, quicquid  
Cogitur, ipse potest?*

LUCAN, lib. vi. 491, &c.

HAVING in my preceding paper stated some of the proofs by which the orthodox theologicians make good their charge of sorcery against Heretics, Jews, and Mahometans, and shown, from their authorities, faithfully and correctly quoted, how naturally the devil and his agents take to all those who separate from the mother church of Rome; having also briefly deduced the history of magic from its origin and invention, and taken some notice of those passages in holy writ, where sorcerers and magicians are made mention of, I shall now proceed to a more interesting part of my subject, in which I shall lay open the arcana of the art magic, and show what that wicked and mysterious compact is, on which it depends, and explain the nature of those diabolical engagements, which a man must enter into before he can become an adept in sorcery.

This compact or agreement, as grave and learned authors inform us, is sometimes made expressly with the great devil himself in person, corporeally present before witnesses, who takes an oath of homage and

allegiance from his vassal, and then endows him with the powers of magic: this was the case with a certain Arragonesse nobleman, which Heisterback, in his treatise upon miracles, tells us he was a witness to, also of the Vidame Theophylus, in the year 537, as related by Sigisbert: sometimes it is done by memorial, or address in writing, in the manner of certain Norman heretics, who wrote a petition to the Sibyls, as chief of the necromancers: this petition sets forth that, "Whereas the parties undersigning had entered into certain articles and conditions, and by solemn engagement bound themselves faithfully to perform the same, they now pray, in the first place, the ratification of those articles and conditions on the part of the Sibyls; and that they would be pleased, in conformity thereunto, to order and direct their under-agents and familiars to do suit and service to the contracting parties, agreeably to condition; and that when they were summoned and invoked to appear, they would be promptly forthcoming, not in their own shapes, to the annoyance and offence of the contracting parties, but sprucely and handsomely, like personable gentlemen; also, that the petitioners might be discharged from the ceremony of compelling them by the drawing of a circle, or of confining themselves or their familiars within the same.

' Secondly, that the Sibyls would be pleased to affix some seal or signature to the convention, by which its power and efficacy with their subservient familiars might be rendered more secure and permanent.

' Thirdly, that the petitioners may be exempted from all danger, which might otherwise accrue to them, from the civil authority of magistrates, or the inquisitorial power of the church.

' Fourthly, that all the temporal undertakings

and pursuits of the petitioners in the courts and councils of princes may prosper and succeed : and that good luck may attend them in all kinds of gaming, to their suitable profit and advantage.

‘ Lastly, that their enemies of all sorts may have no power over them to do them hurt. .

‘ That these conditions being granted and performed, the petitioners on their part solemnly promise and vow perpetual fealty and allegiance to their sovereigns, the Sibyls, as in the convention itself is more fully set forth ; and that they will faithfully, so long as they shall live, make a sacrifice and oblation of one human soul, every year, to be offered upon the day, and hour of the day, in which this convention shall be ratified and confirmed by the Sibyline powers ; provided always, that the said high and mighty powers shall fully and *bonâ fide* perform what is therein stipulated and agreed to on their parts in the premises.’

This document is faithfully translated from Father Delrius’s Latin treatise *Disquisitionum Magicarum*, *Lib. 2. Quest. 4* : he says that it was publicly burned at Paris, together with the books of magic it refers to, and he quotes the authority of *Crespetus de odio Satanæ Discursu* 15. for a more particular account ; but as Crespetus’s book is not in my reach, I can trace the story no further.

In both these cases, whether the parties contract *vivâ voce*, or proceed by petition, the conditions are the same, and consist, as we are told, in an express renunciation of the Christian creed ; the baptismal rites are reversed, and the devil, or his representative, scratches out the cross from the forehead with his nails, and re-baptizes his vassal by a name of his own devising ; these are indispensable conditions ; the devil also exacts some rag or remnant of his vassal’s garment, as a badge of allegiance, and com-

pels him to make the oath within a circle drawn upon the ground, which being a figure without beginning or end is a symbol of divinity; in this circle the figure of a cross is to be traced out, on which the magician elect tramples and kicks with disdain; he then requests the devils to strike his name out of the book of life, and inscribe it in the book of death; he next promises to make monthly or quarterly sacrifices to the devil, which female magicians or witches perform by sucking out the breath of a new born male infant; he proceeds to put some secret mark upon himself with the point of a needle, as the sign of the Beast or Antichrist, in which mark there is great potency, and in some cases, according to Irenæus, it appears that the devil insists upon cauterizing his disciples in the upper membrane of the right ear; in others according to Tertullian, in the forehead; this being done, the magician elect vows eternal enmity against Eucharist, the Blessed Virgin, the Saints, the Holy Relics and Images, and forswears confession for ever; upon which the devil ratifies his part of the compact, and the magic ceremony is complete.

On these conditions the devil seldom, if ever, takes a terrific form, for fear of deterring his votaries, and oftentimes appears in great beauty and with a very winning address, as he did to Theodore Maillot, deputy-governor of Lorraine, visiting him in the shape of a very pretty girl, (*lepidâ et liberali formâ puella*) and promising him a certain great lady in marriage, with whom Maillot was distractedly in love; the conditions stipulated by the devil on this visit were of a piece with the lovely form he assumed, for they consisted in injunctions only to perform all the Christian and moral duties, to observe his meagre days, to say his masses, and be regular in his confessions: these unexpected stipula-



tions threw Maillot into so deep a melancholy, that his domestic chaplain, observing it, extorted from him a confession of all that had passed, and piously dissuaded him from any further interviews of that sort: Remigius, who relates the story in his *Dæmonolatria*, gravely observes, the judgement of Heaven soon overtook him in a very extraordinary manner, for his horse fell down upon smooth ground, and Maillot broke his neck by the fall.

As to the magic powers, which the devil imparts in return for these concessions of his votaries, theologians have different opinions, some giving more and some less credit to the miracle; but the general opinion amongst them is, that they are performed by the devil and his demons by the celerity of art and motion, with which one thing is substituted for another, but that there is no new creation in the case. They do not doubt but that there are certain figures, names, and characters, which have a magical power, as the nine cauldrons, the names of the four principal hinges of the world, the three-times-seven characters of Mahometan device, and many others: that there are rings and seals, which are amulets, and charms, inscribed with the names of Raphael, Solomon, Zachariah, Elizeus, Constantine, the Maccabees and others; that certain signs in the Zodiac engraved upon gems have good or evil properties; for instance, Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius make a man beloved; Virgo, Taurus, and Capricornus make him religious; Gemini, Libra, and Aquarius produce friendship; whilst Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces create falsehood: the character of Saturn gives strength; Jupiter good fortune; Mars victory; Sol riches; Venus prevents drowning, and Luna has the same virtue with Venus; the figure of an ass, engraved on a chrysolite, imparts the gift of prophecy; that of a dragon gives riches, and that of a frog gives friend-

ship: it was the prevailing opinion in Flanders, that a man born on Easter-eve had the gift of curing fevers; so had the seventh son, where no daughter interposed; whereas the gift, which the kings of England had of touching for the evil, expired upon the heresy of Henry the Eighth, though William Tooker wrote books to prove that Queen Elizabeth, then on the throne, inherited this virtue with the crown; this doctrine of Tooker is strenuously controverted by Delrius, the Jesuit of Salamanca, and his argument is very logical and decisive: *Miracula propria sunt ecclesiæ Catholicæ; sed Elizabetha est extra ecclesiam Catholicam, et nulli dantur qui sit extra ecclesiam Catholicam; ergo Elizabethæ non dantur miracula.* Q. E. D. Again, *Non possunt miracula fieri ad confirmationem falsæ fidei; sed fides, quam profitetur Elizabetha, est falsa fides; ergo ad confirmationem fidei, quam profitetur Elizabetha, non possunt fieri miracula*—And who now shall defend our defenders of the faith?

It is acknowledged that sorcerers and magicians can blight the grain, destroy the fruits of the earth, and make a bad harvest, which Remigius assures us is done by sprinkling certain dust in the air, which the demon makes up and supplies them for the purpose.

*Carminè læse Ceres sterilem venescit in herbam;  
Deficiunt læsi carmine fontis aquæ;  
Ilicibus glandes, cantataque vitibus uva  
Dicidit, et nullo poma movente fluunt.*

OVID.

‘Witches can blight our corn by magic spell,  
And with enchantments dry the springing well,  
Make grapes and acorns fall at their command,  
And strip our orchards bare without a hand.’

Remigius says, the demons do not only make up this powder, or dust, for the witches, but are parti-

cularly indulgent to them in the article of ground-mice, with which they devour all the roots of the grass and grain ; that the gad-fly is always within call, and that they have plenty of wolves at command, to send into any fold or flock they think proper to destroy : the learned author doubts if the devil actually makes these wolves *de novo*, but rather thinks that he hunts them up together, and drives the country ; if this sport does not succeed to his wish, he thinks it probable the demons themselves execute the mischief in the shapes of wolves—(*verisimile videtur dæmones esse, qui specie lupinâ talem pauperiem faciunt.*)—He tells us, that he has brought many witches to confess these things, and though he acknowledges the power of their spells for producing meats and viands, that have the appearance of a sumptuous feast, which the devil furnishes, still he gives a bad account of his cookery, for that divine Providence seldom permits the meat to be good, but that it has generally some bad taste or smell, mostly wants salt, and the feast is often without bread.

Though heretics have obstinately denied the copulation of wizards with the female demons, called Succubæ ; and of witches with the males, or Incubi, yet the whole authority of the Catholic church with the bull of Pope Innocent VIII. expressly affirms it for a fact—(*Communis tamen hæc est sententia Patrum, Theologorum et Philosophorum doctorum—et pro eâdem pugnat bulla Innocentii VIII. Pontificis contra maleficos.*)—It is also an orthodox opinion, that children may be begotten by this diabolical commerce, and there is little doubt but that Luther was the son of an Incubus. That witches are carried through the air by certain spells is confirmed by a host of witnesses, and the operation is generally performed by smearing the body with a certain ointment, prepared by the demons ; this

ointment several people have innocently made use of, particularly husbands of ladies using witchcraft, and have found themselves wafted up chimnies and through windows at a furious rate, and transported sometimes an hundred miles from their own homes : many curious instances might be enumerated, but having related so many, I forbear to trespass on my reader's patience any longer.

I should be loath to have it supposed that I have selected these anecdotes and quotations for the purpose of merely casting a ridicule on the superstition of the Catholic church ; I can truly declare I did not take up the subject with any such design, and hold the principle of religious animosity in as much abhorrence as any man living. When I have said this in my own defence, I think it necessary to add, that all the accounts I have turned over, which are pretty voluminous, are replete with the same, or greater absurdities, than these I have produced ; all the reasoning is nothing but a mass of ignorance refined upon by subtilty, inspired by superstition, and edged with acrimony against schismatics and heretics, upon whom this terrible engine of sorcery has been turned with a spirit of persecution, that does no credit to the parties who employed it.

The fact is, that the Christian church, in the early ages, soon discovered two important matters of faith in the sacred writings, which might be made useful weapons in her possession ; I mean miracles and sorceries ; the one she reserved to herself, the other she bestowed upon her enemies ; and though there is every reason to conclude that both had ceased in the world, she found her own interest was concerned in prolonging their existence : the ages that succeeded to the introduction of Christianity, were soon cast into the profoundest ignorance, by the irruptions of the barbarous nations, and credulity na-



turally follows ignorance : the terrors of magic in those dark times readily took hold of superstitious minds ; every thing that the dawnings of science struck out in that night of reason, every thing that reviving art invented, even the little juggling tricks and deceptions that slight of hand performed, to set the crowd agape, and support a vagrant life in idleness, were charged to sorcery, and tortures were employed to force out confessions of secret dealings and compacts with the devil and his agents. Those confessions were undoubtedly made, and as full and circumstantial as the inquisitor chose to prescribe, and, being published with the authority of office, had their influence with mankind, and were believed ; nay, it is but fair to suppose, that the fathers and doctors of the church themselves believed them, and were sincere in their endeavours to extirpate sorcery, thinking that they did God service.

When we read of people being thrown alive into the flames for playing a few juggling tricks, which now would not pass upon the vulgar at a country fair, and the devil himself brought in to father the performance, it is shocking to humanity, and a violence to reason ; but we shall cruelly err against both, by ascribing all these acts to persecution, when ignorance and credulity are entitled to so great a share of them : the churchmen of those ages were not exempt from the errors and darkness of the time they lived in, and very many of them not only believed the sorceries of the heretics, but swallowed the miracles of the saints : the genius of the Catholic religion in this illuminated and liberal period, is of a different complexion from what the nature of my subject has obliged me to display ; of the enlarged and truly Christian principles, which now prevail amongst the professors of that system of faith, the world abounds with examples, and I am persuaded,

that if the tribunal of the Inquisition was put aside, a tribunal so directly adverse to the religion of Christ, the hateful tenet of intolerancy would soon be done away, and a spirit of meekness and mercy, more consentaneous to the principles of the present Catholics, would universally prevail.

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NUMBER XXXIII.

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—*Mutato nomine de te  
Fabula narratur.*—

HOR. SAT. I, I, 69.

—‘The story silyly points at you.’

PRIDE is never more offensive than when it condescends to be civil; whereas vanity whenever it forgets itself, naturally assumes good-humour. Nothing was ever more agreeable than Vanessa t’other night, when I found her in a small circle, over her fire-side, where a certain gentleman had taken the whole task of talking on himself, and left Vanessa nothing else to do, but to show him just as much attention as served to make him believe she was listening, and left her at liberty to rest her own imagination in the mean time.

I found this gentleman at the close of a pathetic narrative he had been giving of some adventure, which he had met with in his travels, and which he wound up with saying—‘I am afraid, ladies, this story has made you melancholy.’ If he had said *weary*, he had been nearer to the truth: methought Vanessa, once in her life, forgot her usual

politeness, when she answered him—‘ Oh ! no ; not at all ’—but she was thinking of something else, and the story, I should guess, had been very circumstantial ; so that I heartily forgave her. The talking gentleman, however, was not disposed to take her word, but stuck to his opinion, and had so much consideration for the company, as to promise them another story, which should be altogether as diverting as the former one had been mournful. There was an effort in the countenance of Vanessa, which convinced me of her good-humour ; she strove to welcome this promise with a smile ; but it was a smile that cost her some pains to produce, and, if the talker had possessed but one grain of intuition, he must have discovered that all such promises cut up performance ; and that no story will endure a preface. I felt at that moment all the awkward embarrassment of his situation, as if it had been my own ; and it was a sensible relief to me, when Vanessa gave a little hitch to her chair, as if drawing nearer to the story-teller, and at the same time stooping forward, put herself into a listening attitude. She never appeared so amiable in my eyes, and I began to take heart—‘ What pains and trouble,’ thought I, ‘ does this poor man take to make himself agreeable, when every struggle carries him further from his point ! And how little does he know what an easy thing it is to those, who have the secret of succeeding without any effort at all ! ’—I use almost the very words of a contemporary author, and I am obliged to him for them.

As for the story, which now followed, there is no occasion to repeat it ; if it had made its entrance without a herald ; if it had grown out of the conversation naturally, and not been grafted in against nature ; and if it had been less prolix, or told with

more point, the story had not been amiss; it was a good one in its own country, but it was lamed in its journey, and Vanessa did not seem exactly to know when it was finished, until the relater made a second apostrophe, hoping he had now repaired all former damages, and reinstated the ladies in their usual good spirits. Vanessa now found it necessary to say something, and well knowing, without doubt, that people like to be treated as if they had sensibility, although they have none, she passed a few compliments upon the story very neatly turned; when an elderly gentleman, who, as I afterwards found out, was father to the talking gentleman, observed to him, that as he had made us grave, and made us merry, nothing now remained but to make us wise—‘And who so fit for that purpose,’ added he, ‘as the lady of the house herself?’ Vanessa very aptly replied, that she knew but one way to impose that belief on the company, and that was by keeping silence.—‘And what is so edifying,’ resumed he, ‘as to keep silence? What is so good a lesson of wisdom, as to see one, who can talk so well, forbear to do it, until other tongues have run their course?’—I stole a glance at the talkative gentleman, and, to my utter surprise, he was so far from being sensible of the rebuff, that he was actually preparing for another onset. ‘What you remark upon silence,’ cried he, ‘puts me in mind of an admirable story.’—‘That may well be,’ answered the old gentleman; ‘but give me leave first to tell you a story, that may put you in mind of silence.’

‘Jupiter and Apollo came down from Olympus upon a visit to King Midas: Mercury had been despatched to apprise him of the guests he was to entertain, and to signify to him, that it was the pleasure of the gods to be received with no extra-



ordinary honours, but to be considered only as travellers, who came to pay a visit to his court, and take a view of his capital. On the day appointed, Jupiter, in the person of an elderly Athenian gentleman, and Apollo as his son, presented themselves in the great saloon of the palace: Midas, surrounded by his courtiers, and glittering in his richest robes, received the gods habited in this simple attire, and unattended. The injunctions of Mercury were neglected, for the feast was the most sumptuous that art and luxury could devise; and the gods were disgusted with the vanity of their host, and the profusion of his entertainment. When Midas had thus contrived to display the wealth and splendour of his court to his celestial guests, his next study was to impress them with an opinion of his talents and accomplishments: he discoursed to Jupiter, without ceasing, upon his maxims and rules of government: he treated him with innumerable anecdotes and events, calculated to set off his own wisdom, consequence, and good policy, and of every tale he made himself the hero. The courtiers kept silence through fear, the deities through contempt; no voice was heard but the voice of Midas. He had not the sense to discern the impropriety of his being an incessant talker, when he ought only to have been a respectful hearer; and so consummate was his vanity, that having possessed Jupiter with impressions, as he foolishly imagined, of his wisdom and science, he flattered himself nothing was wanting but to recommend himself to Apollo by a specimen of his accomplishments in music and poetry. A band of minstrels were summoned, who performed a kind of prelude on their harps, by way of flourish, before the master-artist began, when Midas starting from his seat, as if with sudden inspiration, seized his lyre and struck up a strain, which he

accompanied with his voice, whilst his self-conceit inspired him to believe he could rival Apollo himself in harmony, and even provoke him to envy.

‘ As soon as Midas laid down his lyre, the gods rose up to depart ; when, instead of those applauses which he looked for, and expected, as a tribute due to his art, even from the immortals themselves, Jupiter, turning towards him with a frown, which brought into his countenance the inherent majesty of the thunderer, thus accosted him—‘ Had you entertained us, O Midas, in the manner I prescribed, and met the condescension of the gods with the modesty that becomes a mortal, we had left a blessing with our host, instead of a reproof ; but when you affected to dazzle me, who am myself the dispenser of all mortal attainments, with the vain display of your wealth and wisdom ; and when you rashly assailed the ears of Apollo himself, who presides over music and poetry, with the barbarous jingle of your lyre, and the hoarse untuneable dissonance of your voice, you foolishly forgot both yourself and us ; and, by talking and singing without intermission, when you should rather have listened to us with attention, you reverse the application of those faculties I have bestowed upon you, not considering that when I gave to man two organs of hearing, and only one of speech, I marked out the use he was to make of those dispensations : to remind you therefore of my design, and your duty, I shall curtail your tongue, and lengthen your ears. Jupiter ceased speaking ; and, whilst the deities ascended to Olympus, the ears of the monarch sprouted up into the ears of an ass.’

The moral of the fable, and the personal application of it, were too obvious to be mistaken by any of the company. Vanessa’s sensibility suffered visibly on the occasion ; but she soon broke the

painful silence, and addressing herself to the old gentleman—‘ I am obliged to you for your fable,’ says she, ‘ and shall edify by the moral ; but still I cannot help the weakness of a woman, and must needs feel a compassion for poor Midas, whose trespass, being of a good-humoured sort, deserved more mercy than it met with.—I confess the art of being agreeable frequently miscarries through the ambition which accompanies it. Wit, learning, wisdom—what can more effectually conduce to the profit and delight of society ? Yet I am sensible that a man may be too invariably wise, learned, or witty, to be agreeable : and I take the reason of this to be, that pleasure cannot be bestowed by the simple and unmixed exertion of any one faculty or accomplishment : if every word a man speaks is to be wit or wisdom, if he is never to relax either in look or utterance from his superiority of character, society cannot endure it : the happy gift of being agreeable seems to consist not in one but in an assemblage of talents tending to communicate delight ; and how many are there, who, by easy manners, sweetness of temper, and a variety of other undefinable qualities, possess the power of pleasing without any visible effort, without the aids of wit, wisdom, or learning, nay, as it should seem, in their defiance ; and this without appearing even to know that they possess it ? Whilst another, by labouring to entertain us too well, entertains us as poor Midas did his visitors.’

When Vanessa had done speaking, the hour reminded me that I ought to take my leave, which I did with regret, repeating to myself as I walked homewards—*This lady should never be seen in a circle.*

## NUMBER XXXIV.

*Favete linguis !—*

HOR. CAR. 3, 1, 2.

AN ingenious author, who some years ago published a volume under the title of 'Maxims, Characters, and Reflections,' has the following remark:—'You would know how a man *talks* to judge of his understanding, and yet possibly, however great the paradox, the very contrary method might be less fallible; the knowing how he *hears* might show it you much better.' As I had not seen this book when I gave my account of Mr. Jedediah Fish's Academy for *Hearing*, it gave me great pleasure to fall in with the sentiment of a contemporary, who, whilst he mixes with the world as a man of fashion, reviews the living manners with the sagacity of a philosopher. I transcribed the whole article, from which the above passage is extracted, and sent it to Mr. Fish: it will be found in the author's volume, No. LXXI. and is aptly illustrated by two sketches of character; one of which, called Cleon, is a talker, and Theocles, the other, is a hearer.

I have been favoured with the following answer from Mr. Fish.

SIR,

Yours is received: I approve of the extract, and like the author's manner well: he deals in ideas rather than in words; some men talk more than they hear; others write more than they read: as



benevolence should act without display, so good advice should be given in few words.

I send you the following cases, according to desire :

A young man, known to his familiars by the name of *Jack Chatter*, came under my hands : the symptoms of his disorder may be thus described—*Garrulitas vix intermissa cum cachinno tantum non continuo.*—Garrulity, attended with immoderate fits of laughing, is no common case, when the provocation thereunto springs from jokes of a man's own making ; but there was this peculiarity in Mr. Chatter's disease, that he would laugh where no jest was, or even at the jests of other people, rather than not laugh at all. I soon perceived this to be occasioned by exceedingly weak intellects, and an even row of very white teeth. As his malady would not yield to the ordinary prescriptions, I was forced to throw him into a regimen of *skating*, for which the season was then favourable ; the operation succeeded to my warmest wishes, and the patient was effectually silenced by a happy dislocation of two of his fore-teeth from a fall on the ice.

*Miss Kitty Scandal* was put into my hands by her acquaintance in a very deplorable condition ; it was the *cacoëthes defamationis scabiosum* : the common antidotes had no effect upon her ; I administered *detergents* out of Miss Carter's *Epictetus* and Mrs. Chapone's *Letters*, but the dose would not stay upon her stomach ; I tried the *Pythagorean pill*, but with no better success. As the patient had a remarkable swelling about the waist, which I conceived might arise from an overflowing of the spleen, I called in my excellent friend, Dr. Ford : the doctor delivered her of her swelling, and *Miss Kitty Scandal* has not been known to open her lips since.

*Tom Belfry* was the nuisance of society: he applied to me when he was far gone, indeed; he had been black-balled by half the clubs in town, and sent to *Coventry* by the other half. I examined his case, and found it under the following class—*Vox stentoria, sempiterna, cum cerebello vacuo, nec non auribus obtusis admodum ac inertibus*.—As his organs of speech seemed in want of immediate modulation, I tried the pitch pipe upon him repeatedly, but the vehemence of his complaint baffled all my efforts: I could never bring him down within a full octave of sound health. I was unwilling to proceed to extremities, till I had done all that my more regular practice could suggest for his relief; but when I found none but desperate remedies could save him, I caused a vein to be opened in his right arm, and drew out fourteen ounces of blood: this was in the month of March last, and the wind was then in the east, with sleet and rain: I immediately ordered the patient to take boat at Black-Friars, and be rowed to Chelsea-Reach and back again, in an open wherry: the expected consequence ensued; a total deprivation of voice took place, and *Mr. Belfry*, being no longer able to articulate, is become a very companionable man, and is now in as much request with his club, as heretofore he was in disgrace with it.

*Counsellor Clack* is a young man of quick parts, ready wit, and strong imagination, but sorely troubled with the disease called *Lingua volubilis cum sui ipsius amore nimio et prægravante*.—This patient was radically cured by a strong dose of his own praises, which I took from his mouth, and made him swallow, grain for grain, as he had uttered them: the *nausea*, occasioned by this dose, operated so strongly on his constitution, as totally to eradicate all seeds of self-consequence, and the counsellor is

become one of the modestest men, and best hearers in his profession.

*Captain Swagger* was continually talking of battles and sieges, and campaigns, though he had never seen either: he arraigned the conduct of every enterprize; and proved to demonstration, by the force of oaths, how much better it would have been managed, had he been the commander: the symptoms were too apparent to be mistaken—*Os grandiloquum, rotundum, cum dextrâ bello frigidâ*.—In this state of his disorder he was recommended to my care by the officers of his mess. I found the tumefaction so vehement, that I prescribed an opening by incision. The captain was accordingly sent out by his commanding officer upon a scouting party, and suffered a surprise, which effectually repelled the tumefaction: *Mr. Swagger* threw up his commission, and has been a very silent member of the civil community ever since.

I have sent you these cases out of many, as being peculiar: in common cases, the general method I take to bring any gentleman to a patient hearing, is to entertain him with his own commendations: if this simple medicine will not serve, I am forced to dash it with a few drops of slander, which is the best appeaser I know; for many of my patients will listen to that, when nothing else can silence them. This recipe however is not palatable, nor ought it to be used but with caution and discretion; I keep it therefore in reserve like laudanum for special occasions. When a patient is far advanced towards his cure, I take him with me to the gallery of the House of Commons, when certain orators, whom I have in my eye, are upon their legs to harangue; and I have always found if a convalescent can hear that, he can hear any thing.

I am, Sir, yours to command,

JEDEDIAH FISH.

I am not so partial to my correspondent, as to defend him in all his proceedings, and I suspect, that, whilst he is labouring to restore his patients to their ears, he may chance to take away their lives. Men who act upon system, are apt to strain it too far ; and as prevention is always to be preferred to remedy, I could wish that parents would take early care to instruct their children in the art of *hearing*, if it were only to guard them against falling into Mr. Fish's hands, when the malady may become stubborn.

I shall suggest one hint in the way of advice to fathers and mothers, which if they are pleased to attend to it, may perhaps save some future trouble and vexation.

I would wish all parents to believe, that the human character begins to fix itself much earlier in life, than they are generally aware of. There is something very captivating in the dawning ideas of our children ; we are apt to flatter and caress them for their early vivacity ; we tell their smart sayings and repartees with a kind of triumph even in their presence, and the company we tell them to are always polite enough to applaud and admire them. By these means we instil our own vanity into their infant minds, and push their genius into prematurity. The forwardness, which this practice of ours is sure to create, passes off agreeably for a time ; but, when infancy ceases, it begins to annoy us, and Miss or Master appear insupportably pert. The parent then finds himself obliged to turn the other side of his countenance upon the witticisms of his child ; this is not only a painful task, but probably a fruitless one ; for the child by this time has made its party, and can find its admirers elsewhere : every obliging visiter makes interest with the clever little creature ; the nursery, the kitchen, the stables echo



with applause; it can chatter, or mimic, or act its tricks before the servants, and be sure of an audience: the mischief is done, and the parent may snub to no purpose.

Let parents therefore first correct themselves, before they undertake that office for their children: education is incompatible with self-indulgence, and the impulse of vanity is too often mistaken for the impulse of nature: when Miss is a wit, I am apt to suspect that her mother is not over-wise.

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NUMBER XXXV.

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*Primum Graius homo mortales tollere contra  
Est oculos ausus—*

LUCRETIVS.

At length a mighty man of Greece began  
T' assert the natural liberty of man.

CREECH.

THERE are so many young men of fortune and spirit in this kingdom, who, without the trouble of resorting to the founder of their philosophy, or giving themselves any concern about the *Graius homo* in my motto, have nevertheless fallen upon a practice so consentaneous to the doctrines, which he laid down by system, that I much question if any of his profest scholars ever did him greater credit, since the time he first struck out the popular project of driving all religion out of the world, and introducing pleasure and voluptuousness in its stead.

*Quare religio pedibus subjecta vicissim  
Obteritur, nos exæquat victoria cælo.*

‘ We tread religion under foot, and rise  
With self-created glory to the skies.’

So far from meaning to oppose myself to such a host of gay and happy mortals, I wish to gain a merit with them by adding to their stock of pleasures, and suggesting some hints of enjoyments, which may be new to them; a discovery which they well know was considered by the kings of Persia, who practised their philosophy in very ancient times, as a service of such importance to all the sect, who had even then worn out most of their old pleasures, that a very considerable reward was offered to the inventor of any new one. How the stock at present stands with our modern voluptuaries I cannot pretend to say, but I suspect from certain symptoms which have fallen under my observation, that it is nearly run out with some amongst them; to such a particular, I flatter myself my discoveries will prove of value, and I have for their use composed the following meditation, which I have put together in the form of a soliloquy, solving it step by step, as regularly as any proposition in Euclid, and I will boldly vouch it to be as mathematically true. If there is any one *postulatum* in the whole, which the truest voluptuary will not admit to be orthodox Epicurism, I will consent to give up my system for nonsense and myself for an impostor; I condition only with the pupil of pleasure, that whilst he reads he will reflect, that he will deal candidly with the truth, and that he will once in his life permit a certain faculty called reason, which I hope he is possessed of, to come into use upon this occasion; a faculty, which though he may not hitherto have employed, is yet capable of supplying him with more true and lasting pleasures, than any his philosophy can furnish.

I now recommend him to the following meditation, which I have entitled—

## ' THE VOLUPTUARY'S SOLILOQUY.

' I find myself in possession of an estate, which has devolved upon me without any pains of my own; I have youth and health to enjoy it, and I am determined so to do: pleasure is my object, and I must, therefore, so contrive as to make that object lasting and satisfactory: if I throw the means away, I can no longer compass the end; this is self-evident; I perceive, therefore, that I must not game; for though I like play, I do not like to lose that, which alone can purchase every pleasure I propose to enjoy; and I do not see that the chance of winning other people's money can compensate for the pain I must suffer if I lose my own: an addition to my fortune can only give superfluities; the loss of it may take away even necessaries; and in the mean time I have enough for every other gratification but the desperate one of deep play: it is resolved, therefore, that I will not be a gamester: there is not common sense in the thought, and, therefore, I renounce it.

' But if I give up gaming, I will take my swing of pleasure; that I am determined upon. I must, therefore, ask myself the question, what is pleasure? Is it high living and hard drinking? I have my own choice to make, therefore I must take some time to consider of it. There is nothing very elegant in it I must confess; a glutton is but a sorry fellow, and a drunkard is a beast: besides I am not sure my constitution can stand against it; I shall get the gout, that would be the devil; I shall grow out of all shape; I shall have a red face full of blotches, a foul breath, and be loathsome to the women: I cannot bear to think of that, for I doat upon the women, and, therefore, adieu to the bottle and all its con-

comitants ; I prefer the favours of the fair sex to the company of the soakers, and so there is an end to all drinking ; I will be sober only because I love pleasure.

‘ But if I give up wine for women, I will repay myself for the sacrifice ; I will have the finest girls that money can purchase—Money, did I say ? What a sound has that !—Am I to buy beauty with money, and cannot I buy love too ? for there is no pleasure even in beauty without love. I find myself gravelled by this unlucky question : mercenary love ! That is nonsense ; it is flat hypocrisy ; it is disgusting. I should loath the fawning caresses of a dissembling harlot, whom I pay for false fondness : I find I am wrong again : I cannot fall in love with a harlot ; she must be a modest woman ; and when that befalls me, what then ? Why then, if I am terribly in love, indeed, and cannot be happy without her, there is no other choice left me ; I think I must even marry her ! Nay, I am sure I must ; for if pleasure leads that way, pleasure is my object, and marriage is my lot : I am determined, therefore, to marry, only because I love pleasure.

‘ Well ! now that I have given up all other women for a wife, I am resolved to take pleasure enough in the possession of her ; I must be cautious, therefore, that nobody else takes the same pleasure too ; for otherwise how have I bettered myself ? I might as well have remained upon the common. I should be a fool, indeed, to pay such a price for a purchase, and let in my neighbours for a share ; therefore, I am determined to keep her for myself, for pleasure is my only object, and this I take it as a sort of pleasure, that does not consist in participation.

‘ The next question is, how I must contrive to keep her to myself.—Not by force ; not by locking her up ; there is no pleasure in that notion ; com-



pulsion is out of the case ; inclination, therefore, is the next thing ; I must make it her own choice to be faithful : it seems then to be incumbent upon me to make a wise choice, to look well before I fix upon a wife, and to use her well, when I have fixed ; I will be very kind to her, because I will not destroy my own pleasure : and I will be very careful of the temptations I expose her to, for the same reason. She shall not lead the life of your fine town ladies ; I have a charming place in the country ; I will pass most of my time in the country ; there she will be safe and I shall be happy. I love pleasure, and, therefore, I will have little to do with that curst intriguing town of London ; I am determined to make my house in the country as pleasant as it is possible.

‘ But if I give up the gaieties of a town life, and the club, and the gaming-table, and the girls, for a wife and the country, I will have the sports of the country in perfection ; I will keep the best pack of hounds in England, and hunt every day in the week.—But hold a moment there ! what will become of my wife all the while I am following the hounds ? Will she follow nobody ? will nobody follow her ? A pretty figure I shall make, to be chasing a stag and come home with the horns. At least I shall not risk the experiment ; I shall not like to leave her at home, and I cannot take her with me, for that would spoil my pleasure ; and I hate a horse-dog woman ; I will keep no whipper-in in petticoats. I perceive, therefore, I must give up the hounds, for I am determined nothing shall stand in the way of my pleasure.

‘ Why then I must find out some amusements that my wife can partake in ; we must ride about the park in fine weather ; we must visit the grounds, and the gardens, and plan out improvements, and make plantations : it will be rare employment for

the poor people—that is a thought that never struck me before ; methinks there must be a great deal of pleasure in setting the poor to work—I shall like a farm for the same reason ; and my wife will take pleasure in a dairy ; she shall have the most elegant dairy in England ; and I will build a conservatory, and she shall have such plants and such flowers !—I have a notion I shall take pleasure in them myself—and then there is a thousand things to do within-doors ; it is a fine old mansion, that is the truth of it : I will give it an entire repair ; it wants new furniture ; that will be very pleasant work for my wife : I perceive I could not afford to keep hounds and to do this into the bargain. But this will give me the most pleasure all to nothing, and then my wife will partake of it—and we will have music and books—I recollect that I have got an excellent library—there is another pleasure I had never thought of—and then no doubt we shall have children, and they are very pleasant company, when they can talk and understand what is said to them ; and now I begin to reflect, I find there is a vast many pleasures in the life I have chalked out, and what a fool should I be to throw away my money at the gaming-table, or my health at any table, or my affections upon harlots, or my time upon hounds and horses, or employ either money, health, affections, or time, in any other pleasures or pursuits, than these which I now perceive will lead me to solid happiness in this life, and secure a good chance for what may befall me hereafter !

## NUMBER XXXVI.

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

TER. ADELPH. 1, 1, 32.

—Better far

To bind your children to you by the ties  
Of gentleness and modesty, than fear.

COLMAN.

GEMINUS and Gemellus were twin-sons of a country gentleman of fortune, whom I shall call Euphorion; when they were of age to begin their grammar learning, Euphorion found himself exceedingly puzzled to decide upon the best mode of education; he had read several treatises on the subject, which instead of clearing up his difficulties had increased them; he had consulted the opinions of his friends and neighbours, and he found these so equally divided, and so much to be said on both sides, that he could determine upon neither; unfortunately for Euphorion he had no partialities of his own, for the good gentleman had had little or no education himself: the clergyman of the parish preached up the moral advantages of private tuition, the lawyer, his near neighbour, dazzled his imagination with the connexions and knowledge of the world to be gained in a public school. Euphorion perceiving himself in a strait between two roads, and not knowing which to prefer, cut the difficulty by taking both; so that Geminus was put under private tuition of the clergyman above mentioned, and Gemellus was taken up to town by the lawyer to be entered at Westminster school.

Euphorion having thus put the two systems fairly

to issue, waited the event, but every time that Gemellus came home at the breaking-up, the private system rose and the public sunk on the comparison in the father's mind, for Gemellus's appearance no longer kept pace with his brothers; wild and ragged as a colt, battered and bruised and dishevelled, he hardly seemed of the same species with the spruce little master in the parlour; Euphorion was shocked to find that his manners were no less altered than his person, for he herded with the servants in the stable, was for ever under the horses' heels, and foremost in all games and sports with the idle boys of the parish; this was a sore offence in Euphorion's eyes, for he abhorred low company, and being the first gentleman of his family, seemed determined to keep up to the title: misfortunes multiplied upon poor Gemellus, and every thing conspired to put him in complete disgrace, for he began to corrupt his brother, and was detected in debauching him to a game at cricket, from which Geminus was brought home with a bruise on the shin, that made a week's work for the surgeon: and, what was still worse, there was conviction of the blow being given by a ball from Gemellus's bat; this brought on a severe interdiction of all further fellowship between the brothers, and they were effectually kept apart for the future.

A suspicion now took place in the father's mind, that Gemellus had made as little progress in his books as he had in his manners; but as this was a discovery he could not venture upon in person, he substituted his proxy for the undertaking. Gemellus had so many evasions and *alibis* in resource, that it was long before the clergyman could bring the case to a hearing, and the report was not very favourable in any sense to the unlucky school-boy, for Gemellus had been seized with a violent fit of



sneezing in the crisis of examination, to the great annoyance of the worthy preceptor, who was forced to break up the conference *re infectâ* and in some disorder, for amongst other damages which had accrued to his person and apparel, he presented himself to the wondering eyes of Euphorion with a huge black bush wig stuck full of paper darts, and as thickly spiked as the back of a porcupine. The culprit was instantly summoned and made no other defence, than that *they slipt out of his hand, and he did not go to do it.* ‘Are these your Westminster tricks, sirrah?’ cried the angry father, and aiming a blow at his skull with his crutch, brought the wrong person to the ground; for the nimble culprit had slipt out of the way, and Euphorion, being weak and gouty, literally followed the blow and was laid sprawling on the floor: Gemellus flew to his assistance, and jointly with the parson got him on his legs, but his anger was now so inflamed, that Gemellus was ordered out of the room under sentence of immediate dismissal to school; Euphorion declared he was so totally spoilt, that he would not be troubled with him any longer in his family, else he would instantly have reversed his education; it was now too late, he observed to the parson, whilst he was drawing the paper darts from his wig, and therefore he should return to the place from whence he came, and order was given for passing him off by the stage next morning.

A question was asked about his holiday-task, but Geminus, who had now entered his father’s chamber, in a mild and pacifying tone, assured Euphorion that his brother was provided in that respect, for that he himself had done the task for him: this was pouring oil upon flame, and the idle culprit was once more called to the bar to receive a most severe reprimand for his meanness in imposing on his bro-

ther's good nature, with many dunces and blockheads cast in his teeth, for not being able to do his own business. Gemellus was nettled with these reproaches, but more than all with his brother for betraying him, and, drawing the task out of his pocket, rolled it in his hand and threw it towards the author, saying 'he was a shabby fellow; and for his part he scorned to be obliged to any body, that would do a favour and then boast of it.'—Recollecting himself in a moment afterwards, he turned towards his father, and begged his pardon for all offences: 'he hoped he was not such a blockhead, but he could do his task, if he pleased, and he would instantly set about it and send it down, to convince him, that he could do his own business without any body's help.' So saying, he went out of the room in great haste, and in less time than could be expected brought down a portion of sacred exercise in hexameter verse, which the parson candidly declared was admirably well performed for his years, adding, that although it was not without faults, there were some passages, that bespoke the dawning of genius—'I am obliged to you, Sir,' said Gemellus, 'it is more than I deserve, and I beg your pardon for the impertinence I have been guilty of.'—The tears started in his eyes as he said this, and he departed without any answer from his father.

He had no sooner left the room than he perceived Geminus had followed him, and, being piqued with his late treatment, turned round and with a disdainful look said—'Brother Geminus, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; if you was at Westminster, there is not a boy in the school would acknowledge you after so scandalous a behaviour.'—'I care neither for you nor your school,' answered the domestic youth, 'it is you and not I should be ashamed of such reprobate manners, and I shall re-

port you to my father.'—'Do so,' replied Gemellus, 'and take that with you into the bargain.'—This was immediately seconded with a sound slap on the face with his open hand, which, however, drew the blood in a stream from his nostrils, and he ran screaming to Euphorion, who came out upon the alarm with all the speed he could muster. Gemellus stood his ground, and after a severe caning was ordered to ask pardon of his brother: this he peremptorily refused to do, alleging that he had been punished already, and to be beaten and beg pardon too was more than he would submit to. No menaces being able to bring this refractory spirit to submission, he was sent off to school pennyless, and a letter was written to the master, setting forth his offence, and in strong terms censuring his want of discipline for not correcting so stubborn a temper, and so idle a disposition.

When he returned to school the master sent for him to his house, and questioned him upon the matter of complaint in his father's letter, observing that the charge being for offences out of school, he did not think it right to call him publicly to account; but as he believed him to be a boy of honour, he expected to hear the whole truth fairly related: this drew forth the whole narrative, and Gemellus was dismissed with a gentle admonition, that could hardly be construed into a rebuke.

When the next holidays were in approach, Gemellus received the following letter from his brother:

'BROTHER GEMELLUS,

'If you have duly repented of your behaviour to me, and will signify your contrition, asking pardon as becomes you for the violence you have committed, I will intercede with my father, and hope to obtain his permission for your coming home in the

ensuing holidays : If not, you must take the consequences and remain where you are, for on this condition only I am to consider myself,

‘ Your affectionate brother,  
‘ GEMINUS.’

To this letter Gemellus returned an answer as follows :—

‘ DEAR BROTHER,

‘ I am sorry to find you still bear in mind a boyish quarrel so long past ; be assured I have entirely forgiven your behaviour to me, but I cannot recollect any thing in mine to you, which I ought to ask your pardon for : whatever consequences may befall me for not complying with your condition, I shall remain

‘ Your affectionate brother,  
‘ GEMELLUS.’

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## NUMBER XXXVII.

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*Naturâ tu illi pater es, consiliis ego.*

TER. ADELPH. I, 2, 46.

By nature you're his father ; I by counsel.

COLMAN.

THIS letter fixed the fate of Gemellus : resentments are not easily dislodged from narrow minds ; Euphorion had not penetration to distinguish between the characters of his children ; he saw no meanness in the sly insidious manners of his homebred favourite, nor any sparks of generous pride in the steady inflexibility of Gemellus ; he little knew the high principle of honour, which even the youngest



spirits communicated to each other in the habits and manners of a public school. He bitterly inveighed against his neighbour the lawyer, for persuading him to such a fatal system of education, and whenever they met in company their conversation was engrossed with continual arguings and reproachings, for neither party receded from his point, and Gemellus's advocate was as little disposed to give him up, as his father was to excuse him. At last they came to a compromise, by which Euphorion agreed to charge his estate with an annuity for the education and support of Gemellus, which annuity, during his nonage, was to be received and administered by the said lawyer, and Geminus left heir of the whole fortune, this moderate incumbrance excepted.

The disinterested and proscribed offender was now turned over to the care of the lawyer, who regularly defrayed his school expenses, and never failed to visit him at those periods, when country practitioners usually resort to town. The boy, apprized of his situation, took no further pains to assuage his father's resentment, but full of resources within himself, and possessed of an active and aspiring genius, pressed forward in his business, and soon found himself at the head of the school, with the reputation of being the best scholar in it.

He had formed a close friendship, according to the custom of great schools, with a boy of his own age, the son of a nobleman of high distinction, in whose family Gemellus was a great favourite, and where he never failed to pass his holidays, when the school adjourned. His good friend and guardian the lawyer saw the advantages of this early connexion in their proper light, and readily consented to admit his ward of the same college in the university, when Gemellus and his friend had completed

their school education. Here the attachment of these young men became more and more solid, as they advanced nearer to manhood, and after a course of academical studies, in which Gemellus still improved the reputation he brought from Westminster, it was proposed that he should accompany his friend upon his travels, and a proper governor was engaged for that service. This proposal rather staggered Gemellus's guardian on the score of expense, and he now found it necessary for the first time to open himself to Euphorion. With this intent he called upon him one morning, and taking him aside, told him, he was come to confer with him on the subject of Gemellus—'I am sorry for it,' interposed Euphorion. 'Hold, Sir,' answered the lawyer, 'interrupt me not if you please; though Gemellus is my ward, he is your son; and if you have the natural feelings of a father, you will be proud to acknowledge your right in him as such.'—As he was speaking these words an awkward servant burst into the room, and staring with fright and confusion, told his master there was a great lord in a fine equipage had actually driven up to the hall door, and was asking to speak with him. Euphorion's surprise was now little less than his servant's, and not being in the habit of receiving visits from people of distinction, he eagerly demanded of the lawyer who this visiter could possibly be, and casting an eye of embarrassment upon his gouty foot—'I am not fit to be seen,' said he, 'and cannot tell how to escape; for Heaven's sake! go and see who this visiter is, and keep him from the sight of me, if it be possible.'

Euphorion had scarce done speaking, when the door was thrown open, and the noble stranger, who was no less a person than the father of Gemellus's friend, made his approach, and having intro-

duced himself to Euphorion, and apologized for the abruptness of his visit, proceeded to explain the occasion of it in the following words:—‘ I wait upon you, Sir, with a request, in which I flatter myself I shall be seconded by this worthy gentleman here present : you have the honour to be father to one of the most amiable and accomplished young men I ever knew ; it may not become me to speak so warmly of my own son as perhaps I might with truth, but I flatter myself it will be some recommendation of him to your good opinion, when I tell you that he is the friend and intimate of your Gemellus : they have now gone through school and college together, and according to my notions of the world, such early connections, when they are well chosen, are amongst the chief advantages of a public education ; but as I now purpose to send my son upon his travels, and in such a manner as I flatter myself will be for his benefit and improvement, I hope you will pardon this intrusion when I inform you, that the object of it is to solicit your consent that Gemellus may accompany him.’

Euphorion’s countenance, whilst this speech was addressed to him, underwent a variety of changes ; surprise at hearing such an unexpected character of his son was strongly exprest ; a gleam of joy seemed to break out, but was soon dispelled by shame and vexation at the reflection of having abandoned him ; he attempted to speak, but confusion choked him ; he cast a look of embarrassment upon the lawyer ; but the joy and triumph, which his features exhibited, appeared to him like insult, and he turned his eyes on the ground in silence and despair. - No one emotion had escaped the observation of Gemellus’s patron, who, turning to the lawyer, said he believed he need not affect to be ignorant of Gemellus’s situation, and then address-

ing himself again to Euphorion—‘I can readily understand,’ said he, ‘that such a proposal as I have now opened to you, however advantageous it might promise to be to your son, would not correspond with your ideas in point of expense, nor come within the compass of that limited provision, which you have thought fit to appoint for him; this is a matter, of which I have no pretensions to speak; you have disposed of your fortune between your sons in the proportions you have thought fit, and it must be owned a youth who has had a domestic education, stands the most in need of a father’s help, from the little chance there is of his being able to take care of himself: Gemellus has talents that must secure his fortune, and if my services can assist him, they shall never be wanting; in the mean time it is very little for me to say that my purse will furnish their joint occasions, whilst they are on their travels, and Gemellus’s little fund, which is in honest and friendly hands, will accumulate in the interim.’

The length of this speech would have given Euphorion time to recollect himself, if the matter of it had not presented some unpleasant truths to his reflection, which incapacitated him from making a deliberate reply; he made a shift however to hammer out some broken sentences, and with as good a grace as he could, attempted to palliate his neglect of Gemellus by pleading his infirm state of health and retirement from the world—he had put him into the hands of his friend, who was present, and as he best knew what answer to give to the proposal in question, he referred his lordship to him and would abide by his decision—he was glad to hear so favourable an account of him—it was far beyond his expectations; he hoped his lordship’s partiality would not be deceived in him, and he was thankful for the kind expressions he had thrown



out of his future good offices and protection.—The noble visiter now desired leave to introduce his son, who was waiting in the coach, and hoped Gemellus might be allowed to pay his duty at the same time. This was a surprise upon Euphorion, which he could not parry, and the young friends were immediately ushered in by the exulting lawyer. Gemellus commanded himself with great address; but the father's look, when he first discovered an elegant and manly youth in the bloom of health and comeliness, with an open countenance, where genius, courage, and philanthropy were characterized, is not to be described: it was a mixt expression of shame, conviction, and repentance; Nature had her share in it; parental love seemed to catch a glance as it were by stealth; he was silent, and his lips quivered with the supprest emotions of his heart. Gemellus approached and made an humble obeisance; Euphorion stretched forth his hand; he seized it between his, and reverently pressed it to his lips. Their meeting was not interrupted by a word, and the silence was only broken by my lord, who told Gemellus, in a low voice, that his father had consented to his request, and he had no longer cause to apprehend a separation from his friend: the honest lawyer now could no longer repress his ecstasy, but running to Gemellus, who met his embrace with open arms, showered a flood of tears upon his neck, and received the tribute of gratitude and affection in return upon his own.

When their spirits were a little composed, Gemellus requested to see his brother; a summons was accordingly issued, and Geminus made his entrance. The contrast which this meeting exhibited spoke in stronger terms than language can supply, the decided preference of a public and liberal system of education, to the narrow maxims of private and

domestic tuition. On Gemellus's part all was candour, openness, and cordiality; he hoped all childish differences were forgiven; for his share, if he called them to remembrance, it was only to regret, that he had been so long separated from a brother, who was naturally so dear to him; for the remainder of their lives he persuaded himself they should be twins in affection, as well as in birth. On the side of Geminus there was some acting, and some nature; but both were specimens of the worst sort; hypocrisy played his part but awkwardly, and nature gave a sorry sample of her performances.

A few words will suffice to wind up their histories, so far at least as they need be explained: Euphorion died soon after this interview; Geminus inherited his fortune, and upon his very first coming to London was cajoled into a disgraceful marriage with a cast-off mistress, who he became acquainted with; duped by a profligate and plundered by sharpers, he made a miserable waste both of money and reputation, and in the event became a pensioner of his brother. Gemellus, with great natural talents, improved by education and experience, with an excellent nature and a laudable ambition, seconded by a very powerful connection, soon rose to a distinguished situation in the state, where he yet continues to act a conspicuous part, to the honour of his country, and with no less reputation to himself.

## NUMBER XXXVIII.

*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*

LUCRETIVS.

Such cruelties religion could persuade.

CREECH.

I REMEMBER to have read an account in a foreign gazette of a dreadful fire, which broke out so suddenly in a house, where a great many people were assembled, that five hundred persons perished miserably in the flames: the compiler of this account subjoins at the foot of the above melancholy article, that it is with satisfaction he can assure his readers, all the above persons were Jews.

These poor people seem the butt, at which all sects and persuasions level their contempt: they are sojourners and aliens in every kingdom on earth, and yet few have the hospitality to give them a welcome. I do not know any good reason why these unhappy wanderers are so treated, for they do not intrude upon the labourer or manufacturer; they do not burthen the state with their poor, and here at least they neither till the earth, nor work at any craft, but content themselves in general to hawk about a few refuse manufactures, and buy up a few cast-off clothes, which no man methinks would envy them the monopoly of.

It is to the honour of our nation, that we tolerate them in the exercise of their religion, for which the Inquisition would tie them to a stake and commit them to the flames. In some parts of the world the burning of a Jew makes a festival for all good

Christians; it brings rain and plenty in seasons of drought and famine; it makes atonement for the sins of the people, and mitigates the wrath of an avenging Providence. Wherever they are obliged to conceal their religion, they generally overact their hypocrisy, and crowd their houses with saints and signs, whilst crucifixes, charms, and relics are hung in numbers round their necks. The son of Jewish parents is brought up in the most rigid exercises of mortification and penance, and when the fatal moment is in near approach, when the father must impart the dreadful secret of his faith, every contrivance is put in practice to disgust and weary him with the laborious functions of their ostensible religion; when this preparatory rigour is conceived to take effect, and the age of the son is ripe for the occasion, the father takes him into the most secret chamber of his house, fastens all the doors, locks every avenue with the most mysterious attention, and drawing his sword with great solemnity, bows himself on his knees at his feet, and laying it on his breast, invites him to thrust the point to his heart—'For know, my son,' he cries, 'I am a Jew, as all my fathers were: kill me therefore on the spot, or conform to the religion of your ancestors, for you are damned as a catholic, if, knowing that you know, you neglect to betray me!'—This, I have reason to believe, is no feigned anecdote, but a true account of those secret measures, which many Jewish families to this hour pursue for continuing the practice of their religion and securing themselves from discovery, where the consequences would be so fatal.

Having thus, by way of prelude, briefly informed readers what these miserable people are suffering in some countries, where they are secretly settled, I shall now proceed to lay before them a letter,



which I have lately received from one of that persuasion, complaining of certain indignities and vexations from the humours of our common people, which, although they are but trifles compared to what I have been describing, are nevertheless unbecoming the character of so illuminated and benevolent a nation as we have the honour to belong to.

SIR,

I AM a man who stick close to my business, and am married to a sober industrious woman, whom I should be glad now and then to treat with a play, which is the only public amusement she has ever expressed a wish to be indulged in; but I am really under such difficulties, that I dare not carry her thither, and at the same time do not like to discover my reasons for it, as I should be sorry to give her a dislike to the country she is in.

You must know, Sir, I am a Jew, and probably have that national cast of countenance, which a people so separate and unmixed may well be supposed to have: the consequence of this is, that I no sooner enter a playhouse, than I find all eyes turned upon me; if this were the worst, I would strive to put as good a face upon it as I could; but this is sure to be followed up with a thousand scurrilities, which I should blush to repeat, and which I cannot think of subjecting my wife to hear.

As I should really take great pleasure in a good play, if I might be permitted to sit it out in peace, I have tried every part of the house, but the front boxes, where I observe such a line of bullies in the back, that even if I were a Christian I would not venture amongst them; but I no sooner put my head into an obscure corner of the gallery, than some fellow or other roars out to his comrades—*Smoke the Jew!*—*Smoke the cunning little Isaac!*—*Throw him over,*

says another, *hand over the smouch!*—*Out with Shylock*, cries a third, *out with the pound of man's flesh*—*Buckles and Buttons! Spectacles!* bawls out a forth—and so on through the whole gallery, till I am forced to retire out of the theatre, amongst hootings and hissings, with a shower of rotten apples and chewed oranges vollied at my head, when all the offence I have given is an humble offer to be a peaceable spectator, jointly with them, of the same common amusement.

I hope I shall not incur your displeasure, if I venture to say this is not very manly treatment in a great and generous people, which I always took the English to be; I have lodged my property, which is not inconsiderable, in this country, and having no abiding place on this earth, which I could call my own, I have made England my choice, thinking it the safest asylum that a wanderer and an alien could fly to; I hope I have not been mistaken in my opinion of it: it has frequently fallen in my way to show some kindnesses to your countrymen in foreign parts, and some are yet living, who, if they would speak the truth, must confess that their best friend in life is a Jew: but of these things I scorn to boast; however, Sir, I must own it gave me some pain the other night to find myself very roughly handled by a seafaring fellow, whom I remembered well enough in a most piteous condition at Algiers, where I had the good will to relieve him and set him at liberty with my own money: I hope he did not recollect me; I say I hope not for the honour of human nature, but I am much afraid he did: this I am sure would be called ingratitude even in a Heathen.

I observe with much concern that you great writers of plays take delight in hanging us out to public ridicule and contempt on all occasions; if

ever they are in search of a rogue, an usurer, or a buffoon, they are sure to make a Jew serve the turn : I verily believe the odious character of Shylock has brought little less persecution upon us poor scattered sons of Abraham, than the Inquisition itself. As I am interested to know if this blood-thirsty villain really existed in nature, and have no means to satisfy my curiosity but your favour, I take the liberty humbly to request that you will tell me how the case truly stands, and whether we must of necessity own this Shylock ; also I should be glad to know of which tribe this fellow was, for if such a monster did exist, I have strong suspicion he will turn out a Samaritan. As I cannot doubt but a gentleman of your great learning knows all these things correctly, I shall wait your answer with the most anxious impatience ; and pray be particular as to the tribe of Judah, for if nothing less than half my fortune could oust him there, I would pay it down to be rid of such a rascal.

Your compliance with the above will be the greatest obligation you can confer upon,

Sir,

Your most devoted  
humble servant,

ABRAHAM ABRAHAMS.

P. S. I hope I shall not give offence by adding a postscript, to say, that if you could persuade one of the gentleman or ladies who writes plays, with all of whom I conclude you have great interest, to give us poor Jews a kind lift in a new\* comedy, I am bold to promise we should not prove ungrateful on a third night.

\* The comedy has been written and acted : Mr. Abrahams has had his wish : in the matter of the promise he seems to have reckoned *without his host*.

If I had really that interest with my ingenious contemporaries, which Mr. Abrahams gives me credit for, I would not hesitate to exert it in his service; but as I am afraid this is not the case, I have taken the only method in my power of being useful to him, and have published his letter.

As for Shylock, who is so obnoxious to my correspondent, I wish I could prove him the son of a Samaritan as clearly as Simon Magus; but I flatter myself the next best thing for his purpose is to prove him the son of a poet, and that I will endeavour to do in my very next paper, with this further satisfaction to Mr. Abrahams, that I do not despair of taking him down a step in his pedigree, which for a poetical one is, as it now stands, of the very first family in the kingdom.

As for the vulgar fun of *smoking a Jew*, which so prevails amongst us, I am persuaded that my countrymen are much too generous and good-natured to sport with the feelings of a fellow-creature, if they were once fairly convinced that a Jew is their fellow-creature, and really has fellow-feelings with their own: satisfy them in this point, and their humanity will do the rest: I will, therefore, hope that nothing more is wanting in behalf of my correspondent, who seems a very worthy man, than to put the following short questions to his persecutors—  
'Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is? If you prick them, do they not bleed? If you tickle them, do they not laugh? If you poison them, do they not die?'—The man who can give a serious answer to these questions, and yet persist in persecuting an unoffending



being, because he is a Jew, whatever country he may claim, or whatever religion he may profess, has the soul of an inquisitor, and is fit for nothing else but to feed the fires of an *Auto da Fé*.

When I turn my thoughts to the past and present situation of this peculiar people, I do not see how any Christian nation according to the spirit of their religion can refuse admission to the Jews, who, in completion of those very prophecies on which Christianity rests, are to be scattered and disseminated amongst all people and nations over the face of the earth. It seems, therefore, a thing as inconsistent with the spirit of those prophecies for any one nation to attempt to expel them, as it would be to incorporate them.

The sin and obduracy of their forefathers are amongst the undoubted records of our gospel, but I doubt if this can be a sufficient reason, why we should hold them in such general odium through so many ages, seeing how naturally the son follows the faith of the father, and how much too general a thing it is amongst mankind to profess any particular form of religion, that devolves upon them by inheritance, rather than by free election and conviction of reason founded upon examination.

Let me put the case of a man born a Jew, and settled in a kingdom where the Inquisition is in force; can he reconcile his natural feelings to a conversion in favour of that church, which denounces everlasting damnation against him, if he does not betray the secrets of his parents, and impeach them to the Inquisition for the concealed religion, which he knows they practise, though they do not profess?

If we as Christians owe some respect to the Jews as the people chosen by God to be the keepers of those prophetic records which announce the coming

of the Messias, we owe it also to the truth of history to confess, that the hope indulged by them that his coming would bring temporal as well as spiritual salvation, was general to all the nation. Their ancient sages had united the military with the prophetic character; some had headed their armies; all had gone forth with them, and even their women had contributed to the downfall of their enemies and oppressors; they had been delivered from their Egyptian and Babylonish thralldom by the arm of God; the yoke of Rome laid no less heavy on their necks; and they regarded their former deliverances as types and forerunners of the greater deliverance to come, when the Son of God should descend upon earth in the plenitude of his power to rid them from their enemies and oppressors.

In place of this glittering but delusive vision they beheld a meek and humble man, a teacher of peaceful doctrines, who went about preaching forgiveness of injuries and submission to authorities. They asked him, and the question was a proving one, whether he would have them render tribute unto Cæsar: he told them, in reply, they should render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, tribute to whom tribute was due: mortifying reply! extinguishing at once their hopes and their ambition. Still there was something about him that converted many and staggered all; never man spoke as he spoke, never man did what he did; he had evident power of working miracles; the hand of God was with him, and the operations of nature were under his controul: his power was great, but was not great to their purposes, and, therefore, they denied that it was derived from God; they charged him with being a magician, and casting out devils by the aid of the prince of the devils. A likely inter-

course between the representatives of light and of darkness ; a notable collusion between heaven and hell ; if Beelzebub was to be charged with conspiring to cast out Beelzebub, it was at least incumbent on the abettors of the charge to prove that any being, endowed with such power, could be so devoid of intelligence.

Conviction and rebuke only rendered them more furious and inveterate ; despairing at length of employing his power against Rome, they resolved upon turning the power of Rome against him : they impeached him before Pilate the Roman procurator : Pilate unwillingly, at their urgent requisition, sentenced him to ignominious execution ; disavowing in the strongest terms his share in the act, and by the figurative exculpation of washing his hands in public view, purifying, as far as such a ceremony could purify, his tribunal from the guilt of spilling innocent blood.

Can it be a wonder with us at this hour that the Jews should persist in avowing their unbelief in the Messiah? If they admit the evidences of the Christian religion, do they not become their own accusers? And this, although it be no reason why a man should shut his eyes against the truth, will yet be a motive, allowing for the imperfection of human nature, why he should not seek for it.

NUMBER XXXIX.

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I SLIGHTLY hinted, in my former paper, that the Jew of Venice would not turn out to be the proper offspring of Shakspeare, and as the researches of his commentators have settled this point so clearly against the legitimacy of Shylock, I may leave it with the reader's judgment to decide, whether he formed his drama immediately from the *Pecorone of Fiorentina*, borrowing the incidents of the caskets from Boccace: or at second hand, as some suppose, from an old ballad formed upon that story.

But I had a further object in the hint I then dropped, suggested to me by the perusal of a very curious old novel, written by *Thomas Nashe*, and published in 1594, entitled *The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jacke Wilton*. The hero is described to be one of the court-pages belonging to Henry the Eighth, and is made to play a number of roguish pranks in the camp of that monarch before Tournay. He travels to Munster, in Germany, where he falls in with John of Leyden, the famous fanatic, and is present at his defeat by the Imperialists; here he meets Lord Henry Howard, Earl of Surry, and accompanies him to Venice, passing through Wittenberg, where he has an interview with Luther and Carlostadius; from thence he repairs to Rome, where he relates a series of strange adventures, by which he is thrown into the hands of a Jew named Zadock, physician to Pope Clement VIII. and having forfeited his life to him by the law, the Jew gets the person of Jacke Wilton in limbo, with



an intent to anatomize him, and, whilst he is dieting and bleeding him for that purpose, the Marchioness of Mantua, the Pope's mistress, spies him out from her balcony, and, being smitten with his appearance, contrives to get him out of Zadock's hands, by persuading his holiness to banish all the Jews from Rome, and confiscate their effects, upon a charge she sets upon against them.

With this intelligence Zadock is accosted by a brother Jew called Zachary, 'who comes running to him in sackcloth and ashes, presently after his goods were confiscated, and tells him how he is served, and what decree is coming out against them all.'

I have made an extract of this interview between Zadock and Zachary, which the reader will observe, by the date, was published before Shakspeare wrote his Merchant of Venice, and as the critics seem agreed that he was conversant in other works of Nashe, it is highly probable that this history of *Jacke Wilton* had also been in his hands: I do not mean to infer that Shakspeare took his character of Shylock from this of Nashe's Zadock, for there is nothing that can warrant such an inference; but I shall submit the following dialogue as an extraordinary specimen of strong impassioned writing, which, though it will not stand by Shakspeare's scene between Shylock and Tubal in dramatic terseness, has nevertheless a force of expression, that will bear a comparison with that or any other passage in our old dramatic writers.

Zachary having made his report as above, the author thus proceeds to the introduction of his chief speaker—'Descriptions stand by! here is to be expressed the fury of Lucifer, when he was turned over Heaven's bar for a wrangler: there is a toad-fish, which taken out of the water swells

more than one would think his skin could hold, and bursts in his face that touches him; so swelled Zadock, and was ready to burst out of his skin, and shoot his bowels, like chain-shot, full in Zachary's face, for bringing him such baleful tidings; his eyes glared, and burned like brimstone and aqua vitæ set on fire in an egg-shell; his very nose lightened glow-worms; his teeth cracked and grated together like the joints of a high building, rocking like a cradle, when as a tempest takes her full butt against her broadside: he swore and curst, and said—

‘ These be they that worship that crucified God of Nazareth; here is the fruits of their new-found gospel; sulphur and gunpowder carry them all quick to Gehennah! I would spend my soul willingly, to have this tripleheaded Pope, with all his sin-absolved whores, and oil-greased priests, born like a black saint on the devil's back in procession, to the pit of perdition. Would I might sink presently into the earth, so I might blow up this Rome, this whore of Babylon, into the air with my breath! If I must be banished, if these Heathen dogs will needs rob me of my goods, I will poison their springs and conduit-heads, whence they receive their water all about the city. I will 'tice all the young children into my house that I can get, and, cutting their throats, barrel them up in powdering beef tubs, and so send them to victual the Pope's gallies. 'Ere the officers come to extend, I will bestow an hundred pounds on a dole of bread, which I will cause to be kneaded with scorpion's oil, that may kill more than the plague. I will hire them that make their wafers, or sacramentary gods, to mix them after the same sort, so, in the zeal of their superstitious religion, shall they languish and drop like carrion. If there be ever a blasphemous

conjuror, that can call the winds from their brazen caves, and make the clouds travel before their time, I will give him the other hundred pounds to disturb the heavens a whole week together with thunder and lightning, if it be for nothing but to sour all the wines in Rome, and turn them to vinegar: as long as they have either oil or wine, this plague feeds but pinchingly upon them.'

'Zadock, Zadock,' said Zachary, cutting him off, 'thou threatenest the air, whilst we perish here on earth: it is the Countess Juliana, the Marquis of Mantua's wife, and no other, that hath plotted our confusion: ask not how, but insist on my words, and assist in revenge.'

'As how, as how?' said Zadock, shrugging and shrubbing: 'More happy than the patriarchs were I, if crushed to death with the greatest torments Rome's tyrants have tried, there might be quintesenced out of me one quart of precious poison. I have a leg with an issue, shall I cut it off, and from this fount of corruption extract a venom worse than any serpent's? If thou wilt, I will go to a house that is infected, where catching the plague, and having got a running sore upon me, I will come and deliver her a supplication, and breathe upon her, when I am perfected with more putrefaction.'

Zadock, in conclusion, is taken up and executed, and the description of his tortures is terrible in the extreme; every circumstance attending them is minutely delineated in colours full as strong as the above.

I persuade myself the reader will not be displeased, if I lay before him one extract more, in which he ridicules the affected dress and manners of the travelled gentlemen of his day: if we contemplate it as a painting of two hundred years standing, I think it must be allowed to be a very curious sketch.

‘ What is there in France to be learned more than in England, but falsehood in friendship, perfect slovenry, and to love no man but for my pleasure? I have known some that have continued there by the space of half a dozen years, and when they come home they have hid a little weerish lean face under a broad French hat, kept a terrible coil with the dust in the street in their long cloaks of gray paper, and spoken English strangely. Nought else have they profited by their travel, but to distinguish the true Bourdeaux grape, and know a cup of neat Gascoigne wine from wine of Orleans; yea, and peradventure this also, to esteem of the p—x as a pimple, to wear a velvet patch on their face, and walk melancholy with their arms folded.

‘ From Spain what bringeth our traveller? A skull-crowned hat, of the fashion of an old deep porringer; a diminutive alderman’s ruff with short strings, like the droppings of a man’s nose; a close-bellied doublet, coming down with a peak behind, as far as the crupper, and cut off before by the breast-bone, like a partlet, or neckercher; a wide pair of gascoynes, which, ungathered, would make a couple of women’s riding kirtles; huge hangers, that have half a cow-hide in them; a rapier, that is lineally descended from half a dozen dukes at the least: let his cloak be as long or as short as you will; if long, it is faced with Turkey grogeram ravelled, if short, it hath a cape like a calf’s tongue, and is not so deep in his whole length, nor so much cloth in it, I will justify, as the only standing cape of a Dutchman’s cloak. I have not yet touched all, for he hath in either shoe as much taffata for his tyings as would serve for an ancient, which serveth him, if you would have the mystery of it, of the own accord for a shoe-rag. If you talk with him, he makes a dish-cloth of his own country in compa-



riſon of Spain; but, if you urge him particularly wherein it exceeds, he can give no inſtance, but in Spain they have better bread than any we have; when, poor hungry ſlaves! they may crumble it into water well enough, and make miſons with it; for they have not a good morſel of meat, except it be ſalt pilchers, to eat with it, all the year long; and, which is more, they are poor beggars, and lie in foul ſtraw every night.

‘Italy, the paradise of the earth, and the epicure’s heaven, how doth it form our young maſter? It makes him to kiſs his hand like an ape, cringe his neck like a ſtarveling, and play at *Hey-pass-repass-come-aloft*, when he ſalutes a man: from thence he brings the art of atheiſm, the art of epicurizing, the art of whoring, the art of poisoning, the art of ſodomitry: the only probable good thing they have to keep us from utterly condemning it is, that it maketh a man an excellent courtier, a curious carpet-knight; which is, by interpretation, a fine cloſe letcher, a glorious hypocrite: it is now a privy note amongſt the better ſort of men, when they would ſet a ſingular mark, or brand, on a notorious villain, to ſay he hath been in Italy.’

I hope I need not obſerve, that theſe deſcriptions are not here quoted for the truth they contain, but for the curioſity of them. Thomas Naſhe was the bittereſt ſatiriſt and controverſialiſt of the age he lived in.

## NUMBER XL.

Ἄπραγμόνως ζῆν, ἠδύ.

APOLLODORUS ADELPHIS.

‘ A life from cares and business free,  
Is of all lives the life for me.’

NED DROWSY came into possession of a good estate at a time of life, when the humours and habits contracted by education, or, more properly, by the want of it, become too much a part of the constitution to be conquered, but by some extraordinary effort or event. Ned's father had too tender a concern for his health and morals, to admit him of a public school, and the same objections held against an university: not that Ned was without his pretensions to scholarship, for, it is well known, that he has been sometimes found asleep upon his couch with a book open in his hand, which warrants a presumption that he could read, though I have not met any body yet, who has detected him in the act itself. The literature of the nursery he held in general contempt, and had no more passion for the feats of *Jack the Giant-killer*, when he was a child, than he had for the labours of Hercules in his more adult years: I can witness to the detestation in which he held the popular allegory of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and, when he has been told of the many editions that book has run through, he has never failed to reply, that there is no accounting for the bad taste of the vulgar: at the same time, I speak it to his honour, I have frequently known

him express a tender fellow-feeling for *The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*, and betray more partiality, than he was apt to be guilty of, to the edifying story of *The Seven Dreamers*, whom I verily believe he held in more respect than the Seven Wonders of the World. Rural sports were too boisterous for Ned's spirits: neither hares nor partridges could lay their deaths at his door, so that all his country neighbours gave him their good word, and poached his manors without mercy: there was a canal in front of his house, where he would sometimes take up with the placid amusement of angling, from an alcove by the side of it, with a servant in attendance for the purpose of bating his hook, or calling upon him to pull, if by chance he was surprised with a bite; happily for his repose, this very rarely was the case, though a tradition runs in the family of his having once snapped an officious perch of extraordinary size.

There was a learned practitioner in the law, one Mr. Driver, who had a house in his parish, and him Ned appointed manager of his estate; this worthy gentleman was so considerate, as seldom, if ever, to give him any trouble about his accounts, well knowing his aversion for items and particulars, and the little turn he had to the drudgery of arithmetic and calculations. By the kind offices of Mr. Driver, Ned was relieved from an infinite deal of disagreeable business, and Mr. Driver himself suddenly became a man of considerable property, and began to take a lead in the county. Ned, together with his estate, had succeeded to a chancery suit, which was pending at the death of the late possessor; this suit was for a time carried on so prosperously by Mr. Driver, that nothing more seemed requisite to bring it to a favourable issue, than for Ned to make his appearance in court for

some purposes I am not able to explain: this was an undertaking so insurmountable, that he could never be prevailed upon to set about it, and the suit was deserted accordingly. This suit, and the circumstance of a copper mine on his estate, which his agent never could engage him to work, were the only things that ever disturbed his tranquillity, and upon these topics he was rather severe, till Mr. Driver found it convenient to give up both points, and Ned heard no more of his chancery suit, or his copper mine.

These few traits of my friend's character will suffice to make my readers acquainted with him before I relate the particulars of a visit I paid him about three months ago. It was in compliance with the following letter, which I was favoured with from Mr. Driver.

‘ SIR,

‘ These are to inform you that Mr. Drowsy desires the favour of your company at Poppy-hall, which he has ordered me to notify to you, not doubting but you will take it in good part, as you well know how his humour stands towards writing. He bids me say that he has something of consequence to consult you upon, of which more when we meet: wishing your health and safe journey, I remain, in all reasonable service,

‘ Yours to command,

‘ DANIEL DRIVER.’

In consequence of this summons, I set off for Poppy-hall, and arrived there early in the evening of the second day. I found my friend Drowsy in company with my correspondent the attorney, the Reverend Mr. Beetle, curate of the parish, and two gentlemen, strangers to me, who, as I understood



from Mr. Driver, were Mr. Sparkle, senior, an eminent auctioneer in London, and Billy Sparkle his son, a city beau. My friend was in his easy chair, turned towards the fire; the rest were sitting round the table at some distance, and engaged, as I soon discovered, in a very interesting conversation upon beauty, which my entrance for a while put a stop to. This intermission, however, lasted no longer than whilst Mr. Drowsy paid his compliments to me, which he performed in few words, asking me, however, if I came on horseback, which having answered in the affirmative, he sententiously observed, that he never rode. And now the elder Mr. Sparkle resumed the conversation in the following manner—  
‘What I was going to observe to you, when this gentleman came in, upon the article of beauty, is peremptorily and precisely this: beauty, gentlemen, is in the eye, I aver it to be in, the eye of the beholder, and not in the object itself; my beauty, for instance, is not your beauty, yours is not mine; it depends upon fancy and taste; fancy and taste are nothing but caprice; a collection of fine women is like a collection of fine pictures; put them up to auction, and bidders will be found for every lot.’—  
But all bidders, cries the attorney, are not *bonâ fide* buyers: I believe you find many an article in your sales sent back upon the owner’s hands, and so it is with beauty: all that is bidden for is not bought in.—  
—Here the curate interposed, and turning to his lay-brother of the pulpit, reminded him that beauty was like a flower of the field; here to-day and gone to-morrow; whereas virtue was a hardy plant, and defied the scythe of Time; virtue was an evergreen, and would bloom in the winter of life; virtue would flourish, when beauty was no more.—I believe it seldom makes any considerable shoot till that is the case, cried Billy Sparkle, and followed up his re-

partee with a laugh, in which he was himself the only performer.—It is high time now, says the attorney, directing his discourse to me, to make you acquainted with the business we are upon, and how we came to fall upon this topic of beauty. Your friend, Mr. Drowsy, does not like the trouble of talking, and, therefore, with his leave, I shall open the case to you, as I know he wishes to take your opinion upon it.—Here the attorney seeming to pause for his cue, Drowsy nodded his head, and bade him go on. We are in consultation, rejoined he, upon a matter of no less moment than the choice of a wife for the gentleman in that easy chair.—And if he is easy in it, demanded I, what need he wish for more?—Alack-a-day! he has no heir, and, till that event takes place, he is only tenant for life, subject to impeachment of waste; he cannot be called master of his own estate; only think of that, Sir.—That was for him to do, I replied; how does Mr. Drowsy himself think of it?—I don't think much about it, answered Ned.—And how stands your mind towards matrimony?—No answer.—There's trouble in it, added I.—There is so, replied he with a sigh; but Driver says I want an heir—There's trouble in that too, quoth I; have you any particular lady in your eye?—That is the very point we are now upon, cried Mr. Sparkle, senior; there are three lots up for Mr. Drowsy, or his friends, to choose from, and I only wait his signal for knocking down the lot that he likes best.—This I could not perfectly understand, in the terms of art which Mr. Sparkle made use of, and therefore desired he would express himself in plain language.—My father means to say, cries Billy, there are three girls want husbands, and but one man that wishes to be married.

Hold your tongue, puppy, said old Sparkle, and

proceeded. You shall know, Sir, that to accommodate Mr. Drowsy in the article of a wife, and save him the trouble of looking out for himself, we some time ago put an advertisement in the papers: I believe I have a copy of it about me: aye, here it is!

‘ WANTED

‘ A young, healthy, unmarried woman, of a discreet character, as wife to a gentleman of fortune, who loves his ease, and does not care to take upon himself the trouble of courtship; she must be of a placid domestic turn, and not one that likes to hear herself talk. Any qualified person, whom this may suit, by applying to Mr. Sparkle, auctioneer, may be informed of particulars. A short trial will be expected.

‘ N.B. Maids of honour need not apply, as none such will be treated with.’

I told Mr. Sparkle I thought his advertisement a very good one, and properly guarded, and I wished to know the result of it; he said that very many applicants had presented themselves, but, for want of full credentials, he had dismissed all but three, whom I will again describe, added he, not only for your information, but in hopes Mr. Drowsy will give some attention to the catalogue, which, I am sorry to say, has not yet been the case.

He then drew a paper of minutes from his pocket-book, and read as follows—

‘ Catherine Cumming, spinster, aged twenty-five, lodges at Gravesend, in the house of Mr. Duffer, a reputable slopseller of that place, can have an undeniable character from two gentlemen of credit, now absent, but soon expected in the next arrivals from China: her fortune, which she ingenuously owns is not capital, is for the present invested in certain commodities, which she has put into the

hands of the gentlemen above-mentioned, and for which she expects profitable returns on their arrival. This young lady appeared with a florid blooming complexion, fine long ringlets of dark hair in the fashionable dishevel, eyes uncommonly sparkling, is tall of stature, straight and in good case. She wore a locket of plaited hair slung in a gold chain round her neck, and was remarkably neat and elegant about the feet and ancles: is impatient for a speedy answer, as she has thoughts of going out in the next ships to India.'

Let her go! cried Ned, I'll have nothing to say to Kitty Cumming.—I'll bet a wager she is one of us, exclaimed the city beau, for which his father gave him a look of rebuke, and proceeded to the next.

'Agnes de Crapeau, daughter of a French protestant clergyman in the Isle of Jersey, a comely young woman, but of a pensive air and downcast look; lived as a dependent upon a certain rich trader's wife, with whom her situation was very unpleasant; flattered herself she was well practised in submission and obedience, should conform to any humours which the advertiser might have, and should he do her the honour to accept her as his wife, she would do *her possible* to please him with all humble duty, gratitude, and devotion.'

Ned Drowsy now turned himself in his chair, and with a sigh whispered me in the ear, poor thing! I pity her, but she wont do: go on to the last.

The lady I am next to describe, said Sparkle, is one of whom I can only speak by report, for as yet I have not set eyes on her person, nor is she acquainted with a syllable of these proceedings, being represented to me as a young woman whose delicacy would not submit to be the candidate of an



advertisement. The account I have had of her is from a friend, who, though a man of a particular way of thinking, is a very honest honourable person, and one whose word will pass for thousands: he called at my office one day, when this advertisement was laying on my desk, and casting his eye upon the paper, asked me, if that silly jest was of my inventing? I assured him it was no jest, but a serious advertisement; that the party was a man of property and honour, a gentleman by birth and principle, and one every way qualified to make the married state happy. Hath he lost his understanding, said my friend, that he takes this method of convening all the prostitutes about the town, or doth he consult his ease so much, as not to trouble himself whether his wife be a modest woman or not? Humph! cried Ned, what signifies what he said? go on with your story. To make short of it then, resumed Sparkle, my friend grew serious upon the matter, and after considering a short time addressed himself to me as follows: If I were satisfied your principal is a man, as you describe him, qualified by temper and disposition to make an amiable and virtuous girl happy, I would say something to you on the subject; but as he chooses to be concealed, and as I cannot think of blindly sacrificing my fair charge to any man, whom she does not know and approve, there is an end of the matter. And why so? exclaimed Ned, with more energy than I had ever observed in him; I should be glad to see the gentleman and lady both: I should be glad to see them.

At this instant a servant entered the room, and announced the arrival of a stranger, who wished to speak with the elder Mr. Sparkle.

NUMBER XLI.

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My friend Ned Drowsy is a man, who hath indeed neglected Nature's gifts, but not abused them ; he is as void of vice, as he is of industry, his temper is serene, and his manners harmless and inoffensive ; he is avaricious of nothing but of his ease, and certainly possesses benevolence, though too indolent to put it in action : he is as sparing of his teeth as he is of his tongue, and whether it be that he is naturally temperate, or that eating and drinking are too troublesome, so it is that he is very abstemious in both particulars, and having received the blessings of a good constitution and a comely person from the hand of Providence, he has not squandered his talent, though he has not put it out to use.

Accordingly when I perceived him interested in the manner I have related upon Mr. Sparkle's discourse, and heard him give orders to his servant to show the gentleman into the room, which he did, in a quicker and more spirited tone than is usual with him, I began to think that Nature was about to struggle for her privileges, and suspecting that this stranger might perhaps have some connexion with Sparkle's *incognita*, I grew impatient for his appearance.

After a while the servant returned, and introduced a little swarthy old man with short gray hair and whimsically dressed ; having on a dark brown coat, with a tarnished gold edging, black figured velvet waistcoat, and breeches of scarlet cloth with long gold knee-bands, dangling down a pair of black silk stockings, which clothed two legs not exactly

cast in the mould of the Belvidere Apollo. He made two or three low reverences as he advanced, so that before Mr. Sparkle could announce him by name, I had set him down for an Israelite, all the world to nothing; but as soon as I heard the words, Gentlemen, this is my worthy friend Mr. Abraham Abrahams! I recognized the person of my correspondent, whose humble and ingenious letter I thought fit to publish in No. XXXVII. of this volume, and whom I had once before had a glimpse of, as he walked past my bookseller's door in Cornhill, and was pointed out to me from the shop.

Mr. Abrahams, not being a person to whom Nature had affixed her passport, saying, Let this man have free ingress and egress upon my authority, made his first approaches with all those civil assiduities, which some people are constrained to practise, who must first turn prejudice out of company, before they can sit down in it. In the present case I flatter myself he fared somewhat better for the whisper I gave my friend Ned in his favour, and silence after a short time having taken place in such a manner as seemed to indicate an expectation in the company, that he was the person who was now to break it, he began, not without some hesitation, to deliver himself in these words;

Before I take the liberty of addressing the gentleman of the house, I wish to know from my friend Mr. Sparkle, whether he has opened any hint of what has passed between him and me relative to a certain advertisement; and if he has, I should next be glad to know, whether I have permission of the party concerned to go into the business.

Yes, Sir, cried Ned, somewhat eagerly, Mr. Sparkle has told me all that passed, and you have not only my free leave, but my earnest desire to say

every thing you think fit before these friends. Then Sir, said Abrahams, I shall tell you a plain tale without varying a single tittle from the truth.

As I was coming home from my club pretty late in the evening about five months ago, in turning the corner of a narrow alley, a young woman came hastily out of the door of a house, and, seizing hold of my hand, eagerly besought me for the love of God to follow her. I was startled, and knew not what to think of such a greeting; I could discern that she was young and beautiful, and I was no adventurer in affairs of gallantry; she seemed indeed to be exceedingly agitated and almost beside herself, but I knew the profligate of that sex can sometimes feign distress for very wicked purposes, and therefore desired to be excused from going into any house with her: if she would however advance a few paces, I would hear what she had to say, and so if it was nothing but my charity she solicited, I was ready to relieve her: we turned the corner of the alley together, and being now in one of the principal streets of the city, I thought I might safely stop and hear the petition she had to make. As we stood together under the eaves of a shop, the night being rainy, she told me that the reason she besought me to go into the house with her was in hopes the spectacle of distress, which would there present itself to my sight, might, if there was any pity in my heart, call it forth, and prevail with me to stop a deed of cruelty, which was then in execution, by saving a wretched object from being thrust into the streets in a dying condition for a small debt to her landlord, whom no entreaties could pacify. Blessed God! I exclaimed, can there be such human monsters? who is the woman? my mother, replied she, and burst into an agony of tears; if I would be what I may have appeared to you, but what I never



can be even to save the life of my parent, I had not been driven to this extremity, for it is resentment, which actuates the brutal wretch no less than cruelty. Though I confess myself not insensible to fear, being as you see no athletic, I felt such indignation rise within me at these words, that I did not hesitate for another moment about accompanying this unhappy girl to her house, not doubting the truth of what she had been telling me, as well from the manner of her relating it, as from my observation of her countenance, which the light of the lamp under which we were standing, discovered to be of a most affecting, modest, and even dignified character—

Sir, I honour you for your benevolence, cried Ned; pray proceed with your story.

She led me up two pair of stairs into a back apartment, where a woman was in bed, pleading for mercy to a surly-looking fellow, who was calling out to her to get up and be gone out of his house. I have found a fellow-creature, said my conductress, whose pity will redeem us from the clutches of one, who has none; be comforted, my dear mother, for this gentleman has some Christian charity in his heart. I don't know what charity may be in his heart, cried the fellow, but he has so little of the Christian in his countenance, that I'll bet ten to one he is a Jew. Be that as it may, said I, a Jew may have feeling, and therefore say what these poor women are indebted to you, and I will pay down the money, if my pocket will reach it; if not, I believe my name, though it be a Jew's name, will be good for the sum, let it be what it will. May God reward you, cried the mother, our debt is not great, though it is more than we have present means to pay; we owe but six and twenty shillings to our hardened creditor; I believe I am right, Constantia, turning to her daughter, but you know what it is

correctly. That is the amount of it, replied the lovely Constantia, for such she now appeared to me, as she was in the act of supporting her mother on the bolster with her arm under her neck. Take your money, man, quoth I, receive what is your own, and let these helpless creatures lodge in peace one night beneath your roof; to-morrow I will remove them, if this infirm woman shall be able to endure it. I hope my house is my own, answered the savage, and I don't desire to be troubled with them one night longer, no, nor even one hour.

Is this possible? exclaimed Ned; are there such distresses in the world? what then have I been doing all this while? having so said, he sprung nimbly out of his easy chair, took a hasty stride or two across the room, rubbing his forehead as he walked, threw himself into an empty chair, which stood next to that in which Mr. Abrahams was sitting, and begged him once more to proceed with his narrative.

With the help of my apothecary, who lived in the very house, at the door of which I had conversed with Constantia, I removed the invalid and her daughter that very evening in a hackney coach to my own house, which was not far distant; and by the same medical assistance and my wife's care, who is an excellent nurse, I had the satisfaction to see the poor woman regain her health and strength very speedily, for in fact her weakness had been more the effect of misery and want of diet, than any real disease: as for Constantia, her looks kept pace with her mother's recovery, and I must say without flattery, she is altogether the finest creature I ever looked upon.

The mother of Constantia is still a very comely woman, and not above forty years old; she has a father living, who is a man of great opulence, but he has conceived such irreconcilable displeasure

at her marrying, that he has never since that event taken the least notice either of her or of his grandchild. Then he is an unnatural monster, cried Ned, and will be sent to the devil for his barbarity.

Mr. Abrahams proceeded as follows : She is the widow of a Captain Goodison, of whose unhappy story I have at different times collected only a few particulars, but from these I can understand that she went with him to America, and took her daughter with her ; that he had a company of foot, and little else to maintain himself and family upon but his pay ; that he served there in most of the campaigns with the reputation of a gallant officer, but that the spirit of gaming having been suffered to infect the English army in their winter quarters at New-York, this wretched man, the father and the husband of these helpless women, became a prey to that infernal passion, and being driven to sell his commission to pay his losses at play, put an end to his miserable existence by a bullet.

Here Abrahams paused, whilst Ned, gave vent to a groan, in which I can answer for his being seconded by one more heart at least then in company, from which the recollection of that fatal period never fails to extort a pang.

The series of sufferings, which the unhappy widow and her child endured, continued Abrahams, from this tragical period, were such as I must leave you to imagine, for I neither wished to be informed of them, nor could she expatiate upon them. It may, however, be proper to inform Mr. Drowsy, that I am convinced there is no room for hope that any future impression can be made upon the unforgiving nature of Constantia's grandfather, and it would be unjust in me to represent her as any other than what she is, destitute of fortune even in expectancy. And what is she the worse for that?

cried Ned: among the articles I stipulate for in the advertisement, which Mr. Sparkle has been reading, I believe you will not find that money is put down for one. Upon this Mr. Abrahams made a proper compliment to my friend, and addressing himself to the company began to apologize for having taken up so much of our attention by his long discourse; this naturally produced a return of acknowledgments on our parts, with many and just commendations of his benevolence. The honest man's features brightened with joy upon receiving this welcome testimony, which he so well deserved, and I remarked with pleasure that our reverend friend, the curate, now began to regard Abrahams with an eye of complacency, and having set himself in order, like one who was about to harangue his audience with a prepared oration, he turned a gracious countenance upon the humble adversary of his faith, and delivered himself as follows—

Charity, Mr. Abrahams, is by our church esteemed the first of Christian virtues, and as we are commanded to pray even for our enemies, in obedience to that blessed mandate I devoutly pray, that in your instance it may avail to cover and blot out the multitude of sins. Your reaching forth the hand of mercy to these poor Christians in their pitiable distress, proves you to be a man superior to those shameful prejudices, which make a false plea of religion for shutting up the heart against all, but those of its own faith and persuasion. I have listened to your narrative with attention, and it is but justice to you to confess, that your forbearing to retort upon the scurrilous fellow in the lodging-house, who insulted you on the score of your national physiognomy, is a circumstance very highly to your credit, and what would have done honour to any one of the professors of that religion, which



teaches us, when we are reviled, to revile not again. I also remarked the modest manner of your speaking, when you unavoidably reported of your own good deeds: you sounded no trumpet before you, and thereby convinced me you are not of that pharisaical leaven, which seeketh the praise of men; and let me tell you, Sir, it is the very test of true charity, that it vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Humility, Mr. Abrahams, in a peculiar degree is expected of you, as of one of the children of wrath, scattered over the face of the earth without an abiding place, which you may call your own: charity also is in you a duty of more than ordinary obligation, for you and yours subsist no otherwise than on the charity of the nations who give you shelter: the alms of others may be termed a free gift of love, but your alms are in fact a legal tribute for protection. To conclude—I exhort you to take in good part what I have now been saying; you are the first of your nation I ever communed with, and if hereafter in the execution of my duty I am led to speak with rigour of your stiff-necked generation, I shall make a mental exception in your favour, and recommend you in my prayers for all Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics, by a separate ejaculation in your behalf.

Whether Abrahams in his heart thanked the honest curate for his zeal is hard to say, but there was nothing to be observed in his countenance, which bespoke any other emotions than those of benevolence and good-nature. My friend Drowsy was not quite so placid at certain periods of the discourse, and when he found that the humble Israelite made no other return, but by a civil inclination of the head to the speaker at the conclusion of the harangue, he said to Abrahams, in a qualifying tone of voice, Mr. Beetle, Sir means well; to which the

other instantly replied, that he did not doubt it, and then with a design, as it should seem, to turn the discourse, informed Ned, that he had taken the liberty of going in person to the father of Mrs. Goodison, in hopes he would have allowed him to speak of the situation, in which he had found his daughter and her child; but, alas! added he, I had no sooner began to open the business upon which I came, than he instantly stopt my mouth by demanding, if I came into his house to affront him! that he was astonished at my assurance for daring to name his daughter in his hearing, and in the same breath in a very haughty tone cried out, Harkye, Sir! are not you a Jew? to which I had no sooner replied in the affirmative, than ringing his bell very violently, he called out to his footman, to put that Jew out of his doors.

Here Abrahams paused; Ned started up from his chair, drank a glass of wine, shook the Jew by the hand, flounced down upon his seat again, whistled part of a tune, and turning to me, said in a half-whisper, What a world is this we live in.

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## NUMBER XLII.

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AFTER the conversation related in the preceding chapter, Drowsy and his guests passed a social evening, and honest Abrahams was prevailed upon to take a bed at Poppy Hall. The next morning early, as I was walking in the garden, I was much surprised to find Ned there before me—I dare say you wonder, said he, what could provoke my laziness to quit my pillow thus early, but I am resolved

to shake off a slothful habit, which till our discourse last night I never considered as criminal. I have been thinking over all that Mr. Abrahams told us about the distressed widow and her daughter, and I must own to you I have a longing desire to obtain a sight of this Constantia, whom he describes to be so charming in mind and person. Now I don't know with what face I can invite her hither; besides I consider, though I might prevail upon Mr. Abrahams to bring her, yet I should be confoundedly hampered how to get handsomely off, if upon acquaintance it did not suit me to propose for her.

You judge rightly, said I, your dilemma would be embarrassing.

Well then, quoth he, there is no alternative but for me to go to her, and though I am aware of the trouble it will give me to take a journey to London, where I have never been, and shall probably make a very awkward figure, yet if you will encourage me so far as to say you will take a corner in my coach thither, and Mr. Abrahams does not object to the scheme, I will even pluck up a good courage and set out to-morrow.

Be it so! answered I, if Mr. Abrahams approves of it, I have no objection to the party.

On the morrow we set off; Abrahams and myself with Ned, and his old servant in his coach for London, and in the evening of the second day our post-boys delivered us safe at Blossom's Inn in Lawrence-lane. Abrahams procured us lodgings at the house of his apothecary in the Poultry, where he first sheltered Mrs. Goodison and Constantia; and having settled this affair, the good man hastened home to present himself to his family, and prepare for our supping at his house that night.

My friend Ned had been in a broad stare of

amazement ever since his entry into London ; he seemed anxious to know what all the people were about, and why they posted up and down in such a hurry ; he frequently asked me when they would go home and be quiet ; for his own part he doubted if he should get a wink of sleep till he was fairly out of this noisy town.

As he was feasting his curiosity from the window of our lodgings, the Lord Mayor passed by in his state coach towards the Mansion House—God bless his Majesty, cried Ned, he is a portly man. He was rather disappointed when I set him right in his mistake ; but, nevertheless, the spectacle pleased him, and he commented very gravely upon the commodious size of the coach and the slow pace of the procession, which he said showed the good sense and discretion of the city magistrate, and observing him to be a very corpulent man, added, with an air of some consequence, that he would venture to pronounce my Lord Mayor of London was a wise man, and consulted his own ease.

We now were to set ourselves in order for our visit to honest Abrahams, and Ned began to show some anxiety about certain articles of his dress and appearance, which did not exactly tally with the spruce air of the city sparks, whom he had reconnoitered in the streets ; the whole was confessedly of the rustic order, but I encouraged him to put his trust in broad-cloth and country bloom, and seriously exhorted him not to trust his head to the shears of a London hair-dresser. I now ordered a coach to be called, which was no sooner announced, than Ned observed it was speedily got ready ; but they do every thing in a hurry in this place, added he, and I wish to my heart the fat gentleman in the fine coach may order all the people to bed before



our return, that I may stand some chance of getting a little rest and quiet amongst them.

We now stepped into our hack, but not without a caution from Ned to the coachman to drive gently over the stones, which, to give him his due, he faithfully performed. We were received at the door by our friendly Israelite with a smiling welcome, and conducted by him up stairs to a plain but neat apartment, in which was the mistress of the house, an elderly decent matron, who presented us to Mrs. Goodison, the mother of Constantia, in whose countenance, though pale and overcast with melancholy, beauty and modest dignity still kept their native post.

Honest Ned made his first approaches with a bow, which Vestris perhaps could have mended, though it was of Nature's workmanship; and this he stoutly followed up with a kiss to each lady, after the custom of the country, that loudly spoke its own good report.

Whilst these ancient and exploded ceremonies were in operation, the door opened, and presented to our eyes—a wonder! It was a combination of grace and beauty to have extorted raptures from old age itself; it was a form of modesty to have awed the passions of licentious youth; it was, in one word, Constantia herself, and till our reigning beauties shall to equal charms add equal humility, and present themselves like her to the beholder's eye without one conscious glance of exultation at their triumphs, she must remain no otherwise described than as that name bespeaks the unrivalled model of her sex.

As for my friend Ned, who had acquitted himself so dexterously with the elder ladies, his lips had done their office; neither voice nor motion re-

mained with them, and astonishment would not even suffer them to close—

*Obstupuit, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.*

And what after all were the mighty instruments, by which these effects were produced? Hearken, O Tavistock-street, and believe it if you can! The simplest dress, which modesty could clothe itself with, was all the armour which this conqueror had put on; a plain white cotton vest with a close head-dress, (such as your very windows would have blushed to have exhibited) filleted with a black silk riband, were all the aids that Nature borrowed to attire her matchless piece of work.

Thus she stood before us, and there she might have stood for us till now, if the compassionate Israelite had not again stepped in to her rescue: he led her to a chair, and, taking his seat, set the conversation afloat by telling her of his visit to the worthy gentleman then present (as his body indeed might witness, but for his senses they were elsewhere) spoke handsomely of his kind reception, of the natural beauties of the place and the country about it, and concluded with saying he had now the honour to introduce the owner of that hospitable mansion to her acquaintance, and he flattered himself he could not do a more acceptable office to both parties.

The answer which Constantia made to this elaborate harrangue, would in vain be sought for in the *academy of compliments*, for it consisted simply in the eloquence of two expressive eyes, which she directed upon the speechless trunk of poor Ned, somewhere as I should guess about the region of his heart, for I am persuaded her emissaries never stopped till they made their way to the citadel and had audience there.

Ned now began to stammer out a few sentences, by which, if Constantia did not understand more than was expressed, she could not be much the wiser for the information he gave her; he was glad and sorry twice or thrice in a breath, and not always in the right place; he hoped and believed and presumed to say—just nothing at all; when in a moment the word Supper! announced through the nose of a snuffling Hebrew servant, came as if it had been conjured up by the wand of an enchanter, to deliver him out of his distress: the manna in the wilderness was hardly more welcome to the famished Jews, than were now the bloodless viands that awaited us on the friendly board of Abrahams, to the ears I should have said rather than to the appetite of Drowsy.

Love I know can do more in the way of metamorphosis, than Ovid ever heard of; and to say the truth, what he had done to Ned was no trifling test of his art; for it was in fact no less a change, than if he had transformed Morpheus into Mercury: Good fellowship however can do something in the same way, and the hospitable festivity of the honest Israelite now brought Ned's heart to his lips and set it to work: youth soon catches the social sympathy, but even age and sorrow now threw aside their gloom, and paid their subscription to the board with a good grace. Ned, whose countenance was lighted up with a genuine glow of benevolence, that had entirely dispelled that air of lassitude, which had so long disarmed an interesting set of features of their natural vivacity and spirit, now exhibited a character of as much manly beauty and even mental expression, as I had ever contemplated—

*Quid non possit amor?*

Madam, says he, directing his discourse to Mrs.

Goodison, it is not for the honour of human nature, that I should wholly credit what our worthy host has told me: I won't believe there are half so many hard hearts in the world as we hear of; it is not talking reason to a man that will always argue him out of his obstinacy; it is not such a fellow as myself, no, nor even so good a pleader as my friend here, pointing to Abrahams, who can turn a tough heart to pity; but let me once come across a certain father, that shall be nameless, and let me be properly prepared to encounter him, and I'll wager all I am worth, I will bring him round in a twinkling: only let me have the proper credentials in my hand, do you see, and I'll do it. I know whom you point at, replied Mrs. Goodison, but I don't comprehend all your meaning; what credentials do you allude to? To the most powerful, said Ned, that Nature ever set her hand to; the irresistible eyes of this young lady; might I only say—This angel is a supplicant to you, the heart that would not melt must be of marble. Constantia blushed, every body seemed delighted with the unexpected turn of Ned's reply, whilst Mrs. Goodison answered, that she feared even that experiment would disappoint him; upon which he eagerly rejoined, then I have a resource against the worst that can befall us: there is a comfortable little mansion stands without-side of my park; it is furnished and in complete repair; there is a pleasant garden to it; Mr. Abrahams has seen it, and if you will be my tenant, you shall not find me so hard a landlord as some you have had to deal with. As Ned spoke these words, Mrs. Goodison turned her eyes full upon him with so intelligent and scrutinizing an expression, as to cause a short stop in his speech, after which he continued—Ah, Madam, how happy you might make me! the last inhabitant of this beloved little place was my excellent



mother ; she passed two years of widowhood in it with no companion but myself ; I wish I had been more worthy of such society and more capable of improving by it ; but I was sadly cramped in my education, being kept at home by my father, who meant all for the best (God forbid I should reproach him !) and put me under the care of Parson Beetle, the curate of our parish, an honest well-meaning man, but, alas ! I was a dull lazy blockhead, and he did not keep me to my book. However, such as I am, I know my own deficiencies, and I hope want of honesty and sincerity is not among the number. Nobody can suspect it, cried Abrahams. Pardon me, replied Ned, I am afraid Mrs. Goodison is not thoroughly convinced of it ; surely, Madam, you will not suppose I could look you in the face and utter an untruth. Nobody can look in yours, Sir, answered she, and expect to hear one ; it is your unmerited generosity that stops my tongue. After all, resumed Abrahams, I am as much indebted to your generosity as any body present, for as you have never once mentioned the name of my Constantia in this proposal, I perceive you do not intend to rob me of both my comforts at the same time. 'Tis because I have not the presumption to hope, answered Ned, that I have any thing to offer which such excellence would condescend to take ; I could wish to tender her the best mansion I possess, but there is an encumbrance goes with it, which I despair of reconciling to so elegant a taste as hers.— O love, said I within myself, thou art a notable teacher of rhetoric ! I glanced my eye round the table ; Ned did the very reverse of what a modern fine gentleman would have done at the close of such a speech, he never once ventured to lift up his eyes, or direct a look towards the object he had addressed ; the fine countenance of Constantia assumed a hue,

which I suspect our dealers in Circassian bloom have not yet been able to imitate, nor, if they could, to shift so suddenly ; for whilst my eye was passing over it, her cheek underwent a change, which courtly cheeks, who purchase blushes, are not subject to ; the whole was conducted by those most genuine masters and best colourists of the human countenance, modesty and sensibility, under the direction of Nature ; and though I am told the ingenious President of our Royal Academy has attempted something in art which resembles it, yet I am hard to believe, that his carnations, however volatile, can quite keep pace with the changes of Constantia's cheek. Wise and discreet young ladies, who are taught to know the world by education and experience, have a better method of concealing their thoughts, and a better reason for concealing them ; in short, they manage this matter with more address, and do not, like poor Constantia,

—Wear their hearts upon their sleeve  
For daws to peck at.

When a fashionable lover assails his mistress with all that energy of action as well as utterance, which accompanies polite declarations of passion, it would be highly indiscreet in her to show him how supremely pleased and flattered she is by his impudence ; no, she puts a proper portion of scorn into her features, and with a stern countenance tells him, she cannot stand his impertinence ; if he will not take this fair warning and desist, she may, indeed, be overpowered through the weakness of her sex, but nobody can say it was her bashfulness that betrayed her, or that there was any prudent hypocrisy spared in her defence.

Again, when a fashionable lady throws her fine arms round her husband's neck, and in the mournful tone of conjugal complaint sighs out—‘and will my dearest leave his fond unhappy wife to bewail his absence, whilst he is following a vile filthy fox over hedge and ditch at the peril of his neck?’—would it not be a most unbred piece of sincerity were she to express in her face what she feels in her heart—a cordial wish that he may really break his neck, and that she is very much beholden to those odious hounds, as she calls them, for taking him out of her sight? Certainly such an act of folly could not be put up with in an age and country so enlightened as the present; and surely, when so many ladies of distinction are turning actresses in public to amuse their friends, it would be hard if they did not set apart some rehearsals in private to accommodate themselves.

NUMBER XLIII.

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I LEFT Constantia somewhat abruptly in my last paper; and, to say the truth, rather in an awkward predicament; but as I do not like to interrupt young ladies in their blushes, I took occasion to call off the reader's attention from her, and bestowed it upon other ladies, who are not subject to the same embarrassments.

Our party soon broke up after this event: Ned and I repaired to our apartments in the Poultry, Constantia to those slumbers which purity inspires, temperance endears, and devotion blesses.

The next morning brought Ned to my levee; he had lain awake all night, but no noises were complained of; they were not in the fault of having deprived him of his repose.

He took up the morning paper, and the playhouse advertisements caught his eye: He began to question me about the *The Clandestine Marriage*, which was up for the night at Drury-Lane: Was it a comedy? I told him yes, and an admirable one: Then it ended happily, he presumed; Certainly it did: a very amiable young woman was clandestinely married to a deserving young man, and both parties at the close of the fable were reconciled to their friends and made happy in each other: And is all this represented on the stage? cried Ned: All this with many more incidents is acted on the stage; and so acted, let me assure you, as leaves the merit of the performers only to be exceeded by that of the poet:—This is fine, in-



deed! replied he; then as sure as can be I will be there this very night, if you think they will admit a country clown like me.—There was no fear of that.—Very well then; is not this the play of all plays for Constantia? Oh that I had old Surly there too; what would I give to have her grandfather at her elbow! He was so possessed with the idea, and built his castles in the air so nimbly, that I could not find in my heart to dash the vision by throwing any bars in its way, though enough occurred to me, had I been disposed to employ them.

Away posted Ned—(*quantum mutatus ab illo!*) on the wings of love to Saint Mary Axe; what rhetoric he there made use of I cannot pretend to say, but certainly he came back with a decree in his favour for Mrs. Abrahams and Constantia to accompany him to the comedy, if I would undertake to convoy the party; for honest Abrahams, (though a dear lover of the muse, and as much attached to stage plays, as his countryman Shylock was averse from them) had an unlucky engagement elsewhere, and as for Mrs. Goodison, Ned had sagaciously discovered that she had some objection to the title of the comedy in her own particular, though she stated none against her daughter's being there.

After an early dinner with Abrahams, we repaired to the theatre, four in number, and whilst the second music was playing, posted ourselves with all due precaution on the third row of one of the front boxes, where places had been kept for us; Mrs. Abrahams on my left hand against the partition of the box, and Constantia on the other hand between her admirer and me.

There is something captivating in that burst of splendour, scenery, human beauty, and festivity, which a royal theatre displays to every spectator on his entrance; what then must have been the stroke

on his optics, who never entered one before? Ned looked about him with surprise, and had there not been a central point of attraction, to which his eyes were necessarily impelled by laws not less irresistible than those of gravitation, there might have been no speedy stop to the eccentricity of their motions. It was not, indeed, one of those delightfully crowded houses which theatrical advertisers announce so rapturously to draw succeeding audiences to the comforts of succeeding crowds, there to enjoy the peals of the loudest plaudits, and most roaring bursts of laughter, bestowed upon the tricks of a harlequin or the gibberish of a buffoon; but it was a full assembly of rational beings, convened for the enjoyment of a rational entertainment, where the ears were not in danger of being insulted by ribaldry, nor the understanding libelled by the spectacle of folly.

Ned was charmed with the comedy, and soon became deeply interested for Lovewell and Fanny, on whose distressful situation he made many natural remarks to his fair neighbour, and she on her part bestowed more attention on the scene, than was strictly reconcileable to modern high-breeding.—The representative of Lord Ogleby put him into some alarm at first, and he whispered in my ear, that he hoped the merry old gentleman was not really so ill as he seemed to be:—for I am sure, adds he, he would be the best actor in the world, was he to recover his health, since he can make so good a stand even at death's door. I put his heart to rest by assuring him that his sickness was all a fiction, and that the same old decrepit invalid, when he had washed the wrinkles out of his face, was as gay and sprightly as the best; aye, added I, and in his real character one of the best into the bargain: I am glad of it, I am glad of it to my heart, answered Ned, I hope he will never have one half of the

complaints which he counterfeits ; but 'tis surprising what some men can do.

In the interval of the second act an aged gentleman of a grave and senatorial appearance, in a full-dressed suit of purple ratteen and a flowing white wig, entered the box alone, and as he was looking out for a seat, it was with pleasure I observed the young idlers at the back pay respect to his age and person by making way for him, and pointing to a spare place on our bench, to which he advanced, and after some apologies natural to a well-bred man, took his seat on our range.

His eyes immediately paid the tribute, which even age could not withhold from the beauty of Constantia ; he regarded her with more than a common degree of sensibility and attention ; he watched for opportunities of speaking to her every now and then at the shifting of a scene or the exit of a performer ; he asked her opinion of the actors of the comedy, and at the conclusion of the act said to her, I dare believe young lady, you are no friend to the title of this comedy : I should be no friend to it, replied Constantia, if the author had drawn so unnatural a character as an unrelenting father. One such monster in an age, cried Ned, taking up the discourse, is one too many. When I overheard these words, and noticed the effect which they had upon him, combining it also with his emotion at certain times, when he examined the features of Constantia with a fixed attention, a thought arose in my mind of a romantic nature, which I kept to myself, that we might possibly be then in company with the father of Mrs. Goodison, and that Ned's prophetic wishes were actually verified. When Fanny is discovered to be a married woman at the close of the comedy, and the father in his fury cries out to her husband—  
' Lovewell, you shall leave my house directly, and

you shall follow him, Madam'—Ned could not refrain himself from exclaiming, Oh, the hardened monster!—but whilst the words were on his lips, Lord Ogleby immediately replied to the father in the very words which benevolence would have dictated—'And if they do, I will receive them into mine,' whereupon the whole theatre gave a loud applause, and Constantia, whilst the tear of sensibility and gratitude started in her eye, taking advantage of the general noise to address herself to Ned, without being overheard, remarked to him—that this was an effusion of generosity she could not scruple to applaud, since she had an example in her eye, which convinced her it was in nature. Pardon me, replied Ned, I find nothing in the sentiment to call for my applause; every man would act as Lord Ogleby does; but there is only one father living, who would play the part of that brute Sterling, and I wish old Goodison was here at my elbow to see the copy of his own hateful features. It was evident that the stranger who sat next to Ned overheard this reply, for he gave a sudden start, which shook his frame, and darting an angry glance, suddenly exclaimed—Sir!—and then as suddenly recollecting himself, checked his speech, and bit his lips in sullen silence. This had passed without being observed by Ned, who turning round at the word, which he conceived was addressed to him, said in a mild tone—did you speak to me, Sir? To which the old gentleman making no answer, the matter passed unnoticed except by me.

As soon as the comedy was over, our box began to empty itself into the lobby; when the stranger seeing the bench unoccupied behind me, left his place and planted himself at my back. I was now more than ever possessed with the idea of his being old Goodison, and wished to ascertain if possible the



certainty of my guess; I, therefore, made a pretence to the ladies of giving them more room and stepped back to the bench on which he was sitting. After a few words in the way of apology he asked me, if he might without offence request the name of the young lady I had just quitted; with this I readily complied, and when I gave her name methought he seemed prepared to expect it; he asked me if her mother was a widow: I told him she was—where was she at present and in what condition? She was at present in the house of a most benevolent creature, who had rescued her from the deepest distress—might he ask the name of the person who had done that good action? I told him both his name and place of abode, described in as few words as I could the situation he had found her and Constantia in, spoke briefly, but warmly, of his character, and omitted not to give him as many particulars of my friend Ned as I thought necessary; in conclusion I made myself also known to him, and explained what my small part had been in the transaction. He made his acknowledgments for these communications in very handsome terms, and then, after a short pause, in which he seemed under difficulty how to proceed, he spoke to this effect:

I am aware that I shall introduce myself to you under some disadvantages, when I tell you I am the father of that young woman's mother; but if you are not a parent yourself, you cannot judge of a parent's feelings towards an undutiful child; and if you are one, I hope you have not had, nor ever will have, the experience of what I have felt: let that pass, therefore, without further comment! I have now determined to see my daughter, and I hope I may avail myself of your good offices in preparing her for the interview; I wish it to take place to-morrow, and if you foresee no objection let our

meeting be at the house of her benefactor Mr. Abrahams ; for to that worthy person, as you describe him to be, I have many necessary apologies to make, and more thanks than I shall know how to repay ; for the present I must beg you will say nothing about me in this place.

To all these points I gave him satisfactory assurances, and settled the hour of twelve next day for the meeting ; he then drew a shagreen case out of his pocket, which he put into my hand, saying, that if I would compare that face with Constantia's, I could not wonder at the agitation which so strong a family-resemblance had given him ; it was a portrait of his deceased wife at Constantia's age ; the first glance he had of her features had struck him to the heart ; he could not keep his eyes from her ; she was indeed a perfect beauty ; he had never beheld any thing to compare with her, but that counterpart of her image then in my hand ; he begged to leave it in my care till our meeting next morning : perhaps, added he, the sight of it will give a pang of sensibility to my poor discarded child, but I think it will give her joy also, if you tender it as a pledge of my reconciliation and returning love.

Here his voice shook, his eyes swam in tears, and clasping my hand eagerly between his, he conjured me to remember what I had promised, and hastened out of the house.

NUMBER XLIV.

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WHEN I had parted from the old gentleman, I found Mrs. Abrahams desirous to return home, being somewhat indisposed by the heat of the theatre, so that I lost no time in getting her and Constantia into the coach: in our way homewards I reported the conversation I had held with Mr. Goodison; the different effects it had upon my hearers were such as might be expected from their several characters; the gentle spirit of Constantia found relief in tears; her grateful heart discharged itself in praises and thanksgivings to Providence. Mrs. Abrahams forgot her head-ach, felicitated herself in having prevailed upon Mrs. Goodison to consent to her daughter's going to the play, declared she had a presentiment that something fortunate would come to pass, thought the title of the comedy was a lucky omen, congratulated Constantia over and over, and begged to be indulged in the pleasure of telling these most joyful tidings to her good man at home. Ned put in his claim for a share in the prophecy no less than Mrs. Abrahams; he had a kind of a something in his thoughts, when Goodison sat at his elbow, that did not quite amount to a discovery, and yet it was very like it; he had a sort of an impulse to give him a gird or two upon the character of Sterling, and he was very sure that what he threw out upon the occasion made him squeak, and that the discovery would never have come about, if it had not been for him; he even advanced some learned remarks upon the good effects of stage-plays in giving

touches to the conscience, though I do not pretend to say he had Jeremy Collier in his thoughts at the time; in short, what between the Hebrew and the Christian, there was little or nothing left for my share in the work, so that I contented myself with cautioning Constantia how she broke it to her mother, and recommended to Mrs. Abrahams to confine her discourse to her husband, and leave Constantia to undertake for Mrs. Goodison.

When we arrived at our journey's end, we found the honest Jew alone, and surprised him before he expected us: Mrs. Goodison was gone to bed a little indisposed, Constantia hastened up to her, without entering the parlour; Mrs. Abrahams let loose the clapper of joy, and rang in the good news with so full a peal, and so many changes, that there was no more to be done on my part, but to correct a few trips in the performance, of the nature of pleonasms, which were calculated to improve the tale in every particular but the truth of it. When she had fairly acquitted herself of the history, she began to recollect her head-ache, and then left us very thoroughly disposed to have a fellow-feeling in the same complaint.

After a few natural reflections upon the event, soberly debated and patiently delivered, I believe we were all of one mind in wishing for a new subject, and a silence took place sufficiently preparatory for its introduction; when Abrahams, putting on a grave and serious look, in a more solemn tone of voice than I had ever heard him assume, delivered himself as follows:

There is something, gentlemen, presses on my mind, which seems a duty on my conscience to impart to you: I cannot reconcile myself to play the counterfeit in your company, and therefore if you will have patience to listen to a few particulars of a



life, so unimportant as mine, I will not intrude long upon your attention, and, at worst, it may serve to fill up a few spare minutes before we are called to our meal.

I need not repeat what was said on our parts; we drew our chairs round the fire; Abrahams gave a sigh, hemmed twice or thrice, as if the words in rising to his throat had choaked him, and thus began:

I was born in Spain, the only son of a younger brother, of an ancient and noble house, which, like many others of the same origin and persuasion, had long been in the indispensable practice of conforming to the established religion, whilst secretly, and under the most guarded concealment, every member of it, without exception, hath adhered to those opinions which have been the faith of our tribe from the earliest ages.

This, I trust, will account to you for my declining to expose my real name, and justify the discretion of my assuming the fictitious one, by which I am now known to you.

Till I had reached my twentieth year, I knew myself for nothing but a Christian, if that may be called Christianity, which monkish superstition and idolatry have so adulterated and distorted from the moral purity of its scriptural guides, as to keep no traces even of rationality in its form and practice.

This period of life is the usual season for the parents of an adult to reveal to him the awful secret of their concealed religion: the circumstances, under which this tremendous discovery is confided to the youth, are so contrived as to imprint upon his heart the strongest seal of secrecy, and at the same time present to his choice the alternative of parricide or conformity: with me there was no hesitation; none could be; for the yoke of Rome had galled my con-

science till it festered, and I seized emancipation with the avidity of a ransomed slave, who escapes out of the hands of infidels.

Upon our great and solemn day of the Passover I was initiated into Judaism; my father conducted me to the interior chamber of a suit of apartments, locking every door through which we passed with great precaution, and not uttering a syllable by the way; in this secure retreat he purposed to celebrate that ancient rite, which our nation holds so sacred: he was at that time in an alarming decline; the agitating task he had been engaged in overpowered his spirits; whilst he was yet speaking to me, and my eyes were fixed upon his face, the hand of death smote him; I saw his eyelids quiver; I heard him draw his last expiring sigh, and falling dead upon my neck, as I was kneeling at his feet, he brought me backwards to the floor, where I laid panting under his lifeless corpse, scarce more alive than he was.

The noise of his fall, and the horrid shrieks I began to utter, for I had no presence of mind in that fatal moment, were unfortunately overheard, far as we were removed from the family: the room we were in had a communication with our private chapel; the monk, who was our family confessor, had a master-key, which commanded the avenues to that place; he was then before the altar, when my cries reached his ears; he ascended hastily by the private staircase, and, finding the door locked, his terror at my yells adding strength to a colossal form, with one vehement kick he burst open the door, and, besides the tragic spectacle on the ground, too plainly discovered the damning proofs of our apostacy.

Vile wretch, cried he, as he seized hold of my father's body, unholy villain, circumcised infidel! I thank my God for having smote thee with a sudden judgement: lie there like a dog as thou art, and ex-

pect the burial of a dog ! This said, with one furious jerk of his arm he hurled the venerable corpse of the most benevolent of God's creatures with the utmost violence to the corner of the room : whilst I tell it my blood curdles ; I heard his head dash against the marble floor ; I did not dare to turn my eyes to the spot ; the sword, which my father had presented to my hand, and pointed at his own breast, when he imparted to me his faith, lay naked on the floor ; I grasped it in my hand ; Nature tugged at my heart ; I felt an impulse irresistible ; I buried it in the bowels of the monk : I thrust it home with so good a will, that the guard entangled in the cord that was tied about his carcase ; I left my weapon in the body, and the ponderous bigot fell thundering on the pavement.

A ready thought, which seemed like inspiration, seized me ; I disposed my father's corpse in decent order ; drew the ring from his finger, on which the symbol of our tribe was engraved in Hebrew characters ; I took away those fatal tokens, which had betrayed us ; there were implements for writing on a table ; I wrote the following words on a scroll of paper—' This monk fell by my hand ; he merited the death I gave him : let not my father's memory be attainted ! He is innocent, and died suddenly by the will of Heaven, and not by the hand of man.'— This I signed with my name, and affixed to the breast of the monk ; then imprinting a last kiss upon the hand of my dead father, I went softly down the secret stairs, and passing through the chapel, escaped out of the house unnoticed by any of the family.

Our house stood at one extremity of the ancient city of Segovia ; I made my way as fast as my feet would transport me to the forests of San Ildephonso and there sheltered myself till night came on ; by short and stealthy journeys, through various perils

and almost incredible hardships, I arrived at Barcelona; I made myself known to an English merchant, settled there, who had long been a correspondent of my father's, and was employed by our family in the exportation of their wool, which is the chief produce of estates in the great plain of Segovia, so famous for its sheep. By this gentleman I was supplied with money and necessaries: he also gave me letters of credit upon his correspondent in London, and took a passage for me in a very commodious and capital ship bound to that port, but immediately to Smyrna, whither she was chartered with a valuable cargo. Ever since the unhappy event in Segovia, it had been my first and constant wish to take refuge in England; nothing, therefore, could be more acceptable than these letters of credit and introduction, and being eager to place myself under the protection of a nation, whose generosity all Europe bears testimony to, I lost not a moment in embarking on board the British Lion, for so the ship was named, and in this asylum I for the first time found that repose of mind and body, which for more than two months I had been a stranger to.

Here I fortunately made acquaintance with a very worthy and ingenious gentleman, who was going to settle at Smyrna as physician to the factory, and to the care and humanity of this excellent person, under Providence, I am indebted for my recovery from a very dangerous fever, which seized me on the third day after my coming on board: this gentleman resided many years at Smyrna, and practised there with great success; he afterwards went through a very curious course of travel, and is now happily returned to his native country.

When we arrived at Smyrna I was on my recovery, and yet under the care of my friendly physician; I lodged in the same house with him, and



found great benefit from the air and exercise on shore: he advised me to remain there for a season, and at the same time an offer was made to me by the ship's captain of acting for the merchants in place of their agent, who had died on the passage. The letters of credit given me at Barcelona, and the security entered into on my account with the house in London, warranted this proposal on his part, and there were many motives which prevailed with me for accepting it.

In this station I had the good fortune to give such satisfaction to my principals, that during a residence of more than twenty years I negociated their business with uninterrupted success, and in the course of that time secured a competency for myself, and married a very worthy wife, with whom I have lived happily ever since.

Still my wishes pointed to this land of freedom and toleration, and here at last I hope I am set down for life: such was my prepossession for this country, that I may say, without boasting, during twenty years residence in Smyrna, no Englishman ever left my door without the relief he solicited, or appeared to stand in need of.

I must not omit to tell you that to my infinite comfort it turned out, that my precautions after the death of the monk were effectual for preventing any mischief to the head of my family, who still preserves his rank, title, and estate unsuspected; and although I was outlawed by name, time hath now wrought such a change in my person, and the affair hath so died away in men's memories, that I trust I am in security from any future machinations in that quarter: still I hold it just to my family and prudent towards myself to continue my precautions: upon the little fortune I raised in Smyrna, with some aids I have occasionally received from

the head of our house, who is my nephew, and several profitable commissions for the sale of Spanish wool, I live contentedly, though humbly, as you see, and I have besides, wherewithal, blessed be God ! to be of some use and assistance to my fellow creatures.

Thus I have related to you my brief history, not concealing that bloody act, which would subject me to death by the sentence of a human tribunal, but for which I hope my intercession and atonement have been accepted by the Supreme Judge of all hearts, with whom there is mercy and forgiveness. Reflect, I pray you, upon my situation at that dreadful moment ; enter into the feelings of a son ; picture to yourselves the scene of horror before my eyes ; conceive a brutal zealot spurning the dead corpse of my father, and that father his most generous benefactor, honoured for his virtues, and adored for his charities ; the best of parents, and the friend of mankind ; reflect, I say, upon these my agonies and provocations, make allowance for a distracted heart in such a crisis, and judge me with that charity, which takes the law of God, and not the law of man, for its direction.

Here Abrahams concluded, and here also I shall adjourn to the succeeding number what remains to be related of the persons whose adventures have already engrossed so large a portion of this miscellaneous work.

NUMBER XLV.

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THE reader will recollect, that the worthy Hebrew, who assumes the name of Abrahams, had just concluded the narrative of his adventures, and that the next morning was appointed for a conciliatory interview between Mrs Goodison and her father. Ned, whose natural indolence had now began to give place to the most active of all passions, had been so much agitated by the events of the day, that we had no sooner parted from honest Abrahams, than he began to comment upon the lucky incident of our rencontre with the old gentleman at the comedy ; he seemed strongly inclined to deal with destiny for some certain impulses, which he remembered to have felt, when he was so earnest to go to the play ; and declared, with much gravity, that he went thither fully prepossessed some good fortune would turn up : ‘ Well, to be sure,’ said he, ‘ I ought to rejoice in the happy turn affairs have now taken, and I do rejoice ; but it would have given me infinite delight to have fulfilled the plan I had in design for Mrs. Goodison’s accommodation ; she will now want no assistance from me ; my little cottage will never have the honour of receiving her ; all those schemes are at an end ; Constantia too will be a great fortune, she will have higher views in life, and think no more of me, or, if she did, it is not to be supposed her grandfather, who so bitterly resented his daughter’s match, will suffer her to fall into the same offence.’ I must confess I thought so entirely with my friend Ned,

in the concluding part of these remarks, that I could only advise him to wait the event of time, and recommend himself in the mean while as well as he could to Mr. Somerville, the grandfather of Constantia. Art and education, it is true, had not contributed much to Ned's accomplishments, but Nature had done great things in his favour; to a person admirably, though not finically formed, she had given a most interesting set of features, with such a striking character of benevolence and open honesty, that he might be said to carry his heart in his countenance: though there was a kind of lassitude in his deportment, the effect of habits long indulged, yet his sensibility was ever ready to start forth upon the first call, and on those occasions no one would have regretted that he had not been trained in the school of the Graces: there was something then displayed which they cannot teach, and only Nature in her happiest moments can bestow.

The next morning produced a letter from honest Abrahams full of joy for the happy reconciliation now established, and inviting us to celebrate the day with Mr. Somerville and the ladies at his house. This was an anxious crisis for my friend Ned; and I perceived his mind in such a state of agitation, that I thought fit to stay with him for the rest of the forenoon: he began to form a variety of conjectures as to the reception he was likely to meet from the old gentleman, with no less a variety of plans for his own behaviour, and even of speeches with which he was to usher in his first addresses; sometimes he sunk into melancholy and despair, at other times he would snatch a gleam of hope, and talk himself into transports; he was now, for the first time in his life, studiously contriving how to set off his person to the best advantage; his hair was fa-



shionably dressed, and a handsome new suit was tried on, during which he surveyed himself in the glass with some attention, and, as I thought, not entirely without a secret satisfaction, which, indeed, I have seen other gentlemen bestow upon their persons in a much greater degree, with much less reason for their excuse.

When he was completely equipt, and the time approached for our going, 'Alas!' he cried, 'what does all this signify? I am but a clown in better clothes. Why was my father so neglectful of my education, or rather why was I so negligent to avail myself of the little he allowed me? What would I not give to redeem the time I have thrown away. But 'tis in vain: I have neither wit to recommend myself, nor address to disguise my want of it; I have nothing to plead in my favour, but common honour and honesty; and what cares that old hard-hearted fellow for qualities, which could not reconcile him to his own son-in-law? he will certainly look upon me with contempt. As for Constantia, gratitude, perhaps, might in time have disposed her heart towards me, and my zealous services might have induced her mother to overlook my deficiencies, but there is an end of that only chance I had for happiness, and I am a fool to thrust myself into a society, where I am sure to heap fresh fuel on my passion, and fresh misfortunes on my head.'

With these impressions, which I could only soothe but not dispel, Ned proceeded to the place of meeting with an aching heart and dejected countenance. We found the whole party assembled to receive us, and though my friend's embarrassment disabled him from uttering any one of the ready made speeches he had digested for the purpose, yet I saw nothing in Mr. Somerville's countenance or address, that

could augur otherwise than well for honest Ned ; Mrs. Goodison was as gracious as possible, and Constantia's smile was benignity itself. Honest Abrahams, who has all the hospitality as well as virtues of his forefathers the patriarchs, received us with open arms, and a face in which wide-mouthed joy grinned most delectably. It was with pleasure I observed Mr. Somerville's grateful attentions towards him and his good dame : they had nothing of ostentation or artifice in them, but seemed the genuine effusions of his heart ; they convinced me he was not a man innately morose, and that the resentment, so long fostered in his bosom, was effectually extirpated. Mrs. Abrahams, in her province, had exerted herself to very good purpose, and spread her board, if not elegantly, yet abundantly ; Abrahams, on his part kept his wine and his tongue going with incessant gaiety and good humour, and whilst he took every opportunity of drawing forth Ned's honest heart and natural manners to the best advantage, I was happy in discovering that they did not escape the intuition of Somerville, and that he made faster progress towards his good opinion, than if he had exhibited better breeding and less sincerity of character.

In the course of the evening the old gentleman told us he had determined upon taking his daughter and Constantia into the country with him, where he flattered himself Mrs. Goodison would recover her health and spirits sooner than in town, and at the same time gave us all in turn a pressing invitation to his house. Abrahams and his wife excused themselves on the score of business ; but Ned, who had no such plea to make, or any disposition to invent one, thankfully accepted the proposal.

The day succeeding, and some few others, were passed by Mrs Goodison and Constantia at Mr.

Somerville's in the necessary preparations and arrangements previous to their leaving London ; during this time Ned's diffidence and their occupations did not admit of any interview, and their departure was only announced to him by a note from the old gentleman, reminding him of his engagement ; his spirits were by this time so much lowered from their late elevation, that he even doubted if he should accept the invitation ; love, however, took care to settle this point in his own favour, and Ned arrived at the place of his destination rather as a victim under the power of a hopeless passion, than as a modern fine gentleman with the assuming airs of a conqueror. The charms of the beautiful Constantia, which had drawn her indolent admirer so much out of his character, and so far from his home, now heightened by the happy reverse of her situation, and set off with all the aids of dress, dazzled him with their lustre ; and though her change of fortune and appearance was not calculated to diminish his passion, it seemed to forbid his hopes : in sorrow, poverty, and dependance, she had inspired him with the generous ambition of rescuing her from a situation so ill proportioned to her merits, and though he had not actually made, he had very seriously meditated a proposal of marriage. He saw her now in a far different point of view, and comparing her with himself, her beauty, fortune, and accomplishments, with his own conscious deficiencies, he sunk into despair. This was not unobserved by Constantia ; neither did she want the penetration to discern the cause of it. When he had dragged on his wretched existence for some days, he found the pain of it no longer supportable, and, ashamed of wearing a face of woe in the house of happiness, he took the hardy resolution of bidding farewell to Constantia and his hopes for ever.

Whilst he was meditating upon this painful subject one evening, during a solitary walk, he was surprised to hear himself accosted by the very person, from whose chains he had determined to break loose; Constantia was unattended, the place was retired, the hour was solemn, and her looks were soft and full of compassion. What cannot love effect? it inspired him with resolution to speak; it did more, it supplied him with eloquence to express his feelings.

Constantia, in few words, gave him to understand that she rightly guessed the situation of his mind; this at once drew from him a confession of his love and his despair—of the former he spoke little and with no display; he neither sought to recommend his passion, or excite her pity; of his own defects he spoke more at large, and dwelt much upon his want of education; he reproached himself for the habitual indolence of his disposition, and then, for the first time raising his eyes from the ground, he turned them on Constantia, and after a pause exclaimed, ‘ Thank Heaven! you are restored to a condition, which no longer subjects you to the possible sacrifice I had once the audacity to hint at. Conscious as I am of my own unworthiness at all times to aspire to such a proposal, let me do myself the justice to declare that my heart was open to you in the purest sense; that to have tendered an asylum to your beloved mother, without ensnaring your heart by the obligation, would still have been the pride of my life, and I as truly abhorred to exact, as you could disdain to grant, an interested surrender of your hand: and now, lovely Constantia, when I am about to leave you in the bosom of prosperity, if I do not seem to part from you with all that unmixed felicity which your good fortune ought to inspire, do not reproach me for my unhappy weakness; but recollect for once in your life, that your charms are



irresistible, and my soul only too susceptible of their power, and too far plunged into despair, to admit of any happiness hereafter.'

At the conclusion of this speech Ned again fixed his eyes on the ground ; after a short silence, ' I perceive,' replied Constantia, ' that my observations of late were rightly formed, and you have been torturing your mind with reflections very flattering to me, but not very just towards yourself: believe me, Sir, your opinion is as much too exalted in one case as it is too humble in the other. As for me, having as yet seen little of the world but its miseries, and being indebted to the benevolence of human nature for supporting me under them, I shall ever look to that principle as a greater recommendation in the character of a companion for life, than the most brilliant talents or most elegant accomplishments: in the quiet walks of life I shall expect to find my enjoyments.' Here Ned started from his reverie, a gleam of joy rushed upon his heart, by an involuntary motion he had grasped one of her hands ; she perceived the tumult her words had created, and extricating her hand from his—' Permit me,' said she, ' to qualify my respect for a benevolent disposition by remarking to you, that without activity there can be no virtue: I will explain myself more particularly; I will speak to you with the sincerity of a friend—You are blessed with excellent natural endowments, a good heart and a good understanding; you have nothing to do but to shake off an indolent habit, and, having youth at your command, to employ the one and cultivate the other: the means of doing this it would be presumption in me to prescribe; but as my grandfather is a man well acquainted with the world and fully qualified to give advice, I should earnestly recommend to you not to take a hasty departure before you have consulted him, and I may

venture to promise you will never repent of any confidence you may repose in his friendship and discretion.'

Here Constantia put an end to the conference, and turned towards the house; Ned stood fixed in deep reflection, his mind sometimes brightening with hope, sometimes relapsing into despair: his final determination, however, was to obey Constantia's advice and seek an interview with Mr. Somerville.

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## NUMBER XLVI.

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THE next morning, as soon as Ned and Mr. Somerville met, the old gentleman took him into his library, and when he was seated, 'Sir,' said he, 'I shall save you some embarrassment, if I begin our conference by telling you that I am well apprised of your sentiments towards my Constantia; I shall make the same haste to put you out of suspense, by assuring you that I am not unfriendly to your wishes.'

This was an opening of such unexpected joy to Ned, that his spirits had nearly sunk under the surprise; he stared wildly without power of utterance, scarce venturing to credit what he had heard; the blood rushed into his cheeks, and Somerville, seeing his disorder, proceeded: 'When I have said this on my own part, understand young gentleman, that I only engage not to obstruct your success, I do not, nay I cannot, undertake to ensure it: that must depend upon Constantia; permit me to add, it must depend upon yourself.' Here Ned, unable to suppress his transports, eagerly demanded what there

could be in his power to do, that might advance him in the good opinion and esteem of Constantia! such was his gratitude to the old gentleman for his kindness, that he could scarce refrain from throwing himself at his feet, and he implored him instantly to point out the happy means, which he would implicitly embrace, were they ever so difficult, ever so dangerous.

‘ There will be neither hardship nor hazard,’ replied Mr. Somerville, ‘ in what I shall advise. Great things may be accomplished in a short time where the disposition is good and the understanding apt: though your father neglected your education, it is no reason you should neglect yourself; you must shake off your indolence; and as the first step necessary towards your future comfort is to put yourself at ease in point of fortune, you must make yourself master of your own estate; that I suspect can only be done by extricating your affairs from the hands they are in; but as this is a business, that will require the assistance of an honest and able agent, I shall recommend to you my own lawyer on whose integrity you may securely rely; he will soon reduce your affairs to such a system of regularity, that you will find it an easy business, and when you discover how many sources of future happiness it opens to you, you will pursue it as an employment of no less pleasure than advantage.’

To this good advice Ned promised the fullest and most unreserved obedience; Mr. Somerville resumed his subject and proceeded; ‘ When you have thus laid the foundation in economy, what remains to be done will be a task of pleasure: this will consist in furnishing your mind and enlarging your experience; in short, Sir, rubbing off the rust of indolence and the prejudices of a narrow education: now for this important undertaking I have a friend

in my eye, whose understanding, temper, morals, and manners, qualify him to render you most essential services; with this amiable and instructive companion I should in the first place recommend you to take a tour through the most interesting parts of your own country, and hereafter as occasion shall serve, you may, or you may not, extend your travels into other countries: this is the best counsel I have to give you, and I tender it with all possible good wishes for your success.'

A plan proposed with so much cordiality and holding forth such a reward for the accomplishment of its conditions, could not fail to be embraced with ardour by the late despairing lover of Constantia. The worthy lawyer was prepared for the undertaking, and Ned was all impatience to convince Mr. Somerville, that indolence was no longer his ruling defect. He gave instant orders for his journey, and then flew to Constantia, at whose feet he poured forth the humble, yet ardent, acknowledgments of a heart overflowing with gratitude and love: it seemed as if love's arrow, like *Ithuriel's* spear, possessed the magic powers of transformation with a touch: there was a spirit in his eyes, an energy in his motions, an illumination over his whole person, that gave his form and features a new cast: Constantia saw the sudden transformation with surprise, and as it evinced the flexibility of his nature and the influence of her own charms, she saw it also with delight: 'So soon!' was her only reply, when he announced his immediate departure; but those words were uttered with such a cadence, and accompanied by such a look, as to the eye and ear of love conveyed more meaning than volumes would contain, unaided by such expression—'Yes, adorable Constantia,' he exclaimed, 'I am now setting forth to give the earliest proof in my power of a ready and alert obedi-



ence to the dictates of my best adviser ; these few moments, which your condescension indulges me with are the only moments I shall not rigidly devote to the immediate duties of my task : inspired with the hope of returning less unworthy of your attention, I cheerfully submit to banish myself from your sight for a time, content to cherish in my heart the lovely image there imprest, and flattering myself I have the sanction of your good wishes for the success of my undertaking.' Constantia assured him he had her good wishes for every happiness in life, and then yielding her hand to him, he tenderly pressed it to his lips and departed.

It would be an uninteresting detail to enumerate the arrangements, which Ned by the instructions of his friendly and judicious agent adopted on his return to Poppy Hall. His affairs had indeed been much neglected, but they were not embarrassed, so that they were easily put into such order and regulation, as gave him full leisure for pursuing other objects of a more animated nature : with this view he returned to his friend Mr. Somerville, and was again blest with the presence of Constantia, to whom every day seemed to add new graces : he was welcomed by all parties in the most affectionate manner ; Mr. Somerville, upon conversing with his lawyer, received a very flattering report of Ned's activity and attention, nor was he displeased to hear from the same authority, that his estate and property far exceeded any amount, which the unpretending owner himself had ever hinted at.

It was now the latter end of April, and Ned had allowed himself only a few days to prepare for his tour, and to form an acquaintance with the amiable person, who at Mr. Somerville's request had engaged to accompany him ; their plan was to employ six months in this excursion through England

and part of Scotland, during which they were to visit the chief towns and principal manufactories, and Mr. Somerville had further contrived to lay out their course, so as to fall in with the houses of some of his friends by the way, where he had secured them a welcome in such societies, as promised no less profit than amusement to a young person in the pursuit of experience. Measures had been taken to provide equipage, servants, and all things requisite for a travelling establishment, amongst which a few well-selected books were not forgotten, and thus at length equipped, Ned with his companion, on the first morning of the month of May, having taken leave of Mr. Somerville and Mrs. Goodison, and received a tender adieu from his beloved Constantia, stept reluctantly into his chaise, and left the finest eyes in the creation to pay the tribute of a tear to the sorrows of the scene.

From this period I had heard nothing of his proceedings till a few days ago, when I was favoured by him with the following letter, dated from the house of Mr. Somerville :—

‘ DEAR SIR,

‘ I AM just returned from a six months’ tour, in the course of which I have visited a variety of places and persons in company with a gentleman, from whose pleasing society I have reaped the highest enjoyment, and, if I do not deceive myself, no small degree of profit and instruction.

‘ Before I sate out upon this excursion, I had the satisfaction of seeing my private affairs put in such a train, and arranged upon so clear a system, that I find myself in possession of a fund of occupation for the rest of my days in superintending the concerns of my estate, and interesting myself in the welfare

and prosperity of every person, who depends upon me.

‘ When I returned to this charming place, the reception I met with from Mr. Somerville was as flattering as can be conceived; the worthy mother of my beloved Constantia was no less kind to me; but in what words can I attempt to convey to you the impression I felt on my heart, when I was welcomed with smiles of approbation by the ever-adorable object of my affection? What transport did it give me, when I found her anxious to enquire into every circumstance that had occurred in the course of my travels! none were too minute for her notice; she seemed to take an interest in every thing that had happened to me, and our conversations were renewed time after time without weariness on her part, or any prospect of exhausting our subject.

‘ At this time I had no other expectation but of a second excursion with the conductor of the first, and as that gentleman was in frequent conference with Mr. Somerville, I took for granted they were concerting the plan of a foreign tour; and though my heart was every hour more and more fondly attached to Constantia, so that a separation from her was painful to reflect on, yet I was resolved at all events not to swerve from my engagements with her grandfather, and therefore held myself in trembling expectation of another summons to go forth: delightfully as the hours passed away in her society, I dreaded least any symptoms of self-indulgence should lower me in her opinion, or create suspicions in Mr. Somerville and Mrs. Goodison that I was in any danger of relapsing into my former indolence: I therefore seized the first opportunity of explaining myself to those respectable friends, when Constantia was not present, and addressing myself to Mr. Somerville, assured him that I was not disposed to

forget any part of his good advice, nor so much my own enemy as to evade any one of those conditions, to the performance of which he had annexed the hope of so transcendant a reward: conscious that he could impose nothing upon me so hard to do, or so painful to suffer, which such a prize would not infinitely overbalance, I had no other backwardness or apprehension as to his commands, but what sprung from the conviction, that after all my efforts I must ever remain unworthy of Constantia.

‘ I shall never forget Mr. Somerville’s reply, nor the action which accompanied it. My good friend, said he, leaning over the arm of the chair, and kindly taking me by the hand, it is more than enough for a man to have made one such fatal error in his life as I have done, one such unhappy sacrifice to the false opinions of the world; but though I have heartily repented of this error, I am not so far reformed, as to be without ambition in the choice of a husband for our Constantia; no, Sir, I am still as ambitious as ever, but I hope with better judgement and upon better principles; I will not bate an atom of virtue in the bargain I am to make; I insist upon the good qualities of the heart and temper to the last scruple; these are the essentials which I rigidly exact, and all these you possess: there are, indeed, other, many other, incidental articles, which you may, or you may not, superadd to the account; but I am contented to strike hands with you on the spot, though you shall never have set foot upon foreign soil—What says my daughter to this?

‘ When I cast my eyes upon the countenance of the most benevolent of women, and saw it turned expressively upon me, smiling through tears, joy palpitated at my heart, whilst she delivered herself as follows:—I were of all beings most insensible, could I withhold my testimony to this gentleman’s merits, or my entire assent to his alliance with my



daughter ; but as I have ever reposed perfect confidence in her, and, as far as I was enabled, always consulted her wishes, I should be glad this question might be fairly and candidly referred to her unbiassed judgment for decision : she is very young ; our friend here is neither old in years nor experience ; both parties have time before them ; should she be willing to hold off from the married state for a while, should she foresee advantages in our friend's undertaking a second tour with the same instructive associate, whether into foreign countries or nearer home, let her be the judge of what is most likely to conduce to her future happiness in a husband, and as I am persuaded our friend here will practise no unfair measures for biassing her judgement, let him consult Constantia's wishes on the case, and as she determines so let him act, and so let us agree.

‘ With these instructions, which Mr. Somerville seconded, I hastened to Constantia, and without hesitation or disguise related to her what had passed, and requested her decision. Judge, if it be possible to judge, of my transports, when that ingenuous, that angelic creature gave me a reply, that left no room to doubt that I was blest in the possession of her heart, and that she could not endure a second separation.

‘ I flew to Mr. Somerville ; I fell at the feet of Mrs. Goodison ; I interceded, implored, and was accepted. Nothing ever equalled the generosity of their behaviour. I am now to change my name to Somerville, at that worthy gentleman's express desire, and measures are already in train for that purpose. The same abilities, which I am indebted to for the good condition of my affairs, are employed in perfecting the marriage settlement, and the period now between me and happiness would by any other person but myself be termed a very short one.

‘ Thus am I on the very eve of being blest with

the loveliest, the divinest object upon earth, and thus have I, by the good counsel of my friends, in which number I shall ever reckon you, broken the shackles of that unmanly indolence, under which I was sinking apace into irretrievable languor and insignificance. Henceforward I entreat you to regard me as a new man, and believe that with my name I have put off my infirmity. We are in daily expectation of our friendly Abrahams, who is *an Israelite, indeed*: your company would round our circle and complete the happiness of

‘ Your ever affectionate

‘ EDWARD.’

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## NUMBER XLVII.

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PEOPLE have a custom of excusing the enormities of their conduct by talking of their passions, as if they were under the controul of a blind necessity, and sinned because they could not help it. Before any man resorts to this kind of excuse, it behoves him to examine the justice of it, and to be sure that these passions, which he thus attempts to palliate, are strictly natural, and do not spring either from the neglect of education or the crime of self-indulgence.

Of our infancy, properly so called, we either remember nothing, or few things faintly and imperfectly; some passions, however, make their appearance in this stage of human life, and appear to be born with us, others are born after us; some follow us to the grave, others forsake us in the decline of age.

The life of man is to be reviewed under three pe-

riods, infancy, youth, and manhood; the first includes that portion of time before reason shows itself; in the second it appears, indeed, but being incompetent to the proper government of the creature, requires the aid, support, and correction, of education; in the third it attains to its maturity.

Now as a person's responsibility bears respect to his reason, so do human punishments bear respect to his responsibility. Infants and boys are chastised by the hand of the parent or the master; rational adults are amenable to the laws, and what is termed mischief in the first case, becomes a crime in the other. It will not avail the man to plead loss of reason by temporary intoxication, nor can he excuse himself by the plea of any sudden impulse of passion. If a prisoner tells his judge that it is his nature to be cruel, that anger, lust, or malice, are inherent in his constitution, no human tribunal will admit the defence: yet thus it is that all people deal with God and the world, when they attempt to palliate their enormities, by pleading the uncontrollable propensity of their natural desires, as if the Creator had set up a tyrant in their hearts, which they were necessitated to obey.

This miserable subterfuge is no less abject than impious; for what can be more degrading to a being, whose inherent attribute is free agency, and whose distinguishing faculty is reason, than to shelter himself from the dread of responsibility under the humiliating apology of mental slavery? It is as if he should say—'Excuse the irregularities of my conduct, for I am a brute and not a man; I follow instinct, and renounce all claim to reason; my actions govern me, not I my actions;'—and yet the people to whom I allude, generally set up this plea in excuse for those passions in particular, which have their origin in that stage of life, when the hu-

man mind is in the use and possession of reason ; an imposition so glaring that it convicts itself ; notwithstanding this, it is too often seen, that whilst the sensualist is avowing the irresistible violence of his propensities, vanity shall receive it not only as an atonement for the basest attempts, but as an expected tribute to the tempting charms of beauty ; nay, such is the perversion of principle in some men, that it shall pass with them as a recommendation even of that sex, the purity of whose minds should be their sovereign grace and ornament.

The passion of fear seems coeval with our nature ; if they who have our infancy in charge, suffer this passion to fix and increase upon us ; if they augment our infant fears by invented terrors, and present to our sight frightful objects to scare us ; if they practise on our natural and defenceless timidity by blows and menaces, and crush us into absolute subjection of spirit in our early years, a human creature thus abused has enough to plead in excuse for cowardice ; and yet this, which is the strongest defence we can make upon the impulse of passion, is perhaps the only one we never resort to : in most other passions we call that constitution, which is only habit.

When we reflect upon the variety of passions to which the human mind is liable, it should seem as if reason, which is expressly implanted in us for their correction and control, was greatly overmatched by such a host of turbulent insurgents ; but, upon a closer examination, we may find that Reason has many aids and allies, and though her antagonists are also many and mighty, yet that they are divided and distracted, whilst she can in all cases turn one passion against another, so as to counterbalance any power by its opposite, and make evil instruments in her hands conducive to moral ends.



Avarice, for instance, will act as a counterpoise to lust and intemperance, whilst vanity, on the other hand, will check avarice; fear will keep a bad man honest, and pride will sometimes make a coward brave.

Observe the manners of *Palpatius* in company with his patron; assiduous, humble, obliging; for ever smiling, and so supple and obsequious, you would think he had no will of his own, and was born for the uses and occasions of others. Follow *Palpatius* to his house, see him with his wife and children, hear him dictate to his servants and the needy dependants, who make suit through him to his principal, you will find all things reversed; the sycophant turns out a tyrant, and he is only indebted to his hypocrisy for keeping his insolence out of sight.

*Procax* is one of the most dissolute men living; he is handsome, impudent, and insinuating, qualifications that ensure his success with the ladies: He professed the most vehement passion for *Fulvia*; but *Fulvia* was on the point of marrying *Vetulus*, a rich old man, who wanted an heir, and till that event took place she held out against *Procax* upon motives of convenience only: *Fulvia* soon became the wife of *Vetulus*; she had no longer any repugnance to be the mistress of *Procax*; but the same man, who had pleaded the irresistible violence of his desires before marriage, now pretended conscience, and drew back from her advances; nay, he did more, he put *Vetulus* upon his guard, and *Fulvia's* virtue was too closely watched to be in any future danger: What sudden change was this in *Procax*? *Vetulus* had no heirs, and *Procax* had a contingent interest in the entail of his estate.

*Splendida*, in one of her morning airings, was solicited for charity by a poor woman with an infant in her arms.—‘It is not for myself, madam,’ said the

wretched creature, 'it is for my husband, who lies under that hedge tormented with a fever, and dying for want of relief.'—Splendida directed her eyes towards the spot, and saw a sickly object stretched upon the ground, clad in the tattered regimental of a foot soldier: her heart was touched, and she drew out her purse, which was full of guineas: the blood rushed into the beggar's meagre visage at the sight; Splendida turned over the gold; her hand delayed for a moment, and the impulse was lost; unhappily for the suppliant, Splendida was alone and without a witness: she put her hand once more into her pocket, and taking out a solitary shilling, dropped it into the shrivelled palm that was stretched out to receive it, and drove on. Splendida returned home, drest herself, and went to a certain great lady's assembly; a subscription was put about for the benefit of a celebrated actress; the lady condescended to receive subscriptions in person, and delivered a ticket to each contributor: Splendida drew forth the same purse, and wrapping twenty guineas in a paper, put them into the hand of the noble beggar. The room rang with applauses of her charity—'I give it,' says she, 'to her virtues, rather than to her talents; I bestow it on the wife and mother, not upon the actress.' Splendida on her return home took out her account-book, and set down twenty-one pounds one shilling to the article of charity; the shilling, indeed, Heaven audited on the score of alms, the pounds were posted to the account of vanity.

## NUMBER XLVIII.

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*An toti morimur ?*

SENECA IN TROAD.

I BELIEVE there are few people, who have not at some time or other felt a propensity to humour themselves in that kind of melancholy, which arises in the mind upon revisiting the scene of former happiness, and contemplating the change that time has wrought in its appearance by the mournful comparison of present with past impressions.

In this train of thought I was the other day carried almost imperceptibly to the country seat of a deceased friend, whose loss I must ever lament. I had not been there since his death, and there was a dreariness in the scene as I approached, that might have almost tempted me to believe even things inanimate partook of my sensations. The traces of my friend, whose solicitude for order and seemliness reached to every thing about him, were no longer to be seen. The cottages and little gardens of his poor neighbours, which used to be so trim and neat, whilst his eye was over them, seemed to be falling into neglect ; the lawn before his house was now become a solitude ; no labourers at their work ; no domestics at their sports and exercises : I looked around for my old acquaintances, that used to be grazing up and down upon their pensions of pasturage ; they had probably been food for hounds long ago ; Nature had lost her smile of hospitality and benevolence : methought I never saw any thing more disconsolate.

As I entered the house, an aged woman, whom I had long remembered as one of the family, met me in the passage, and, looking me in the face, cried out 'Is it you, Sir?'—and burst into tears: she followed me into the common sitting-room, and as she was opening the shutters, observed to me—'That it did not look as it used to do, when my lord was living.' It was true: I had already made the remark in silence:—'How the face of a friend,' said I within myself, 'enlivens all things about him! What hours of placid delight have I passed within these walls! Have I ever heard a word here fall from his lips, that I have wished him to recall? Has the reputation of the absent ever bled by a stab of his giving? Has the sensibility of any person present suffered for an expression of his? Once, and only once, in this very spot, I drew from him the circumstantial detail of an unfortunate period in his life: it was a recital so manly and ingenuous, so void of colouring, so disdainful of complaint, and so untainted by asperity, that it carried conviction to my mind, and I can scarce conceive a degree of prejudice that could have held out against it; but I could perceive that the greatest events in a man's history may turn by springs so subtle and concealed, that they can never be laid open for public exculpation, and that in the process of all human trials there may be things too small for the fingers of the law to feel; motives, which produce the good or ill fortunes of men and govern their actions, but which cannot guide the judgements, or even come under the contemplation of those who are appointed to decide upon them.

I soon quitted this apartment, and entered one which I contemplated with more satisfaction, and even with a degree of veneration; for it was the chamber in which I had seen my friend yield up the



last breath of life. Few men had endured greater persecution in the world ; none could leave it in greater peace and charity : if forgiveness of injuries constitutes a merit, our enemies surely are those to whom we are most beholden. How awful is the last scene of a man's life, who has filled a dubious and important part on the stage of the world !— ‘ Of a truth,’ thought I, ‘ thou art happily removed out of an unfriendly world ; if thou hadst deceived my good opinion, it had been an injury to my nature : but though the living man can wear a mask and carry on deceit, the dying Christian cannot counterfeit. Sudden death may smite the hypocrite, the sensualist, the impostor, and they may die in their shame ; but slow and gradual dissolution, a lingering death of agony and decay, will strip the human heart before it seizes it ; it will lay it naked, before it stops it. There is no trifling with some solemnities ; no prevaricating with God, when we are on the very threshold of his presence. Many worldly friendships dissolve away with his breath to whom they were pledged ; but thy last moments, my friend, were so employed as to seal my affection to thy memory closer than it was ever attached to thy person ; and I have it now to say, there was a man, whom I have loved and served, and who has not deceived or betrayed me.’

And what must I now think of popularity, when I reflect upon those who had it, and upon this man, who had it not ? Fallacious test !—Contemptible pursuit ! How often, since the exile of Aristides, has integrity been thy victim and villainy thine idol ? Worship it then, thou filthy idolater, and take the proper wages of thy servility : be the dupe of cunning, and the stalking-horse of hypocrisy.

What a contrast to the death I have now been reviewing, occurs to my mind, when I reflect upon

the dreadful consummation of the once popular *Antitheus*! I remember him in the height of his fame, the hero of his party; no man so caressed, followed, and applauded. He was a little loose, his friends would own, in his moral character, but then he was the honestest fellow in the world; it was not to be denied, that he was rather free in his notions, but then he was the best creature living. I have seen men of the gravest characters wink at his sallies, because he was so pleasant and so well bred, it was impossible to be angry with him. Every thing went well with him, and *Antitheus* seemed to be at the summit of human prosperity, when he was suddenly seized with the most alarming symptoms. He was at his country-house, and, which had rarely happened to him, he at that time chanced to be alone; wife or family he had none, and out of the multitude of his friends no one happened to be near him at the moment of this attack.

A neighbouring physician was called out of bed in the night to come to him with all haste in this extremity. He found him sitting up in his bed supported by pillows, his countenance full of horror, his breath struggling as in the article of death, his pulse intermitting, and at times beating with such rapidity as could hardly be counted. *Antitheus* dismissed the attendants he had about him, and eagerly demanded of the physician, if he thought him in danger: the physician answered that he must fairly tell him he was in imminent danger—‘How so! how so! do you think me dying?’—He was sorry to say the symptoms indicated death—‘Impossible! You must not let me die; I dare not die: O doctor! save me if you can.’—Your situation, Sir, is such, said the physician, that it is not in mine, or any other man’s art, to save you; and I think I should not do my duty if I gave you any false hopes

in these moments, which, if I am not mistaken, will not more than suffice for any worldly, or other concerns, which you may have upon your mind to settle.—‘My mind is full of horror,’ cried the dying man, ‘and I am incapable of preparing it for death.’—He now fell into an agony, accompanied with a shower of tears; a cordial was administered, and he revived in a degree; when turning to the physician, who had his fingers on his pulse, he eagerly demanded of him, if he did not see that blood upon the feet-curtains of his bed. There was none to be seen the physician assured him; it was nothing but a vapour of his fancy.’—‘I see plainly,’ said *Antitheus*, ‘in the shape of a human hand: I have been visited with a tremendous apparition. As I was lying sleepless in my bed this night, I took up a letter of a deceased friend, to dissipate certain thoughts that made me uneasy. I believed him to be a great philosopher, and was converted to his opinions. Persuaded by his arguments and my own experience that the disorderly affairs of this evil world could not be administered by any wise, just, or provident Being, I had brought myself to think no such Being could exist, and that a life produced by chance must terminate in annihilation. This is the reasoning of that letter, and such were the thoughts I was revolving in my mind, when the apparition of my dead friend presented itself before me; and unfolding the curtains of my bed, stood at my feet, looking earnestly upon me for a considerable space of time. My heart sunk within me: for his face was ghastly, full of horror, with an expression of such anguish as I can never describe. His eyes were fixed upon me, and at length, with a mournful motion of his head—‘Alas, alas!’ he cried, ‘we are in a fatal error’—and taking hold of the curtains with his hand, shook them violently

and disappeared.—This I protest to you, I both saw and heard, and look ! where the print of his hand is left in blood upon the curtains.

*Antitheus* survived the relation of this vision very few hours, and died delirious in great agonies.

What a forsaken and disconsolate creature is a man without religion !

Reader, whosoever thou art, deceive not thyself ; let not passion, or prosperity, or wit, or wantonness, seduce thy reason to an attempt against the truth. If thou hast the faculties of a man, thou wilt never bring thyself to a fixed persuasion that there is no God. Struggle how thou wilt against the notion, there will be a moment when the glaring conviction will burst upon thy mind. Now mark what follows—If there is a God, the government of the world is in that God : and, this once admitted, the necessity of a future state follows of consequence. Ask thyself, then, what can be the purposes of that future state ; what, but those of justice and retribution, to reward the good and to punish the evil ? Our present life then is a life of probation, a state of trial and of discipline ; preparatory to that future state. Now we see what is fallen upon thee, and look well to thyself for the consequences. Thou hast let the idea of a God into thy mind, because indeed thou couldst not keep it out, and religion rushes through the breach. It is natural religion hitherto, and no more : but no matter ; there is enough even in natural religion to make thee tremble. Whither wilt thou now resort for comfort, whither fly for refuge from the wrath to come ?—Behold the asylum is open, Christianity is thy salvation and redemption : That, which natural religion hath shadowed out to thee in terrors, Christianity will reveal in glory : it will clear up thy doubts, disperse thy fears, and turn thy hopes



into certainty. Thy reasonings about a future state, which are but reasonings, it will not only verify by divine authorities, but by positive proofs, by visible example, attested by witnesses, confirmed by the evidence of the senses, and uncontradicted by the history of ages. Now thou wilt know to thy comfort, that there is a Mediator gone before thee, who will help out thy imperfect atonement, when thou art brought to judgement in a future state. Thou wilt, indeed, be told for certain, that this life is a state of probation, and that thou shalt be brought to account for thine actions; but thou wilt be taught an easy lesson of salvation; thou wilt be cheered with the mercies of thy God, and comforted with the assurance of pardon, if thou wilt heartily turn to repentance: thou wilt find that all this system of religion is conformable to those natural notions, which reason suggested to thee before, with this advantage, that it makes them clearer, purifies, refines, enlarges them; shuts out every dismal prospect, opens all that is delightful, and *points a road to Heaven through paths of peace and pleasantness.*

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### NUMBER XLIX.

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As I was turning over a parcel of old papers some time ago, I discovered an original letter from Mr. Caswell, the mathematician, to the learned Dr. Bentley, when he was living in Bishop Stillingfleet's family, inclosing an account of an apparition taken from the mouth of a clergyman who saw it. In this account there are some curious particulars, and I shall therefore copy the whole narrative without

any omission, except of the name of the deceased person who is supposed to have *appeared*, for reasons that will be obvious.

‘ To the Rev. Mr. Richard Bentley, at my Lord Bishop of Worcester’s house in Park Street, in Westminster, London.

‘ SIR,

‘ When I was in London, April last, I fully intended to have waited upon you again, as I said, but a cold and lameness seized me next day ; the cold took away my voice, and the other my power of walking, so I presently took coach for Oxford. I am much your debtor, and in particular for your good intentions in relation to Mr. D. though that, as it has proved, would not have turned to my advantage : however, I am obliged to you upon that and other accounts, and if I had opportunity to show it, you should find how much I am your faithful servant.

‘ I have sent you enclosed a relation of an apparition ; the story I had from two persons, who each had it from the author, and yet their accounts somewhat varied, and passing through more mouths has varied much more ; therefore I got a friend to bring me to the author at a chamber, where I wrote it down from the author’s mouth ; after which I read it to him, and gave him another copy ; he said he could swear to the truth of it, as far as he is concerned : he is the Curate of Warblington, Bachelor of Arts of Trinity College in Oxford, about six years standing in the University ; I hear no ill report of his behaviour here : he is now gone to his Curacy ; he has promised to send up the hands of the tenant and his man, who is a smith by trade, and the farmer’s men, as far as they are concerned.

Mr. Brereton, the Rector, would have him say nothing of the story, for that he can get no tenant, though he has offered the house for ten pounds a year less. Mr. P. the former incumbent, whom the apparition represented, was a man of very ill report, supposed to have got children of his maid, and to have murdered them: but I advised the Curate to say nothing himself of this last part of P. but leave that to the parishioners, who knew him. Those who knew this P. say he had exactly such a gown, and that he used to whistle.

‘ Yours,

‘ J. CASWELL.’

I desire you not to suffer any copy of this to be taken, lest some Mercury news-teller should print it, till the Curate has sent up the testimony of others and self.

*H. H. Dec. 15, 1695.*

#### NARRATIVE.

‘ At Warblington, near Havant in Hampshire, within six miles of Portsmouth, in the parsonage-house dwelt Thomas Perce the tenant, with his wife and a child, a man-servant Thomas . . . . and a maid-servant. About the beginning of August, Anno 1695, on a Monday, about nine or ten at night, all being gone to bed, except the maid with the child, the maid being in the kitchen, and having raked up the fire, took a candle in one hand, and the child in the other arm, and turning about saw one in a black gown walking through the room, and thence out of the door into the orchard: upon this the maid, hasting up stairs, having recovered but two steps cried out; on which the master and mistress ran down, found the candle in her hand; she grasping the child about its neck with the other arm; she told them the reason of her crying out;

she would not that night tarry in the house, but removed to another belonging to one Henry Salter, farmer: where she cried out all the night from the terror she was in, and she could not be persuaded to go any more to the house upon any terms.

‘ On the morrow, (*i. e.* Tuesday) the tenant’s wife came to me, lodging then at Havant, to desire my advice, and have consult with some friends about it; I told her I thought it was a flam, and that they had a mind to abuse Mr. Brereton the Rector, whose house it was; she desired me to come up: I told her I would come up and sit up or lie there, as she pleased; for then as to all stories of ghosts and apparitions I was an infidel: I went thither and sate up the Tuesday night with the tenant and his man-servant: about twelve or one o’clock I searched all the rooms in the house to see of any body were hid there to impose upon me: at last we came into a lumber-room, there I smiling told the tenant that was with me, that I would call for the apparition, if there was any, and oblige him to come: the tenant then seemed to be afraid, but I told him I would defend him from harm! and then I repeated *Barbara, celarent Darii, &c.* jestingly; on this the tenant’s countenance changed, so that he was ready to drop down with fear: then I told him I perceived he was afraid, and I would prevent its coming, and repeated *Baralipton, &c.* then he recovered his spirits pretty well, and we left the room and went down into the kitchen, where we were before, and sate up there the remaining part of the night and had no manner of disturbance.

Thursday night the tenant and I lay together in one room and the man in another room, and he saw something walk along in a black gown and place itself against a window, and there stood for some time, and then walked off. Friday morning the



man relating this, I asked him why he did not call me, and I told him I thought that was a trick or flam; he told me the reason why he did not call me was, that he was not able to speak or move. Friday night we lay as before, and Saturday night, and had no disturbance either of the nights.

‘ Sunday night I lay by myself in one room, not that where the man saw the apparition, and the tenant and his man in one bed in another room; and betwixt twelve and two the man heard something walk in their room at the bed’s foot, and whistling very well; at last it came to the bed’s side, drew the curtain and looked on them; after some time it moved off; then the man called to me, desired me to come, for that there was something in the room went about whistling: I asked him whether he had any light or could strike one, he told me no; then I leapt out of bed, and, not staying to put on my clothes, went out of my room and along a gallery to the door, which I found locked or bolted; I desired him to unlock the door, for that I could not get in; then he got out of bed and opened the door, which was near, and went immediately to bed again; I went in three or four steps, and, it being a moonshine night, I saw the apparition move from the bed-side, and clap up against the wall that divided their room and mine: I went and stood directly against it within my arm’s length of it, and asked it in the name of God what it was, that made it come disturbing of us; I stood some time expecting an answer, and receiving none, and thinking it might be some fellow hid in the room to fright me, *I put out my arm to feel it, and my hand seemingly went through the body of it, and felt no manner of substance, till it came to the wall; then I drew back my hand, and still it was in the same place*: till now I had not the least fear, and even

now had very little ; then I adjured it to tell me what it was : when I had said those words, it, keeping its back against the wall, moved gently along towards the door : I followed it, and it, going out at the door, turned its back towards me ; it went a little along the gallery ; I followed it a little into the gallery, and it disappeared, where there was no corner for it to turn, and before it came to the end of the gallery, where was the stairs. Then I found myself very cold from my feet as high as my middle, though I was not in great fear ; I went into the bed betwixt the tenant and his man, and they complained of my being exceedingly cold. The tenant's man leaned over his master in the bed, and saw me stretch out my hand towards the apparition, and heard me speak the words ; the tenant also heard the words. The apparition seemed to have a morning gown of a darkish colour, no hat nor cap, short black hair, a thin meagre visage of a pale swarthy colour, seemed to be of about forty-five or fifty years old ; the eyes half shut, the arms hanging down ; the hands visible beneath the sleeve ; of a middle stature. I related this description to Mr. John Lardner, rector of Havant, and to Major Battin of Langstone in Havant Parish ; they both said the description agreed very well to Mr. P. a former rector of the place, who has been dead above twenty years : upon this the tenant and his wife left the house which has remained void since.

' The Monday after last Michaelmas-day, a man of Chodson in Warwickshire having been at Havant fair, passed by the aforesaid parsonage-house about nine or ten at night, and saw a light in most of the rooms of the house : his pathway being close by the house, he, wondering at the light, looked into the kitchen window, and saw only a light, but turning himself to go away, he saw the appearance of a

man in a long gown ; he made haste away ; the apparition followed him over a piece of glebe land of several acres, to a lane, which he crossed, and over a little meadow, than over another lane to some pales, which belong to farmer Henry Salter my landlord, near a barn, in which were some of the farmer's men and some others ; this man went into the barn, told them how he was frightened and followed from the parsonage-house by an apparition, which they might see standing against the pales, if they went out ; they went out, and saw it scratch against the pales, and make a hideous noise ; it stood there some time and then disappeared ; their description agreed with what I saw. This last account I had from the man himself, whom it followed, and also from the farmer's men.

' THO. WILKINS, Curate of W.'

' *Dec. 11, 1695, Oxon.*'

I shall make no remark upon this genuine account, except as to the passage which I have put in italics : if Mr. Wilkins was thoroughly possess'd of himself at that moment, as he deposes, and is strictly correct in his fact, the narrative is established.

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## NUMBER L.

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TO THE OBSERVER.

SIR,

I AM a plain man without pretensions, and lead a retired life in the country : the sports of the season, a small farm, which I hold in my own hands, and a pretty good kitchen garden, in which I take

amusement, with the help of a few English books, have hitherto made my life, though it is that of a bachelor, pass off with more than tolerable comfort. By this account of my time you will perceive that most of my enjoyments depend upon the weather; and though the wear-and-tear of age may have made me more sensible to the seasons than I have been, yet I cannot help thinking that our climate, in England, is as much altered for the worse, as my constitution may be. I do not pretend to reason upon natural causes, but speak upon observation only; for by an exact journal of my time, which I keep more for a check upon my actions than for any importance which appertains to them, I can find that I am obliged to my books for helping me through more rainy hours in the course of years last past, than I have been accustomed to be, or, indeed, than I could wish; for you must know I never read, when I can amuse myself out of doors.

My studies are but trifling, for I am no scholar, but in bad weather and dark evenings they have served to fill up time: a very little discouragement, however, suffices to put me out of conceit with my books, and I have thoughts of laying them totally on the shelf, as soon as ever I can provide some harmless substitute in their place: this, you see, is not so easy for me to do, being a solitary man, and one that hates drinking, especially by myself; add to this, that I smoke no tobacco, and have more reasons than I choose to explain against engaging in the nuptial state: my housekeeper, it is true, is a decent conversable woman, and plays a good game at all-fours; and I had begun to fill up an hour in her company, till I was surprised unawares by a neighbour, who is a wag, and has never ceased jeering me upon it ever since: I took next to making nets for my currant bushes, but, alas! I have



worked myself out of all employ, and am got weary of the trade: I have thought of making fishing-rods; but I have a neighbour so tenacious of his trout, that I should only breed a quarrel, and fish in troubled waters, were I to attempt it. To make short of my story, Sir, I have been obliged, after many efforts, to go back to my books, though I have lost all the little relish I had for them ever since I have been honoured with the visits of a learned gentleman, who is lately settled in my neighbourhood. He must be a prodigious scholar, for I believe in my conscience he knows every thing that ever was written, and every body that ever writes. He has taken a world of kind pains, I must confess, to set me write in a thousand things, that I was ignorant enough to be pleased with: he is a fine spoken man, and in spite of my stupidity has the patience to convince me of the faults and blunders of every author in his turn. When he shows them to me, I see them as clear as day, and never take up the book again; he has now gone pretty nearly through my whole nest of shelves, pointing out as he proceeds, what I, like a fool, never saw before, nor ever should have seen but for him. I used to like a *Spectator* now and then, and generally sought out for *Clio*, which, I was told, were Mr. Addison's papers; but I have been in a gross mistake, to lose my time with a man that cannot write common English; for my friend has proved this to me out of a fine book, three times as big as the *Spectator*, and, which is more, this great book is made by a foreign gentleman, who writes and speaks clear another language from Mr. Addison; surely he must be a dunce, indeed, who is to be taught his mother tongue by a stranger! I was apt to be tickled with some of our English poets, Dryden and Pope and Milton and one Gray, that turns

out to be a very contemptible fellow truly, for he has shown me all their secret histories in print, written by a learned man greater than them all put together, and now I would not give a rush for one of them; I could find in my heart to send *Bell* and all his books to the devil. As for all the writers now living, my neighbour, who by the way has a hand in reviewing their works, assures me he can make nothing of them, and, indeed, I wonder that a man of his genius will have any thing to say to them. It was my custom to read a chapter or two in the Bible on a Sunday night; but there I am wrong again; I shall not enter upon the subject here, but it won't do, that I am convinced of, Sir; it positively will not do.

The reason of my writing to you at all is only to let you know, that I received a volume of your *Observer* by the coach; my friend has cast his eye over it, and I have returned it by the waggon, which he says is the fittest conveyance for waste paper. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

RUSTICUS.

I shall give no other answer to my correspondent but to lament his loss of so innocent a resource as reading, which I suspect his new acquirements will hardly compensate. I still think that half an hour passed with Mr. Addison over a *Spectator*, notwithstanding all his false grammar, or even with one of the poets, notwithstanding their infirmities, might be as well employed as in weaving nets for the currant bushes, or playing at all-fours with his house-keeper. No man has a right to complain of the critic, whose sagacity discovers inaccuracies in a favourite author, and some readers may probably be edified by such discoveries; but the bulk of

them, like my correspondent Rusticus, will get nothing but disgust by the information: every man's work is fair game for the critic; but let the critic beware that his own production is not open to retaliation. As for our late ingenious biographer of the poets, when I compare his life of Savage with that of Gray, I must own he has exalted the low, and brought down the lofty; with what justice he has done this the world must judge. On the part of our authors now living, whom the learned gentleman in the letter condemns in the lump, I have only this to observe, that the worse they fare now, the better they will succeed with posterity; for the critics love the sport too well to hunt any but those who can stand a good chase; and authors are the only objects in nature, which are magnified by distance and diminished by approach: let the illustrious dead change places with the illustrious living, and they shall escape no better than they have done who make room for them; the more merit they bring amongst us, the heavier the tax they shall pay for it.

Let us suppose for a moment that Shakspeare was now an untried poet, and opened his career with any one of his best plays; the next morning ushers into the world the following, or something like the following critique.

' Last night was presented, for the first time, a tragedy called *Othello, or the Moor of Venice*, avowedly the production of *Mr. William Shakspeare*, the actor. This gentleman's reputation in his profession is of the *mediocre* sort, and we predict that his present tragedy will not add much to it in any way. *Mediocribus esse poëtis*—the reader can supply the rest—*verb. sap.* As we profess ourselves to be friendly to the players in general, we shall reserve our fuller critique of this piece, till after its third

night; for *we hold it very stuff of the conscience*, to use Mr. Shakspeare's own words, not to war against the poet's purse; though we might apply the author's quaint conceit to himself—

‘ Who steals *his* purse, steals trash; 'tis something; nothing.’

In this last reply, we agree with Mr. Shakspeare, that *'tis nothing*, and our philosophy tells us *ex nihilo nihil fit*.

‘ For the plot of this tragedy the most we can say is, that it is certainly of the *moving* sort, for it is here and there and every where; a kind of theatrical *hocus-pocus*; a creature of the pye-ball breed, like Jacob's muttons, between a black ram and a white ewe. It brought to our mind the children's game of—*I love my love with an A*— with this difference only, that the young lady in this play loves her love with a B, *because he is black*—*Risum teneatis?*

‘ There is one *Iago*, a bloody-minded fellow, who stabs men in the dark behind their backs; now this is a thing we hold to be most vile and ever to be abhorred. Othello smothers his white wife in bed; our readers may think this a shabby kind of an action for a general of his high calling: but we beg leave to observe that it shows some spirit at least in Othello to attack the enemy in her *strong quarters* at once. There was an incident of a *pocket-handkerchief*, which *Othello* called out for most lustily, and we were rather sorry that his lady could not produce it, as we might then have seen one *handkerchief* at least employed in the tragedy. There were some *vernacular* phrases, which caught our ear, such as where the black damns his wife twice in a breath—*Oh, damn her, damn her!*— which we thought savoured more of the language spoken *at* the doors, than *within* the doors of the



theatre; but when we recollect that the author used to amuse a leisure hour with calling up gentlemen's coaches after the play was over, before he was promoted to take a part in it, we could readily account for old habits. Though we have seen many gentlemen and ladies kill themselves on the stage, yet we must give the author credit for the new way in which his hero puts himself out of the world: Othello having smothered his wife, and being taken up by the officers of the state, prepares to despatch himself and escape from the hands of justice; to bring this about, he begins a story about his killing a man in Aleppo, which he illustrates *par exemple* by stabbing himself, and so winds up his story and his life in the same moment. The author made his appearance in the person of one *Brabantio*, an old man, who makes his first entry from a window; this occasioned some risibility in the audience: the part is of an inferior kind, and Mr. Shakspeare was more indebted to the exertions of his brethren, than to his own, for carrying his play through. Upon the whole, we do not think the passion of jealousy, on which the plot turns, so proper for tragedy as comedy, and we would recommend to the author, if his piece survives its nine nights, to cut it down to a farce, and serve it up to the public *cum micâ salis* in that shape. After this specimen of Mr. William Shakspeare's tragic powers, we cannot encourage him to pursue his attempts upon Melpomene; for there is a good old proverb, which we would advise him to bear in mind—*ne sutor ultra crepidam*. If he applies to his friend *Ben*, he will turn it into English for him.'

## NUMBER LI.

*Ulceræ animi sananda magis quam corporis.*

EX SENTENT.

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ?

MACBETH.

IT seems as if most of the ancient writers of history thought no events worth recording to posterity but accounts of battles and sieges and the overthrow of empires ; as if men were to be celebrated only in proportion to the devastation they had made of the human species. As my respect, on the contrary, is directed chiefly to those peaceable characters, who have been the benefactors of mankind, it is with pleasure I discovered an anecdote of an ancient king of Egypt of this description, named Osymandyas. This good prince, amongst other praiseworthy actions, has the credit of making the first public library in that learned nation, before books were collected at Athens by Pisistratus. Osymandyas made no scruple to convert one of the chief temples to this generous use, and gave it in charge to the priests belonging to it to digest and arrange his collection ; when this was done, he laid it open to the public, and by a very apposite and ingenious device, which he caused to be inscribed upon the front of the edifice, invited all his subjects to enter in and partake of his benefaction. He considered it as the duty of a good king to provide against the mental as well as bodily ailments of his people ; it appeared to him that books were the best medicines for the mind of man, and, consequently, that a collection of books, such as his library contained,

might well be entitled—a magazine or warehouse of medicines for the mind : with this idea he directed the following words to be engraven over the door of his library in conspicuous characters—*Ψυχῆς ἰατρεῖον*. There is a beautiful simplicity in the thought, which seems to give an insight into the benevolent design of the donor ; and as I hold it a more noble office to preserve the mind in health, than to keep the body after death from corruption, I cannot hesitate to give Osymandyas more credit for his benefaction of a library, than if he had been founder of the pyramids.

As the distempers of the mind may be figuratively classed under the several characters of those maladies, which are incidental to the body, so the several descriptions of books may very well be sorted into the various *genera* of medicines, which practice has applied to those respective distempers. A library, thus pharmaceutically disposed, would have the appearance of a dispensatory, and might be properly enough so called ; and when I recollect how many of our eminent collectors of books have been of the medical faculty, I cannot but think it probable that those great benefactors to literature, Ratcliffe, Mead, Sloane, Hunter, and others, have had this very idea of Osymandyas in their minds, when they founded their libraries. If, therefore, it should be thought agreeable to the will of the donors, and a proper mark of respect to their memories, so to arrange their collections, now in the repositories of Oxford and the British Museum, it will be necessary to find out a different set of titles, and instead of sorting them as they now are into the compartments of *The Historians ; The Poets ; The Divines*, it will be right to set up new inscriptions in their places, and entitle them *The Alteratives ; The Stimulatives ; The Narcotics*. I need

not point out to the learned keeper of these libraries how to proceed in an arrangement, to which their own judgements are so fully competent; nothing more will be required of them but to ascertain the particular species of disease, which the mind of the patient is affected with, and send him forthwith to the proper class of authors for his cure.

For instance; if the complaint arises from cold humours and a want of free perspiration by a stoppage and constipation of the pores of the mind, by which the feelings are rendered inert, and deprived of that proper emanation and expansion, which the health of the soul requires; let such a one be shut into the warm bath of *the Sudorifics*, which I need not explain to be *the Satirists*, and they will soon open his pores and disperse all obstructions. If the mental disease be of the inflammatory and feverish sort, attended with fits and paroxysms of anger, envy, revenge, and other atrabilious symptoms, which cannot be mistaken, it will be proper to turn the patient into the cell of the moralists, who will naturally be found under the title of *The Coolers and Sedatives*. On the contrary, where the complaint is of the lethargic nature, in which irritation is necessary, the controversialists will furnish him a remedy. In short, we need only say, that when the several authors are properly arranged, every case may find its cure. The comic writers will act as carminatives to dispel the vapours; books of travels as cathartics to procure a motion; memoirs and novels will operate as provocatives; politics as corrosives, and panegyrics as emetics. Two compartments should be kept apart and specially distinguished, viz. the sacred writings under the title *Restoratives*, and the works of the infidels under the denominations of deadly poisons. The



former will be sovereign in all galloping consumptions of dissipation, and the latter will be resorted to by none but suicides and desperadoes.

I should now dismiss the subject, but that I had forgotten to speak of the essayists, who, from their miscellaneous properties, certainly come under the class of compounds, and cannot therefore be so precisely specified, as they are applicable to chronic diseases rather than acute ones, they may very well stand in the list of correctors, which taken in a regular course, and under proper regimen, are found very efficacious in all cases where the constitution is impaired by excess and bad habits of living. They seem most to resemble those medicinal springs, which are impregnated with a variety of properties, and, when critically analyzed, are found to contain salt, nitre, steel, sulphur, chalk, and other calcareous particles. When the more respectable names of *Bath*, *Spa*, *Pyrmont*, *Seltzer*, and others, are disposed of, I am not without hopes these humbler essays, which my candid readers are now in the course of taking, may be found to have the wholesome properties of *Tunbridge waters*.

It is supposed that this library of the venerable *Osymandyas* descended to the Ptolemies, augmented probably by the intermediate monarchs, and ultimately brought to perfection by the learned and munificent Philadelphus, son of Ptolemy Lagus, so well known for his Greek translation of the Hebrew Septuagint.

Little attention was paid to literature by the Romans in the early and more martial ages. I read of no collections antecedent to those made by Æmilius Paulus and Lucullus, the latter of whom, being a man of great magnificence, allowed the learned men of his time to have free access to his library, but neither in his life-time, nor at his death, made

it public property. Cornelius Sylla, before his dictatorship, plundered Athens of a great collection of books, which had been accumulating from the time of the tyranny, and these he brought to Rome, but did not build or endow any library for public use. This was last undertaken by Julius Cæsar upon an imperial scale not long before his death, and the learned M. Varro was employed to collect and arrange the books for the foundation of an ample library; its completion, which was interrupted by the death of Julius and the civil wars subsequent thereto, was left for Augustus, who assigned a fund out of the Dalmatian booty for this purpose, which he put into the hands of the celebrated Asinius Pollio, who therewith founded a temple to liberty on Mount Aventine, and with the help of Sylla's and Varro's collections, in addition to his own, purchases, opened the first public library in Rome in an apartment annexed to the temple above mentioned. Two others were afterwards instituted by the same emperor, which he called the Octavian and Palatine Libraries; the first, so named in honour of his sister, was placed in the temple of Juno; the latter, as its title specifies, was in the imperial palace. These libraries were royally endowed with establishments of Greek and Latin librarians, of which C. Julius Hyginus the grammarian was one.

The emperor Tiberius added another library to the palace, and attached his new building to that front which looked towards the *Via sacra*, in which quarter he himself resided. Vespasian endowed a public library in the temple of peace. Trajan founded the famous Ulpian library in his new forum from whence it was at last removed to the *Collis Viminalis* to furnish the baths of Dioclesian. The Capitoline library is supposed to have been founded by Domitian, and was consumed together

with the noble edifice to which it was attached, by a stroke of lightning in the time of Commodus. The emperor Hadrian enriched his favourite villa with a superb collection of books, and lodged them in a temple dedicated to Hercules. These were in succeeding times so multiplied by the munificence and emulation of the several emperors, that in the reign of Constantine, Rome contained no less than twenty-nine public libraries, of which the principal were the Palatine and the Ulpian.

Though books were then collected at an immense expense, several private citizens of fortune made considerable libraries. Tyrannio, the grammarian, even in the time of Sylla, was possessed of three thousand volumes. Epaphroditus, a grammarian also, had in later times collected thirty thousand of the most select and valuable books : but Sammonicus Serenus bequeathed to the emperor Gordian a library containing no less than sixty-two thousand volumes. It was not always a love of literature that tempted people to these expenses, for Seneca complains of the vanity of the age in furnishing their banqueting rooms with books, not for use, but for show, and in a mere spirit of profusion. Their baths, both hot and cold, were always supplied with books to fill up an idle hour amongst the other recreations of the place ; in like manner their country houses and even public offices were provided for the use and amusement of their guests or clients.

The Roman libraries, in point of disposition, much resembled the present fashion observed in our public ones ; for the books were not placed against the walls, but brought into the area of the room, in separate cells and compartments, where they were lodged in presses : the intervals between these compartments were richly ornamented with inlaid

plates of glass and ivory, and marble bass-relievs. In these compartments, which were furnished with desks and couches for the accommodation of readers, it was usual to place the statues of learned men, one in each ; and this, we may observe, is one of the few elegancies, which Rome was not indebted to Greece for, the first idea having been started by the accomplished Polio, who in his library on Mount Aventine set up the statue of his illustrious contemporary Varro, even whilst he was living. It was usual also to ornament the press, where any considerable author's works were contained, with his figure in brass or plaister of a small size.

There is one more circumstance attending these public libraries, which ought not to be omitted, as it marks the liberal spirit of their institution : it was usual to appropriate an adjoining building for the use and accommodation of students ; where every thing was furnished at the emperor's cost : they were lodged, dieted, and attended by servants specially appointed, and supplied with every thing, under the eye of the chief librarian, that could be wanting, whilst they were engaged in their studies, and had occasion to consult the books. This establishment was kept up in a very princely style at Alexandria in particular, where a college was endowed and a special fund appointed for its support, with a president, and proper officers under him, for the entertainment of learned strangers, who resorted thither from various parts to consult those invaluable collections, which that famous library contained in all branches of science.

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